

THE FRIGHTENERS

Story and Screenplay

by 016

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EXT. BARTLETT HOUSE - NIGHT

An old GOTHIC HOUSE nestled in the hills above Fairwater ... Wracked by a rainstorm.

A SHEET OF LIGHTNING illuminates an old monolithic Victorian hospital, sprawling up the hillside behind the house.

INT. BARTLETT HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

OLD LADY BARTLETT lies awake in bed. She listens to the cries of her daughter, echoing from the bedroom down the hallway.

PATRICIA (O.S)
(in anguish)
Oooh! Please! Don't hurt me!!

OLD LADY BARTLETT can take it no more. She rises out of bed and pulls on an old velvet dressing gown.

An overweight, scowling woman in her late 70's, she would have looked like a young Shelley Winters in her day - some fifty years earlier.

INT. BARTLETT HALLWAY - NIGHT

OLD LADY BARTLETT hurries into the wood paneled hallway - heavily embossed gilt wallpaper, lush silk carpet. She approaches PATRICIA'S bedroom door.

PATRICIA (O.S)
(pleading)
No ... don't ... stop!!! Abhh!

OLD LADY BARTLETT
(hesitant)
Patricia???

OLD LADY BARTLETT pauses at the door. She is scared ... her fingers touch the door handle ...

OLD LADY BARTLETT
(weakly)
Patricia! I'm coming in!

She grasps the handle, turns it ...

AT THAT MOMENT ... The wood paneled door stretches out into a grotesque image of a FACELESS HOODED MAN! OLD LADY BARTLETT screams and staggers back.

OLD LADY BARTLETT

(screaming)

Leave my daughter alone!

The HOODED FIGURE sucks back into the door and is gone. SILENCE ... then A DULL MOAN from PATRICIA.

OLD LADY BARTLETT

It's alright dear ... he's gone!

She steps towards the door again ...

The WALLPAPER bubbles and bulges out of the wall next to PATRICIA's door! The shape beneath the paper becomes that of the HOODED MAN ... a figure who seems to be walking between the wall and the wallpaper. As the man advances, the paper flattens back on the wall behind him.

OLD LADY BARTLETT screams and flees towards her bedroom. The WALLPAPER MAN ripples after her.

INT. OLD LADY BARTLETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

OLD LADY BARTLETT races into her room and slams the door. Her trembling fingers twist the key in the lock.

She backs away towards her bed as ...

THE WALLPAPER MAN emerges out of her wallpaper by the door!

OLD LADY BARTLETT backs away from him as he advances down the bedroom wall towards her ... She goes into the middle of the room, snatches up her dressing table stool and hurls it at the shape in the wall.

WALLPAPER MAN'S arms stretch out and catch the stool ... CRUNCH! He crushes it between his paper covered hands. OLD LADY BARTLETT wastes no time ... she's out of her door ...

INT. BARTLETT HALLWAY - NIGHT

... and down the stairs, running towards the front entrance.

WALLPAPER MAN runs after her - a bizarre figure rippling along the wall, and down the stairs. He beats OLD LADY BARTLETT to the front door ... she spins around - flees into ...

INT. BARTLETT KITCHEN - NIGHT

... the kitchen.

WALLPAPER MAN swells out of the floral kitchen paper, right into the middle of the room. The wallpaper is stretched way past breaking point, yet stays intact ... the figure walks towards OLD LADY BARTLETT ... We can make out very few features on the skull-like face beneath the paper ... only a sadistic grin is clearly defined.

OLD LADY BARTLETT whimpers as the paper-clad hands reach for her throat ...

Her fingers fumble into a drawer ... she grips a huge carving knife, holding it by the blade ... She winces as she cuts herself, blood trickling through her tightening fingers ...

She stabs wildly! Blow after blow piercing WALLPAPER MAN! With each sweep of the blade WALLPAPER MAN is shredded ... fingers, hands, arms, face ... For a brief moment we glimpse what is under the paper ...

NOTHING!

The Kitchen RATTLES as WALLPAPER MAN suddenly sucks himself back into the wall ... shredded paper dangles from the wall.

FRIG

INT. BARTLETT HALLWAY - NIGHT

OLD LADY BARTLETT staggers into the hallway and collapses at the foot of the stairs, sobbing. She releases the knife and clutches her cut hand.

SUDDENLY!

The CARPET surrounding OLD LADY BARTLETT rises up forming the shape of giant fingers ... they wrap around her and squeeze ... she screams.

PATRICIA (O.S)

Leave her alone!

WHIP ONTO ...

PATRICIA BARTLETT standing at the top of the stairs. She is dressed in a white night gown ... a dishevelled looking woman in her early fifties. She used to have a soft, attractive face, but a lifetime of suffering has etched lines of sorrow around her eyes and mouth.

PATRICIA

It's as you want!

With a GUTTURAL RUMBLE, the carpet sinks away from OLD LADY BARTLETT ... reforming into the figure of the HOODED MAN. As quick and silently as a panther, CARPETMAN races up the stairs, rippling beneath the stair runner.

4.
PATRICIA falls to the floor as the carpet billows beneath her feet. CARPETMAN rises out of the floor behind her, takes a grip on her wrists and silently drags her into the bedroom.

She makes no sound, her face expressionless as ... The door of her bedroom SLAMS SHUT.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSPAPER SUB-EDITOR'S ROOM - DAY

CREDITS OVER:

A series of CLOSE UPS scrolling through a newspaper front page layout on a VDU screen ...

"DEATH STRIKES AGAIN" appears on screen ... Fingers tap keyboard ... Closer still on screen - a photo of a smiling yuppie - can see the pixels - "Chuck Hughes, aged 30" ...

"Third Mysterious Death This Week, Twenty Three in Two Months - What is Happening To the People Of Fairwater?"

The Fairwater Gazette's editor ³¹⁶ MAGDA RAVANSKI, is leaning over her junior reporter's shoulder, scrolling through the story on his VDU screen.

MAGDA is an immaculately attired career woman in her early forties. She has a steely gaze and a heart of flint. The young reporter, STEVE BAYLISS fidgets anxiously.

MAGDA starts reading the text aloud ...

MAGDA

(reading)

"The mystery heart condition that has killed twenty-three people in two months, has claimed another victim. Doctors are baffled as to why seemingly fit and healthy people are suffering massive heart attacks".

EXT. FAIRWATER - DAY

LOOKING DOWN on FAIRWATER from the surrounding hills ...

... It is a small, but pretty town, nestled in a wooded valley on the edge of a rocky New England coastline. Houses are perched on the steep slopes of the hills above the first commercial districts and town centre. A coastal freeway skirts the edge of town.

MAGDA'S V/O CONTINUES ...

MAGDA (CONT'D O.S)

(reading)

Many of Fairwater's residents are claiming that the shadow of Death has once again descended on the town" ...

(to STEVE)

What's this "shadow of Death" stuff? I don't like it.

STEVE (O.S)

(nervous)

It ... it's what they're saying, Miss Ravanski! People are starting to freak out.

TILT DOWN: to reveal FAIRWATER CEMETERY ... positioned on a rolling hillside, high above the town. A funeral service is in progress ...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A SERIES OF CU'S of the funeral service ... the MOURNERS ... the PRIEST ... the funeral director pressing the button, the coffin lowering into the grave ...

We also see a shabbily suited man in his late-thirties loitering near the MOURNERS. They seem irritated by his presence. He approaches a WEeping WOMAN and talks to her quietly, handing her a business card. Her HUSBAND pushes the man away ... he approaches another MOURNER, but meets an equally hostile reception. The man finally beats an undignified retreat across the graveyard towards his battered old Ford.

We have just seen FRANK BANNISTER attempting to hustle up some business.

Throughout this sequence, MAGDA RAVANSKI'S V/O has continued:

MAGDA (CONT'D O.S)

(reading)

"For decades the name of Fairwater has been synonymous with death, following the infamous 1954 Bradley/Bartlett murder spree, when twelve people died at the hands of hospital orderly John Charles Bradley and Patricia Anne Bartlett ... Now, forty years later, The Grim Reaper is once again stalking the quiet streets of Fairwater -"

INT. NEWSPAPER SUB-EDITOR'S ROOM - DAY

MAGDA sighs deeply ... hangs her head. STEVE fidgets nervously.

internship

MAGDA

No, Steve ... no, no, no. Have you learnt nothing during your ~~cadetship~~ with us? This is tabloid trash ... irresponsible scare mongering. What are you trying to say here? That Death is the greatest serial killer of all time? ... This really sucks, Steve.

STEVE flinches.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

Call the Coroner's office - get some usable quotes ... I want facts: detailed medical background, quotes from the Sheriff's office ... and get rid of all reference to Death as a person!

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. FRANK'S CAR/CEMETERY - DAY

CLOSE ON: Open newspaper - headline "HUGHES TO BE BURIED TODAY", circled in pen.

TILT UP off the newspaper, lying on the scruffy front seat of FRANK BANNISTER'S 10 year old Ford ... FRANK gets into his car, pausing slightly before gunning the engine.

EXT. FAIRWATER HILL ROAD - DAY

FRANK'S Ford splutters away down the winding hill road.

CREDITS END.

FRANK takes a bend too fast and slews across the center line ...

INT/EXT. FRANK'S CAR/ROAD - DAY

A bunch of his business cards slide off the front seat onto the floor.

FRANK glances down, cursing.

...A HUGE TRUCK looms into view!

7.

FRANK gasps and pulls on the wheel. In a blur of movement and a squeal of tires, his car does a one-eighty degree spin. A collision seems inevitable ... FRANK shuts his eyes!

Somehow FRANK'S CAR misses the TRUCK by inches ... it slews to a stop on a grassy lawn.

EXT. LYNSKEY HOUSE - DAY

FRANK is still gripping the wheel with white knuckles as he slowly opens his eyes and focuses on the great lump of hedge lodged on the hood of his car. He groans.

FRANK
(under breath)

Jesus!

RAY (O.S)

Oh my God!!!

RAY LYNSKEY comes running out of his house ... from his designer sportswear and well-toned physique it's clear that this guy is into physical fitness in a big way. He looks at Frank's car in disbelief.

RAY (CONT'D)

I don't believe this! This is not happening!

RAY stares at the two deep grooves that have been sliced into the lawn by FRANK'S tires.

RAY **destroyed!**
My lawn ... it's ... ~~ruptured!~~

FRANK climbs out of his car ... he offers his card to RAY.

FRANK

I'm sorry ... I'll pay for any damages ...

RAY shakes a fist at FRANK.

RAY

I swear to God, I'm gonna sue your ass!

FRANK

Look ... Just send me the bill.

RAY glances at FRANK'S card and snorts with derision.

RAY
"Frank Bannister. Communications
With The Dearly Departed ...
Psychic Investigator"!!! That's a
good one! How come you didn't see
the corner coming???

RAY rips the card in two.

RAY (CONT'D)
Goddamn bullshit!

FRANK quietly slides back into his car and starts
reversing across the lawn.

RAY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
It's gonna cost you, buddy! I
want this lawn completely
resurfaced!

RAY waves his arm at the gaping hole torn in his hedge.

RAY (CONT'D) 016
I wanna fully ~~grown~~ hedge
transplant! ... I don't want half-
assed little seedlings that are
gonna take ten years to grow ...
ya hear me?

FRANK continues reversing onto the road. RAY snatches
up a headless lawn dwarf from the remains of the hedge.

RAY (CONT'D)
And I want my lawn dwarf replaced!
This is a ~~one-off~~ collectors piece!

FRANK disappears down the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANATORIUM - DAY

POV THROUGH CAR WINDOW ... Slowly driving along a narrow
road approaching the dilapidated entrance way into the
old Fairwater Tuberculosis Sanatorium ... A rusty chain
link fence ... a gate hanging off it's hinges ... a sun
blistered sign.

INT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

LUCY, an attractive woman in her mid twenties, peers out
from behind her steering wheel, as she turns her car into
the old hospital entrance way.

EXT. SANATORIUM/BARTLETT HOUSE - DAY

9.

CRANE UP ... over the fence as LUCY'S car pulls up in front of the BARTLETT HOUSE - nestled into the steep hillside below the vast old hospital complex. Even in the light of day, this place has a dark, Gothic creepiness.

LUCY gets out of her car and heads towards the BARTLETT'S front door.

CLOSE ON ... FRONT DOOR, as it flies open. OLD LADY BARTLETT glares at LUCY.

OLD LADY BARTLETT
(aggressive)
This is private property!

LUCY keeps walking.

LUCY
Mrs Bartlett? I'm Dr Lynskey ...
I work at the medical center.

OLD LADY BARTLETT
Dr Kamins is my personal
physician!

OLD LADY BARTLETT'S right hand is bound in makeshift bandages.

LUCY
Dr Kamins is attending a
funeral ... I'm seeing his
patients today.

INT. BARTLETT LOUNGE - DAY

CLOSE ON ... BANDAGE coming off OLD LADY BARTLETT'S hand, revealing the cut across her fingers that has now turned septic.

OLD LADY BARTLETT (O.S)
I was cutting the vegetables and
the knife slipped.

LUCY is kneeling next to OLD LADY BARTLETT with a bowl of hot water and some dressings.

LUCY
A few stitches and you'll be fine
- I'll drive you to ER.

OLD LADY BARTLETT
Impossible!

LUCY

It's a deep cut.

OLD LADY BARTLETT

Just clean it up and give me some antibiotics.

PATRICIA (O.S)

If the doctor says you should go to the Emergency Room mother, you must go.

LUCY turns to see PATRICIA standing in the lounge doorway. She is dowdily dressed, a slightly vacant glaze in her eyes. OLD LADY BARTLETT lurches to her feet.

OLD LADY BARTLETT

Patricia! To your room!

PATRICIA hesitates ... she catches LUCY'S eye, a curious look of sadness.

OLD LADY BARTLETT (CONT'D)

This instant.

PATRICIA turns.

LUCY

Just a minute ...

LUCY approaches PATRICIA, who shrinks away.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to hurt you.

LUCY gently touches PATRICIA'S neck ... she flinches as LUCY eases her collar down revealing the large purple welts on PATRICIA'S neck. LUCY frowns.

LUCY

(softly)

Who did this?

PATRICIA averts her eyes.

OLD LADY BARTLETT

(firm)

I think you'd better go now, Dr Lynskey.

With surprising strength, OLD LADY BARTLETT takes hold of LUCY'S forearm and steers her towards the front door.

FRIG C16

EXT. BARTLETT HOUSE - DAY

11.

OLD LADY BARTLETT thrusts LUCY out onto the front porch, shoving her coat and bag at her.

OLD LADY BARTLETT
You don't know who my daughter is
do you?

LUCY looks at OLD LADY BARTLETT with an air of defiance.

LUCY
Yes ... I do, Mrs Bartlett.

OLD LADY BARTLETT
It's not true what they say about
her. Patricia has been a model
citizen since her release.

LUCY nods curtly at OLD LADY BARTLETT ... she turns and leaves.

OLD LADY BARTLETT watches LUCY walk to her car.

EXT. LYNSKEY HOUSE - NIGHT

The Lynskey house ... ⁰¹⁶ from G hedge ... deep tire tracks... only the bedroom light is on.

RAY (O.S)
She's a murderer!

LUCY (O.S)
I feel sorry for her.

INT. LYNSKEY BEDROOM - NIGHT

RAY is working his rowing machine on the bedroom floor, wearing nothing but his boxer shorts ... LUCY is sitting in bed reading a tacky looking book called "Killer Couples", the cover of which features Bonnie & Clyde, Parker & Hulme and Leopold & Loeb.

RAY
Lucy! She killed twelve people!

LUCY looks up from the book.

LUCY
It was never proven that
Patricia Bartlett was actively
involved. She fell in love with
the wrong guy ...

12.
CLOSE ON: A glossy photo of a grinning twenty-two year old man. He is attractive looking, but with a Satantic gleam in his eye. The caption below reads: "Johnny Bradley, on the day of his execution. His last words: 'I got me a score of 12! Top that!'".

LUCY (CONT'D)

... it can happen to anyone.

RAY

She was there ... They should've fried her when they fried Bradley!

LUCY turns the page ... a photo of a young Patricia being lead out of court by her mother.

LUCY

(acidly)

She was fifteen years old.

RAY sighs ... LUCY shuts the book.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I don't think she's been allowed out of that house in forty years...

RAY stands, sweat dribbling down his chest.

RAY

Can we talk about something else? Like how amazingly well I did at work today? Like ... guess who's asked me to be their personal trainer?

LUCY ignores RAY ... He crawls onto the bed like a panther ... He slaps the bed cover with the palm of his hand.

RAY (CONT'D)

(lascivious)

Come on, Honey ... I've got a friend who wants to meet you!

LUCY allows RAY to pull her down into an embrace.

RAY (CONT'D)

(nuzzling her neck)

I made reservations at Bellisimos. Our favorite table ... remember? Tuesday?

RAY suddenly pauses ... he plucks a card out of the folds of the bedclothes.

RAY (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

What the hell is this doing here?

CLOSE ON ... Frank Bannister's business card - now in one piece. LUCY glances up disinterestedly. She shrugs.

RAY (CONT'D)

(puzzled)

I tore it up ... did he come back to the house?

LUCY

Who???

RAY

The moron who took out the hedge!

SUDDENLY!

The BEDCLOTHES rise into the air, throwing RAY onto the floor! They hover four feet above LUCY, gently billowing like a laid back flying carpet. LUCY screams ...

RAY

(panicked)

Holy shit!

LUCY

(worried)

What's happening, Ray???

The BEDCLOTHES starts to rotate ... they suddenly shoot across the room, slamming into the wall. RAY grabs LUCY and pulls her to the floor as the BEDCLOTHES zoom over their heads, darting around the room like a trapped fly.

They suddenly lose power and drop onto RAY and LUCY'S huddled figures.

RAY

(from below bedclothes)

Tor ... tornado! Some sorta localized air current ...

LUCY jumps to her feet, throwing the bedclothes away. She backs away from them, rigid with fear ... collapsing on the bed.

LUCY

(trembling)

Our windows are shut ...

AT THAT MOMENT ...

The BED lurches into the air! LUCY SCREAMS and clings onto it ... it spins around slowly.

RAY

Oh my God ...

LUCY

Ray! Help me! GET ME OFF!

RAY hurls himself onto the bed, grabbing LUCY. They both crash onto the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Phone ringing. HAND immediately snatches it up ... FRANK BANNISTER looks grim as he listens to LUCY'S panicked voice ...

FRANK

I'm on my way, Dr Lynskey!

INT. LYNKEY KITCHEN - NIGHT

LUCY puts the phone down.

RAY (CONT'D)

Your making me mad, Lucy! I don't want that con-man in my house!

ANGLE: on RAY standing in the middle of the kitchen as CUPBOARDS open and shut wildly, CHAIRS float in the air, KNIVES and FORKS dance about on the bench.

RAY (CONT'D)

There's a rational explanation for this ... we don't need a goddamn spoon bender telling us what to do!

LUCY

Ray! We've got a poltergeist!

RAY

It's nothing the police can't handle!

A crazily whirling SAUCEPAN spins through the air, collecting RAY on the back of the head with a loud "DONG"! He drops.

CUT TO:

EXT. LYNKEY HOUSE - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS of a speeding car approach the Lynskey's house. FRANK'S CAR suddenly veers off the road ... leaps the curb and skids to a halt across the lawn ... cutting fresh furrows in the grass!

LOW ANGLE: Car door opens and FRANK emerges, bag in hand.

15.

INT. LYNKEY KITCHEN - NIGHT

LUCY is applying ice to the back of RAY'S head ... he winces, holding a wet face cloth against his forehead ... all is quiet.

FRANK rushes into the kitchen ...

FRANK

Dr Lynskey?

LUCY nods...

LUCY

It went quiet about five minutes ago ...

FRANK surveys the mess.

FRANK

Unsystematic displacement ...

LUCY

Is it over?

FRANK shakes his head.

FRANK

Persisting residues of the departed, always a problem at this time of year ... You appear to have a bad case of Recurrent Spontaneous Psychokinesis.

LUCY

(worried)

Is there anything we can do?

FRANK

I can do a clearance ... it's not cheap, but I do offer a six month guarantee.

RAY

How much?

FRANK

Two forty-nine, ninety-five ... with a thirty percent penalty for a callout after midnight ... Oh, what the hell ... Let's just call it quits over the hedge.

RAY looks sour ...

FRANK (CONT'D)

... Plus a hundred bucks for materials ... I can't afford to be out of pocket.

RAY is about to object, but LUCY shoots him a stern look.

RAY

(sullen)

Just do it, Bannister!

FRANK goes to work...

He pulls a BLACK BOX out of his bag ... plugs it into a wall socket. An electrical arc fizzes between two electrodes. A small fan in the side of the box spins around.

LUCY

(nervously)

Why us? Why are they in our house?

FRANK

Emanations are confined to the graveyard, Ma'am ... But sometimes they get out. It's usually the young ones - in search of some harmless fun. I often see them on the streets, in people's houses, down at Granger's Thrifty Mart ...

FRANK'S BLACK BOX gains power. It rattles on the bench.

LUCY

(shocked)

Granger's???

FRANK

Yeah ... There's always a bunch of them hanging around the pet food stand on a Saturday night.

RAY

For Godssake, Bannister!

CLOSE ON FRANK ... He narrows his eyes in a theatrical manner.

FRANK

(quietly)

There's a whole other world there that you folks can't see ...

FRANK pulls a WATER PISTOL out of his bag ...

FRANK (CONT'D)

17.

Step aside.

FRANK brandishes the water pistol like Mel Gibson. He starts squirting water around.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Holy water!

FRANK disappears into the lounge.

RAY shakes his head, still clutching the face cloth to his forehead.

RAY
This is bullshit ... total
bullshit!

FRANK'S black box suddenly stops ... a small green light flashes.

FRANK ambles back into the kitchen. pulls a SILVER FOIL BAG out of the middle of the box. He quickly seals the top and offers it to LUCY

FRANK
These belong to you ... six
ectoplasmic Emanations.

LUCY looks bewildered.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Some people like a souvenir ...

(he grins)

They can't escape. Where shall I
put 'em?

LUCY

(nervously)

I don't think we really wanna hang
onto those ... do we, Ron?

FRANK shrugs and saunters over to the sink He drops the bag into the WasteMaster. A quick burst of the motor and they're gone. LUCY gasps.

FRANK

Don't worry, they don't feel pain.
At least, that's what the books
say ... but I guess we'll never
know for sure.

FRANK grins at RAY and LUCY.

RAY

(irritated)

Alright ... you can go.

garbage disposal

RAY takes the face cloth off his forehead ... FRANK stares at his forehead ...

FRANK'S POV ... the number "37" is marked in raised welts of skin on RAY'S forehead.

RAY
What the hell are you staring at???

FRANK
What's with the number?

RAY clearly doesn't know what he's talking about ... LUCY looks at RAY'S forehead ...

LUCY
What number?

RAY
(mad)
Are you trying to freak me out? It won't work buddy! Ya not getting anymore money out of us!
(yelling)
Get outta here!

FRANK backs out of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Looking down on FAIRWATER at 3am ... There's not a lot happening.

CRANE DOWN ... to reveal FRANK'S HOUSE perched high on a bluff above the town. In the moonlight we can make out little detail ... but it is obvious that the house is only half built.

HEADLIGHTS approach up the winding road, and FRANK pulls into his drive.

He hops out of his car and goes to the back, opening the trunk.

SUDDENLY! ... A GHOULISH EMANATION rushes out of the truck! FRANK leaps to one side ...

ANOTHER EMANATION lurches out!

FRANK slams the trunk.

The first apparition - STUART HARPER, staggers over to a low wall and sits down clutching his stomach.

STUART

I think I'm gonna throw up!

STUART was in his early twenties when he died. He has a slightly rotten appearance and continually dribbles with ectoplasmic slime. We can see through him, although the degree of translucence is not always consistent ... STUART had a double degree in art history and theology.

CYRUS is the other apparition. He is a black dude from the seventies ... White disco suit, built up heels and sideburns.

CYRUS

Man, I hate that trunk!

FRANK

I'm not having you spreading your ectoplasmic muck over my seats.

STUART

Well I'm sorry Frank, but we're not traveling in the trunk anymore. It's impossible to work under these conditions!

CYRUS

We wanna cruise in style, man.

STUART reaches into his pockets and angrily flings a pile of Frank's business cards onto the driveway.

STUART

I quit!

FRANK is not buying into any of this ...

FRANK

Shut up!

FRANK gives STUART an angry shove ... He wobbles on his feet, losing his tenuous center of gravity. EMANATIONS are made up of loosely compacted particles that can be distorted, scattered, stretched and squeezed - always returning to their original shape.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(angry)

You clowns left me high and dry tonight! I arrive at the house and there's nothing happening ... You guys are just sitting around watching. I couldn't believe it!

STUART

We actually strained our backs,
lifting the bed, Frank!

FRANK

Come on! You could've swung some
cupboards around ... flashed a few
lights! How hard is that? I've
gotta have something to work with!

FRANK fishes his keys out of his pocket and enters his
house ... CYRUS jives in behind FRANK.

STUART staggers to his feet.

STUART

Frank! I didn't go to college to
spend the rest of my life haunting
people!

FRANK closes the front door in STUART'S face ... The
Emanation momentarily flattens against the door, then
passes straight through it!

INT. FRANK'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

STUART emerges into the hallway.

FRANK

Listen, guys ... I gotta lot of
creditors knocking on my door. If
I go under, you go under ... six
foot under, back in the cemetery!

STUART looks horrified.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We're only just scratching a
living here, and you guys better
pull your weight!

FRANK walks into the kitchen and slams the door.

STUART

(worried)

He's not serious about the
cemetery ... is he?

CYRUS

Cool it, man. I'm gonna play me
some music!

STUART

Oh, God! Not Isaac Hayes ...
Anything but Isaac Hayes.

CYRUS disappears through the wall, into the lounge.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Theme from Shaft booms out over Fairwater.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Sun rises over FAIRWATER.

We can see FRANK'S HOUSE more clearly now ... It is only half finished: Large sections have not been clad. A whole wing of the house consists of nothing but framework. Protective tarpaulins flap in the wind. Stacks of bricks and timber litter the section. An old concrete mixer is parked at the top of the drive.

None of this would be unusual ... if it wasn't for the fact that the construction clearly stopped some ten years earlier... Everything is badly weathered, rusty and weeds grow out of control amidst the half completed house.

BANG! BANG! Loud gunshots echo out of the house.

FRIC 015

INT. FRANK'S SHOWER - MORNING

FRANK is humming to himself in a hot shower - steam fills the shower stall as he lets the water cascade over his head and shoulders.

The water pressure suddenly dies. FRANK frowns and adjusts the nozzle ...

The pipe bulges and CYRUS balloons out of the shower head! His head and shoulders are terribly distorted.

CYRUS

It's the Judge, Frank ... the cat's real upset man! He's got his six shooters out!

BANG! BANG! More gunshots.

CYRUS disappears back into the pipe ... before he can react, FRANK gets a face full of scolding water.

FRANK

Aggh!

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - MORNING

FRANK storms into the kitchen ...

He is confronted with the sight of the JUDGE ... a tall elderly Emanation - a lawman from the last days of the nineteenth century. The JUDGE was embalmed, but it was a cheap job and hasn't stood the test of time. His dry mummified body is in an advanced state of decay ... He looks even worse without his jaw bone!

The JUDGE is swivelling around, blazing away wildly with two rusty ghost Colts. FRANK flinches as ghost bullets pass through his body and the wall behind without leaving a mark. CYRUS and STUART peer warily out of framed paintings.

JUDGE

(gurgle)

Damn rustler's took me jaw bone!

A mangy transparent GHOST DOG is racing around the room, circling the JUDGE at high speed ... the JUDGE'S jaw bone clenched between his teeth!!!

FRANK drops to his knees, attempting to grab the dog.

FRANK

Rustler! Here boy!

RUSTLER ignores FRANK and keeps racing around the room. BANG! BANG! The JUDGE takes potshots at RUSTLER. A ghost bullet ricochets past STUART'S ear, taking a nick out of it. Ectoplasm dribbles between his fingers.

STUART

For God's sake, Frank! I could've been killed!

FRANK takes a flying leap at RUSTLER, bringing him down in a tackle. He tugs the ghostly jaw bone out of the DOG'S mouth.

FRANK

Put your shooters away, Judge!

THE JUDGE snatches his jaw bone out of FRANK'S hand and rams it back into his face.

JUDGE

(flexing jaw)

Sneaky little sidewinder! I'll have the varmint stuffed!

RUSTLER playfully licks THE JUDGE'S hand with a wet, rotten tongue.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Like the exterior, the inside of FRANK'S house has also been left unfinished for many years. Very few of the walls and ceilings have been lined - timber framing is visible throughout. No painting has been done and makeshift furniture is scattered about.

FRANK is quietly hunched over a newspaper in the gloomy lounge. THE JUDGE sits in a large old armchair ... He emits a soft glow in the semi-darkness.

JUDGE

Frank ... When a man's jaw drops off, it's time to reassess the situation.

FRANK looks at THE JUDGE with concern.

FRANK

(reassuring)

What are you talking about? You're in great shape.

JUDGE

(shakes head)

I'm falling apart ... My joints are getting powdery. Frightening's a young man's game. I ain't got no more hauntings left in me ... Hell, I can hardly rustle up a scare!

(lowers voice)

Frank, don't go saying noth'in to the boys, but ... my ectoplasm's all dried up.

FRANK

(regretfully)

I'm sorry to hear that, Judge.

THE JUDGE shakes his head sadly ...

JUDGE

I've got meself a nice little grave up there at the cemetery... it could soon be time to lay my bones.

FRANK

But Judge! Who's gonna help me finish this house?

THE JUDGE chuckles softly.

JUDGE

You ain't touched this place in ten years, Frank. If I wait around for you, I'll never get to rest in peace ... Frank?

FRANK is searching the paper, quickly turning the pages, scanning his eyes up and down the columns.

FRANK

(annoyed)

Damn!

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIRWATER STREETS - DAY

CLOSE ON: Colorful banner hanging from lamp post announcing the Tuesday night opening of a major new exhibition at Fairwater Museum ... "Evidence Embalmed ... The Secrets of Ancient Egypt"

CRANE PAST banner ... to pick FRANK up as he crosses the busy Fairwater highstreet. He looks agitated and carries a folded newspaper under his arm.

FRIG 156

FRANK storms into the "Fairwater Gazette" offices.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

MAGDA RAVANSKI is sitting at her desk ... FRANK sits opposite her.

MAGDA

I'm sorry Mr Bannister, but we are no longer running your advertisement. I've had a stream of complaints about your ... business practices. Preying on the bereaved is about as low as you can go. This paper no longer intends to associate itself with your dubious activities.

FRANK

I have a right to advertise my services to the public.

MAGDA

In case you haven't noticed, we are in the midst of a major health crisis. The last thing people need is a two-bit charlatan offering to pass on bogus messages from the other side ... Now - if you will excuse me.

MAGDA stands and walks towards the door.

FRANK

How am I going to earn a living?

MAGDA holds the door open for FRANK.

MAGDA

(sneering)

"Living" ... That's not a word you'd know a lot about is it, Mr Bannister?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

FRANK angrily slams the door as he storms out of the newspaper office. He marches across the road, causing a hearse to slam on the brakes ... the coffin slides around in the back! Various cars in the funeral entourage blast their horns at FRANK'S reckless jaywalking.

FRANK does a double take as he notices LUCY LYNSKEY sitting in the back of one of the cars.

FRANK reaches the other side of the road ... he hears the sound of running feet: RAY LYNSKEY is running down the sidewalk straight towards him!

RAY is pale and frightened.

RAY runs straight through other pedestrians! He is transparent! Nobody seems aware of his presence. He approaches FRANK at breakneck speed. FRANK shies back, but too late...

WHACK! RAY thumps straight into FRANK and both men fall over. A COUPLE OF PASSERSBY help FRANK to his feet. RAY stays on the ground looking at FRANK with disbelief.

RAY

(desperate)

Bannister???

PASSERBY 1

Are you alright buddy?

FRANK looks RAY straight in the eye.

FRANK

Yes.

PASSERBY 2

Someone should do something about the state of these sidewalks.

The PASSERSBY wander off.

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RAY
(desperate)
Bannister ... You gotta help!
They're going to bury me!

FRANK glances about ... He gestures for RAY to follow him.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

FRANK enters the alley off the main street. RAY hurries up to him.

RAY
(panicked)
Please! What's happening???

FRANK
You appear to be dead, Ray!

RAY
Don't say that! It's not possible ... I'm in the prime of life ... I work out everyday! My wife's a Goddamn doctor!

FRANK doesn't buy into RAY'S hysteria.

FRANK
(calmly)
Why didn't you take the corridor?

RAY
What corridor?

FRANK
The corridor of light .. the pathway to the other side.

RAY
I don't belong on the other side.
Jesus, I'm only twenty-four ...

FRANK
(calmly)
What happened, Ray.

RAY
I was on the rowing machine ... I suddenly felt this vice-like grip squeezing my heart ... I couldn't breathe ...

RAY holds up a trembling, translucent hand ...

RAY (CONT'D)

I've got the shakes ... I need some vitamin B!

FRANK shakes his head ...

FRANK

You don't need vitamins anymore, Ray ... You don't eat, you don't drink, you don't go to the bathroom ... it's all over.

Tears well in RAY'S eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

In a year's time, on the anniversary of your death, you will have another chance to cross to the other side - to become a pure spirit. Until then you're what's known as an Earthbound Emanation. A cloud of rotting bioplasmic particles, leaking ectoplasm from every orifice.

RAY

(squeaks)

Oh, Jesus!

FRIG 016

RAY bursts into tears.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(gently)

Do you understand?

RAY nods, wiping tears away with his sleeve.

RAY

(upset)

Give me a ride, Frank ... I don't wanna miss my funeral.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIRWATER CEMETERY - DAY

The MOURNERS are gathered around the graveside ... FRANK'S car pulls up outside the gate.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

FRANK grabs RAY'S arm ...

FRANK

Listen, Ray ... the cemetery's not a good place. Stay close.

RAY
(agitated)
Later, Frank ... I wanna hear what
they're saying about me!

RAY frantically grabs at the door handle, but his fingers
pass through it.

FRANK
Handles take a bit of getting used
to ...

FRANK roughly shoves RAY through the door ...

EXT. FAIRWATER CEMETERY - DAY

RAY tumbles onto the ground ...

RAY
Oooww!

He scrambles up and runs through the cemetery gates.

FRANK
(urgently)
Ray!

RAY screams as a huge OGRE-LIKE SPIRIT rises out of the
ground in front of him.

GATEKEEPER
(guttural)
State your business!

RAY trembles with fear ... FRANK runs up behind him.

FRANK
He's with me.

GATEKEEPER
(guttural)
You're not welcome here,
Bannister!

FRANK holds his ground with the GATEKEEPER.

FRANK
It's the guy's funeral ... we'll
be ten minutes.

FRANK takes RAY by the arm and pushes past the
GATEKEEPER.

RAY looks about the cemetery wide-eyed ... Creepy looking
EMANATIONS scuttle furtively amongst the tombstones. An
authoritarian voice suddenly barks out ...

HILES (O.S)

Get back in your graves!

SOUND of a ghostly machine-gun burst rings out, and The EMANATIONS quickly vanish below ground like frightened gophers as ghost bullets zip over their heads.

HILES (CONT'D O.S)

Bannister!!!

FRANK pushes RAY towards his service ...

FRANK

Keep going ... I'll deal with this.

RAY heads towards his gravesite ... FRANK turns to face ...

HILES ... a wiry little authoritarian SPIRIT ... striding determinedly towards FRANK, carrying a smoking ghost Uzi machine gun. Unlike FRANK'S decomposing Emanation friends, Heavenly Spirits glow with a radiant white light, in a state of permanent physical perfection.

HILES

What are you doing in my graveyard? You have been told to stay away!

FRANK

It's a public place, Hiles.

HILES

(yelling)

I don't like you! You cannot bring your spooks in here without my permission!

HILES shoves FRANK, sending him staggering backwards with seemingly little effort. FRANK angrily lashes at HILES, but his blows pass straight through the Spirit.

HILES

(sneering)

I'm not one of your shitty Emanations, Bannister. You can't push Spirits around!

FRANK

I don't want any trouble, Hiles.

HILES gestures around the cemetery.

HILES

You have no understanding of my situation ... We got a lotta low lifes here ... a lotta gutless creeps who are too scared to meet their maker! I provide an armed response at the first sign of trouble! ... They must be contained!!!

FRANK

For God's sake, Hiles ... I get this speech every time I step foot in the place!

HILES

(screams)

You are scum! Exploiting a lower species for your own material gain ... using spooks to put the frighteners on people ... that makes me feel physically ill.

FRANK

See ya, Hiles ...

FRANK turns his back on HILES and walks towards RAY'S funeral service, ignoring the threats that follow:

HILES

(yelling)

My contract runs another eighty-five years! There's a piece of dirt here with your name on it! I'm waiting for you, Bannister!

At the graveside, LUCY is sobbing softly next to her PARENTS. Her boss, DR KAMINS stands nearby. RAY attempts to put a comforting arm around LUCY ... but it just passes straight through. SEVERAL MOURNERS whisper amongst themselves as FRANK arrives in his ill-fitting suit.

BRYCE CAMPBELL, RAY'S best buddy, is saying a few words ...

BRYCE

There were times when people have accused Ray of being less than generous, but I am sure that deep down, the man possessed a heart of gold and a generous spirit ...

RAY bursts into tears.

RAY
It's all true! He wouldn't lie ...
not at a time like this!

The coffin starts to descend. LUCY steps forward and
tosses a flower into the coffin.

LUCY
(tearful)
Goodbye Ray...

RAY moves towards LUCY...

RAY
Oh, Jesus ... what a waste! It's a
Goddamn tragedy!

RAY reaches out to comfort LUCY ... He tumbles straight
through her and falls into the grave!

THUD! RAY passes straight through the coffin and lands
at the bottom of the grave. He lies on his back and
screams as the black shape of the coffin descends over
him.

FRANK reacts to RAY's screaming and pushes through the
crowd.

FRIE

INT. RAY'S COFFIN - DAY

RAY finds himself lying sprawled on top of his own dead
body. He screams and sits up, passing through the lid of
the coffin.

EXT. GRAVESIDE - DAY

RAY emerges out of the top of the coffin. He calls out to
FRANK.

RAY
Frank!

FRANK leans over the grave, trying not to attract undue
attention.

SHERIFF PERRY (O.S)
Hi ya, Frank.

FRANK turns to see ... the local lawman, SHERIFF WALTER
PERRY - mid forties, friendly face, slightly over weight.

FRANK
Walt!

Surprised to see you, Frank ...
Here on business, I guess.

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FRANK

Not exactly...

PERRY takes FRANK to one side ...

SHERIFF PERRY

Hear you had run in with
Lynskey, the night before he
died. Fact is, apart from his
wife, you were the last person to
see him alive ...

FRANK

Sounds like you're the one who's
here on business, Walt.

SHERIFF PERRY suddenly chuckles.

SHERIFF PERRY

Lord no! Ray and I met at the
gym ... In fact, he'd just become
my personal trainer.

FRANK raises his eyebrows ... SHERIFF PERRY looks around
furtively .. lowers his voice

SHERIFF PERRY (CONT'D)

Folks don't have respect for the
law unless you look like a TV cop!

RAY (O.S)

(worried)

Frank!!

FRANK glances at RAY ... the grave is being filled in ...
dirt is piling up around his chest, but FRANK is
powerless to help under the SHERIFF'S gaze ...

SHERIFF PERRY

Ever heard of a guy called Milton
Dammers, Frank?

FRANK shakes his head.

SHERIFF PERRY (CONT'D)

He's some psychic freak the FBI
are sending down ... These deaths
are causing a lot of concern. They
look like heart attacks, but when
they open them up ... arteries as
clean as a whistle ...

(lowers voice)

... But there's been this
tremendous pressure on the heart,
like it's had the life crushed out
of it ... Any theories, Frank?

RAY
(panicked)

Frank!!!

RAY is up to his neck in soil ...

FRANK

I have to go, Wait ... I wanna pay
my last respects to Ray before
they fill him in.

SHERIFF PERRY nods and respectfully steps to one side ...
FRANK bends down and scoops up a handful of dirt. He
tosses it in the grave, grabbing hold of RAY'S arm.

FRANK hauls RAY out as subtly as he can, marching him
away from the dispersing MOURNERS.

LUCY (O.S)

Mr Bannister!

FRANK and RAY spin around. LUCY leaves HER FAMILY and
hurries across the lawn towards them.

RAY

(excited)

Oh God ... she can see me Frank!
Lucy!

He breaks away and holds his arms out stretched as she
arrives ... but she passes straight through him!

LUCY

(hopefully)

Mr Bannister ... Did you want to
see me?

FRANK looks wary.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I thought perhaps ... you might
have a message from Ray.

RAY

(excited)

Tell her Frank! Tell her I'm here!

LUCY

Everyone says you're a fraud, but
I've seen what you can do.

FRANK doesn't know what to say ...

RAY

(screaming)

FRANK!!!

LUCY looks downcast at FRANK'S silence.

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LUCY

You must think I'm very stupid ...
excuse me.

LUCY turns and walks away.

FRANK hesitates a moment longer, then ...

FRANK

Ray says he loves you very much.

LUCY spins around. She can see only FRANK standing awkwardly alone.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

TRACKING across a busy restaurant ...

LUCY is sitting nervously at a corner table. She is glamorously attired and looks ravishing. She tenses up ...

FRANK enters the restaurant and waves to her. He mutters something quietly as he approaches. LUCY stands.

FRANK

Hi ...

LUCY

Is Ray with you?

FRANK

Yeah ...

PAN OFF FRANK ... onto RAY - His hair is plastered down, and he's wiped off most of the excess ectoplasm. Pity no one can see the effort he's gone to.

RAY

Tell her she looks great!

FRANK

He says you look great.

FRANK sits down opposite LUCY and pulls a chair out for RAY. LUCY gestures at it.

FRANK

I've never done a seance in a place like this before.

RAY

Shut up, Bannister! This is our anniversary. We come here every year.

LUCY

Is Ray beside re?

FRANK

Yeah.

RAY puts his hand onto hers, but cannot make solid contact. He looks lovingly at her.

RAY

This is why I didn't take the corridor, Bannister ...

FRANK'S attention is caught by a GROUP OF PEOPLE entering the restaurant ... amongst them is MAGDA RAVANSKI and the young journalist, STEVE BAYLISS. She gives FRANK and LUCY an icy look as she sails past their table.

WAITER (O.S)

How are you this evening? Would you care for some wine?

The WAITER stands next to FRANK, speaking.

FRANK

Lucy ... Red or white?

RAY

Red! We always have claret.

LUCY smiles at FRANK.

LUCY

I'd like a Chablis ... I've never been fond of red ...

RAY

(annoyed)

Lucy!

LUCY

Tell me ... why is it that you can see Ray, and I can't?

FRANK

I was in an accident ... ten years ago. Sometimes when you go through a trauma, it alters your ... perception. It allows you access to the part of your mind that connects with the spiritual world.

RAY

She doesn't wanna hear your life story, Bannister!

LUCY

That's very interesting ... I can't imagine you'd get a lot of business in a town like Fairwater.

FRANK shrugs.

FRANK

You've gotta get out there and find it ...

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Fairwater Museum ... A grey stone edifice positioned on a small hill behind the highstreet. The GLITTERATI of Fairwater are streaming up the grand entrance steps, attending a black tie opening of the Egyptian Exhibition.

FRIG 016

INT. MUSEUM GALLERIES - NIGHT

The GROUP OF FIFTY GUESTS are listening to JANET KING - an attractive young Egyptologist - who is guiding them thru the spectacular Egyptian display, housed in a series of galleries.

Stone Sarcophogi, funeral statues, chariots, Gold embossed coffins and burial masks, rows of hieroglyphics ... even a full-size mock-up of a burial chamber - all are lavishly displayed in tall shadowy galleries.

JANET pauses by a bandaged mummy, and addresses the audience ...

JANET

The most elaborate method of mummification was inevitably the most expensive. The liquefied brain was drawn out through the nose, with a hooked iron. An incision was made in the side of the abdomen and viscera were removed, except for the heart, which was believed to be the seat of the emotions and intellect ...

The CURATOR is following at the rear of the slowly moving crowd. He pauses ... looks down, and discovers he has just stood on a curious little pile of business cards - Frank Bannister's name is clearly visible!

He quickly collects them together and walks briskly to the nearest litter bin ... he is just about to throw them in, when he suddenly hesitates ...

A dry, shriveled unwrapped mummy is on display in a glass case next to the litter bin ... The CURATOR stares in horror as the mummy's head slowly turns towards him!

A bead of sweat rolls down the CURATOR'S forehead ... the mummy's thin, desiccated lips tighten into a ghoulisn grin!

The CURATOR looks fearfully at Frank's card again, stuffs one in his pocket and quickly discards the others before hurrying off to rejoin the CROWD, who have now moved a considerable distance ahead.

ANGLE ON: STUART, now visible behind the mummy - his fingers pulling the mummy's lips back.

STUART
Subtle, but effective!

CYRUS looks at the mummy with distaste

CYRUS
Never thought I'd lay eyes on someone more decayed than the Judge!

JUDGE
(annoyed)
Show some respect for your elders, boy!

STUART, CYRUS and THE JUDGE move further up the gallery, following the crowd ...

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

RAY is bored and sullen. He sits watching LUCY and FRANK enjoying their meal ...

LUCY
(nervous)
Mr Bannister ... I have an important question for Ray.

FRANK
Go ahead ... he can hear you.

LUCY pauses.

LUCY

Ray ... I need to know where you invested my money ... the sixteen thousand I'd saved ... the attorneys can't find it.

RAY

Oh shit! ... I blew it on a bad investment ... but, hang on! Don't tell her that! I'll think of something ...

FRANK looks uncomfortable.

FRANK

He says it's gone ... He blew it with a bad investment.

RAY

Asshole!!!

LUCY looks shocked.

RAY

Tell her everything's gonna be ok. I'll look after her ... I'm moving back into the house!

FRANK

I don't think that's a good idea.

FRIE 015

LUCY looks up.

RAY

Bannister! This has nothing to do with you!

LUCY

What is Ray saying?

FRANK hesitates for a moment ...

FRANK

Nothing. He just left ... Said he was sorry, and he wants to leave you alone to get on with your life.

RAY

I swear to God, I'll kill you!!!

LUCY

That's just like Ray ... take the money and run ...

LUCY becomes tearful.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Ray and I haven't been honest with each other in a long time. It wasn't a good marriage, Mr Bannister. I realise that now.

RAY leans on the table, yelling into LUCY'S ear ...

RAY

(yelling)

Bitch!!!

Tears roll down LUCY'S cheeks ... FRANK touches her hand.

FRANK

You'll be okay.

RAY

(yelling)

Don't touch her!!!

RAY swings wildly at FRANK'S wine glass, sweeping it off the table, into FRANK'S lap!

LUCY looks up as FRANK grabs a napkin and rubs his trousers.

FRANK

I'm sorry ...

FRIG

FRANK swings his balled fist, connecting with RAY'S face. RAY staggers back, clutching his nose.

RAY

Bastard!

RAY beats a retreat towards the door.

RAY (CONT'D)

(yelling)

I can move shit, Bannister! You better watch your back!

RAY storms out of the restaurant ... FRANK stands up, smiles at LUCY.

FRANK

Excuse me ... I'll just clean up ...

FRANK heads towards the Men's Room.

INT. RESTAURANT MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK steps up to the wash basin, rips paper towels out of the canister and rubs his trousers.

The door opens and a snappily dressed guy in his forties hurries over to the urinal ... BARRY grins at FRANK as he unzips.

BARRY

Good band, huh?

FRANK

Sure ...

FRANK glances at BARRY. He frowns ... the number 38 is tattooed on BARRY'S forehead ... Ugly raised welts.

BARRY notices FRANK staring and he quickly looks away ... FRANK sneaks another curious look at BARRY through the wash basin mirror ... BARRY zips up ...

AT THAT MOMENT ...

A CUBICLE DOOR silently swings open and a TALL DARK HOODED FIGURE glides out. We cannot see it's face ... It is sinister, predatory ... and definitely NOT HUMAN ... Moving in a pool of bluey black light, this is ...

THE REAPER!!!

FRIG

FRANK is frozen ... as he observes the scene through the wash basin mirror.

BARRY turns away from the urinal ... he is face to face with THE REAPER, but clearly doesn't see it. He pauses, waiting to use the wash basin ...

THE REAPER slowly raises it's hand and slides it into BARRY'S chest ... He stiffens and cries out!

THE REAPER

(silky menace)

Don't fear the Reaper.

FRANK turns, but is too frightened to act as he watches BARRY clutch his chest and sink to the floor, gasping.

THE REAPER still has his hand buried in BARRY'S chest ... he twists and squeezes ... BARRY convulses and dies...

FRANK breaks out into a sweat. THE REAPER rises and turns to FRANK ... He averts his eyes, clearly not wanting THE REAPER to realise he is visible to FRANK.

The Men's Room is suddenly filled with a blinding white light ... BARRY'S transparent Emanation rises out of his body ... he looks up into an ENDLESS WHITE CORRIDOR of SWIRLING WHITE LIGHT.

BARRY'S SPIRIT

(awe-struck)

Nom!

BARRY walks into the CORRIDOR and the light snaps off.

FRANK suddenly heads towards the door ... he brushes right by THE REAPER.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

FRANK hurries across the restaurant to LUCY'S table.

FRANK
(urgently)
We gotta leave!

LUCY looks surprised.

LUCY
Sure ... I'll just go to the
bathroom ...

FRANK grabs her wrist ... he sits down.

FRANK
No!

LUCY
(surprised)
Frank???

FRANK looks up ashen faced as THE REAPER oozes out of the wall into the restaurant.

FRANK
(urgent whisper)
' Don't move ... talk to me!

LUCY is rattled by FRANK'S strange behaviour.

LUCY
What's going on?

FRANK doesn't respond. He is looking out of the corner of his eye at THE REAPER ... as it cruises the tables - like a White Pointer searching for it's next victim ... nobody is aware of it's presence. It sweeps in towards FRANK and LUCY'S table ...

FRANK
(strained)
I think it's a good time of year
to put your house on the
'market ...

LUCY is totally confused ... THE REAPER pauses behind her chair ... leans down beside her face ... Yellowing eyes are barely visible beneath it's cowl.

FRANK (CONT'D)

... Prices will drop before
Christmas.

THE REAPER swings towards FRANK. FRANK gives it no indication that he can see it. He keeps his eyes fixed on LUCY, but is unable to summon up any conversation.

LUCY

You're sweating.

THE REAPER is inches away from FRANK'S face.

FRANK

(controlled)

It's too damn hot in here.

MAGDA (O.S)

Mrs Lynskey!

THE REAPER pulls away from FRANK and wheels around as MAGDA RAVANSKI drunkenly approaches the table.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

(drunk)

Have you had lot's of meaningful
messages from your dearly
departed?

THE REAPER glides up to MAGDA

LUCY

I beg your pardon?

MAGDA

(drunk)

Watch your wallet, darling ...
I've heard that Mr Bannister is
quick with his fingers ...

THE REAPER suddenly slides down into the floor, and vanishes ...

... FRANK suddenly leaps to his feet and rushes out of the restaurant. LUCY watches him go ... alarm on her face.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

FRANK rushes out onto the sidewalk ... looks up and down the street.

The SIDEWALK ahead of FRANK suddenly ripples up and THE REAPER emerges ... FRANK takes cover behind a parked car.

With incredible grace THE REAPER starts to run down the street ... it's feet don't appear to be connecting with the ground ... FRANK gives chase.

EXT. FAIRWATER STREETS - NIGHT

THE REAPER races along with increasing speed, black cape flowing out behind it - this creature is so graceful, it could almost be flying.

FRANK is sprinting as fast as he can, and is losing ground ...

THE REAPER races towards a building ... and vanishes straight through the wall.

FRANK pulls up, panting hard. The streets are deserted ... He leans against a brick wall to catch his breath ...

... The bricks behind him suddenly ripple out ... THE REAPER slides out of the wall right next to FRANK. He freezes, terrified. It pauses momentarily, then in a frightening burst of speed, it shoots across the street and vanishes around the corner.

FRANK runs after it.

FRIG 216

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM EGYPTIAN GALLERIES - NIGHT

JANET gestures to an ornate sealed coffin, bearing the features of a beautiful Egyptian Queen. It stands on a plinth in the middle of the gallery.

JANET (CONT'D)

This is Queen Merytaten from the eighteenth dynasty - about fourteen hundred B.C. We have actually X-Rayed her ...

JANET flicks a switch and a row of fluros flicker on behind a glass screen, back lighting a full size X-Ray of Queen Merytaten. Her shriveled features are even more grotesque in X-Ray form.

JANET (CONT'D)

The dark area here is in fact the Queen's viscera, carefully packaged and returned to the body cavities.

THE JUDGE looks at the X-Ray with dewy eyes.

JUDGE

Mighty fine woman ... good teeth!

THE JUDGE suddenly staggers towards the coffin.

STUART
(alarmed)
Judge???

JUDGE
You boys hurry along ... I wanna
make the acquaintance of this fine
young lady!

The JUDGE disappears into the coffin with such
enthusiasm, that it wobbles violently!!

STUART
(mortified)
Oh God!

STUART rushes towards the coffin, which is now rocking on
it's base ...

JANET looks at the mummy with alarm ... the CROWD
turn ... the CURATOR whimpers ... The coffin CRASHES to
the floor!!!

Everybody rushes over to it .. FRIG

JANET
(horrified)
Oh, no ... don't touch it ...
don't touch it!

CYRUS slides through the CROWD ... the JUDGE'S butt is
visible, bobbing through the lid. CYRUS reaches into the
coffin and drags THE JUDGE out by his ankles!

THE JUDGE
I haven't felt that way about a
woman for nigh on one hundred and
fifteen years!

AT THAT MOMENT ...

CYRUS looks up, his face becomes a mask of horror ...

A tall, black hooded creature comes racing at unnatural
speed down the cavernous gallery ... it's black cape
billowing out behind, inky blue light streaking away from
it's body ...

THE REAPER!!!

CYRUS, STUART and the JUDGE stare, awestruck, as THE
REAPER flows straight into the CROWD, passing through
people who are completely unaware of it's existence.

JANET looks up from the mummy, saying something to the CURATOR ... CYRUS gasps at the number 39, etched onto her forehead ... THE REAPER slides down towards her, a skeletal hand out-stretched towards her chest ...

CYRUS

(yelling)

Don't mess with her, man!

CYRUS charges forward, tackling THE REAPER, knocking him off balance! They slide along the polished museum floor ... With incredible grace, THE REAPER rises, towering above CYRUS like a dark angel. In one fluid movement, THE REAPER produces a long wooden staff from beneath his cloak ... he thumps the base on the floor, and a huge jagged blade swings out of the staff and locks into place with a metallic click. The blade shimmers with an ethereal glow ... THE REAPER has his SCYTHE!

CYRUS leaps to his feet, ready to make another lunge at THE REAPER, but he has no chance ... THE REAPER performs a double-handed sweep with the scythe, slicing CYRUS across the chest!

CYRUS drops to his knees, ectoplasm spilling out of his chest.

CYRUS

(shocked)

He cut me! I don't believe it ...

STUART and THE JUDGE watch fearfully from their hiding place, within a large statue.

CLOSE ON: JANET stands, smiling at the concerned crowd.

JANET

There appears to be no serious damage! Shall we move on?

She suddenly winces ... TILT DOWN: to reveal THE REAPER'S arms buried in her chest ... The hooded cowl nuzzles her neck.

THE REAPER

(silky menace)

Don't fear The Reaper.

With a violent thrust, he buries his hand deeper into her chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS/MUSEUM - NIGHT

FRANK runs down quiet streets, looking all around.

He pauses to catch his breath.

Distant YELLING and CRIES FOR HELP ...

The NIGHTSKY above FRANK, RUMBLES and CRACKLES - like an approaching storm ... A TEAR rips the dark sky ... behind it is the most brilliant WHITE LIGHT ... a SHAFT of LIGHT beams down into the ...

... MUSEUM!

FRANK races across the road, and runs up the steps towards the entrance.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

JANET lies limp on the floor ... A MAN furiously pounds her chest in an attempt to resuscitate her. A crowd of nervous onlookers surround her.

FRANK races into the gallery, and reacts to the brilliant glow of the corridor of light - invisible to the rest of the crowd.

JANET'S SOUL rises out of her body and looks in confusion at the white light ... FRANK rushes through the on-lookers, reaches out ... touching the shoulder of JANET'S SOUL ... She turns to FRANK, tears in her eyes.

CLOSE ON: JANET'S forehead ... the number 39 is fading away ...

Her SOUL turns away from FRANK, rapidly moving up into the corridor of light ... and then it's over. The light snaps off.

The MAN, who was attempting resuscitation, hangs his head.

MAN
(shocked)
She's gone ...

CURATOR (O.S)
Mr Bannister!

The CURATOR takes FRANK by the forearm and steers him away from the crowd ...

CURATOR (CONT'D)
(hushed)
I ... I ... think we've broken
some sort of taboo!

STUART suddenly rises up behind the CURATOR'S shoulder.

STUART

Frank!

The CURATOR, unaware of STUART'S presence, continues unabated, but now FRANK'S attention is on STUART.

CURATOR (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Please! You've got to help us!

STUART

It's bad, Frank! Cyrus has been cut.

FRANK looks across at CYRUS lying slumped against a glass cabinet. Ectoplasm is staining his white disco suit.

FRANK

(shocked)

Shit!

The CURATOR reacts to FRANK'S sudden outburst ... He hurries off to greet a group of arriving PARAMEDICS ...

CURATOR

Excuse me, one moment

FRANK rushes over to CYRUS.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(worried)

Cyrus???

CYRUS is clutching his chest ... he lifts his arm, revealing a nasty gash.

CYRUS

Some badass brother messed me up real bad, Frank.

FRANK, looks around warily, not wanting to draw attention to himself. He gestures to the entrance of the mock up Egyptian tomb.

FRANK

(to STUART)

In there ...

STUART drags CYRUS into the tomb.

FRANK hesitates a moment, making sure he's not being watched ... he quickly ducks into the tomb.

INT. EGYPTIAN TOMB - NIGHT

FRANK tears CYRUS'S disco jacket into strips and starts binding his chest ... STUART is pacing up and down in a state of near hysteria ...

STUART

It's not an Emanation! It's some sort of Spirit ... a Dark Spirit.

FRANK

(to CYRUS)

Did you see it's face?

CYRUS shakes his head.

STUART

It's a psycho, Frank! A bloody psycho! It could kill us all!

CYRUS

Who is it Frank?

JUDGE (O.S)

It's The Reaper, son.

THE JUDGE stands in the doorway, a doom laden expression on his face ... FRANK stares at THE JUDGE.

STUART

(terrified)

But ... But he's a mythical figure, a pseudo religious icon from the twelfth century.

JUDGE

Save ya pea brain prattle for the classroom, boy. That was the Soul Collector ... he's bin taking people out since time began. He's goin' about his dark business here in Fairwater, and there ain't nothin no one can do to stop him ... when your number's up that's it!

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MAGDA is talking quietly to a DEPUTY, who scribbles notes in his notebook. STEVE stands awkwardly beside her. The restaurant has been largely cleared of patrons, except for the few that POLICE wish to interview.

BARRY'S BODY is being carried out of the bathroom on a stretcher in the BG ...

... PULL BACK to SHERIFF PERRY and a DEPUTY overseeing the scene of the death.

DEPUTY 1
Doc says it looks like another heart attack, but he ain't confirming nothing till after the autopsy.

SHERIFF PERRY
(frustrated)
Damn!!!

DEPUTY 2 steps up ...

DEPUTY 2
The waiter says that some guy came outta the john about five minutes before the body was found ...

SHERIFF PERRY raises his eyebrows ...

SHERIFF PERRY
Who was that?

DEPUTY 1
... Frank Bannister. He was as white as a sheet and shaking ... Waiter thought he'd been sick ... He didn't hang around.

DEPUTY 1
Bannister was having dinner with Ray Lynskey's widow ... we're holding her for questioning ...

DEPUTY 1 gestures towards LUCY ... she is sitting, nervous and confused, at a corner table.

DEPUTY 3 suddenly arrives in a flurry ...

DEPUTY 3
There's been another death! At the Museum ... a young woman. She's been taken to the city morgue. There were a lotta witnesses ... including Frank Bannister.

SHERIFF PERRY looks grim.

SHERIFF PERRY
Bring him in.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

FRANK is hurrying down the street towards the restaurant. Police cars and an ambulance are parked outside.

MAGDA (O.S)
(drunk)
Bannister!

MAGDA and STEVE are heading towards her car.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
The police are looking for you!

FRANK spins around. MAGDA leers drunkenly at him ... the number 40 glowing brightly on her forehead!

FRANK
(softly)
Oh Jesus!

MAGDA
Yes, I'd be worried too.

FRANK
(realization)
You're next.

MAGDA
Are you threatening me?
(yelling)
Deputy!!!

FRIG 016

FRANK turns in confusion as TWO DEPUTIES emerge from the restaurant.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
(yelling)
It's Bannister! He's here!

FRANK is alarmed to see the DEPUTIES drawing their guns ... He raises his hands.

DEPUTY
On the ground, Bannister! Now!

SUDDENLY!

A CHAIN, lying on the ground across the parking lot entrance suddenly rises into the air, tripping both DEPUTIES up ... CYRUS and STUART are pulling on each end!

CYRUS
Get outta here, man! Go on, split!

FRANK hesitates for a moment, then races towards the back of the parking lot ...

The DEPUTIES attempt to aim their guns, but CYRUS and STUART whip the chain, knocking the guns away.

FRANK'S CAR roars into life ... The DEPUTIES roll aside, leaping to their feet as FRANK'S CAR skids out onto the street.

FRANK'S headlights catch the ghostly figure of THE JUDGE, staggering down the road towards the car.

JUDGE
(yelling)

Frank!

FRANK slams on the brakes and slews towards the JUDGE. He braces himself for the impact ... The front of his car passes through THE JUDGE, but ... THUD! He is collected by the passenger seat and ends up kneeling backwards, arms wrapped around the back of the seat, hanging on for dear life.

JUDGE
Faster Frank! There's a posse coming up our ass!

The COP CARS rev up ... CYRUS bounds across to the front of the first car ... He thrusts his head into the hood ...

ERIC 16

BELOW HOOD: CYRUS'S head and shoulders appear in the narrow cavity between the engine and the underside of the hood. He quickly reaches out and yanks the wires off the spark plugs.

The COPS react with surprise as their engine dies ...

STUART is attempts to do the same on the other Cop Car ...

BELOW HOOD: STUART is looking about in total confusion ...

STUART
(desperate)
What do I do???

STUART'S arm is suddenly caught by the blades of the cooling fan and he is sucked into the radiator! The radiator cap pops off and STUART'S distorted head squeezes out through the tiny hole ... pressurized steam blasts out around his neck. He's shrieking louder than the steam!

COPS react to billowing steam from engine.

COP
Shit!!!

STUART suddenly disappears back into the engine ... LOUD CLANGING ... BANGING ...

KER-THWAT!!! STUART is shot out of the exhaust pipe like a bullet! He tumbles along the road, before dizzily sitting up ...

COP DRIVER hops out and slams his fist against the steaming hood.

COP
(angry)
Goddamn it!

FRANK speeds away into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The SHERIFF'S OFFICE is largely open plan, with glass partitioning. At one-thirty in the morning the few DEPUTIES that are on duty are looking tired.

LUCY is sitting on a chair, clutching a cup of coffee ... SHERIFF PERRY sits opposite, DEPUTY 2 is taking notes.

LUCY
Frank Bannister is no fraud. I am convinced he made contact with Ray.

SHERIFF PERRY
You say your dead husband was having dinner with you at the restaurant ...

LUCY nods.

SHERIFF PERRY (CONT'D)
What did he order?

PERRY makes eye contact with DEPUTY 2. They suppress a smirk ... LUCY doesn't answer.

AT THAT MOMENT: AGENT MILTON DAMMERS walks in.

PERRY glances over and through the glass partition he sees DAMMERS casting a wary eye around the office.

DAMMERS, late-forties is short and wiry ... he has no neck, and has a habit of trying to crane his head up, and failing. His eyes are dark and piercing ... he has no smile, just a teeth baring grinace. From the outset, it's clear that DAMMERS is a social retard.

He shuffles into the middle of the office, and stands uncomfortably, clutching his hands and staring at the floor.

SHERIFF PERRY

(to himself)

Oh God ...

(to LUCY)

Excuse me.

SHERIFF PERRY leaves the office with DEPUTY 2 and hurries over to DAMMERS ...

LUCY can only hear a HUMBLE of voices, but she watches as SHERIFF PERRY greets DAMMERS, offering his hand ... DAMMERS awkwardly shakes with his left hand.

DAMMERS doesn't raise his eyes above SHERIFF PERRY'S belt buckle as he mutters a few words ... SHERIFF PERRY gestures at LUCY ... She starts to feel self-conscious ... SHERIFF PERRY leads DAMMERS back into the office:

SHERIFF PERRY

Lucy ... This is special agent Milton Dammers from the FBI.

LUCY nods ... DAMMERS fails to make eye contact - he directs his comments to a trash can.

DAMMERS

I came by car. I didn't take the flight ... I felt bad about the plane.

LUCY looks at PERRY unsure of how to respond. DAMMERS eyes flick to the filing cabinet.

DAMMERS

At what time, precisely, did Bannister leave for the bathroom?

LUCY

I'm ... not sure ... precisely.

DAMMERS

Did he use excessive quantities of table salt during his meal?

LUCY

(flustered)

What?

DAMMERS

(raised voice)

Answer the question!

LUCY

(yelling)

It's one-thirty in the morning! I can't remember that!!

DAMMERS blanches ... he backs out of the room. SHERIFF PERRY looks alarmed and follows him.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE KITCHEN - NIGHT

DAMMERS is leaning over the sink, splashing water on his face. SHERIFF PERRY approaches ...

SHERIFF PERRY
(concerned)
Milton?

DAMMERS
(flustered)
Sorry Sheriff ... I have a problem
with women yelling ...

SHERIFF PERRY
Can I get you anything?

SHERIFF PERRY puts a hand on DAMMERS' shoulder ...
DAMMERS backs away in a fluster.

DAMMERS
Sheriff Perry! ... You are
violating my territorial bubble.
FRANK

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SHERIFF PERRY returns to the office.

SHERIFF PERRY
(softly)
You're still grieving. It's very
easy for someone like Frank
Bannister to take advantage.

LUCY
You have such closed minds.

DAMMERS (O.S)
I object!

MILTON DAMMERS hovers uncomfortably in the doorway ...
his eyes blaze.

SHERIFF PERRY rapidly intervenes ...

SHERIFF PERRY
Special Agent Dammers has fifteen
years experience in the field of
paranormal psychology ... much of
it spent undercover with various
cults and sects ...

DAMMERS

I get all the fruity cases, Mrs
Lynskey.

SHERIFF PERRY

For Godssake sit down, Milton.

DAMMERS

I am more comfortable standing.

SHERIFF PERRY

Agent Dammers is the government's
number one man for ... this type
of inquiry.

LUCY

I still don't see what this has to
do with Frank Ban -

DAMMERS fixes an icy stare onto LUCY ...

DAMMERS

(interrupts)

Mrs Lynskey! You know nothing
about Frank Bannister! You claim
he is a bona fide psychic, yet
all I have heard is 7 minutes
of meandering, ill informed
waffle ...

LUCY stares daggers at him. SHERIFF PERRY shifts
uncomfortably in his chair.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

On the third day of July, 1984,
Frank Bannister - at that time a
successful architect - came out of
the Jesson's sporting goods store
on 3rd and Garrett. He had just
picked up a Ruger lever action .22
caliber rifle. It had his name
engraved on the barrel.

INSERT IMAGE: Rifle sliding into FRANK'S trunk...
"Bannister" clearly engraved on the barrel, in cursive
script.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

Bannister would later claim
that the weapon was intended
for a stoat infestation at the
back of his property. His wife,
Debra was in the front seat. Frank
Bannister was agitated that
morning ...

INSERT IMAGE: DEBRA in car ...

SHERIFF PERRY looks uncomfortable.

SHERIFF PERRY

(quietly)

You're mumbling, Milton Can't heard a damn word you're saying ...

DAMMERS

(louder)

He'd just had a blazing row with Jacob Platz, a builder, over the positioning of foundations for his new house ... 12.33 pm, and their '82 Ford is seen heading into the hills ...

INSERT IMAGE: FRANK'S car winds up a narrow road ... HOLD ON: Sign ... "HOLLOWAY ROAD"

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

... it is the last time the couple are seen. Soon after, possibly 12.36 or 12.37 the car leaves the road on a tight corner ...

INSERT IMAGE: FRANK'S CAR crashing through undergrowth.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

... presumably Bannister took the bend too fast.

LUCY

(softly)

She was killed ...

DAMMERS

Her body was found some fifteen yards from the car ...

DAMMERS pauses ...

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

... Debra Bannister had sustained a single gunshot wound to the back of the head ...

INSERT IMAGE: DEBRA'S body hitting the ground.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

Execution style ...

LUCY is horrified.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

Bannister was picked up two hours later ... he was wandering in the forest. He claimed to have no recollection of events ... not even the car accident. The presumed murder weapon - Bannister's rifle - had been very well hidden. To this day, it has never been found.

SHERIFF PERRY

He never went to trial ... no murder weapon, no witnesses. Frank denied all knowledge ...

(softens)

He was pretty cut up about it. Quit his job. Took to the bottle for a time ... drank his money away.

LUCY takes a deep breath and exhales slowly... Silence.

DAMMERS

(loudly)

But, do you know what was really bizarre ...?

DAMMERS eyes blaze.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

Debra's corpse had the number thirteen carved into it's forehead ...

DAMMERS traces the number 13 with his finger on his forehead ... LUCY is white ... DAMMERS gaze cuts into her.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

Unlucky for some.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

STEVE BAYLISS is lying on the bed, sweating. The lights are out ... MOONLIGHT casts a silvery glow across STEVE'S naked torso ...

MAGDA RAVANSKI ... sits atop STEVE ... she slips her gown off, revealing a provocative silky camisole ...

... MAGDA leans hungrily towards STEVE ...

STEVE

(nervous)

Did you really like my story about the water treatment plant?

MAGDA
It was brilliant ... You're
without a doubt the greatest
cub reporter I've had the pleasure
to work with.

STEVE tenses as MAGDA plunges her face into his neck.

STEVE
I know you only wanted nine
hundred words but I couldn't keep
it to length ...

MAGDA
Length is never a problem for me.

STEVE suddenly sits up coughing.

STEVE
(coughing)
Could I have a drink of water
please?

MAGDA frowns, pulls on her ~~trap~~ and walks into the
kitchen.

EXT. MAGDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LURKING POV ...

Peering into MAGDA'S kitchen window as she appears ...
shrinking back into the shadows as she glances out.

INT. MAGDA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

MAGDA drops ice into a glass on water ... followed by a
healthy splash of Vodka.

A CREAKING GROAN ... The kitchen wall bulges ever so
slightly ... China rattles on shelves.

She spins around ... grab ice pick ... nothing's there.

INT. MAGDA'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

MAGDA appears in the doorway, clutching the ice pick ...
The LOUNGE is in darkness ... She steps warily into the
middle of the room.

FAST MOVING POV: towards MAGDA, brushing past her, then
again and again ... she reacts by spinning around, seeing
nothing, but getting spooked.

MAGDA moans softly ... she backs away ... down the
hall ...

INT. MAGDA'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

...towards her front door. She breaks into a run ...

MOVING POV ... racing down the hallway towards her ...

MAGDA reaches the door ... desperately fumbling the key ...

MOVING POV ... almost upon her!

She flings the door open and SCREAMS!!!

FRANK is standing in the doorway! He forces his hand over her mouth, snatching the ice pick with the other hand.

FRANK

(urgently)

Shut up! I'm not going to hurt you. I just want you to listen ... Will you listen to me?

MAGDA, wide eyed, nods ... FRANK releases his hand. MAGDA immediately backs down the hallway ...

MAGDA

(yelling)

Steve! Steve!

STEVE BAYLISS hurries out of the bedroom, frantically dragging clothes on ... He gives FRANK a terrified look.

FRANK

(to STEVE)

Get out!

STEVE turns and flees out of the house.

INT. MAGDA'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

MAGDA backs into the lounge.

MAGDA

You sick bastard! I'm calling the Police!

She moves towards the phone.

FRANK

The cops can't save you, Magda.

MAGDA picks up the phone, just as ...

THE REAPER oozes out of the wall behind her! He slides his hand into MAGDA'S chest. She gasps in pain ...

THE REAPER
(silky menace)
Don't fear the Reaper!

FRANK throws himself forward, grabbing MAGDA'S shoulders, hauling her away from the REAPER'S reach!

THE REAPER spins around inhumanly fast, snarling at FRANK.

FRANK swings a punch at THE REAPER... but his arm passes through! Again and again, he tries and fails to make contact... With an almost casual sweep of it's hand, THE REAPER smashes FRANK against the wall ... FRANK lunges at THE REAPER again ...

THE REAPER moves implacably forward, passing through FRANK, who winces in pain at the sensation ... THE REAPER reaches down towards MAGDA, lying on the floor.

FRANK desperately grabs MAGDA'S ankles ... he attempts to haul her away, but she grabs a heavy lamp and smashes it against FRANK'S head! He falls to the floor, stunned!

THE REAPER'S fingers slide into MAGDA'S chest ... she gasps with pain ...

FRIDA

JUDGE (O.S)

Hey son!

THE JUDGE staggers into the room ... he sweeps his long coat back, pulling out his pair of rusty Colts. FRANK can only watch as THE REAPER spins around to face THE JUDGE.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Get ya filthy fingers outta the lady's blouse!

BANG! BANG! BANG! THE JUDGE pumps bullets into THE REAPER!!!

THE REAPER hisses, staggers back, reacting to the ghost bullets pumping into it's body ... BANG! BANG! BANG!

It falls back through the lounge wall and disappears.

FRANK looks amazed at the JUDGE who holds his smoking six-guns aloft.

JUDGE

Forty-five caliber Colt
Peacemakers, eighteen seventy
four ... Who needs a Magnum?

MAGDA SCREAMS! She rushes at FRANK, swinging the ice pick towards his head! FRANK ducks the blow, the pick embedding into the wall ... FRANK punches MAGDA hard ... she slumps into his arms, stunned.

FRANK HOISTS MAGDA onto his shoulder.

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EXT. MAGDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FRANK runs out of MAGDA'S house, stumbling under her weight, followed by THE JUDGE.

INT./EXT. CAR/STREET - NIGHT

FRANK pushes MAGDA onto the front seat of his car. THE JUDGE sits behind her ... he wraps his arms around her, as she starts to regain consciousness.

FRANK leaps in and guns the engine. FRANK'S car screeches onto the road ... Ahead, under a ghostly streetlight, is the dark figure of THE REAPER!

FRANK grimly steers his car towards THE REAPER.

MAGDA

(scared)

I ... I ... I've got money ...
Don't hurt me! Please! I'm
sorry ...

THE REAPER stands silently as FRANK'S car approaches. He is holding his wooden staff ... taps it firmly on the ground ... CLICK! The huge steel blade swings out up and locks into place.

It's too late for FRANK to react ... he sees THE REAPER raise the scythe at the car ... FRANK hangs onto the wheel with one hand, grabbing MAGDA'S head with the other.

FRANK

Down!!!

FRANK ducks, pushing MAGDA'S head down at the same time.

The ghostly SCYTHE cuts through the car, narrowly sweeping over FRANK and MAGDA'S heads ... however it chops the JUDGE neatly in half, just below his armpits! The top half of the JUDGE'S body tumbles into the back of the car.

JUDGE

Goddamn it!

Now THE REAPER is running behind the car. He leaps onto the roof ...

... The SCYTHE slices into the car, without actually cutting the metal. It glances past FRANK'S shoulder, drawing blood. FRANK clutches his shoulder, trying to steer the car with his other hand.

MAGDA is screaming and cowering on the floor, totally unaware of the deadly struggle in which FRANK is engaged.

FRANK'S car speeds up the road at high speed ... THE REAPER standing on the roof, a hooded faceless figure gripping the scythe ... wind billowing his cape behind him ...

THE REAPER viciously twists the SCYTHE from side to side, the blade passes through the car seats, and connects with FRANK ... it hooks under his chin ...

The car speeds up ... Holloway Road.

EXT. HOLLOWAY ROAD - NIGHT

... THE REAPER hauls on the scythe ... the blade cuts into FRANK'S throat ...

The bodiless JUDGE is lying on the back seat ... he quickly reaches forward and grabs a ghostly six gun from the hostler, still strapped to his lower half ...

BANG! BANG! The JUDGE shoots blindly, up through the car roof.

THE REAPER howls in pain and tumbles off the roof of the car!

FRANK ... looks ahead, eyes widening ...

INSERT: The road ahead is suddenly flooded with DAYLIGHT.

MAGDA screams ... sounds dissolve thru ...

DAYLIGHT INSERT: DEBRA, sitting next to FRANK ... screams at something on the road ahead...

FRANK ... staring ahead ... terrified.

DAYLIGHT INSERT: POV crash zoom ... A LOG is lying across the road ahead! Car speeds towards it!

FRANK grabs the wheel with one hand and hauls it round, sending the JUDGE spinning out of the car window!

FRANK'S CAR leaves the road and crashes through undergrowth, down a steep bank and into a forest ...

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

The car glances off a couple of trees, does a 180 on the pine needles and crunches to a halt against a sturdy tree.

The forest floor is lit with shadowy moonlight ... dark shapes of trees loom out of the darkness.

MAGDA desperately scrambles out of the wreck. She is battered and bruised ... and crawls away.

FRANK comes to at the wheel ... looks across at MAGDA.

FRANK

Magda!

MAGDA looks fearfully at FRANK ... she staggers to her feet and starts to run.

FRANK attempts to follow her, but his legs give way and he collapses in a heap on the ground ... FRANK gasps!

DAYLIGHT INSERT: FRANK is lying in the forest in broad daylight ...

DEBRA (O.S)

(crying)

Frank???

FRIG 015

NIGHT: THE REAPER oozes out of a tree ahead of MAGDA! He opens his cape as she rushes towards him, unaware.

FRANK

No!!!

FRANK tries to follow MAGDA, but is struck by IMAGES from 10 years earlier:

DAYLIGHT INSERT: DEBRA crawls out of the car.

DEBRA

(echoed)

Frank ...

NIGHT: FRANK rushes towards MAGDA ...

FRANK

Debra!

THE REAPER thrusts his hand into MAGDA'S chest and squeezes ... she stops in her tracks, a surprised look on her face.

FRANK grabs MAGDA around the shoulders, tries to haul her away from THE REAPER'S grasp ...

A distant RUMBLE ... A FLASH OF DAYLIGHT.

NIGHT: FRANK lets go of MAGDA and falls to the ground.

DAYLIGHT INSERT: CLOSE UP ... Gun Muzzle. It fires - a slow RUMBLING explosion.

NIGHT: FRANK grabs his head as if in excruciating pain.

DAYLIGHT INSERT: THUD! Quick image of DEBRA'S body hitting the ground.

NIGHT: FRANK cries out ...

THUD! MAGDA'S dead body hits the ground beside FRANK.

SILENCE ...

FRANK looks around in a daze ... THE REAPER is gone ...
MAGDA'S corpse is lying beside him.

WHITE LIGHT suddenly floods onto MAGDA ... her spirit rises from her body as the CORRIDOR OF LIGHT appears ...
FRANK backs away.

MAGDA

(yelling)

You killed me ... You killed me!!!
You bastard!

MAGDA starts to drift away, up the corridor of light ... her stream of invective never letting up ... FRANK stares helplessly after her ...

MAGDA (CONT'D)

You're sick ... This is how you get your kicks, huh? You like to kill people? Did it feel good killing me ... huh? Did it feel good killing your wife??? Everyone knows you did it, Bannister ...
You're a murderer!!!

The CORRIDOR OF LIGHT finally vanishes, silencing MAGDA for ever.

FRANK is disorientated ... he starts to run, faster and faster through the forest ... He lets out a long HARROWING CRY..

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAWN

LUCY signs her written statement as SHERIFF PERRY and DAMMERS watch.

DAMMERS

If Bannister attempts any form of contact, you will let us know?

LUCY glares at DAMMERS.

SHERIFF PERRY

He won't get far ... We've got the state line covered.

DAMMERS

I sincerely doubt we will see Mr Bannister in the near future. The man is resourceful beyond anything you can comprehend ...

AT THAT MOMENT ...

FRANK walks into the SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

SHERIFF PERRY sees him first ... through a glass partition. A DEPUTY spots FRANK and reaches for his pistol. SHERIFF PERRY pushes past DAMMERS and approaches FRANK ... he stands calmly at the reception desk.

SHERIFF PERRY

(quietly)

Hello Frank ... we've bin looking for you ...

FRANK

(exhausted)

Walt. I've come to report that Magda Ravanski's body is lying near my car, off Holloway Road.

SHERIFF PERRY'S eyes narrow.

SHERIFF PERRY

(softly)

Have anything to do with her death, Frank?

FRANK stares at PERRY. He looks defeated ...

FRANK

(quietly)

I ... I don't know ...

MILTON DAMMERS peers at FRANK intently with his piercing black eyes. LUCY steps up to FRANK and takes hold of his hand.

LUCY

Are you okay?

FRANK shakes his head.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(softly)

What happened?

TWO DEPUTIES suddenly step in and cuff FRANK'S hands behind his back.

LUCY
What are you doing? Are you arresting him?

DAMMERS
Go home, Mrs Lynskey.

LUCY
Frank, you need a lawyer. Don't say anything!

FRANK looks at LUCY with sad resignation ...

FRANK
You don't understand, Lucy. Just leave me alone.

A little grin flickers on DAMMERS lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CLOSE UP: JUDGE'S sleeping face hit by the bright sun ...

... Suddenly, RUSTLER, the JUDGE'S GHOST DOG, licks his master's face ... The JUDGE'S eyes flutter open, just as RUSTLER takes a grip of his goatee beard.

The JUDGE groggily pushes the dog away.

JUDGE
Not now, boy!

He attempts to stand ... only then remembering that he's lost his lower half!

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Goddamn it! Somebody's stolen me vitals!

The JUDGE gestures to RUSTLER.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Here Rustler!

The JUDGE pulls himself onto RUSTLER'S back, like a waird jockey ...

JUDGE (CONT'D)
(wearily)
Take me to the cemetery, boy.

He urges RUSTLER forward, and the ghost dog carries his master away ...

CUT TO:

EXT. LYNSKEY HOUSE - DAY

The Lynskey house ... late morning.

INT. LYNSKEY BATHROOM - DAY

LUCY is showering. Steam fills the showerbox.

LUCY rinses soap from her eyes ... she suddenly freezes ... stares at the glass of the showerbox ...

... the letter "L" is drawn in the condensation by an invisible finger. LUCY backs away as the letters "U ... C ...Y" follow.

LUCY
(nervous)

Ray?

SUDDENLY! ...

An impression of RAY'S FACE presses against the glass!

His flesh is invisible, but the shape of squashed, distorted lips, nose and forehead are clearly defined against the steamed up glass ... his mouth moves as if talking.

LUCY gasps and rushes out of the showerbox!

INT. LYNSKEY BEDROOM - DAY

LUCY strides into the bedroom and starts pulling her clothes on.

LUCY
(loudly)
Get outta here, Ray!

Suddenly the window blinds pull down ... the key turns in the lock ...

The shape of RAY presses into the bed ... the pillow creases ... The sheet indents as the invisible RAY pats the bed firmly with his hand ...

LUCY is pulling her jeans on ... she shakes her head.

ERIC

LUCY

I don't want you around me ... I don't want you in this house. I'm a widow, Ray ... leave me the hell alone!

LUCY storms out of the bedroom, slamming the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIRWATER STREETS - DAY

LUCY'S CAR speeds along a city street.

INT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

LUCY is driving ...

RAY suddenly looms up behind her ... he looks more decomposed than when we last saw him ... ectoplasm runs down his face ... LUCY is unaware of his presence.

RAY

(self pitying)

Okay, it's my fault. I screwed up! But deep down, you know we have a great relationship, Honey. It's just that lately ... I don't feel you've been giving it one hundred percent!

LUCY drives on, oblivious.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIRWATER MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

The Fairwater Medical Center is a smallish white building on the outskirts of the city center.

LUCY pulls into the parking space marked with a "Dr L. LYNKEY" sign.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

DR KAMINS, a middle aged man with a kindly face, emerges from a small walk-in freezer, carrying a tray of frozen test tubes. He carefully closes the door, and is surprised to see LUCY wandering into the room.

DR KAMINS

Thought I told you to take a couple of weeks off.

LUCY

I'm fine ... really! I wanna catch up on some paperwork.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - DAY

LUCY is studying a report at her desk.

RAY is pacing the room, getting more and more agitated ...

RAY

I just don't understand it! Is it the way I look? Is it this ectoplasm stuff?

RAY wipes a goop of slimy ectoplasm off his face ...

RAY (CONT'D)

Does it turn you off? Honey ... Come on, honey - you're not listening to me. Lucy! (yells) Lucy! You gotta listen!

ERIC

RAY sweeps his arm across LUCY'S desk, sending her papers flying onto the floor. She sits back, startled.

AT THAT MOMENT:

The phone rings ... LUCY composes herself and picks it up.

LUCY

Hello, Dr Lynskey speaking.

PATRICIA (O.S)

(thru phone)

This is Patricia Bartlett ... I ... I'm sorry, I'm nervous - I haven't used the phone for a long time.

LUCY tenses up.

LUCY

That's fine, Patricia ... how can I help?

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

FRANK is sitting at the interview table, his fingers pressing against his temples, as if suffering a migraine.

SHERIFF PERRY sits opposite ... MILTON DAMMERS stands in the doorway.

DAMMERS

There has been a destructive force unleashed on this town, such as I have never seen. We have a body count ...

DAMMERS waves a bunch of files.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

... of twenty-six.

SHERIFF PERRY raises his eyebrows.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

You're a very dangerous man, Mr Bannister!

SHERIFF PERRY

Just a minute ... you're not suggesting Frank is responsible -

DAMMERS

(interrupts)

You're way out of your depth, Sheriff Perry ... Please leave!

SHERIFF PERRY is surprised.

SHERIFF PERRY

(indignant)

Frank Bannister is my prisoner!

DAMMERS reaches into his jacket and pulls out his FBI badge. He holds it aloft, whilst staring at the floor.

DAMMERS

By the power invested in me by the President of the United States, I am telling you get the hell outta this room!

SHERIFF PERRY frowns and leaves the room. DAMMERS slides his badge back into his jacket and continues pacing.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard of Nina Kulagina?

FRANK looks up at DAMMERS warily.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

On March ten, nineteen seventy, Nina Kulagina used her mind power to stop the beat of a frogs heart. The record of this experiment is in the form of a cardiogram currently held in the files of Professor Genady Sergeyev in Leningrad. As Sergeyev interpreted the cardiogram, the heart seemed to experience a sudden flare-up of electrical activity ... the heart imploded, the arteries burst ... all because Nina Kulagina wanted the animal dead.

FRANK slowly looks up at DAMMERS ...

FRANK

I don't kill people ...

DAMMERS

There's part of you that believes that ... but there's another part of you, Frank, that's out of control - your destructive impulse.

FRANK

I have seen a figure in a cape ... I have seen it reach into people's chests and squeeze their hearts!

DAMMERS

Who was it?

FRANK shakes his head.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Who was it???

FRANK

(quietly)

Death.

DAMMERS' face remains impassive.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(slowly)

I can communicate with the other side ... I can see spirits ... I don't know why ... I don't always understand it -

DAMMERS

You think you're so unique don't you Mr Bannister? In my business I deal with your type every other week ...

FRANK buries his head in his hands again.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

... This Death figure is nothing more than a homicidal alter-ego who satisfies your compulsion to kill. Every time you decide to take somebody out, a fictional Death figure suddenly appears and does the job for you ... It's your rational minds way of absolving yourself of guilt. How else could you deal with killing your wife?

FRANK

(upset)

No.

FRIG

DAMMERS

When did you start seeing spirits? After Debra's death?

FRANK nods.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

You blew her away, Frank ... it was the catalyst that caused your psyche to collapse ...

FRANK

(yells)

No!

DAMMERS

Ray Lynskey ... you have an argument with him - three hours later he's dead! Magda Ravanski - we know you didn't like her! What about the guy in the toilet? What did he do to you, Frank? Did he piss on your blue suede shoes?

FRANK starts trembling.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

Why are you shaking, Frank?

FRANK is now shaking violently.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

You're doing it now, aren't you?

(triumphant)

... You're trying to kill me!
Forget it, Bannister ... It won't work!

DAMMERS rips his shirt open, revealing a sheet of dull beaten metal across his chest.

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

I'm wearing a lead breast plate!!!

DAMMERS slams the file on the table.

DAMMERS

(yelling)

We have twenty-six unexplained deaths here ... I think you are linked to every one of them! ... Let's start talking, Frank!

EXT. SANATORIUM/BARTLETT'S HOUSE - DAY

LUCY'S car noses through the old hospital gates ... instead of turning into the BARTLETT'S driveway, she parks her car out of sight, behind a service building.

LUCY walks towards the BARTLETT'S house, carrying her medical bag ... RAY slides out of the car and catches her up. She is unaware of his presence ...

RAY

Lucy, hon ... You just can't keep shutting me out! I still have a lot to offer ...

LUCY strides up towards the entrance of the BARTLETT house ...

RAY

Basically I'm an open, flexible guy ...

RAY, however, takes his first look at the house and skids to a terrified halt.

RAY (CONT'D)

(worried)

Holy shit!

RAY'S POV: The BARTLETT house is dripping with ghost blood! A globular, red luminous mass, oozing from cracks and windows over the entire front of the house ... like a huge weeping sore.

RAY hangs back, too scared to follow LUCY.

INT. BARTLETT HOUSE/LOUNGE - DAY

LUCY is taking PATRICIA'S blood pressure.

PATRICIA

I'm tired all the time ... I feel dizzy and not able to concentrate ... I can't even read a book.

LUCY

How long have you been feeling like this?

PATRICIA

I ... I think it has got a lot worse since mother increased my medication.

LUCY

What medication???

FRIG 010

CUT TO:

INT. OLD LADY BARTLETT'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A large old suitcase ... PATRICIA is pulling it out from under her mother's bed. She opens it and LUCY is horrified to see boxes and boxes of old drugs and medicine ... Yellowed cardboard containers, stained with leakage and mold - Stellazine ... Lithium ... Deloxene.

LUCY examines them in disbelief.

LUCY

These are forty years old ...

PATRICIA

Mother says they're perfectly safe to take!

LUCY

Your mother shouldn't even be in possession of these! She's not a doctor.

PATRICIA

It's okay, they came from the old hospital. My father was the administrator.

LUCY

It's not okay, Patricia. Your mother has been illegally sedating you ...

PATRICIA

But I need my medication!

LUCY

(softly)

What you need is a life of your own.

AT THAT MOMENT ... The sound of a car pulling into the driveway!

PATRICIA looks horrified and hurries out of the room.

LUCY notices a bundle of yellowing photographs tucked down the back of the suitcase ... She plucks one out - Johnny Bradley smiling evilly at the camera, his arm wrapped around a young Patricia's waist.

LUCY hurriedly slips the photo back, as PATRICIA runs back into the bedroom.

PATRICIA

(panicked)

It's mother!

SOUND of the front door opening ...

OLD LADY BARTLETT (O.S.)

(calling)

Patricia!

PATRICIA is terrified.

PATRICIA

(pleads)

Please! She mustn't know you're here!

The stairs creak O.S as OLD LADY BARTLETT approaches. PATRICIA rushes over to OLD LADY BARTLETT'S closet.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Hide in here ... I'll take her into the kitchen and you can sneak out.

LUCY hesitates for a moment, then quickly pockets a couple of packets of pills, and hurries into the closet ... PATRICIA only just manages to slide the suitcase back under her mother's bed, when OLD LADY BARTLETT walks in.

OLD LADY BARTLETT
What are you doing in my room?

PATRICIA
I thought I heard a noise ...

INT. OLD LADY BARTLETT'S CLOSET - DAY

LUCY slinks back into the corner of the closet. She glances upwards ...

PATRICIA (CONT'D O.S)
I'll make you some coffee,
mother.

... LUCY'S eyes settle on a metallic object, glinting from a pile of clothes on a high shelf ... The muzzle of a gun.

Creaking - as PATRICIA and OLD LADY BARTLETT go down the stairs ... LUCY reaches up and carefully withdraws the gun from it's hiding place ... a lever action rifle ... LUCY turns it over in her hands - engraved down the barrel, in cursive script, is the name "Bannister"!

LUCY quickly slides the gun back into the clothing.

INT. BARTLETT HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

SOUNDS of activity in the kitchen, as LUCY emerges from OLD LADY BARTLETT'S bedroom and starts to sneak down the stairs. She winces and pauses with each loud creak ...

EXT. BARTLETT HOUSE - DAY

RUSHING POV: Rocketing towards the blood cozing BARTLETT house ... Straight through the front door ...

INT. BARTLETT HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

... into the hallway ... rushing up the stairs towards LUCY ... The POV seems to pass straight through her head and circles back around her.

LUCY continues her tense descent down the stairs ... she doesn't notice the wallpaper ripple, or the walls flexing slightly.

Only three steps to go ... The front door straight ahead ...

SUDDENLY! RAY staggers in through the door, screaming! He has been slashed across his face, his body. Ectoplasm drains out of the cuts, his life-force spilling onto the floor.

RAY
(screaming)
Run! Lucy, get out!

RAY slumps in pain at the foot of the stairs, clutching the newel post ... LUCY has one step to go ...

RUSHING POV: Down the stairs, straight at RAY ... He looks up and screams in terror!

ANGLE ON: LUCY alone and unaware, as she hurries across the hallway, quietly opens the front door and slips out.

EXT. BARTLETT HOUSE/SANATORIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

The shadows are growing long ...

ANGLE ON: LUCY, from across the hood of her car, as reverses out of her park.

THWACK!!! RAY'S hollow lifeless husk³ lands violently on the hood. Like a slippery, empty wet suit, it slides off as the car swings towards the gates.

RAY'S remains land on the ground in PG as LUCY drives away.

F R I N G E

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

STUART and CYRUS slide through the doors into the SHERIFF'S OFFICE. It is quiet, with only a couple of DEPUTIES visible.

CYRUS looks around ...

CYRUS
Man! Cops make me nervous!

STUART gestures to CYRUS and disappears through an office wall ...

INT. SERIES OF ROOMS - LATE AFTERNOON

CYRUS and STUART hurry across an office room. DEPUTIES and SECRETARIES are huddled at desks doing paperwork.

As the GHOSTS pass through their desks, papers mysteriously blow into the air ...

CYRUS and STUART pass through the wall into ...

... a LOCKER ROOM, then through the next wall into ...

... a CELL, holding a COUPLE OF MUGGERS ...

CYRUS
(recognition)
Hey, Benny my man! Who have you
been hustling?

STUART grabs CYRUS'S arm and pulls him through into ...

INT. FRANK'S CELL - LATE AFTERNOON

... FRANK'S CELL.

STUART
Frank!

FRANK is sitting on his bunk holding his head in his hands.

CYRUS
Frank! We gotta get you outta
here, man. These cats are gonna
stitch you up for a capital
offence!

FRANK doesn't respond.

STUART
Frank???

FILE 015

STUART waves his hand in front of FRANK'S eyes ... FRANK doesn't react.

CYRUS
(loud)
Hey Man!

CYRUS attempts to shake FRANK'S shoulder, but his hand passes straight through FRANK'S body.

STUART shakes his head ... looks at FRANK with regret.

STUART
Forget it, Cyrus ... He doesn't
believe anymore.

The two GHOSTS are silent.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

MILTON DAMMERS stands silently outside FRANK'S door ... peering in through a small window.

DEPUTY 1 approaches ...

DAMMERS

(whispers)

It won't be long now ...

DEPUTY 1 looks quizzical ...

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

(whispers)

He's entered the acceptance stage ... he's grappling with his guilt ... and seeking resolution.

DEPUTY 1

(whispers)

You realise, Agent Dammers, we have no forensic evidence linking him to any of the deaths ...

DAMMERS shakes his head.

DAMMERS

(softly)

It won't be necessary. I expect this case to suicide before it reaches court ...

DEPUTY 1 frowns ... DAMMERS turns, a little smile quivers on his lips...

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

(softly)

... They always do.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

LUCY pulls up outside the Sheriff's Office and hurries inside.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/RECEPTION - EVENING

DEPUTY 1 looks up from the reception desk as LUCY enters.

DEPUTY 1

Dr Lynskey ...

LUCY

(urgent)

I want to see Frank Bannister ... now!

DEPUTY 1

Agent Dammers says he's to have no visitors.

LUCY
I'm his Doctor.

DEPUTY 1
(shaking head)
Sorry, M'am... Agent Dammers will
be back in forty minutes. You
could -

LUCY
(threatening)
Deputy ... are you denying me
access to my patient?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/FRANK'S CELL - EVENING

FRANK'S cell door opens and LUCY enters. DEPUTY 1 hovers
by the door.

LUCY
Thank you, Deputy.

DEPUTY 1
Just call me when you're done, Dr
Lynskey.

DEPUTY 1 locks the cell door... FRANK DOWN: LUCY crouches
by FRANK'S bed. He is lying, staring at the ceiling ...he
doesn't acknowledge LUCY, and turns to face the wall.

LUCY
Frank?

He doesn't respond.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I've found your gun ... The gun
the police say killed your
wife ...

CLOSE ON: FRANK'S eyes flicker.

LUCY (CONT'D)
It's in the Bartlett house...
hidden in the old lady's closet.
You haven't killed anybody ...
You're a good person, Frank. Trust
me.

FRANK slowly turns to face her ... his eyes are filled
with tears ... LUCY hugs him.

They part ... FRANK looks at LUCY for the first time. He
suddenly sits bolt upright, grabbing her shoulders.

CLOSE ON: LUCY ... with the number "41" on her forehead!

LUCY
(alarmed)
Frank???

STUART (O.S)
(horrificed)
She's marked!

FRANK looks up and sees CYRUS and STUART looking on, aghast.

LUCY
What is it???

AT THAT MOMENT ...

The cell wall behind LUCY ripples and THE REAPER oozes out!

FRANK pulls LUCY away and shields her against the wall. LUCY reacts with alarm, but doesn't struggle ... THE REAPER leans forward, striking with his hand. He drives his fist through FRANK'S back, into LUCY'S chest! She gasps in pain.

CYRUS and STUART leap onto THE REAPER'S back, pulling him away ... A furious cat-like fight ensues between the Spirit and the Emanations ... CYRUS and STUART manage to force THE REAPER back through the cell wall.

A moment's silence ... FRANK guides a terrified LUCY into the middle of the small cell, not knowing from which direction THE REAPER will strike next ...

LUCY
(nervous)
What's happening, Frank?

THE REAPER rises up out of the cell floor, hand straight into LUCY'S chest! Frank hauls LUCY away, spinning her across the room. She slams into the corner of the cell. CYRUS and STUART attempt to grapple with THE REAPER, but the Spirit slides away into the floor.

LUCY is sobbing softly in the corner ... THE REAPER emerges out of the wall right behind her, reaches over her shoulder and sinks his hand into her chest! FRANK, CYRUS and STUART all descend on LUCY and THE REAPER ... CYRUS and STUART grab his hand, while FRANK pulls LUCY back across the cell, holding her protectively.

THE REAPER'S hood falls back, revealing a skull-like face, with fluid, changing features. The mouth, a black hole with jagged piranha teeth, gapes shapelessly. Yellow pin-point eyes blaze from sunken sockets.

THE REAPER sinks his teeth into CYRUS'S neck ... ectoplasm sprays from the wound as CYRUS drops to his knees, screaming.

FRANK looks intently at LUCY.

FRANK
(whispers)
Call for the guard ... nice and calm.

LUCY
(calling)
Deputy! I'm ready to leave, thank you.

STUART pulls CYRUS into the middle of the room ... THE REAPER has vanished.

CYRUS
(pained)
I'm leakin' real bad, man!

STUART
(worried)
He's losing ectoplasm, Frank

FRANK UIC

AT THAT MOMENT ... THE REAPER'S scythe swings down, through the wall ... it comes down onto the top of STUART'S head, impaling him to the floor in a ghostly heap! THE REAPER steps into the room ...

The sound of the door being unlocked ...

FRANK watches helplessly as THE REAPER sweeps his hand down, scooping a ghostly light out of STUART'S crumpled chest ... he holds the light aloft, squeezing his fingers until the light showers into the air ... dissolving into nothing.

The cell door opens ...

CYRUS
(screaming)
Get out, Frank!

CYRUS throws himself at THE REAPER in a grief fueled frenzy ... THE REAPER starts hacking at him with his scythe.

DEPUTY 1 enters the cell ...

... FRANK punches him out! He grabs DEPUTY 1's handgun, takes LUCY by the hand and they flee!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/VARIOUS CORRIDORS - NIGHT

FRANK and LUCY race down deserted corridors, trying to find the rear exit... they round a corner and come face to face with AGENT MILTON DAMMERS ... he's carrying a bag of takeaway food, and barely has time to react before FRANK barges into him ... DAMMERS is propelled through a doorway, into a janitor's cupboard ...

EXT. BACK OF SHERIFF'S OFFICE/ALLEY - NIGHT

FRANK and LUCY escape from the back of the Sheriff's Office into a maze of dark alleyways.

At a safe distance, FRANK pulls up, breathing heavily.

LUCY

(scared)

What is it, Frank? What did you
see in the cell ... I felt
something touching my heart!

FRANK pulls the revolver out of his pocket ... he checks the cylinder ... LUCY looks alarmed.

FRANK

(frustrated)

I can't fight him, Lucy. I
can't protect you ...

FRANK pauses ... he looks at LUCY with tenderness... then he suddenly raises the pistol to his temple. LUCY gasps.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I gotta have an out of body
experience ... and I gotta have it
right now!

LUCY

(hushed, horrified)

No!

FRANK

(tense)

Turn around, Lucy ... go on, walk
away ... now!

Sweat rolls down Frank's forehead as his finger tightens on the trigger ... LUCY slowly reaches for the pistol ... he steps away from her ... the hammer cocks back ... she takes his hand and gently pushes the pistol away from his head.

LUCY

(softly)

There's another way ...

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL CENTER FREEZER - NIGHT

BLACKNESS ... Then the door of the Medical Center's walk in freezer opens ... FRANK and LUCY peer in through clouds of sub-zero condensation.

LUCY

You'll have twenty minutes, max.
Any longer and there's a danger of
tissue damage ...

INT. MEDICAL CENTER FREEZER ROOM - NIGHT

LUCY looks at FRANK...

LUCY (CONT'D)

... And that's only if I can
successfully revive you ...
There's no guarantee.

FRANK starts to take his clothes off. LUCY jabs a needle into his upper arm.

LUCY (CONT'D)

This will slow your heart rate and
lower your body temperature ...

(tearful)

Frank ... You don't have to do
this.

FRANK smiles reassuringly at LUCY ... She dabs at her eyes with a handkerchief. FRANK gently takes it and tenderly wipes away her tears.

FRANK

You get one chance at Post Mortem
Survival ... I can't do this
again, Lucy. We've gotta get it
right first time ...

(urgently)

Let's go!

FRANK steps into the freezer, wearing only his boxer shorts ... he immediately hugs himself against the cold. LUCY winds the temperature control to max freeze.

LUCY

(softly)

It won't take long ...

FRANK nods ... LUCY swings the door shut, wiping tears away. She peers into the freezer through a small glass window. FRANK grins at her. She kisses the tips of her fingers and presses them against the glass ...

INT. MEDICAL CENTER FREEZER - NIGHT

FRANK kisses his fingers and presses his hand against his side of the glass...

FRANK sits down in the corner of the freezer, sitting very still ... with LUCY'S handkerchief clutched in his hands.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER FREEZER ROOM - NIGHT

LUCY is moving quickly and efficiently ... She has prepared blankets, syringes and now wheels in the Defibrillator - the electric shock machine. LUCY wipes gel onto the paddles.

LUCY peers into the freezer window ...

LUCY'S POV: FRANK is very still ... his skin is blue with cold, ice has started to form ... faint clouds of breath are still visible.

MOVING POV: Something approaches LUCY from behind! It moves quietly towards her as she peers into the freezer...

LUCY turns and screams!

MILTON DAMMERS grins at her, roughly shoves her to one side ... he peers in at FRANK. A smile crosses his lips.

DAMMERS

I didn't know you had an interest
in cryogenics, Dr Lynskey.

LUCY glances at a wall clock: 9.00pm.

LUCY

(worried)

I've got to revive him in twenty
minutes.

DAMMERS

(Mock puzzlement)

What on earth for?

LUCY makes a move towards the freezer door ... DAMMERS pulls his gun out. He aims it at LUCY.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER FREEZER - NIGHT

FRANK is frozen ... He exhales, his breath hanging in the air ... then nothing.

A slight movement ... FRANK'S EMANATION starts to stir within his body. His head appears, gently sliding out of the corpse's face. FRANK then slowly eases himself out of the rest of the body.

The freezer is suddenly bathed in white light ... the frozen crystals sparkle, as the ethereal corridor appears. FRANK looks into it, awestruck ... it obviously has a strong attraction, but he backs away ... against the freezer door, then through it!

INT. MEDICAL CENTER FREEZER ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK falls out of the freezer, onto the floor. He springs to his feet and flies into the air for a moment ... he is unused to his new gravity!

FRANK

Lucy?

LUCY has gone ...

FRIG 015

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: DAMMERS locking a handcuff onto a roll bar in the back seat of a squad car. LUCY tries to pull her hand free, with no success.

LUCY

(screaming)

You bastard! Let me go!

DAMMERS turns the car stereo up to drown out her yells. He steers the car out onto the street ...

... just as THE REAPER rises from the sidewalk! THE REAPER starts to run, gracefully, after DAMMERS' car as it enters a stream of traffic.

FRANK staggers out of the Medical Center, desperately looking for LUCY. He moves awkwardly, unable to get used to the rubbery nature of his translucent body.

FRANK sees the inky black form of THE REAPER way ahead, as it closes in on the squad car!

FRANK starts running!

EXT. FAIRWATER STREETS - NIGHT

FRANK flows through the air ... his feet connect with the ground, but he moves much faster than normal. The particles that form his Emanation body ebb and flow behind him, creating the effect of a silvery slipstream.

DAMMERS car turns onto a freeway onramp ... THE REAPER closes in ...

FRANK slides to a stop ... he can't make up the ground. He watches helplessly as the squad car joins the freeway traffic ...

FRANK looks around ... he spots a nearby freeway overpass - the squad car will drive beneath it in a matter of seconds ... FRANK sprints towards it!

INT. SQUAD CAR/FREEWAY - NIGHT

LUCY struggles helplessly in the back of the squad car ... THE REAPER is visible through the rear window as it reaches the car.

THE REAPER leaps onto the roof of the squad car ... it clings on like a giant spider, plunging it's hand down through the roof ...

LUCY pushes herself to one side, trying to attract the attention of passing motorists ... unbeknownst to her, she has just slid out of the way of THE REAPER'S groping skeletal hand!

FRIG

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

FRANK arrives on the overpass ... sees the approaching squad car below, THE REAPER on the roof.

FRANK hops onto the railing, carefully judging the moment to leap as the squad car races along in the thick traffic.

FRANK jumps!

But his body doesn't drop ... it gently floats down, wafting on the air currents! FRANK watches helplessly as the squad car passes below him and speeds away!

FRANK kicks at the air, and disappears through the roof of a bus!

INT. BUS/FREEWAY - NIGHT

FRANK scrambles about on the floor of the bus ... he starts running down the aisle towards the front ...

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

FRANK flies out of the front of the bus, and hits the road running ... the bus is going at 50 mph, FRANK at 60 ... 70 ... 80 as he gains on the squad car.

INT. SQUAD CAR/FREEWAY - NIGHT

LUCY in FG as THE REAPER'S head and shoulders slide in through the roof above her ... he reaches into her shoulder, his arm buried up to the elbow as he gropes for her heart!

THE REAPER
(silky menace)
Don't fear The Reaper!

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

FRANK hits 85mph, becoming an almost amorphous fluid, his body discombobulating in the slipstream.

FRANK reaches the squad car ... he dives forward, grabbing hold of THE REAPER'S ankles!

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

LUCY is clutching her chest, gasping for breath ... THE REAPER snarls as he is suddenly whipped back through the roof!

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

THE REAPER slides off the squad car ... He and FRANK tumble onto the road at high speed. They roll in a tangle as the squad car drives off into the darkness ... Cars speed through FRANK and THE REAPER as they grapple with each other.

THE REAPER is frantically snapping and hissing at FRANK, who holds him by the throat ... FRANK punches THE REAPER'S face, again and again ... THE REAPER'S features alter ... The skeletal eye socket becomes more human with each blow ... FRANK pauses ...

FRANK
(between teeth)
Who are you?

THE REAPER roars and throws FRANK off ... FRANK rolls away into the stream of traffic, and is buffeted around by the speeding cars and trucks.

THE REAPER springs to his feet, producing the wooden staff from beneath his cloak ... CLICK! The steel blade of the scythe locks into place!

FRANK backs away as THE REAPER approaches, scythe raised ... THE REAPER charges and swings at FRANK, narrowly missing him ...

As TRUCKS speed by, the slipstream causes FRANK and THE REAPER spin and float ... The scythe cuts through the air ... FRANK dives to the ground - and is immediately flattened by the wheels of a large truck!

FRANK reforms his shape and turns to run - straight into the path of oncoming traffic!

TRACKING BACK: with FRANK running towards camera in FG, THE REAPER hot on his heels ... A BUS passes through them - for a few seconds, only FRANK and THE REAPER'S head and shoulders are visible above the floor of the speeding bus as it hurtles away from camera. Then, they're outside again ... FRANK is running as fast as he can, but the REAPER is gaining on him ... More TRUCKS, CARS and BUSES pass through them in quick succession.

FRANK looks desperately ahead as a huge MAC TRUCK rockets towards him ... He holds out his arms, squeezing his eyes shut in concentration ... At the moment of impact, he is collected by the front of the truck! FRANK'S body flattens against the truck as his direction changes instantaneously! He just manages to raise his foot and smash it into THE REAPER'S face as he collides with THE REAPER at high speed!

THE REAPER is rocketed off his feet, disappearing over the freeway barrier as FRANK speeds away, clinging to the front of the truck.

EXT. OFFRAMP/STREETS - NIGHT

The truck turns off the freeway ... FRANK looks around desperately and sees DAMMERS squad car heading up a distant street ... towards the hills.

He leaps off the truck and starts racing across town ...

INT/EXT. SERIES OF BUILDINGS - NIGHT

FRANK takes the shortest possible route to intercept the vehicle: Through walls, into houses, bedrooms, factories, a library. PEOPLE are unaware of the silvery ghost speeding through their premises.

INT. DAMMERS CAR/FAIRWATER STREETS - NIGHT

DAMMERS stares intently ahead as he steers the car towards the hills. LUCY tries to tug at the handcuffs, but to no avail. She catches sight of DAMMERS' black eyes staring at her in the rear vision mirror. DAMMERS holds a hand in the air, exposing a small swastika tattooed on his palm.

DAMMERS

(intense bitterness)

Squeaky Fromme ... Spahn Ranch
nineteen sixty-nine. I was her sex
slave for six months. Six months
spent in the service of my
country, disguised as a ... filthy
hippy!

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - NIGHT

FRANK emerges out of a warehouse wall, racing onto the
road, directly in front of DAMMERS' car.

THWACK! He is collected on the hood, and frantically
grabs hold of the roof to avoid being blown off.

INT. DAMMERS' CAR - NIGHT

DAMMERS

I find cemeteries very restful
places ... don't you?

LUCY

(desperate)

Let me go, you bastard!

DAMMERS

I intend to, Mrs Lynskey ... as
soon as we've watched the sun
rise ...

DAMMERS looks at his watch: 9.35pm ...

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

... in nine hours time.

FRANK thrusts his face through the windscreen.

FRANK

Lucy!

LUCY doesn't respond.

EXT. FAIRWATER CEMETERY - NIGHT

The rolling, Gothic Fairwater Cemetery is dark and creepy
... the lights of Fairwater, spread out in the valley
below.

As DAMMERS steers the squad car through the cemetery
gates, FRANK sees THE REAPER in the distance, a black
smudge gliding through town towards the cemetery hill.

The squad car pulls to stop between tombstones on a bluff above the town ... DAMMERS gets out, starts to unbutton his shirt.

AT THAT MOMENT: TWO LARGE GHOSTLY HANDS suddenly grab FRANK'S shoulders, yanking him off the car!!

... The fearsome GATEKEEPER holds FRANK in the air like a rag doll!

GATEKEEPER
(guttural)
State your business!

FRANK struggles, but the GATEKEEPER has an iron grip ...

FRANK
It's me ... Bannister!

GATEKEEPER
(guttural)
You ain't Bannister no more ...
you's just a shitty little spook!

FRANK **ERIE**
(desperate)
Listen to me! There's an evil spirit coming up that hill!

HILES (O.S)
(yelling)
Shut up, you sub-human Emanation!

HILES marches over aiming his ghostly UZI sub-machine gun at FRANK.

INSERT: Rushing POV up the cenetery road.

FRANK struggles helplessly as HILES screams at him ...

HILES
(yelling)
You contemptible heap of teleplasmic shit! If there was an evil spirit loose in this town, I would be negligent in my duty!
(screaming)
Are you accusing me of professional incompetence??? Are you saying that I am one prize piece of anus breath?

JUDGE (O.S)
I've had as much of your foul mouth as I can stomach, son.

HILES spins around and stares in disbelief at THE JUDGE, who is peering out of his grave.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I suggest you treat Mr Bannister
with a degree of respect, boys.

HILES

(screaming)

Get back in your grave, you senile
old goat!

JUDGE

Get'em Rustler!

RUSTLER suddenly springs out of the JUDGE'S grave,
clamping his jaws onto HILES' wrist. He screams,
dropping the ghostly UZI.

The GATEKEEPER throws FRANK to one side and rushes
forward. He clutches at RUSTLER, attempting to haul the
ghost dog off HILES.

RUSHING POV: Moving through the cemetery gates at very
high speed ... HILES and THE GATEKEEPER are visible
ahead ...

RUSTLER leaps back into the grave and THE JUDGE ducks his
head below soil, as the fearsome REAPER closes in.

THE GATEKEEPER steps forward, protecting HILES.

GATEKEEPER

State your business!

THE REAPER doesn't hesitate ... he gracefully swings his
scythe, splitting THE GATEKEEPER in two from bottom to
top! ... HILES has no time to react, he is beheaded
with an equally fluid swing of the scythe!

RUSHING POV: Heading through the tombstones, straight for
the parked squad car ... closing in on LUCY at phenomenal
speed!

INT. DAMMERS' CAR/CEMETERY - NIGHT

LUCY is using the clasp of her watch to unscrew the roll
bar from the side of the car ...

THE REAPER glides in through the door and sits beside
her. It's boney hand hovers above her chest.

THE REAPER

(silky menace)

Don't fear The Reaper!

AT THAT MOMENT!

FRANK leans over from the front seat. He swings the ghostly UZI into THE REAPER'S face!

FRANK

Go to hell ...

FRANK fires directly into THE REAPER'S hood!!!

EXT. DAMMERS CAR/CEMETERY - NIGHT

The blast sends THE REAPER flying out the back of the car ... FRANK leaps out, firing again - a withering burst. THE REAPER convulses and shudders as the ghost bullets thud into their target.

THE REAPER snarls and roars as he is literally shot to pieces ... Large lumps of his body fly into the air - dark glutinous masses that land on ground with a wet splat.

Throughout, DAMMERS is oblivious to the firestorm. He stands in the moonlight, holding his shirt open. He suddenly spins around, showing LUCY a torso covered in a mass of cultish tattoos and scars. His face is not visible to her, but she watches his finger trace along series of voodoo symbols, roughly carved into his chest.

DAMMERS

(intense bitterness)

Nineteen eighty one - Haiti ... I infiltrated the Cult of the Dead - I was involved ritualistic cannibalism, in orgiastic dances, reaching painful thresholds of intense physical eroticism.

THE REAPER'S severed right arm sails past DAMMERS' head ... THE REAPER'S body collapses as it's face flies into the air!

FRANK stops firing ... he surveys the multitude of shiny black puddles that was once THE REAPER ...

DAMMERS steps away from the car ...

DAMMERS

I have suffered for my country, Dr
Lynskey ...

He screams at the night sky, the veins on his neck bulge ...

DAMMERS (CONT'D)

(screaming)

... But I cannot be broken!

LUCY seizes the moment! She pulls against the bar with all her might, ripping it free! Within a second, she has slipped the cuffs free of the bar, and desperately attempts to lock the car doors as DAMMERS spins around ...

DAMMERS hauls on the back doors as LUCY scrambles over the seats into the front .. She guns the engine ... The clock on the dash says 9.42pm.

DAMMERS screams as the squad car rockets away towards the cemetery entrance ... he races after it.

FRANK is standing amidst the remains of THE REAPER ... He notices a movement - THE REAPER'S face ... it lies on the ground like a slice of jello. It's mouth gapes soundlessly ... eyes following FRANK with hatred.

THE JUDGE's top half walks up on his hands, surveying the remains of THE REAPER...

THE JUDGE

Gotta hand it to you, Frank ...
You've taken out Death himself

FRANK

This ain't Death.

FRIG 013

FRANK scoops up the twitching face and holds it up at arms length ... it hangs like a quivering, snarling jellyfish.

FRANK

Who are you?

THE REAPER'S face sneers ...

THE REAPER

(gasping)

Don't fear The Reaper!

In a burst of anger, FRANK swings the face against a gravestone, slapping it hard like a wet towel.

FRANK

(yelling)

Who are you???

FRANK slaps the face against a gravestone, again and again ... with each blow, THE REAPER'S face alters slightly - becoming more human!

FRANK throws the face against a grave ... it slides to a stop on the stone slab, grinning evilly at FRANK.

THE REAPER'S face has now become that of a twenty-two year old psychopathic killer ...

73.

FRANK
(quietly)
Johnny Bradley ...

... JOHN CHARLES BRADLEY circa 1954!! His face slowly slides, grimacing on the stone, oozing a puddle of ectoplasm.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I thought guys like you fried in hell.

BRADLEY'S FACE twists into an arrogant sneer.

JOHNNY
(giggling)
I got out, Frank!

BRADLEY'S FACE slips over the edge of the stone slab and slides down the vertical face of the grave, leaving a slime trail...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(evilly)
I bin carrying on the good work!
Got me a score of forty!

ERIG 010

An elderly Emanation looms out of the darkness ... He offers his hand to FRANK ...

SINCLAIR
Harry Sinclair ... I just wanna shake the hand of the man who's finally avenged my death.

FRANK shakes hands with Sinclair ... JOHNNY starts giggling.

JOHNNY
Did I slit your throat, or rip out your liver, old man? ... I don't recall ...

FRANK reacts to a number "12" etched into SINCLAIR'S forehead.

FRANK
(quietly)
You've got a number ...

SINCLAIR touches his forehead self consciously.

SINCLAIR
Bradley carved it into my forehead as I lay dying. We've all got them ... one thru twelve.

JOHNNY
One more than Starkweather!

SINCLAIR

I was the last.

This comment elicits a chuckle from BRADLEY ...

JOHNNY

He couldn't be more wrong, could he Frank?

Before FRANK can react, BRADLEY'S FACE suddenly flows into cracks in the base of the grave!

FRANK looks around as the other glutinous black remnants of THE REAPER gather like globular mercury, scuttling into cracks and crannies ... disappearing below the surface of the ground!

FRANK

(scared)

Shit!

FRANK runs a couple of paces, and dives head first into the grave that BRADLEY disappeared into!

FRIG

INT. SERIES OF COFFINS - NIGHT

FRANK slides into a coffin, landing in a crouched heap on top of a dusty skeleton. He immediately propels himself through the side of the coffin ...

... into another coffin. He just catches a glimpse of a slippery BLACK MASS disappearing through the floor of the coffin ... FRANK sinks his head through the floor of the coffin, using his feet against the lid to push himself downwards ...

INT. FAMILY VAULT - NIGHT

FRANK comes sliding through the ceiling of a deep vault - a series of inter-connecting dark rooms, lined with dusty coffins. FRANK lands in a heap on the floor. BRADLEY is crawling on the floor ahead of FRANK, his legs and other parts of his body reforming ... as THE REAPER takes shape again!

FRANK dives onto BRADLEY'S back, rolling on the floor ... BRADLEY snarls - his mouth suddenly distorting into THE REAPER'S mouth! FRANK squeezes his fingers into JOHNNY'S throat ... The sticky black body parts crawl over FRANK'S back, reforming - encapsulating FRANK within THE REAPER'S body! FRANK has only seconds left ...

FRANK

Got any tricks up your sleeve, Johnny?

FRANK reaches into THE REAPER'S black sleeve ... He pulls out the wooden staff! FRANK bangs the base against the wall and the steel blade swings out!

Sudden fear glints in JOHNNY'S eyes!

FRANK slides out of JOHNNY'S grip, raising the glittering blade of the scythe ...

FRANK
(grimly)
End of the line, you murdering
freak!

THE REAPER'S features suddenly shrivel into JOHNNY'S screaming face as FRANK swings the scythe down towards his neck!

AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT!

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

FRANK opens his eyes!

LUCY (O.S)
(elated)
Frank!

FRIG 315

FRANK is lying on a gurney in a puddle of melted ice. He gasps for air ... LUCY is holding the paddles of the Defibrillator, a huge smile lighting up her face. Dr KAMINS is in his dressing gown ... he prepares a syringe, which he quickly jabs into FRANK'S arm.

DR KAMINS
A hundred milligrams of
Lydocaine ... Lucy - get me 1 cc
of Introcadiac Adrenalin ...
Quick now!

LUCY hurriedly prepares another syringe ... FRANK tries to talk ...

FRANK
(gasping)
I ... didn't ... get him ...

DR KAMINS jabs the syringe into FRANK'S chest ... LUCY leans close to FRANK.

LUCY
Who didn't you get, Frank?

FRANK

(gasping)

Bradley ... Johnny Bradley's come
back ... He's ... killing
again ...

LUCY is shocked ...

LUCY

(worried, hushed)

Patricia ...

DR KAMINS smiles at her.

DR KAMINS

Don't worry, Lucy ... He's
hallucinating. It'll pass. We've
got sinus rhythm, he's
stabilizing.

LUCY backs away ...

LUCY

I've gotta go, Frank.

FRIE 016

FRANK, unable to move, stares helplessly at LUCY. DR
KAMINS looks at her in surprise as she hurries out of the
room.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARTLETT HOUSE/SANATORIUM - NIGHT

LUCY'S CAR speeds through the old hospital gates, takes
the corner too fast and slides to a halt in the driveway.
She leaps out of the car and races up to the BARTLETT'S
front door... a light glows from inside.

INT. BARTLETT HALLWAY - NIGHT

LUCY comes bursting into the hallway ... PATRICIA emerges
from the lounge, looking alarmed at LUCY'S sudden
arrival.

PATRICIA

(surprised)

Dr Lynskey?

LUCY hurries over to her.

LUCY

Look Patricia ... This may sound
crazy, but I think you're in
danger ... from John Bradley!

PATRICIA tenses up, a look of terror on her face.

PATRICIA

(tearful)

Who told you???

LUCY looks at her questioningly ...

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

(quivering)

He visits me at night ... I don't know why he comes ... he torments me!

PATRICIA touches the ugly purple welts on her neck.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Why has he come back? Am I being punished???

LUCY

(gently)

No... Sometimes when you go through a trauma, it alters your perception. It allows you access to the part of your mind that connects with the spiritual world. Bradley is using this access to prey on you again.

PATRICIA dissolves into a flood of frightened tears. LUCY hugs her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Come on ... let's get out of here.

OLD LADY BARTLETT (O.S)

Patricia never leaves the house!

OLD LADY BARTLETT stands at the top of the stairs

LUCY

I'm sorry, Mrs Bartlett, but she's coming with me.

OLD LADY BARTLETT

(screeching)

You have no right! She's my daughter!

OLD LADY BARTLETT starts to descend the stairs.

OLD LADY BARTLETT (CONT'D)

(to PATRICIA)

Get upstairs!

LUCY

(angry)

Are you going to feed her more drugs, Mrs Bartlett - is that what you intend to do? Another lucky dip into the suitcase under your bed?

OLD LADY BARTLETT freezes ... her eyes blaze!

OLD LADY BARTLETT

(furious)

You've been in my room!

LUCY

The police might like to look in your closet too!

OLD LADY BARTLETT turns and bolts upstairs! PATRICIA hurries after her ...

PATRICIA

(calling)

Mother!

FRIG 310

PATRICIA disappears into OLD LADY BARTLETT'S bedroom.

LUCY paces the hallway nervously.

A cool breeze wafts through ... LUCY shivers ... she looks around uneasily ...

... WALLPAPER ripples ever so slightly.

FAINT SOUND of OLD LADY BARTLETT in tears.

PATRICIA emerges from the bedroom ... She smiles at LUCY as she descends the stairs.

PATRICIA

Mother wants to talk to the police ... she has things she wants to tell them ... She'll be down in a minute.

LUCY nods reassuringly. PATRICIA hugs her.

PATRICIA

Thank you for coming tonight ...

PATRICIA smiles gratefully at LUCY.

ANGLE ON: LUCY ... THE REAPER is standing right by her shoulder! The number 41 glows on LUCY'S forehead.

LUCY

It's no problem.

THE REAPER'S FACE contorts into BRADLEY.

JOHNNY

(agitated)

I wanna kill her now, Patty!
That'll give us forty-one! Eight
clear of Gacy ... another nine and
we'll have broken Bundy's record!
I wanna see Ted's face when he
hears the news!

PATRICIA

(excited)

Yes!

LUCY looks puzzled ... PATRICIA smiles.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry ... I was thinking out
loud ... Let's wait in the lounge.

INT. BARTLETT'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

PATRICIA sits in an armchair ... LUCY sits opposite:
JOHNNY is terribly wound up ... he paces around LUCY'S
chair. FR

JOHNNY

(angry)

That asshole psychic nearly ruined
it for us tonight Patty! He made
us look stupid!

LUCY

You know ... you don't have to
stay in this house. You could
start your life over somewhere
else ...

JOHNNY rushes over to PATRICIA'S chair ...

JOHNNY

That Russian cannibal creep is
saying he did fifty-plus! It
reflects badly on us all, Patty!
This record should be held by an
American!

PATRICIA

I quite agree.

JOHNNY grabs PATRICIA'S hand and runs it across his lips,
and up the side of his cheek.

JOHNNY

Come on baby, let's take her out!

LUCY watches PATRICIA'S hand rise into the air and rotate
in delicate movements.

LUCY
I could help you ... if you like.

PATRICIA
That would be nice.

JOHNNY nuzzles PATRICIA'S ear ... she giggles. LUCY smiles nervously as PATRICIA suddenly rises.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
I'm making some coffee ... want some?

LUCY
We probably should be going ...

PATRICIA
Oh, Mother takes forever. I won't be long ...

PATRICIA leaves the room.

INT. BARTLETT KITCHEN - NIGHT

PATRICIA walks into the kitchen, with JOHNNY scurrying behind her.

PATRICIA
(whispers)
Patronizing do-gooder bitch!

JOHNNY
You kill her, Patty! I'll watch!

PATRICIA grins and opens a drawer ... she picks up a huge carving knife.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
I love to watch you do it.

PATRICIA holds the knife down against her side and heads back towards the lounge ...

INT. BARTLETT HALLWAY - NIGHT

PATRICIA'S POV: Moving slowly towards the lounge doorway ... LUCY is visible, back turned, browsing at a bookcase ...

PATRICIA grips the knife firmly ...

AT THAT MOMENT ...

A LOUD KNOCKING at the front door!!! PATRICIA freezes ... she's standing right beside the door ... slides her arm behind her back.

FRIG 016

LUCY turns, looks back into the hallway ... PATRICIA glances at the door.

JOHNNY
Don't open it.

LUCY walks towards PATRICIA ... Another LOUD KNOCK.

PATRICIA
I'll get it.

PATRICIA opens the door ...

... MILTON DAMMERS is standing on the doorstep.

DAMMERS
Agent Milton Dammers ...

DAMMERS holds his badge up ...

DAMMERS (CONT'D) 045
... Federal Bureau of
Investigation.

PATRICIA hesitates for a moment...

... Without warning, she slashes with the knife! DAMMERS hand is sent flying, still gripping his badge! PATRICIA stabs him in the chest ... again ... and again!

LUCY backs away from the front door ... look of horror spreading across her face ...

JOHNNY is laughing ... he grabs LUCY'S arm and flings her against the stairs.

JOHNNY
Go Patty, go!!!

PATRICIA spins around to face LUCY ... eyes ablaze ... blood dripping from the knife.

LUCY screams and races up the stairs ... PATRICIA runs after her.

INT. OLD LADY BARTLETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LUCY runs into the bedroom, slamming the door ... turning the key.

LUCY
(panicked)
Mrs Bartlett!!!

CRASH INTO: OLD LADY BARTLETT'S blood soaked corpse propped up in bed!

LUCY SCREAMS!

JOHNNY'S FACE warps out of the door ... sinks back, then slides out of the wall as WALLPAPER MAN, clutching the blood splattered kitchen knife in his paper hands.

LUCY ducks to avoid a slashing blow ... she screams ... as the WALLPAPER MAN stretches from the wall and follows her ...

SMASH! The BEDROOM WINDOW is kicked in!

FRANK (O.S)

Lucy!

FRANK leaps into the room in a shower of glass!!!

WALLPAPER MAN lunges at LUCY ... the knife arcs down towards her ... FRANK intercepts and grabs WALLPAPER MAN'S arm, pushing him against the broken window. FRANK slides WALLPAPER MAN'S wrist against jagged glass, slicing his knife hand off!

JOHNNY screams and recedes into the wall ... FRANK discards the knife and grabs LUCY.

FRANK

Come on!

BANG! A gunshot splinters the bedroom floor near the lock ... FRANK helps LUCY through the broken window ... BANG! The lock is shot out ...

EXT. BARTLETT HOUSE/SANATORIUM - NIGHT

FRANK and LUCY flee along the narrow balcony that skirts the house ... and over a small bridge linking the house with the old hospital grounds.

EXT. SANATORIUM - NIGHT

An abandoned, ivy clad Victorian Consumption Hospital ... sprawling buildings ... overgrown gardens ... cracked weed-raddled paving. Windows are smashed ... graffiti defaces walls.

FRANK and LUCY run across the courtyard towards the East Wing.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

MOONLIGHT filters in through rotting curtains, as FRANK breaks into a large ward, full of skeletal bedframes and moldy mattresses ... He and LUCY dash down the center aisle ... through an adjoining corridor into ...

...another equally large, rotten ward.

SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS running in pursuit ... the SQUEAK of rubber soles on the old linoleum. FRANK pulls LUCY down behind an old rusty bed. They slide underneath it. The FOOTSTEPS come into the ward ... PATRICIA'S feet are visible under the rows of old beds.

FRANK and LUCY hold the'r breath as PATRICIA walks right past their bed ... brief glimpse of her scanning the room, rifle in hand ... she walks past them and moves on into the next ward.

FRANK and LUCY breathe a sigh of relief ...

LOUD COUGHING! Directly above them! FRANK looks up as A DECREPIT OLD MAN leans over the edge of his bed and snarls at FRANK and LUCY.

OLD MAN
(raspy yell)

Orderly!

FRANK and LUCY scramble out from beneath the bed ...

The Ward is suddenly bright ... lit with hospital mercury vapor lights. All the beds are full, with coughing, emaciated PATIENTS in regulation hospital garb.

OLD MAN (CONT'D) FRIG

(raspy yell)

There's strangers under my bed!
I say, Orderly!!!

RATTLE of a trolley ... FRANK and LUCY turn to see a neat young ORDERLY wheel a tea trolley into the ward ... He is dressed in an immaculately pressed white hospital uniform, his hair slicked back. JOHN BRADLEY grins at FRANK and LUCY.

FRANK grabs LUCY and propels her through a door into ...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

... a BUSY HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, circa 1954. DOCTORS, NURSES, PATIENTS and VISITORS jostle in the narrow space, all going about their business.

FRANK and LUCY desperately push through the crowd, raising the ire of SEVERAL PEOPLE ...

VISITOR

(annoyed)

Hey, watch it buddy!

FRANK and LUCY continue pushing past PEOPLE ...

NURSE (O.S)

(brightly)

Look everyone! It's young Miss
Patty!

FRANK and LUCY stop in their tracks ... the CROWD ahead of them shrinks back against the wall, revealing a young 15 year old PATRICIA BARTLETT cheerfully bounding up the corridor!

TRACKING BACK: With young PATRICIA ...the lights dim as she suddenly changes into the adult PATRICIA! She immediately swings the rifle up, opening fire on ...

FRANK and LUCY ... now standing in an empty darkened corridor. Bullets zing past FRANK ... PATRICIA reloads as FRANK stares at her, seemingly unable to move...

INSERT: Forest ... Day ... Hand reloading Frank's rifle.

LUCY (O.S)

Frank!

BANG! PATRICIA fires again, just as LUCY shoves FRANK through a door ...

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

... and down a dark, spiraling stairwell down and down, into the old hospital basement.

FRIE 016

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

LUCY and FRANK run past piles of old equipment and bedding stacked against the walls.

SOUND OF HEAVY BREATHING:

PATRICIA (O.S)

Oooh! Please ... don't hurt me!

The CRIES echo down the corridor ... FRANK and LUCY frantically look around ...

PATRICIA (O.S)

(pleading)

No ... Don't ... Stop! Please!

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS clang down the stairwell ... FRANK and LUCY take the nearest door, slamming it shut ... faded sign on door reads: "MORTUARY".

INT. HOSPITAL MORTUARY - NIGHT

FRANK and LUCY finds themselves in the dimly lit hospital morgue of 1954 ... fresh bodies lie on stainless steel trolleys ... toe tagged.

FRANK leads LUCY through the sea of trolleys ...

SUDDENLY ...

PATRICIA (O.S)
(passionate)
Oooh, Johnny ...

They are looking through a doorway into the AUTOPSY ROOM ...

POV ... JOHNNY and YOUNG PATRICIA are making love on the autopsy table!

A RIFLE CLICK ... FRANK and LUCY spin around ... Adult PATRICIA is standing in the doorway, her gun swings towards FRANK ...

FRANK
(quietly)
That's my rifle ...

PATRICIA
I know.

She fires! FRANK takes a bullet in the shoulder ... he falls backwards, literally into 1954, tumbling against a trolley, knocking a corpse onto the floor ...

FRANK lands on his back as the corpse falls towards him ...

FOREST INSERT: THUD! DEBRA'S body hits the forest floor ... CLOSE ON: FRANK, face bloody from the car accident, lying on bed of pine needles ... barely conscious, he looks up and sees PATRICIA ...

FRIE 216

LOW ANGLE POV ... PATRICIA standing amongst the trees, holding the rifle ... she stoops down to Debra's body, producing a scalpel ... cuts into Debra's forehead. FRANK squeezes his eyes shut ... PATRICIA calmly walks towards FRANK ... the background behind her swins and alters ... FOREST ... MORGUE ... FOREST ... MORGUE ...

... PATRICIA holds the Gun muzzle against FRANK'S head in the forest ... squeezes the trigger ... FRANK shuts his eyes ... CLICK! Empty!

FRANK opens his eyes again ... LOW ANGLE POV ... PATRICIA in the MORGUE ... she brings the gun butt down on his head, knocking him unconscious. LUCY screams! She makes a move towards PATRICIA, but JOHNNY slides out of the wall and grabs her from behind!

JOHNNY
Finish him off ...

PATRICIA grabs a piece of cord from a table and deftly wraps it around FRANK'S neck ... with ruthless precision she twists it tighter and tighter ...

HOLD ON: LUCY'S horrified face as FRANK is strangled to death.

PATRICIA stands back, the job finished ... JOHNNY starts laughing.

JOHNNY
That was beautiful!

PATRICIA crosses to a bench and examines rusty old autopsy instruments.

PATRICIA
(slowly)
I'm in the mood for a little vivisection.

PATRICIA holds up a wicked looking trepan saw, and a pair of heavy duty surgical scissors.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Which would you prefer, Lucy?
After all ... it's only fair that you choose.

LUCY sobs ... JOHNNY tightens his grip.

JOHNNY
I like the one with the big teeth!

PATRICIA discards the scissors ... she holds the saw aloft ... walks slowly towards LUCY.

PATRICIA
Let's see if we can take the top of your skull off while you're still conscious ...

LUCY screams!!!

Behind PATRICIA ... FRANK'S SPIRIT rises out of his corpse ... PATRICIA bends towards LUCY ... raises the saw ... FRANK'S SPIRIT grabs her from behind!

WHITE LIGHT floods the room ... An endless CORRIDOR OF LIGHT opens above FRANK'S body ... PATRICIA struggles ... FRANK rams his ghostly hand into the back of her neck ... he pulls and wrenches ...

JOHNNY clutches LUCY tightly ... he screams at FRANK...

JOHNNY
(screaming)
Stop it!!!

With a mighty tug, FRANK rips PATRICIA'S SOUL out of her living body!!! Her lifeless corpse drops to the floor ... the GHOSTLY PATRICIA writhes violently in FRANK'S arms.

FRANK backs towards the CORRIDOR OF LIGHT, clutching PATRICIA like a hostage.

FRANK

Come and get her, Johnny.

JOHNNY

No!

JOHNNY throws **LUCY** to the side and rushes towards **FRANK** and **PATRICIA** ... **FRANK** hurries into the **CORRIDOR OF LIGHT**, dragging **PATRICIA** with him ...

INT. CORRIDOR OF LIGHT - WHENEVER

WHITE LIGHT swirls around **FRANK** and **PATRICIA** ... **JOHNNY** comes after them up the corridor ... we briefly glimpse the **MORGUE ROOM** behind **JOHNNY** before it is obliterated by light.

IMAGES OF FRANK'S LIFE sweep by ... His marriage ... his daughter ... his childhood ... his house ...

All the while, **FRANK** is dragging **PATRICIA** further and further up the corridor, staying out of **JOHNNY'S** reach.

JOHNNY

(desperate)

Give her to me!

FRIG 010

FRANK reaches the end of the **CORRIDOR** ... **JOHNNY** dives at **PATRICIA** and grabs her in an embrace, pulling her free of **FRANK**... **TWO FIGURES** suddenly step in and take hold of **FRANK** ...

STUART and **CYRUS!** For the first time they have the ethereal glow of healthy Spirits! **FRANK** looks at them in amazement ... They grin.

FRANK looks alarmed as **JOHNNY** and **PATRICIA** start to escape back down the tunnel! **FRANK** makes a move towards them, but is restrained by **CYRUS** and **STUART**.

STUART

Just step back, Frank ... this isn't going to be pleasant.

AT THAT MOMENT ... The white corridor starts to transform ... pinky red tissue spreads and grows, jagged teeth protrude out of the flesh ... The corridor has suddenly become the inside of a demonic carnivorous worm, trapping **JOHNNY** and **PATRICIA** in it's belly!

They scream as the fleshy walls close in around them, acidic digestive juices flowing over their bodies, the stomach teeth starting to devour them!

FRANK steps back startled, as the tunnel mouth slams shut ... he finds himself looking straight into the face of a huge blind worm! It breaks away, and wriggles down through the turbulent night skies, towards the fires of hell!

CYRUS
(impressed)
That's what I call an E ticket
ride!!

STUART
Go home, Frank.

FRANK is confused ...

FRANK
This is home ...

STUART shakes his head.

STUART
It's not your time.

CYRUS
Start living, dude!

CYRUS gives FRANK a firm push ... he falls into space,
faster and faster ... FRANK tumbles as the LIGHT speeds
past him ...

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

FRIG 010

CRASH ZOOM ... into FRANK'S corpse. FLASH! FRANK'S eyes
flutter ... LUCY is kneeling over FRANK, giving him mouth
to mouth resuscitation. He groans and gasps for air ...
tears stream down LUCY'S face ... she hugs FRANK.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MORNING

FADE UP ...

LOW ANGLE: FRANK'S HOUSE ... lit by the morning sun.

A ROAR ... increasing ... CRASH! A BULLDOZER smashes into
the wall, splintering timbers!

FRANK is standing, watching his house come down ...

JUDGE (O.S)
I always said you'd never finish
that house, Frank!

FRANK turns ... THE JUDGE'S upper body is saddled up on
RUSTLER ... His LEGS stand nearby.

CRASH! ... As a wall collapses.

FRANK
I'd call it finished, Judge.

JUDGE

This is goodbye, son ... I'm heading out west with Rustler.

FRANK glances at the JUDGE'S LEGS.

FRANK

Ain't you gonna walk?

THE JUDGE sadly shakes his head ... lowers his voice.

JUDGE

(quietly)

Me and my vitals have come to a parting of the ways ...

FRANK nods knowingly ... It is a tender moment of male bonding. THE JUDGE doffs his hat and wheels RUSTLER around, urging him forward.

FRANK watches the JUDGE and RUSTLER disappear into the long grass across the road ...

LUCY slides her hands around FRANK'S waist

LUCY

There's something I have to tell you ...

KIG 016

FRANK turns and LUCY kisses him tenderly.

FRANK

That's the same thing you told me this morning.

... They kiss again.

SHERIFF PERRY pulls up in his SQUAD CAR ... He hops out.

SHERIFF PERRY

Sorry to interrupt, folks ... Whadda ya know about Ouija boards, Frank?

FRANK

Not a lot, Walt.

SHERIFF PERRY

We found a whole stack of them up at the Bartlett house ... Looks like Patricia had herself a direct line to her dead boyfriend.

FRANK nods ... SHERIFF PERRY excuses himself to LUCY and takes FRANK to one side ...

SHERIFF PERRY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Hey, Frank ... I gotta a lot of vacation time owed to me. How about you and me collaborate on a book about all this? Could be my ticket outta the force.

FRANK shakes his head.

FRANK

Sorry, Walt ... I can't help.

FRANK gestures towards the SQUAD CAR.

FRANK (CONT'D)

... you could try asking your Guardian Angel.

SHERIFF PERRY spins around with alarm ... his car is empty. After a moments pause, he CHUCKLES...

SHERIFF PERRY

Good one, Frank! Ya really had me going for a moment! Ha!

SHERIFF PERRY hops into his car and guns the engine.

FRANK waves sweetly ...

... THE GHOST of MILTON DAMMERS stares sourly out of the backseat of SHERIFF PERRY'S car!!!

LUCY

That guy Dammers ... he sure looks pissed!

FRANK does a double take at LUCY ... she continues staring at the receding COP CAR.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Sometimes, Frank, when people go through a trauma, it changes them ...

FRANK stares at LUCY, wide eyed ...

... she turns and smiles enigmatically ...

THE END

ERIC 010