THE OTHERS

"Pilot"

by John Brancato & Micheal Ferris

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TEASER

FADE IN:

A CRESCENT MOON. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to reveal--

EXT. OLD CHURCHYARD - NIGHT

A 19th C. CHURCH with an adjacent CEMETERY. HOLD on the

church— suddenly, a STAINED GLASS WINDOW BLOWS OUT.

IN FG, a TOMBSTONE CRACKS and SHATTERS, as if dropped from a

height. CAMERA MOVES past more weathered, 19th C. GRAVE

MARKERS, through an IRON FENCE and across --

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

--an URBAN STREET, early FALL. Little traffic at this late

hour, a few NEON SIGNS in the distance. CAMERA keeps moving

through the city, OVER A WALL and into --

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

--a collegiate quadrangle in New England; a mix of PERIOD and

MODERN BUILDINGS. A banner: "WELCOME FRESHMEN." TRACK

TOWARD a modern HIGH-RISE, MOVE IN on a WINDOW

INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

A large single room, cinderblock walls. BOXES and SUITCASES,

two BEDS on opposite sides. We hear URBAN STREET SOUNDS, a

passing SIREN... then the faint sound of a WOMAN SOBBING.

MARIAN KITT, 19, a college freshman, stirs in her sleep,

awakens, hearing the CRYING. She whispers--

MARIAN

Linda? You OK?

She squints in the half-light across the room toward LINDA,

sound asleep in her single bed. The SOBBING continues

FAINTLY, coming IN AND OUT as if on the breeze.

MARIAN squints toward --

--the half-open BATHROOM DOOR. Is it coming from there?

MARIAN gets out of bed in her nightgown, rubbing her eyes.

She's a country girl new to the urban landscape, petite and

pretty in a wholesome way, reserved and serious-minded. She

moves toward the bathroom.

INT. MARIAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

ON THE LIGHTSWITCH as Marian reaches to turn it ON --

THE BULB OVERHEAD BLOWS with a CRACK. In the FLASH OF LIGHT,

we see that the BATHTUB is full of water. The CRYING STOPS.

MARIAN squints upward at the dead bulb. Lit by STREETLIGHT

through the frosted window, she moves to the tub, throws the

lever to DRAIN IT. We hear the DRAINING IN BG as she moves

to the sink for a glass of water.

As she's filling the glass, she notices--

THE MIRROR over the sink. There's vague, red WRITING-- as if

on the inside of the mirroring. MARIAN moves closer. It's

in a tight scrawl, indecipherable.

SHIFT FOCUS-- THE WATER draining from the tub seems to

GLOW... and it's revealing the BODY of a naked woman.

MARIAN whirls and SCREAMS, the glass SHATTERS on the tile --

INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

LINDA sits up at the sound, flips on a LIGHT. She's also 19,

but more worldly and cynical than Marian.

LINDA

Marian?!

INT. MARIAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

LINDA enters the room and lets out a CRY-- she's stepped into

the broken glass-- her BLOOD spills on the floor tiles.

We see the mirror... NO WRITING on it now.

MARIAN is crouched atop the closed toilet, knees pulled up,

FROZEN in terror. She stares at the tub... which is EMPTY

FADE OUT

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

MARIAN moves out of the food line with a tray, looking for a

suitable place to sit.

LINDA sits at the end of a CROWDED TABLE, her bandaged FOOT

up on a chair. She GLARES toward Marian, then leans forward

to WHISPER to some other FRESHMEN at her table.

AS MARIAN moves past the table, one of the KIDS makes a SCARY

MOANING GHOST NOISE— "0-o-o-oh..." MARIAN is pained but

ignores this, finds a seat by herself against the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD CHURCHYARD - DAY

START ON OLD TOMBSTONES, several TOPPLED, CRACKED and BROKEN,

as if a sledgehammer had been taken to them.

MARK OSBORNE, SATORI, and a PRIEST walk among these graves in

the iron-fenced cemetery-- we see BOARDS over the BROKEN

WINDOWS of the church.

OSBORNE is in his 20's, preppily handsome, soft-spoken and

thoughtful. SATORI is a new-agey woman in her 50's or 60's,

with long, silver hair, draped with bangles and bells.

PRIEST

Senseless... we've put in alarms, I don't

see how they're getting past.

OSBORNE

Have you given any thought to the matter

of Aloysius Green?

PRIEST

This is an historic churchyard, there

hasn't been a burial in a hundred years--

SATORI

We're talking a mid-nineteenth century

corpse, it's not like he'd clash.

PRIEST

Why is this so important to you people?

ELMER

It's important to Aloysius.

ELMER GREEN is seated on a bench in the graveyard. He's

probably 90, black, in a neat dark suit, wearing coke-bottle

lenses so thick his eyes distort.

PRIEST

Excuse me?

ELMER

Eighty-odd years he been my spirit guide.

The man belonged here, was a sin they

planted him by the river inna first

place. Now he been dug up for an exit

ramp...

SATORI

Who knows, settling the karmic debt might

solve your vandalism problem.

PRIEST

I told you, I prefer not to hear any more

of that sort of mystical speculation--

OSBORNE

Father, she's just talking about, you

know, good p.r., community outreach...

The priest sighs, there's more going on here than he wants to

acknowledge.

PRIEST

I'll take up the Aloysius Green case with

the board-- purely as a matter of

historical propriety.

He heads back for the church. ELMER nods to himself and

rises. OSBORNE takes his arm, he and SATORI help him away.

ELMER

No one wantsa call a ghost a ghost...

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

A large READING ROOM, MARIAN at a table with a TEXTBOOK-- few

other students about.

JEROME BALLARD, carrying a notebook, wanders in, looks

around, WHISPERS to each of the FEMALES in turn. He gets

funny looks, shakes of the head-- bad pick-up attempts?

Jerome's 30, a serious dweeb with a quizzical manner. He's a

font of knowledge in every area, except perhaps the social

graces. He sidles up to MARIAN, whispers:

JEROME

Are you Marian Kitt? Homsworth 37?

(off her nod; delighted)

You're not easy to find.

MARIAN

I don't spend much time in the dorm.

JEROME

Can I talk to you for a second? It's

about Diane Stillman.

MARIAN

I don't know who that is.

JEROME

She died in your room last year.

MARIAN is taken aback, but curious.

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

MARIAN and JEROME move down the steps of the library.

JEROME

I'm not surprised you hadn't heard, the

university covers up suicides pretty

efficiently--

MARIAN

How did she do it?

JEROME

P and B-- pills and booze, right before

Christmas break. They found her in the

tub a week later.

MARIAN

Oh, God.

JEROME

Yeah, I'd hate to've been working dorm

crew on that room. So listen, does stuff

like this happen to you a lot?

MARIAN

What do you mean?

JEROME

You know, psychic phenomena. 'Cause I

know some people you really should meet--

MARIAN

Who are you?

JEROME

Oh, sorry. I'm Jerome Ballard, folklore

and mythology. I wrote my doctoral

thesis on ghost stories, the paranormal's

sort of a lifelong passion--

MARIAN

I didn't see a ghost. I must've been

sleepwalking, I used to when I was

younger-- I was sleepwalking and I had a

bad dream--

JEROME

Come on. Sounds like a ghost to me.

MARIAN

You really believe in that stuff?

JEROME

When you eliminate all rational

explanations, the totally wacky is the

only alternative. Seriously, too many

people have seen spirits, there's all

kinds of evidence in the literature--

MARIAN

You ever see one?

JEROME

(a bit embarrassed)

Well, no... I've wanted to. I'm just not

attuned. But it sounds like you are.

You're not the only one-- there are

others like you--

MARIAN

You're talking about me like I'm a freak!

JEROME

That depends on your definition of

"freak..."

MARIAN

I'm just a freshman from Iowa, nobody is

more normal than me, I grew up on a corn

flakes box for God's sake. I had a bad

dream, my stupid roommate had to spread

it all over campus--

JEROME

Look, I just wanted to let you know,

there's a meeting on Thursday and it'd be

nice if you came by...

As he speaks, he's writing something on the back of a Xerox

copied news clipping.

MARIAN

A meeting?

JEROME

The Others. Gifted people. You know,

freaks like you.

He hands her the paper with a grin, waves and moves off.

Marian can't help but smile. She glances at the page --

INSERT PAGE-- "OTHERS," an ADDRESS and TIME in pen. She

flips it over... a NEWS CLIPPING, "STUDENT FOUND DEAD," with

a GRADUATION PHOTO of a beautiful, smiling DIANE STILLMAN...

MARIAN'S smile fades. She crumples the clipping and tosses

it into a TRASHBIN.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Now decorated: Marian's side of the room is neat, bookish;

Linda has a big stereo, rock posters. Both GIRLS are asleep.

MARIAN suddenly throws off the covers and moves quickly to a

desk by Linda's bed. There's a vacant look in her eyes. She

grabs paper and pen, scribbles quickly in the dark. Suddenly

a HAND grabs her shoulder-- Marian spins, startled --

HER POV— in the dim light, for a moment we get the impression

of DIANE STILLMAN's tear-ravaged face looming out of the

darkness, her hand reaching for the DESK LAMP-- the sudden

LIGHT reveals the figure to be LINDA, not Diane.

MARIAN stumbles away from the desk, frightened, breathing

hard. LINDA blinks at her, annoyed and sleepy.

LINDA

What is wrong with you? It's four in the

morning and you're at my desk writing

What the hell are you writing?

ANGLE ON PAPER— a strange SCRAWL, weird letterforms on top of

one another amidst dark SCRIBBLES.

MARIAN, still rattled, can barely answer.

MARIAN

I-- I dunno, I must've been asleep.

Linda has picked up the paper, turned it over.

LINDA

Great. And you just scribbled all over

my English paper.

MARIAN returns to her bed while LINDA grabs a PRESCRIPTION

BOTTLE from a desk drawer and eats a pill-- then she turns

OFF the desk lamp and heads back for bed.

MARIAN

I'm sorry, Linda.

LINDA

So am I. How's that room transfer

coming?

MARIAN sighs, squeezing her eyes shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Early morning. MARIAN sifts gingerly through the TRASHBIN

where she tossed the flyer.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - EVENING

An institutional brick building, like an elementary school.

MARIAN approaches, the crumpled FLYER in hand.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

MARIAN moves down a corridor, hears voices from a room. She

pauses at the windowed door, then enters quietly.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A DOZEN PEOPLE sit on folding chairs; most are WOMEN of

various ages, wearing ROBES; a middle-aged female LEADER in a

robe at the front of the room. MARIAN hovers in the back.

LEADER

--the key is to empty the mind, let the

spirit move inside you and through you...

please feel free to join in...

THE LEADER punches a TAPE PLAYER, slips off her robe to

reveal a HAREM GIRL'S OUTFIT-- we hear MIDDLE EASTERN MUSIC.

She begins to GYRATE HER HIPS. EVERYONE in the room sheds

their robes and does likewise, with varying degrees of skill

and enthusiasm.

A gyrating DANCER near the back notes Marian's confusion.

DANCER

This is Introduction to Belly Dancing.

Are you looking for the SAT course?

MARIAN

Um, no-- something called "the Others."

DANCER

The psychic support thing? Upstairs, I

think.

Marian nods her thanks and exits.

INT. OTHERS ROOM - NIGHT

ON THE WALLS are CHILDREN'S ARTWORK, leftovers from the day.

FOLDING CHAIRS around a TABLE, a COFFEE POT and DOUGHNUTS. In

addition to SATORI, OSBORNE, JEROME and ELMER, there are:

--ALBERT MARTINEZ, 40-ish, overweight and ill-tempered,

wearing dark glasses, a GUIDE DOG at his feet;

--DOT BUTERA, late 20's, all in black with dramatic Goth make-

up, a nose ring and dyed hair;

--SETH BUTERA, Dot's son, an autistic 10-year-old, rocking in

his chair-- he never speaks, looks up or makes eye contact

with anyone;

--WARREN DUNN, 20's, stubbly and disheveled but somewhat

puppylike, a street person or close to it.

SATORI

Initially it was a matter of objects

being moved and occasional mysterious

odors-- the cigars he used to smoke, et

cetera...

During this, MARIAN lets herself into the room, hangs back.

SATORI (CONT'D)

But one morning Mrs. Harmon woke up to

find her kitchen knives embedded in the

floorboards. That's when she came into

my studio, asked me to take a look.

JEROME smiles and gestures for Marian to take a seat beside

Elmer, as the discussion continues.

OSBORNE

What did you feel?

SATORI

A lot of energy-- not exactly hostile.

More... desperate. But I couldn't make it

focus. I could really use some help on

this, I'll split my fees of course--

Albert turns toward Marian, gestures at her.

ALBERT

Who is that?

JEROME

Oh-- everyone, this is Marian, I invited

her to stop by tonight.

Murmured "hellos" from the group. Satori studies Marian.

SATORI

You've seen something, dear-- something

that frightens you-- a mirror, water...

MARIAN

Yes-- how did you--

OSBORNE

Jerome told us. Satori can't resist that

crystal ball shtick.

Satori shrugs and smiles.

ALBERT

I don't recall taking a vote on this

girl.

JEROME

We never vote--

ALBERT

Maybe we should start.

DOT

Marian, ignore Albert, he's just pissed

off 'cause he's blind and his dog smells.

ALBERT

That's very sensitive, you little slut--

JEROME

Why don't we take a moment and introduce

ourselves? Me you know-- I just try to

document events, help any way I can--

right now I'm setting up a website.

JEROME looks toward WARREN, who's next around the table. He

speaks rapidly, stuttering.

WARREN

Oh. Me? I'm-- my name is Warren. I, um

I don't know, I guess I see things that

aren't there-- or are, maybe-- it's like,

I have all the information, right, but I

can't process it

ALBERT

Some say Warren is schizophrenic.

DOT

Shut up, Albert.

WARREN

No, he's right.

DOT

Well, quit hogging all the donuts.

(grabs the box, takes one)

I'm Dot. I'm sort of a weirdness magnet--

birds fly into walls around me and stuff

like that-- now and then I get these

lucid moments, I can see what's gonna

happen... This is my son Seth, he's--

ALBERT

--retarded.

DOT

Autistic!

SATORI

Seth has an extraordinary gift, we all

feel it. It's almost as if the spirit

world is more real to him than this

one...

The others nod. SETH, though, hasn't looked up during this.

Silently, he rises and moves his chair beside MARIAN. He

sits down close to her, without looking at or touching her.

OSBORNE

I'm Mark Osborne I-- I've had dizzy

spells and migraine headaches all my

life, but when I learned to get past the

pain I realized there was more to it...

SATORI

You pick up on other people's feelings.

(to Marian)

He's an empath.

OSBORNE

Makes me sound like a character on "Star

Trek." Anyway-- Elmer?

He turns to ELMER. The man is sound asleep.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

Well, this is Elmer Green, he's a pretty

famous medium, been at it for most of the

last century... I don't want to wake him

up. Albert?

ALBERT

I'm Albert and I'm an alcoholic.

WARREN

Hi, Albert.

SATORI

I'm called Satori--

ALBERT

--nee Ellen Leibowitz.

SATORI

--and I'm a sensitive. I'm the only one

here who makes a living at it, so

naturally I get a lot of crap.

OSBORNE

(doing "Ghostbusters")

"Who you gonna call?"

SATORI

I only take money if I get results. Why

is it any different from hiring a plumber

to clear your pipes?

JEROME

Marian-- why don't you tell us a little

about your own experience?

Marian's very uncomfortable, stares at her lap as she speaks.

MARIAN

Well, I'm pretty normal, really. It's

just...when I got here to college a

couple months ago I saw... well, I

thought I saw...

HER POV-- PAN OVER the interested FACES of the OTHERS. Even

ELMER suddenly STARTS awake with a SNORT, staring at her

through his coke-bottle lenses.

MARIAN is losing her nerve, put off by these weird strangers.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I think maybe I made a

mistake coming here. I don't think I'm

like the rest of you--

ALBERT

You mean crazy, don't you?

OSBORNE

Albert, chill.

MARIAN

No, I just mean-- I don't really believe

in all this--

ALBERT

So you're calling us liars.

SATORI

Stop it--

MARIAN

No, I'm sure it's all very real to you--

ALBERT

What are you so afraid of, Suzy

Creamcheese? They gonna kick you off the

cheerleading squad for seeing spooks?

During the above, ELMER has reached out to TOUCH MARIAN'S

HAND, his expression intense, as if he were somehow absorbing

information from her. Freaked out at this, and infuriated by

Albert, Marian yanks away her hand and bolts from the table.

JEROME

Marian, wait--

She hurries out of there, slamming the door. JEROME starts

to get up, OSBORNE waves him down and goes out after her.

ALBERT

Did she at least flip me off? I'm

curious.

SILENCE in the room. They glare at ALBERT.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

OSBORNE catches up with MARIAN as she hurries away from the

center, toward a BUS STOP.

OSBORNE

Marian! Hang on.

(she turns toward him)

I apologize for Albert. He's not good

with strangers.

MARIAN

I'll say.

OSBORNE

There's a pretty high flake quotient,

I'll admit... but they grow on you. Over

time.

MARIAN

What do you people do, anyway? Read

palms, or write astrology columns, or

maybe stuff fortune cookies--?

OSBORNE

I'm a first year resident at St. Joe's

hospital...

MARIAN

(surprised)

Oh...

OSBORNE

Come on, lemme buy you a cup of coffee or

something.

Marian thinks a beat, then nods.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

OSBORNE and MARIAN walk through a PARK in the city center.

OSBORNE

...the Others started in the twenties,

part of the great spiritualist revival.

Back then everyone had a Ouija board and

held seances at parties. Elmer is the

last of the original members, he was sort

of a boy wonder as a medium...

They've reached a PEDESTRIAN UNDERPASS near a major STREET.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

Let's cut down here.

MARIAN

Wouldn't it be faster to just keep--

Osborne is already trotting down the steps. Marian isn't

happy about it, but she follows.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

FLICKERING FLUORESCENT LIGHT overhead, graffiti, dark

puddles. Osborne is a few steps ahead of Marian as she

enters the tunnel. Marian looks uneasy.

MARIAN

Mark...? I don't like this...

He turns, gestures casually, keeps moving.

She takes a few steps forward to catch up, then STOPS SHORT,

hearing a faint CHILD'S SCREAM.

HER POV— the TUNNEL starts to WARP, EXPANDING in front of

her, the WALLS begin to BREATHE.

MARIAN whirls, starting to hyperventilate. She DROPS to her

KNEES, looking down.

CLOSE ON A DARK PUDDLE, the REFLECTION of a DARK FORM RUNNING

PAST. THE PUDDLE SPLASHES as though a foot had landed in it,

even though there's nobody there.

MARIAN struggles to rise.

A SPRAY OF BLOOD appears on a wall before her, as if emerging

\_from within the concrete. MORE FAINT SCREAMS.

She turns back the way she came, desperate to get out of

there, but finds herself confronting--

--a dark, mutating, nightmarish FORM, features distorted and

grotesque. The GLIMMER of METAL appears, a rapidly moving

knife blade, catching the flicker of the fluorescents.

MARIAN SCREAMS --

CUT TO BLACK

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

MARIAN reels in the tunnel, SOBBING, hands over her eyes,

terrified, disoriented. OSBORNE comes to her side, pale and

concerned. He helps her to her feet and toward the

staircase, his face showing pain.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

MARIAN, getting a hold of herself, darts up the stairs, now

keeping her distance from OSBORNE--

MARIAN

You bastard, you knew what was down

there! You were testing me?!

OSBORNE

I'm sorry, I had no idea you were that

sensitive. I had to show you-- it's not

just in your head --

MARIAN

I'm sorry, I don't understand--

OSBORNE grabs her and spins her around.

OSBORNE

Nobody does!

(releasing her, more calmly)

Look, most people just avoid that place

now. Or if they have to use the tunnel,

they tend to walk a little faster without

knowing why-- maybe they just think it's

claustrophobia. For them, this sort of thing

doesn't exist. They may feel it, but they can

deny it, ignore it. But others-- people

like us-- we have to deal with it. Even

if it doesn't make sense. Because

whatever it is, for us-- it is real. It

is.

MARIAN, reeling, sits on a nearby bench. OSBORNE sits a few

feet away. After a beat, she almost whispers:

MARIAN

What happened down there... to the

children?

OSBORNE

It was a brother and sister, they were

out late. Some psycho murdered them in

that tunnel, about twelve years ago--

MARIAN

There was a knife--

OSBORNE

(nods)

They never caught him... you know, you

picked up a lot. As much as Satori-- and

the cops brought her in on the case a

month after it happened.

MARIAN

It's true... I really am a freak.

OSBORNE

You're not a freak. You're just seeing--

well, for lack of a better term, we call

it the Other Side.

Marian trembles, on the verge of tears. Slowly, he puts an

arm around her, holding her close to comfort her.

CUT TO;

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

OSBORNE and MARIAN sit at a small table, finishing coffee,

both of them calmer now.

MARIAN

...The scary part is, when it happens, I

feel like I'm not me anymore. Like she's

taking over. I don't get it, why is she

after me?

OSBORNE

Maybe she's not. It sounds to me like

she's caught in a trap-- that room where

she died, it's like the tunnel. A kind

of psychic quicksand... you just happened

to step in it. Could I see that note?

MARIAN fumbles in her backpack, pulls out the piece of paper

she scribbled on, passes it to him. He starts to read:

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

"...thus, when Prufrock ponders, 'Dare I

eat a peach?' is it really fruit that

he's talking about--"

MARIAN

Uh, no, that's my roommate's paper. The

writing's on the other side.

Osborne turns the paper over, squints at the scribbling.

OSBORNE

I can't make it out. Is it even English?

MARIAN

I have no idea.

OSBORNE

Can I hang onto this?

(off her nod, after a beat)

Has this kind of thing happened to you

before?

MARIAN

When I was a kid... there were times

when...like, I had conversations with my

grandmother late at night, only-- she was

dead.

OSBORNE

Then you got older, figured you'd just

imagined it...

MARIAN

I didn't want anyone to think I was

crazy. But I've always gotten, you know,

weird flashes-- like something you see

out of the corner of your eye--

OSBORNE

But you turn around and it's not there...

(off her nod)

When I was ten, our Golden Retriever ate

snail bait. When I found him, his heart

wasn't beating. I held him in my arms, I

could feel his life leaving him,

practically see it and-- and I willed him

back. Gave him my strength.

MARIAN

He lived?

OSBORNE

Uh-huh. Or... maybe we just got lucky,

got him to the vet in time.

MARIAN

And maybe I was just dreaming about my

grandmother.

OSBORNE

Maybe...

DISSOLVE TO;

EXT. URBAN BROWNSTONE - DAY

An older HOME with a FOR SALE sign.

INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

CLOSE on a MATCH, as it LIGHTS a BUNDLE OF HERBS.

WIDER, SATORI waves the BURNING HERBS as she moves through

the place. The home is largely EMPTY, most of the furniture

moved out. JEROME approaches her, a VIDEO CAMERA to his eye.

JEROME

You really think that stuff works?

SATORI

Hard to say. But I like the scent.

Satori lays her incense down in an ashtray as MRS. HARMON,

sweet and ditzy, late 50's, enters with a TEA TRAY.

MRS. HARMON

I made some herbal tea-- it's supposed to

enhance spirituality, the box says so...

JEROME

(aiming the camera)

Mrs. Harmon, when did your husband pass

away?

MRS. HARMON

He didn't exactly "pass away." He was

hit by lightning on the golf course.

JEROME

(stifling a guffaw)

Seriously?

MRS. HARMON

I'm afraid so. It happens more often

than you'd think. I warned him not to

play in the rain, but the man was

obsessed.

A DOORBELL chimes.

MRS. HARMON (CONT'D)

I thought I gave the realtor the keys...

Mrs. Harmon moves to the door, opens it to DOT AND SETH--

DOT

Hello...

SATORI

Dot, Seth, come in...

(to Mrs. Harmon)

They're friends of mine-- I think they

might be able to help...

MRS. HARMON admits DOT and SETH. Dot looks around, Crying to

get a feel for the place.

DOT

Nice house.

JEROME

Why do you want to sell it?

MRS. HARMON

I don't want to, I love this house, we

had so many happy times here... it's

just. Bill took care of the finances

and... we were getting ready to retire

when...

(a forced smile)

The best laid plans, right?

SETH makes a strange NOISE and RUNS INTO THE HOUSE.

DOT

Seth? I'm sorry, ma'am--

She moves to pursue her son, but Jerome stops her.

JEROME

Let him go. Something set him off...

JEROME trots after him with the camera, as SETH runs through

the house at full tilt. DOT wanders into the house, SNIFFS.

DOT

I'm getting something too. A strange

smell. Like burning hair.

MRS. HARMON GASPS at this, puts a hand to her mouth. Satori

gestures toward the ashtray, embarrassed.

SATORI

Oh, that's my incense.

DOT

No, it's like... has there been a fire in

this house?

MRS. HARMON

No... Tea, anyone?

INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - DAY

SETH suddenly stops his crazed running in this long hallway,

a CASEMENT WINDOW at one end. Seth stares straight ahead,

breathing hard. A GOLFBAG leans against the wall here-- SETH

runs his hand on its surface. JEROME hovers behind, taping.

DOT appears in the hall, cup of tea in hand, moving toward

the boy with a cookie--

DOT

Seth, hon, want a cookie--?

As she nears her son, he swings out his hand, KNOCKING the

china teacup from her grasp--

--it SHATTERS on the floor. A stream of LIQUID FLOWS down

the hallway.

INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

MRS. HARMON reacts to the sound of breakage.

MRS. HARMON

What was that?

SATORI is in a standing yoga pose, eyes shut, trying to

absorb energy, muttering a MANTRA to herself. Just then, an

enthusiastic female REALTOR in a business suit lets herself

in with a wealthy young COUPLE.

REALTOR

It's a very quiet neighborhood, but

convenient to every--

She takes in Satori; the realtor's smile FREEZES.

REALTOR (CONT'D)

Judy. I didn't know you were showing the

house to anyone today--

MRS. HARMON

Oh, no, this is--

The realtor charges across the room, taking Mrs. Harmon by

the arm and leading her out of earshot of the puzzled couple.

REALTOR

(a hiss)

I know who it is. Why do you persist in

letting these lunatics in here?

MRS. HARMON

The house is haunted--

REALTOR

It's not. And even if it was, there's no

disclosure law regarding ghosts.

As they speak, the realtor has walked Mrs. Harmon into--

INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - DAY

--the hallway where DOT, SETH and JEROME stand over the

spill, fascinated; Jerome aims the camera at the floor. They

pay no attention to the REALTOR or MRS. HARMON.

REALTOR

There's more of them.

MRS. HARMON

(embarrassed)

Maybe you people should just go...

She moves off. The realtor gives the others a "beat it"

look, and moves back to deal with her clients. ANGLE ON

FLOOR, where the SPILLED TEA is still flowing slowly, in an

unnatural way.

It's branched into FIVE NARROW STREAMS, almost like a hand,

moving in PULSES towards a bend in the hallway.... almost as

if it were crawling. JEROME hands the camera to Dot, excited.

JEROME

Keep taping.

He moves to the GOLF BAG, UNZIPS a pocket, feeling inside and

coming up with a GOLF BALL. Jerome kneels by the liquid on

the floor, addresses the video camera.

JEROME (cont'd)

Clearly, the floors aren't level-- it's

an old house-- but...

He places the golf ball gently beside the far end of the

still flowing liquid, away from the broken cup, and releases

it. After a beat, the golf ball slowly rolls-- TOWARD THE

BROKEN CUP, the opposite direction from the spill's flow.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Ha! Since when does liquid flow uphill?

CLOSE ON SPILL as one TENTACLE moves more rapidly, almost

like a pointing finger, but only to run into--

MRS. HARMON with a SPONGE. She SOPS IT UP vigorously.

JEROME

What are you doing?!

MRS. HARMON

Cleaning up.

SETH begins to HOWL, PUNCHING THE WALL. DOT holds him

tightly, trying to calm him down. SATORI dashes in.

SATORI

I just got a tremendous wave of-- pain,

anger-- frustration--

REALTOR

That must've been me.

THE REALTOR appears from the opposite end of the hallway with

the HUSBAND and WIFE, who look confused by the group of

people staring at the floor. It's quite a crowd in this

narrow hallway now.

MRS. HARMON

(meekly, to Satori)

I'm sorry I made you all waste your time,

but... there's no point in continuing

this.

JEROME

We were just getting something, he was

trying to communicate--

SATORI

Please, Mrs. Harmon, these things are

unpredictable, you need to be patient--

MRS. HARMON

(losing it)

I've been patient all my life! Bill told

me we were safe, not to worry. He said

we'd grow old together without a care in

the world-- be patient, he told me, just

wait and see. And now... I'm alone and I

have nothing and... he's gone. He's

gone. I miss him so much and--

(fights back her tears)

I have to sell. Just to pay the bills.

Now please... leave.

Mrs. Harmon flees the hallway. The others follow a moment

later, somber. Alone with the realtor, the HUSBAND sighs,

then points at the floor.

HUSBAND

Are these the original baseboards?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

MARIAN, book bag slung over one shoulder, walks with BOB and

JIM, jocky-looking fellow freshman.

JIM

--there's gonna be a major Halloween

party in Barker Hall tonight.

BOB

Those dudes are animals.

THE THREE STUDENTS instinctively give a wide berth to a

MUMBLING STREET PERSON as he passes, moving in the other

direction. A few paces on, he looks up, turns-- it's WARREN.

WARREN

Hey-- hey, you, uh, uh, blonde girl!

MARIAN takes a moment to register who this guy is. JIM and

BOB eye Warren as he approaches, move to protect Marian.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I was just heading over to the, um, you

wanna go with me?

JIM

Get lost, OK?

MARIAN

No, wait, I know him--

BOB

You're kidding.

MARIAN

I mean, I met him once...

WARREN points toward the OLD CHURCH a block up.

WARREN

I can't have already missed it-- damn, I

gotta get a watch. What's your name

again?

MARIAN

Marian. Missed what?

WARREN

You know, the ceremonial planting of the

r bones, laying to rest the restless--

JIM and BOB back away from Warren and Marian.

BOB

We, uh, gotta get to practice--

JIM

Later-

MARIAN is torn for a moment, looking from the young men to

the twitchy Warren. A note of regret:

MARIAN

Sure-- see you guys...

(to Warren)

What are you talking about?

WARREN

Aloysius Green, the reinterment. The

others are there, come on.

He turns and hurries off, MUTTERING to himself again. MARIAN

looks after him unsurely.

EXT. OLD CHURCHYARD - DAY

WARREN hurries up to THE OTHERS, milling and talking quietly.

MARIAN stands at the gates of the cemetery, peering in.

OSBORNE cocks his head at the sight of her and approaches.

OSBORNE

Marian... did you want to join us?

MARIAN

I was just walking by... what's going on?

OSBORNE escorts her closer to the others.

OSBORNE

Well, it's a project we've all been

working on a while. There's been some

vandalism here, tombs knocked over and

smashed...we're hoping this might put an

end to it.

They've reached an OPEN GRAVE with a CANVAS BAG beside it.

SATORI beams, gives MARIAN a hug, which she receives stiffly.

SATORI

I'm so glad you've come back to us, we

need your strength--

MARIAN

Well, I just happened to be—-

SATORI

Nothing just happens.

ALBERT

That you, Marian?

MARIAN

Yes.

ALBERT

They tell me I was a little hard on you

the other night.

MARIAN

I guess.

She waits expectantly with a half-smile for an apology. But

Albert is done speaking, reaches down to scratch his dog. A

s Marian's smile fades, THE PRIEST we met earlier approaches

nervously, ELMER beside him. Elmer moves closer to Marian,

staring at her intently, unnerving her a bit.

ELMER

Girl, I need a word with you.

CLOSE as he takes her hand in his gnarled fingers. He speaks

in a hoarse whisper:

ELMER (cont'd)

Some spirits is too strong to fight.

Their pain, it becomes a poison in the

air. Poison don't care what it kills.

MARIAN

What are you saying?

ELMER

Get outta that place. I can give you a

couch to sleep. I can help you...

navigate the spiritual waters a bit if

you know what I mean.

MARIAN eyes the shaky, elderly man-- he doesn't strike her as

a powerful protector.

MARIAN

Thank you, but-- I'll be fine.

ELMER looks disappointed in her, shakes his head.

ELMER

Just keep your wits about you.

THE PRIEST clears his throat; he obviously wants this

ceremony to be over with as quickly as possible.

PRIEST

Shall we get started...? Today we've

gathered because-- all of you care deeply

about Aloysius Green, a man who's been--

lost to us for a hundred and thirty

years... His great-grand-nephew Elmer

Green would like to say a few words...

ELMER totters to the graveside, beside the BAG. The priest

looks away during the following, uncomfortable.

ELMER

Aloysius has spent most of his time mad

at the world. It's hard to blame him.

He's born a slave, escaped and come to

what he thought'd be freedom... but his

soul never been free yet. Aloysius

helped build this church, but after that

they wouldn't let him in it, not alive

nor dead... and lately he's done a bit of

mischief here...

(hoisting the canvas bag)

Aloysius, you been with me mosta my life.

You showed me the ways of the Other Side--

and soon I'll be joining you there...

until then... God rest you.

Elmer OPENS THE BAG and pours the contents into the grave--

ANGLE IN GRAVE-- a pile of DUSTY, DECAYED BONES, with a SKULL

and RIB CAGE recognisable.

MARIAN GASPS at this grim sight. She looks up at THE OTHERS,

who stare calmly into the grave.

A SHOVELFUL OF DIRT lands on the pile of bones.

OSBORNE passes the shovel to JEROME. He looks up to see--

MARIAN, through the fence, walking away fast. MUSIC UP and--

CUT TO:

INT. DORM SUITE - NIGHT

POUNDING ROCK MUSIC, a packed PARTY, lit by BLACK LIGHT, some

Of the PARTIERS in HALLOWEEN COSTUMES. ON THE CROWDED DANCE

FLOOR, MARIAN, without a costume, LAUGHS as she dances

energetically with JIM. Both are sweating, Marian's "face is

red. As she swings her head to one side--

HER POV— amidst the throng of twisting bodies, we briefly

glimpse what looks like an unmoving DIANE STILLMAN. When the

dancing bodies move again, we see it's a different GIRL.

MARIAN stops dancing, disturbed, catching her breath. Jim

leads her to a PUNCH BOWL, fills two cups. She knocks hers

back, refills it, trying to chase away the ghost.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

MARIAN sways as she and JIM cross the campus, the sounds of

the PARTY RECEDING. Other PEDESTRIANS about, it isn't late.

She almost falls down, LAUGHING, Jim holds her up, his hands

lingering on her body.

MARIAN

I seem normal to you, don't I?

JIM

Actually, you seem kinda wasted.

MARIAN

I know that, but I'm not weird, or

freakish or anything, am I?

JIM

No way. You're a true babe.

MARIAN

(leans into him)

Can we go to your room? I don't wanna be

alone right now...

JIM

My dweeb roommate's up studying. How

'bout your place? Linda's at her

boyfriend's, right?

Marian's reluctant, but shrugs and nods.

INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

JIM follows MARIAN into the room.

MARIAN

Look, Jim, thanks for the party... I'm

just, I gotta lie down.

JIM ignores this, he's all over her, joining her on the bed

and trying to make out with her. MARIAN makes a sick NOISE

and rolls over, face into the pillow. He strokes her hair,

rubs her shoulder, tries to rouse her.

JIM

Hey Marian, come on...

MARIAN snores-- she's out cold.

JIM (CONT'D)

Damn it...

JIM gets up, disappointed, straightens his clothes and heads

out the door.

HOLD ON the sleeping MARIAN for a beat. The SNORING STOPS.

She rolls on her back and opens her eyes, her face impassive

gaze far away. She rises, knocking the phone to the floor--

we hear a DIAL TONE.

MARIAN moves to Linda's side of the room, begins rummaging

through the drawers of her desk. She finds what she wants

and moves into the bathroom.

INT. MARIAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE-on the running BATHTUB. MOVE TO FIND MARIAN standing

at the sink. We see now that she has a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE

of Linda's, pouring PILLS into her hand. She looks at these

blankly for a moment, then puts the lot of them in her mouth.

She bends to drink water from the tap. As she does this--

CAMERA MOVES to the mirror. In the. REFLECTION we see the

RED BACKWARDS WRITING. When Marian rises, SHIFT FOCUS to

show--

--it's no longer Marian, but a deathly pale DIANE STILLMAN.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

OSBORNE, in a white coat, is making his rounds, sipping

coffee. He suddenly looks pained, puts a hand to his

forehead. He makes his way to a chair and sits, dizzy,

putting his head between his knees.

FLASH CUT-- ANGLE on an empty BATHROOM from the tub, the

CAMERA SLIDING UNDER the surface of WATER and back up again.

OSBORNE rises quickly, GASPING for air. He pulls a CELL PHONE

from his pocket, rising and moving from the ward.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Moving down the hall, OSBORNE DIALS his phone, consulting a

scrap of paper from his wallet. We hear a BUSY SIGNAL. He

hangs up, in a cold sweat, picking up the pace. He sprints

past LOUISA, a female resident.

OSBORNE

Louisa, I got an emergency, cover my

rounds! He moves on before the surprised

woman can answer.

INT. COLLEGE DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT

ON A CEILING, as a MOIST SPOT appears, SPREADING rapidly.

EXT. URBAN STREETS/OSBORNE'S CAR - NIGHT

OSBORNE drives rapidly through the streets of the city. He's

on his CELLPHONE, we hear the FILTERED VOICE of an OPERATOR.

OPERATOR (FILTER)

--there's no one on that line, sir, it

must be off the hook.

He RUNS a RED LIGHT, DRIVING like a maniac now.

INT. COLLEGE DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT

A MALE STUDENT, in a bathrobe, regards a STEADY STREAM of

WATER from the CEILING, now SPLASHING on the floor of their

bathroom. IN BG, his ROOMMATE is on the PHONE.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

OSBORNE pulls up in his CAR, jumps out, moves to the CAMPUS

GATE-- it's CLOSED and LOCKED. He hesitates only a moment,

then starts to CLIMB OVER.

INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

We hear RUNNING WATER, KEYS in the lock, the DOOR OPENS. A

middle-aged CAMPUS SECURITY COP enters, the MALE STUDENTS

behind him. He follows the sound of the water into--

INT. MARIAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

--the BATHROOM where he sees MARIAN, lying unconscious in the

OVERFLOWING TUB, her head below the water.

SECURITY COP

Ah Jesus!

He quickly YANKS her body out of the tub, SLOSHING WATER.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

OSBORNE moves through the campus, a bit disoriented. He sees

the FLASHING LIGHT of a SECURITY CAR, hurries in that

direction, running into MARIAN'S BUILDING.

INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The SECURITY COP kneels over Marian, performing CPR

uncertainly. The MALE STUDENT looks on, frightened, while his

ROOMMATE talks on the phone.

ROOMMATE

Yeah, Homsworth 37, send an ambulance--

MALE STUDENT

Is she dead?

The cop looks pretty helpless. OSBORNE, breathless, dashes

into the room, shoving past the students.

OSBORNE

Move it, I'm a doctor!

ROOMMATE

(hanging up)

That was quick...

The cop makes way for OSBORNE, who performs MOUTH TO MOUTH,

POUNDS Marian's chest.

CLOSE, as his hand SQUEEZES hers. His head is over her

heart, listening for signs of life.

OSBORNE

C'mon. live... live...

He closes his eyes, focusing all his strength on the

unconscious MARIAN, who--

--takes a tortured BREATH.

CUT TO;

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS WHEEL the unconscious MARIAN on a stretcher into

the back of a waiting AMBULANCE. Osborne moves alongside, a

bit unsteady on his feet.

OSBORNE

Push the narcan on the IV, she swallowed

alprazalom, washed it down with vodka.

He hands over Linda's PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE.

As the AMBULANCE PULLS AWAY, SIREN BLARING, Osborne suddenly

nearly loses his balance, has to move to the building's

steps, where he sits heavily. His CELL PHONE RINGS, he

answers,it wearily.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

Osborne.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JEROME'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A tiny, incredibly messy office. OCCULT BOOKS fill the

shelves, stack to the ceiling; the decor is a hodgepodge of

scary NATIVE FETISHES and MASKS, VOODOO DOLLS, etc. JEROME

is sitting at his desk, running a VIDEOTAPE on his desktop

COMPUTER SCREEN-- his VIDEO CAMERA connects to the machine.

JEROME

Hey Mark, it's me. Listen, soon as you

get off your shift, you gotta come to my

office. You won't believe what I've got.

It's on the tape from the Harmon place--

As he speaks, we see what Jerome is watching--

ON SCREEN— the VIDEO IMAGE of the SPILLED TEA. As the video

camera PANS UPWARD to reveal the end of the hallway, what

looks like a vaguely HUMAN SHAPE, made of VIDEO SNOW, appears

for a second, then VANISHES.

JEROME (CONT'D)

--you can see the guy, it's Mr. Harmon,

clear as day...

Jerome SCANS the tape back and forth, IN SLO-MO, trying to

freeze the moment when the FORM is visible, but he can't

quite get it.

JEROME (CONT'D)

...well, not clear as day. Not exactly

proof positive of life after death maybe

but--

OSBORNE

Jerome, Marian Kitt just overdosed. I

don't know if she's gonna pull through.

Jerome blinks, stunned, rising from his seat.

JEROME

Oh no... you sound awful man— are you OK?

As Jerome murmurs into the phone, CAMERA MOVES to the

COMPUTER SCREEN— the STILL IMAGE of the HARMON HALLWAY.

DISSOLVE TO;

INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The same angle on the hallway, dark and quiet now. CAMERA

MOVES to FIND an OUTLET on the floor. A SPARK from within.

The WALLPAPER above the outlet turns BROWN and BUBBLES.

EXT. URBAN BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

IN FG, the REAL ESTATE SIGN with the notice "IN ESCROW" on

it. MOVE to FIND a BEDROOM WINDOW as a LIGHT GOES ON.

INT. MRS. HARMON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MRS. HARMON sits up in bed, hand on the lamp, listening to

the sound of a SMOKE ALARM downstairs. She hurries out of

bed, moving for the stairs.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

She comes downstairs, SNIFFING the air, moving toward SMOKE

coming from the hall.

INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The wall has ERUPTED IN FLAMES, some of the FLOORBOARDS bum

as well. Mrs. Harmon lets out a little CRY.

IN THE SMOKE AND FLAMES, a faint IMAGE is forming. For a

moment, we make out a HAND... then a FACE.. .

MRS. HARMON

Oh my God...

A WISP of SMOKE, almost in the shape of a FINGER, seems to

briefly caress her face. She closes her eyes, wanting to

feel something...

MRS. HARMON (CONT'D)

Bill...

But the smoke is getting to her, she COUGHS and hurries away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ICU WARD - DAY

CLOSE on MARIAN, hooked to tubes and wires.

PULL BACK, we're in a CURTAINED AREA of the WARD. We hear

VITAL SIGN MONITORS BLEEPING.

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

OSBORNE is stretched put on a bench, half-asleep, by a window

in this waiting area. JEROME is hunched over a piece of

paper, studying it. He looks up with a smile, rises and

addresses a young female NURSE at a desk.

JEROME

Excuse me, nurse? You're wearing make

up.

YOUNG NURSE

Um... yes...

JEROME

Do you have one of those little mirrors,

you know, a compact? Can I borrow it?

The woman fishes in her purse and passes him the MIRROR, a

bit reluctantly. He hunches back over the paper, holds the

mirror up to it.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Osborne! Check this out.

Osborne stirs with,a MOAN. Jerome moves to Osborne's bench,

squeezing in beside him, forcing his legs to the floor.

Osborne sits up wearily.

JEROME (cont'd)

Her message. It's not like Sanskrit or

anything, it's English-- it's just

backwards, written on top of itself.

CLOSE-- on the NOTE that Marian scribbled while sleepwalking.

IN THE MIRROR, the handwriting's still difficult to read.

OSBORNE squints.

JEROME

I can read lots of words now... let's

see... "love... pain... my death..."

OSBORNE

What's that say near the top?

CLOSE on the MIRROR WORDS, a scrawl that looks like:

JEROME

"Find Proof And Mercy...?" Proof And

Mercy-- it's capitalized, everything else

is lower-case.

OSBORNE looks impatient at this.

OSBORNE

Maybe ghosts have poor grammar.

JEROME

Maybe it's a name.

This gets Osborne's interest. He squints at the mirror. The

NURSE is interested too, she pauses by them as she moves from

behind her desk, looking over their shoulders.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Is that really a "Y?" It looks like it

could be two letters. "L--"

YOUNG NURSE

No, it's an e, and that'd be an r...

Mercer.

The two men look at her, impressed.

YOUNG NURSE (CONT'D)

I have to read a lot of prescriptions.

OSBORNE

That's not "And" then. It's Andy.

JEROME seems suddenly excited, getting it.

JEROME

Unh-huh, and there's only one "O" in

proof. Andy Mercer-- Professor Andy

Mercer. I know the guy, he used to teach

at the university!

OSBORNE

Used to? What happened to him?

JEROME

He resigned last year, rumor was he had

some kind of mental meltdown...

CUT TO:

INT. OSBORNE'S CAR/EXT. SANITARIUM - DAY

DRIVING SHOT, THROUGH FRONT WINDSHIELD as OSBORNE and JEROME

approach a high-end institution down a long driveway... it

looks more like a large Colonial home.

JEROME

Ritzy bin.

A few RESIDENTS sit on benches, stroll, accompanied by

casually-garbed NURSES.

OSBORNE parks the car near the front entrance.

INT. SANITARIUM DEN - DAY

ANDREW MERCER, a sad-looking man in his late 30's, sits in a

chair by a window. An EMPLOYEE points him out to JEROME and

OSBORNE. Other PATIENTS IN BG watch TV, play CHESS.

OSBORNE

Professor Mercer?

MERCER

I'm not a professor.

JEROME

Andy-- do you remember me? Jerome

Ballard, folk and myth department?

MERCER blinks and barely shrugs. This guy has disconnected

from the world.

OSBORNE

I'm Mark Osborne, I'm a doctor at St.

Joe's. I have a patient by the name of

Marian Kitt... do you know her by any

chance?

(gets no reaction)

She gave us a message-- we think it's

about you-- or maybe for you.

JEROME

It's from Diane Stillman.

MERCER

(suddenly alarmed, eyes wide)

Diane? What kind of message?

OSBORNE

She-- she wanted us to find you.

MERCER

No-- that's not possible. She didn't

tell anybody, nobody knew--

OSBORNE

Knew what?

MERCER

Why are you doing this to me? Get out of

here. Get out! Get out!!

He rises shakily, shouting at them. Other PATIENTS react,

OSBORNE and JEROME try to follow MERCER as he hurries away

from them, out of the room, but the EMPLOYEE intercepts them.

EXT. SANITARIUM - DAY

JEROME and OSBORNE exit, linger in front of the building.

OSBORNE

The man's guilty as hell.

JEROME

Even I felt that.

OSBORNE

Did Diane Stillman leave a suicide note?

JEROME shakes his head.

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

What if it wasn't suicide?

CUT TO:

EXT. ELMER GREEN'S HOME - EVENING

A funky, one-story home on the outskirts of the city, a bit

run-down-- it's painted in BRILLIANT COLORS.

INT. ELMER GREEN'S HOME - EVENING

TRACK OVER PHOTOS of famed SPIRITUALISTS, GURDJIEFF, PADRE

PIO, even KRESKIN, all signed, along with RELIGIOUS ICONS

from Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity...

FIND ELMER in a battered armchair, SETH on the floor nearby.

All the furnishings are fifty or more years old, most covered

in plastic. The old man and the child both stare at an

(unseen) OBJECT on the floor. Elmer points at his temple.

ELMER

Decide what it is you want to see.

(pointing at object) )

Then you put your finger there.

SETH hesitantly reaches out to do so and--

THE TELEVISION POPS ON.

Seth picks up the REMOTE CONTROL, pressing buttons, CHANNEL

SURFING with a look of wonder. DOT ENTERS from the KITCHEN

with a TV TRAY of FOOD, gives Elmer a look.

DOT

Elmer, I don't let him watch TV.

ELMER

It's good for him.

DOT

He gets agitated.

She places the tray in front of Elmer, then tries to take the

remote from Seth's hand-- he won't let go, makes angry

NOISES. She sighs, deftly passes him a RUBIC'S CUBE in

exchange for the remote. She turns OFF the TV, while Seth

begins twisting the cube in his hand, distracted. Dot turns

toward Elmer, pointing at the food.

DOT

Promise you'll eat that.

ELMER

What's the point?

DOT

Hm, let's see... staying alive?

Elmer shrugs, picks up a BITE of FOOD and pretends to put it

in his mouth with a satisfied expression.

ELMER

Mmmm... Mebbe you could give me a ride

to the hospital? Thought I'd pay that

Marian girl a visit.

DOT

Elmer, she's in a coma...

ELMER

Don't 'spose she'd object to the company

then.

DOT

Thing is, I gotta drop Seth at my

mother's and get to work...

ELMER

Never mind, then.

DOT

I'm just gonna bring the car around. You

be ready to go now, Seth.

She grabs her jacket and heads out the door. Elmer rises

creakily, helps Seth into his jacket.

ELMER

Look at me, boy.

Seth LOOKS INTO ELMER'S EYES, the first time we've seen him

make eye contact with anyone.

ELMER (CONT'D)

I got somethin' to do... I may not be

seein' you again for a while.

SETH shakes his head, upset.

ELMER (CONT'D)

Don't be like that. You got your own

path to follow... you're gonna be all

right.

He reaches out a hand to Seth-- the boy instinctively backs

away-- then moves forward and hugs the old man briefly. A

HORN honks outside and Elmer breaks the embrace.

ELMER (CONT'D)

Go now. Do what you gotta.

Seth looks up one more time and heads out the door. ELMER

sighs and looks around his room, as if for the last time.

EXT. URBAN STREETS/DOT'S CAR - NIGHT

DOT drives a battered compact, a plastic SKULL on a BEAD

CHAIN dangles from the rear-view mirror. ALTERNATIVE ROCK

plays on the car radio. SETH sits in the passenger seat,

absently twisting the CUBE, staring out the side window. AT A

STOPLIGHT on a crowded street, Seth suddenly drops the cube,

UNBUCKLES HIS SEATBELT and opens the passenger door-- "r

DOT

Seth-- no, what are you doing--

She reaches to grab him, but he BOLTS off into the city--

DOT, panicking, pulls out into the intersection, narrowly

avoiding a collision, SWERVING and HONKING. Leaving the car

half on the curb, she leaps out and tries to follow the boy--

but there's no sign of him. On her anguished CRY--

CUT TO:

INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MARIAN as her EYELID is lifted, a PENLIGHT shining

in on her dilated pupil-- the DOCTOR we saw with Osborne

examines her, we hear the BLEEPING MACHINES.

INT. SPFX SPACE

MARIAN thrashes under the surface of a viscous, dark LIQUID,

bathed in eerie LIGHT, SCREAMING, her face a mask of terror--

she can't get out, it's like being trapped under ice.

INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

BACK TO SHOT as the DOCTOR lets her eyelid close. As he

leaves the room, we MOVE IN on MARIAN'S FACE. Her expression

seems quite peaceful... but faintly we hear her MUFFLED

SCREAMS, as if from underwater.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SATORI'S STUDIO - NIGHT

DOT'S CAR screeches up to the storefront PSYCHIC STUDIO with

a neon EYE in front.

INT. SATORI'S STUDIO - NIGHT

TAROT CARDS turn— the HANGED MAN, the TOWER, DEATH...

SATORI

(wincing)

Hmm. I see a lot of... positive changes.

SATORI does a reading for ALBERT. Her studio is cozy, draped

with colorful fabrics. DOT rushes in, breathless.

DOT

Is he here?

ALBERT

Who?

DOT

Seth-- oh God, he didn't come here? He

ran out of my car about six blocks away

DOT is nearly hyperventilating, Satori rushes to her side.

SATORI

Just breathe. Dot. We'll call the cops,

he can't have gone far...

ALBERT

Give me something of his.

LATER, CLOSE ON THE CUBE in ALBERT'S HANDS as he turns the

colored surfaces.

WIDER, SATORI hovers over ALBERT, DOT is on the PHONE IN BG.

DOT

About twenty minutes ago... he's wearing

a blue jacket... yes, I'll hold...

SATORI

Getting anything?

DOT

ALBERT

(straining)

Lines, parallel lines. Black soot-- and

broken glass... blood...

(off her gasp)

Walls, a narrow space...

SATORI

(lighting up)

A hallway?

(to Dot) )

I think I know where he went.

SATORI is moving to grab a coat; Albert holds up the cube.

ALBERT

What the hell is this thing, anyway?

SATORI

Albert, we' re going over to the Harmon

house, watch the store.

ALBERT

Yeah, right.

As soon as THEY'RE GONE, the PHONE RINGS. ALBERT feels his

way toward it, answers.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Psychic studio... she's not here... oh,

Mrs. Harmon, she's on her way over

there... I wish you'd called two minutes

ago, you coulda saved me a lot of effort.

He tosses the CUBE over his shoulder, disgustedly.

CUT TO:

INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

MR. and MRS. KITT, a distraught-looking, middle-aged

Midwestern couple, hover over MARIAN, still unmoving. OSBORNE

is behind them. Mrs. Kitt strokes Marian's hair, Mr. Kitt

puts an arm around his wife.

MRS. KITT

When is she going to wake up?

OSBORNE

It's hard to say...

A NURSE shows WARREN into the curtained room; he looks

nervous. As soon as he sees Osborne, he starts babbling:

WARREN

Wow, I really hate hospitals. How do you

work here? The air is so thick, you

know? You can practically taste them,

all those souls in transit--

OSBORNE

(cutting him off)

Warren, this is Mr. and Mrs. Kitt--

Marian's parents.

WARREN is looking directly at Marian now, seeing something

the others clearly aren't. His eyes go wide.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Oh my God... help her, somebody help her!

He dashes to Marian, puts his arms around her, shaking her.

MRS. KITT freaks, OSBORNE and MR. KITT pull Warren away.

MR. KITT

What are you, crazy? Let go of her!

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A CAB pulls up, ELMER climbs slowly out of the back seat.

pays off the DRIVER, then heads inside.

TNT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

An ORDERLY shepherds WARREN down the hall from the entrance

to the ICU, OSBORNE and the KITTS a step behind.

WARREN

She's, she's drowning, can't you people

see?!

OSBORNE

Warren, you really oughta take your

medication...

MRS. KITT

How did that man get in here?

The pass the ELEVATOR, which opens a moment later. ELMER

emerges from the elevator, looking in the direction of the

commotion, then heads toward the ICU ward.

INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

ELMER lets himself into Marian's curtained room. He studies

her for a moment.

ELMER

Oh, girl. Wish you'd a listened to me.

He sighs and pulls a chair up by the bedside, sits heavily.

He takes her hand in his own.

ELMER (CONT'D)

Now we got no choice but to see this

thing through...

He bows his head and closes his eyes. An older NURSE enters.

OLDER NURSE

Uh, sir, you'll have to leave...

ELMER slowly opens his eyes, rises, steps close to her,

stares at her, unblinking. His voice is hypnotic.

ELMER

It's all right, now. There's nobody here

but that girl, sleeping peacefully. She's

all alone...

The older nurse just stares back for a few moments, then she

turns and walks out.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

THE OLDER NURSE pauses for a moment, blinks, shaking off an

odd sensation. Then she continues her rounds.

INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

ELMER holds MARIAN'S hand, concentrating intently.

INT. SPFX SPACE

MARIAN struggles under the surface. Suddenly, she's pulled

upward-- as she breaks the surface, the environment MORPHS--

--she's sitting up on a hospital bed, in an altered version

of the ICU. ELMER is beside her, holding her hand-- the room

is strangely lit, the curtains translucent, wraith-like FORMS

moving beyond them. VOICES here are strange, distorted.

MARIAN

Where am I? Am I dead?

ELMER

You're on the Other Side...

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

MERCER is at the desk, facing a RECEPTIONIST, as WARREN moves

past with an unnerved expression, hurrying out the door.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, she's a patient here, but I'm afraid

visiting hours are over.

As MERCER turns away, OSBORNE approaches quickly.

OSBORNE

Professor-- uh, Mr.-- how did you--?

MERCER

I'm a voluntary patient, I can leave when

I want. Listen, I-- I'm sorry about

today... I've been ill, I have some

trouble controlling my emotions...

I'd like to see this patient of yours, if

that's OK.

OSBORNE

(nods; to the nurse)

It's all right, I'll take him up.

INT. SPFX SPACE

ELMER AND MARIAN walk, hand in hand, down an eerie,

abstracted CORRIDOR. A DOOR ahead of them, LIGHT spills out.

ELMER

You can't fight her no more, you gotta

give her what she wants.

MARIAN

What does she want?

ELMER

To be free. You're the bridge... let her

take you.

He pushes the door open-- they don't so much enter the room,

as it envelops them. It's a distorted version of--

MARIAN'S BATHROOM. DIANE STILLMAN writes in lipstick on the

bathroom mirror. She turns, gestures at her writing.

ON MIRROR-- CLOSE SHOTS-- words like, "LOVE," "DESPAIR, "

"DEATH..." we don't get a chance to read the whole message.

IN REFLECTION, MARIAN appears directly beside DIANE-- both

stare INTO CAMERA, the red words now BLURRY and FADING.

DIANE

Help me...

INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

OSBORNE leads MERCER into the now darkened WARD, opens the

curtain. We hear the BLEEPING of the monitors.

MERCER

What's wrong with her?

OSBORNE

She took sleeping pills and alcohol...

same as Diane Stillman.

ELMER sits beside the still-unmoving MARIAN, her hand in his.

He's deep in a trance.

OSBORNE

Elmer...?

ELMER opens his eyes, turns to face Osborne and Mercer. He

nods slowly, addresses Mercer.

ELMER

Touch her.

MERCER is disturbed and thoroughly perplexed.

MERCER

Who are you?

ELMER

A friend.

OSBORNE

Just do as he says.

Mercer looks at him questioningly.

ELMER

Please.

MERCER approaches the bed, very disturbed, looking at Osborne

and Elmer-- are these people even crazier than he is? He

tentatively reaches out to touch Marian's arm--

WITH MERCER-- his eyes go wide--

HIS POV— it's DIANE STILLMAN lying in the bed--

MERCER yanks his hand away, utterly terrified-- he shakes his

head and FLEES THE ROOM.

OSBORNE hurries after Mercer. ELMER clutches Marian's hand,

mustering a great psychological effort.

ELMER

Stay with me, girl.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

MERCER hits the DOWN button.

OSBORNE

Wait!

OSBORNE squeezes in as the doors are closing-- throws the

EMERGENCY SWITCH to Stop it, the ALARM RINGS

OSBORNE

What are you afraid of?

MERCER

I saw a dead girl in there! Diane-- how

can this be happening?!

OSBORNE

Marian's channeling her, I don't know

why. You have to tell me-- what did you

do to Diane Stillman

MERCER

Nothing, she was a, a student of mine--

OSBORNE

The truth!

MERCER slides to the elevator floor, head in his hands.

MERCER

We had an affair... not for long, I told

her we couldn't see each other any more,

it wasn't right, it would ruin us both.

She just couldn't accept it, she wouldn't

let go--

OSBORNE

She still won't.

OSBORNE hits buttons to kill the alarm and open the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

SATORI and DOT hurry toward the brownstone from Dot's car. A

FRONT WINDOW is BROKEN. The front door flies open. MRS.

HARMON stands there, in her robe, very upset--

MRS. HARMON

I was about to call the police-- what in

God's name is he doing here?!

INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - NIGHT

DOT AND SATORI hurry in with MRS. HARMON to find SETH

crouching on the floor in the sooty hallway, POUNDING the

surface, making STRANGLED NOISES. His hands are BLOODY.

DOT

Oh baby, baby— what's the matter, what's

the matter?

She runs to the boy, he won't stop what he's doing, she pulls

him away, he squirms. SATORI moves toward the spot--

ANGLE DOWN-- bloody HANDPRINTS cover the FIRE-DAMAGED strips

of wood flooring.

SATORI

There's something under there...

CUT TO:

INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

ELMER still holds MARIAN'S hand, he seems exhausted. OSBORNE

and MERCER stand by the bedside-- Mercer is inches from

Marian, but he can't bring himself to touch her. Quietly:

MERCER

I still can't believe it happened. I

quit the university afterwards, checked

myself into the hospital... I can't

sleep, but I can't get out of bed-- that

image of her, underwater-- I can't get it

out of my head...

OSBORNE

You did it, didn't you? You killed her.

MERCER trembles, nods, opens his mouth to speak. Suddenly

MARIAN'S HAND reaches out for his, grasps it. HER EYES OPEN.

MARIAN

No. No, Andy, you didn't.

Mercer kneels by the bed, holding her hand tightly, staring

into her eyes. Although Osborne sees Marian there, clearly

she's someone else in Mercer's eyes.

MERCER

Diane... I'm so sorry...

MARIAN

It's not your fault.

MERCER

It is... it is.

MARIAN

No, it's not. You were trying to do the

right thing-- and I punished you for it.

I killed myself to hurt you... Andy, I

was " wrong. Forgive me... forgive me

and get on with your life.

MERCER

What?

MARIAN

You have to. Don't you see, by torturing

yourself you're keeping me here.

Please... forgive me and forgive

yourself.

MERCER nods, understanding, tears rolling down his cheeks. He

lays his head on her chest.

MERCER

Thank you. God, I love you...

MARIAN

You loved me. Now let me go.

After a few beats, he releases her hand and rises, wiping his

eyes. Marian seems to be resting peacefully, then...

THE HEART MONITOR goes haywire, ALARMS SCREAM

OSBORNE

Elmer, what's happening

ELMER is deep in his trance, unable to answer. MERCER backs

away, freaked. OSBORNE goes to MARIAN, shouting as NURSES

and DOCTORS enter--

OSBORNE (CONT'D)

She's going into vefib, we're gonna need

a crash cart!

INT. SPFX SPACE

TIGHT ON MARIAN, under the DARK LIQUID again. Her HANDS

reach above the surface, ELMER holds onto them.

ELMER

No! Stay with me!

INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

FRANTIC ICU PEOPLE with resuscitation equipment push Mercer

out of the room. They yank the seemingly unconscious ELMER

away from MARIAN, disentangling his hand from hers, his

GLASSES tumble to the floor and crack. OSBORNE rushes to

Elmer's side, holding him upright in his chair.

A DOCTOR fixes PADDLES over Marian's heart and ZAP! Her body

JERKS upward--

INT. SPFX SPACE

ELMER and MARIAN together in the dark liquid, their bodies

twisting in the vortex--

ELMER

She's free now! You've got to go back!

INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

ZAP! as MARIAN'S BODY jerks again.

INT. SPFX SPACE

ELMER holds MARIAN, pulling her toward the surface--

ELMER

Hold on to me, I'll show you the way.

INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

ZAP! MARIAN jerks again. THE MONITORS suddenly STABILIZE

into a steady HEARTBEAT.

DOCTOR

We've got her!

OSBORNE

Oh God. Elmer.. .

ON ELMER, his open eyes stare straight ahead, sightless.

Osborne hugs the man's lifeless body.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - NIGHT

CRUNCH as a CROWBAR peels up CHARRED FLOORBOARDS.

WIDER, DOT wields the crowbar as SATORI, MRS. HARMON and

SETH, his hands now bandaged, look on. DOT gets the last of

the floorboards up.

DOT

These boards are already loose...

ANGLE ON FLOOR as a chunk of WOOD comes away to reveal--

A METAL STRONGBOX. DOT reaches in to haul it out.

MRS. HARMON rushes over, they gather around as she undoes the

latch and LIFTS THE LID--

ANGLE IN STRONGBOX-- a large BLACK VELVET BOX with a

handwritten NOTE attached.

MRS. HARMON stares at this, pulling out the note and reading

in an increasingly quavering voice:

MRS. HARMON

"Judy my love, you've put up with me for

25 years now, missing birthdays and

Valentine's Days, snoring and stealing

the bed covers, working overtime when I

should've been by your side. I just want

you to know that nothing in this world is

precious to me... but you."

She opens the box and removes a large DIAMOND NECKLACE,

clearly worth a fortune.

MRS. HARMON (CONT'D)

Oh my God... Bill...

SATORI reaches in to remove a small BLACK BOOK.

SATORI

This is a Swiss bank account... no wonder

he couldn't let you sell the house.

She passes it to Mrs. Harmon who opens it and nearly faints.

Satori steals a look over her shoulder, raises an eyebrow.

Mrs. Harmon stares into the middle distance, thinking, a TEAR

rolls down her cheek. THE WINDOW down the hall SWINGS OPEN.

MRS. HARMON

The wind...?

DOT

I think Elvis has left the building.

MRS. HARMON

I don't know how to thank you...

SATORI

(smiling)

I'll send you my bill.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

MR. and MRS. KITT wait expectantly, talking to OSBORNE. i

OSBORNE

Your daughter came to around dawn. She's

a little weak, but she's fine, we can

release her shortly.

MR. KITT

Thank God... why did she do it?

OSBORNE

She wasn't entirely herself... I don't

think it'll happen again.

MRS. KITT

Marian's a lot like my mother was. She

feels things so deeply... it scares me

sometimes, it's almost other-worldly--

MR. KITT

Oh, hon, none of that mumbo-jumbo...

MRS. KITT

Marian!

Their faces light up at the sight of MARIAN, in a wheelchair,

as the ORDERLY pushes her toward them. She looks tired, but

relieved. Her PARENTS rush over to hug her.

MRS. KITT

Honey, we were so worried.

MARIAN

I'm so sorry to've put you both through

this.

MR. KITT

You're all right. That's what matters.

MARIAN

Mark-- last night, was Elmer here?

(off his slow nod)

I want to see him.

OSBORNE

Marian, I'm sorry, he... he passed away.

MARIAN takes this in. Her eyes widen.

MARIAN

He's dead?! No... because of me...

OSBORNE

Listen to me-- he was 92 years old

MARIAN

He saved me. I wasn't strong enough to

make it back on my own. And now I can

never thank him.

OSBORNE

Maybe you can... excuse me a moment.

He moves away from them, talking with the ORDERLY.

MRS. KITT

Honey, we've talked to the dean's office,

we're going to take you right home.

MARIAN

No, dad... I--

MR. KITT

You need time to rest. Take a semester

off.

MARIAN

I don't want to, dad. It was hard at

first, scary-- but .1 think I belong

here... I want to stay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCKY SHORELINE - DAY

WAVES CRASH on a rocky New England coast. MOVE TO FIND all

the OTHERS— OSBORNE, JEROME, SATORI, ALBERT, WARREN. DOT,

SETH and now MARIAN-- standing on a rocky PIER. All are

dressed in black funereal clothes. They pass a CERAMIC URN,

painted in RAINBOW COLORS, from one to the next, saying their

private good-byes.

JEROME

Elmer once told me, "Life is just a drop

of rain. Death is the ocean. Don't be

afraid to return from whence you came."

He passes the urn to Warren, who stares at it a beat:

WARREN

"Whence?

ALBERT

Elmer would never say "whence."

JEROME

I was paraphrasing.

Warren gives the urn to DOT, who in turn hands it to SETH.

DOT

OK, honey.

Seth steps to the edge of the pier and HURLS THE ASHES into

the breeze-- they DRIFT AWAY onto the waves.

SATORI

The end is the beginning...

MARIAN IN FG; on the beach behind her stands ELMER. She

glimpses him from the corner of her eye, turns.

REVERSE ANGLE-- OSBORNE notes Marian's distraction, she

BLINKS. He speaks quietly:

OSBORNE

Is something wrong?

MARIAN'S POV— ELMER is gone. MARIAN has a slight smile.

MARIAN

No. Nothing.

WIDE SHOT as the group starts to leave the shore...

FADE OUT

END ACT FOUR

1