

# WHAT LIES BENEATH

by

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June 14, 1999

## FADE IN:

Moving through a murky haze. Dark blues and greens, shafts of prisms of purple. A pale shard appears in the distance. Gliding closer, a group of tiny fish dart before the camera. We're UNDERWATER. Arriving at the form, it finally sharpens into focus. It's a WOMAN'S BODY submerged in dark water, arms floating lazily at her side. The face is obscured by flowing hair. All that is visible is a pair of COLD, STARING GREEN EYES, which blink closed...

## MORPH TO:

...then open as BLUE EYES, as a DIFFERENT FACE emerges from water. CLAIRE SPENCER awakens from this unsettling dream in her bathtub. She pivots the large BRASS SHOWER HEAD (the kind that moves up and down on a pipe) off to one side, reaches toward her feet and we hear the sound of a plug being pulled.

## INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A HAZY SHAPE-- accompanied by a whirring sound.

A steam covered mirror is cleared with a BLOW DRYER. Claire starts to come into focus. The dryer stops. She presses the red G.F.I. button on the socket. ZAP! A big blue spark shoots out. Claire pulls her hand back...and the dryer starts whirring again.

She clears the mirror and replaces the dryer on a hook. She regards herself in the mirror, and attractive, elegant-looking woman around forty.

Claire traces a finger along a small but noticeable SCAR above her left eye, then slowly drops the hand to her cheek, as if confirming her existence.

## INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY

Claire, now dressed, presses her face against a door,

listening for the sounds of stirring from within. Silence. She quietly pushes open the door.

**INT. ROOM - DAY**

Claire makes her way past half-filled boxes and duffels to a window, then pulls the curtains to reveal:

A LOVELY, WOODED LAKE. It couldn't be more picturesque. A 24' SAILBOAT is moored at the dock and an OLD STONE LIGHTHOUSE sits on a point across the lake.

The sunlight motivates an unconscious groan from A FIGURE still shrouded by covers.

Claire sits beside the sleeping form. She scans the room briefly, taking in a Greenpeace flag and a picture of a tomboyish ten year-old girl at camp.

She gently pulls back the covers and peers down at the same face, now a waifish, pretty seventeen year-old, with chopped hair and tiny nose ring. Claire leans over and inhales the sleeping scent of her only daughter, CAITLIN. She places her hand on a cheek. The girl's eyelids flutter softly.

**CLAIRE**

Morning, beauty.

Caitlin lets out a grunt and rolls over onto her belly.

**CLAIRE**

Let's go. Or we'll never leave on time.

From out of the pillow comes Caitlin's voice.

**CAITLIN**

(muffled)

I'm totally ready.

Claire glances around at the piles of unpacked clothes.

**CLAIRE**

Come on, I'll make you some waffles, maybe we'll squeeze in a trip to the mall.

(beat)

Caitlin...

Claire gently swats at the tiny lump that is Caitlin's behind.

**CAITLIN**

Mother...

Claire stands and instinctively scoops up some clothes from the floor, then folds and neatly stacks them on a box. Caitlin turns her head sideways on the pillow.

**CAITLIN**

You're such a morning person.

Claire turns at the door.

**CLAIRE**

It is unwise to heckle the keeper of the plastic.

She starts to leave. Caitlin calls out.

**CAITLIN (O.S.)**

Blueberries!

Claire smiles as she closes the door behind her.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Claire bends down to pick up one of Caitlin's socks. When she stands, something catches her eye out a window. She gazes down, transfixed.

**ANGLE**

Through a stand of trees over a HIGH WOODEN FENCE, A YOUNG COUPLE is in the midst of a heated argument next door. Claire watches as the HUSBAND, a large imposing man with an unruly shock of red hair, snarls at his wife across the hood of their huge old Buick. She tries to get a glimpse of the woman, but all that's visible is THE BACK OF HER BLOND HEAD.

A TAN, SINEWY ARM encircles Claire's waist. She lets out a small gasp as a hand closes on her breast. It's Claire's husband, DR. NORMAN SPENCER, nibbling gently at her neck. He's older than she, pushing fifty, with silver streaks beginning to permeate the shaggy mop of hair that makes him look more like a preppy rocker or a lacrosse coach than the prominent academic that he is. Claire, however, can't take her eyes off the scene below.

**NORMAN**

They at it again?

Claire nods.

**NORMAN**

Christ, that's twice in...When did they move in?

**CLAIRE**

I think three...

**NORMAN**

Three weeks.

She continues to gaze downward. The man leans over the hood, murmuring darkly at his wife, though for Claire and Norman the scene is entirely silent.

**CLAIRE**

What's their name?

**NORMAN**

Feur, I think. Psych department. Figures. They're all psychotic.

Outside, Mr. Feur turns and walks toward his house. Norman begins, once again, to nuzzle Claire. Her eyes close, but then she gently demurs.

**CLAIRE**

She's awake.

**NORMAN**

We'll be quiet. Quick and quiet.

She turns to him.

**CLAIRE**

I don't want to be either.

He smiles. A really good smile. The lips and tongue on his faded T-shirt mark him as a 'Stones fan.

**NORMAN**

When's she out of here?

**CLAIRE**

Norman Spencer.

Norman gives up. He bussess her cheek.

**NORMAN**

(moving toward the stairs)

Alright. I can't take the rejection. I'm going to class.

**CLAIRE**

Don't.

**NORMAN**

Claire, I have to show up for the--

**CLAIRE**

It's Saturday.

Norman stops.

**NORMAN**

I knew that. You think I didn't know that?

She smiles at him. After a beat:

**NORMAN**

It's today?

**CLAIRE**

(wistfully)

Yep.

They share a warm, poignant look. He turns and moves down the stairs.

**NORMAN**

(calling over his shoulder)

We're going to have to leave by three if we want to beat the traffic.

Claire returns her gaze to the scene below as Mr. Feur says something ominous to his wife, then stalks into the house.

**NORMAN (O.S.)**

Claire?

**CLAIRE**

(absently)

Three o'clock.

**ANGLE**

Mrs. Feur drops her face into her hands.

**EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY**

Claire peruses her "to do" list as Caitlin munches a panini.

**CLAIRE**

...and I still think we should get you some mittens.

Caitlin puts down the sandwich and regards her mother warmly. The bond between them is palpable.

**CLAIRE**

Do you have a scarf?

**CAITLIN**

Hey.

Claire looks up from her little pad of paper.

**CLAIRE**

Yes?

**CAITLIN**

It's only two hours away.

**CLAIRE**

I know that.

**CAITLIN**

I'll come back all the time.

**CLAIRE**

Of course you will.

**CAITLIN**

I'm just saying, you're going to be fine.

Claire smiles.

**CLAIRE**

Sweetheart, I've known this day was coming for a long time. I've got your father and the garden and the new house. You really don't have to worry.

Caitlin smiles back and nods, her face betraying some concern. Claire takes her hand.

**CLAIRE**

Really.

She nods reassuringly and pulls Caitlin into an embrace. Her eyes close.

**CAITLIN (V.O.)**

Mother...

**EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY**

Claire's frozen in the hug.

**CAITLIN**

(beat)

Mom.

Her eyes open. Widen to reveal Claire, holding Caitlin on the college campus. The URBAN SKYLINE looms in the background.

**CAITLIN**

I have'ta go.

After a moment's hesitation, she releases her grip. Caitlin glances over her shoulder to make sure no one's witnessed this overt display of maternal affection.

**CAITLIN**

I'll call you.

Claire produces an ENVELOPE, which she presses into her daughter's hand. It's a book of TRAIN TICKETS.

**CLAIRE**

Come home anytime.

Caitlin looks at Norman.

**NORMAN**

Really gonna leave me, huh?

She nods. They share a tender look.

**NORMAN**

Be good.

She throws her arm, briefly, tightly around his waist. A bit overwhelmed, he slowly brings his hand to the back of Caitlin's head. After a moment, she steps back...

**CAITLIN**

Bye.

...then turns and makes her way toward the large, old Columbia dorm. A banner is draped across its portals which reads:

**"WELCOME CLASS OF '04."**

Claire watches her daughter melt into a crowd of similarly shaggy freshmen, smoking and talking on the front steps. Her

eyes are shining. Norman wraps an arm around her waist as she daps at a tear with a Kleenex.

**CLAIRE**

(smiling)

I almost made it.

They turn and head for the car. Claire sneaks one last look over her shoulder.

**ANGLE**

Caitlin glancing back at Claire with an apprehensive smile.

**INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Claire walks in from the bathroom wearing a sexy cotton nightgown. Norman is in bed, absorbed in some notes.

She gets into bed, then picks up a thick text from beside him and starts reading. After a moment:

**NORMAN**

Whatcha reading?

**CLAIRE**

(reading the cover, sexy voice)

Genetic repair mechanisms in eukaryotic organisms.

**NORMAN**

(slight smile)

How is it?

Claire snuggles up.

**CLAIRE**

Excellent. Couple of Swedish sailor cells just gang divided a virginal cheerleader cell.

**NORMAN**

(lost in his book)

Nice.

(beat)

Almost done.

She pulls slightly away.

**CLAIRE**

If you have to work...

**NORMAN**

No, no. I'm just about...  
(beat)  
There.

He places his book on the bedside table and turns to her.

**NORMAN**

How are you?

**CLAIRE**

Fine.

**NORMAN**

It's okay if you're not.

**CLAIRE**

I am, really.

**NORMAN**

It's just she's been the focus for a while.

**CLAIRE**

Not the focus.

**NORMAN**

You know what I mean.

Claire thinks for a moment.

**CLAIRE**

To tell you the truth...I'm excited.

**NORMAN**

You are...

**CLAIRE**

To get my life back. To have some time for myself. Some time for us.

He caresses her.

**NORMAN**

You did a great job. She's a good kid.

**CLAIRE**

We did.

There's a weighty pause.

**NORMAN**

It's just us now.

**CLAIRE**

I know.

He kisses her.

**NORMAN**

Tired?

**CLAIRE**

Nope.

**NORMAN**

Wanna fool around?

**CLAIRE**

Yup.

They start to kiss. It's slow and a bit methodical in the manner of long time lovers. Suddenly, the SOUND OF A WOMAN WAILING can be heard. They stop.

**NORMAN**

Did you...

**CLAIRE**

Shhh.

They listen. The sounds start to become louder. It is clearly two people in the throes of some very vocal and savage love making.

**NORMAN**

Jesus.

He walks over and closes the window. It doesn't help.

**NORMAN**

I guess they're making up.

The woman's moaning becomes embarrassingly loud.

**CLAIRE**

What is he doing to her?

They lie together in silence as the cacophony drones on.

**NORMAN**

And we moved out here for the quiet.

**CLAIRE**

Mmm.

Beat. The mood has passed.

**NORMAN**

Maybe we should just...

**CLAIRE**

Tomorrow.

**NORMAN**

I'm finished at three. No. Squash with Stan.

**CLAIRE**

After that.

**NORMAN**

I'll be there.

Beat.

**NORMAN**

Love you.

She smiles.

**CLAIRE**

Night.

They lie together in the darkness as the Feurs finally climax.

**INT. CAITLIN'S ROOM - DAY**

Claire pushes open the door to Caitlin's room carrying an armful of FOLDED LAUNDRY. She moves quickly to the bureau, not wanting to spend much time in here, then grabs a TINY BLACK TOP from the pile, and drops it into a drawer. She's just about to close it, when something catches her eye.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

She drops the laundry and slowly pulls a tattered, old JUILLIARD T-SHIRT with a very seventies logo from the drawer. Claire gazes around the room, which is a reliquary of Caitlin's recently concluded childhood; PICTURES, TROPHIES, STUFFED ANIMALS.

She brings the now faded T-shirt to her face and drinks in the smells. She stares down at the word "Juilliard."

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

"JUILLIARD"...now it's on the same T-shirt only Claire's wearing it and she's much younger. It's an old photograph in an album. Younger Norman stands next to her in the shot, his arm draped around her waist. A CELLO CASE stands beside her.

Claire glances around at several hastily unpacked boxes and sees propped in the corner...THE CELLO CASE. She gazes at other photos.

-- Claire in her wedding dress, Norman beside her in a tux with a very wide bow-tie.

-- Claire and Norman in front of a UNIVERSITY BUILDING. A tiny Caitlin rests on her hip.

Claire's chin begins to tremble and she chokes out a sob.

**EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY**

Her face streaked with tears, Claire stumbles out into the immaculately manicured ROSE GARDEN.

The yard is surrounded by a HIGH WOODEN FENCE. She collapses into a lawn chair as the tears begin to subside. Suddenly, she hears something coming from next door.

She cocks her head and attempts to make out the sound. It is, ironically, the sound of a WOMAN CRYING. Claire makes her way over to the fence. The women's sobbing becomes more plaintive and fevered.

She places her face against the prickly, vine covered fence and tries to peer through the crack. All she can make out is A DARK BLUE BLUR that seems to be rocking. Claire gathers her nerve and calls out...

**CLAIRE**

Hello...

There's no reaction.

**CLAIRE**

Mrs. Fear?

The sobbing chokes down to a breathless whimpering. The blue shape vanishes from view.

**CLAIRE**

Wait a minute. I just want--

Something bumps against the fence. Claire draws back. She hears heavy breathing.

**MRS. FEUR**

(sniffing)

Who are you?

**CLAIRE**

It's Mrs...It's Claire...Spencer. From next door. Is everything--

**MRS. FEUR**

You're the flower lady.

**CLAIRE**

Um...yes.

**MRS. FEUR**

I've seen you. From the window.

**CLAIRE**

Is everything alright?

Claire leans closer to the tiny crack. She sees a fleshy blur and what might be part of an eye. There's no response, just the breathing.

**CLAIRE**

Hello?

**MRS. FEUR**

I'm not...

She seems on the verge of losing it again.

**MRS. FEUR**

He's so...it's too much...and I can't...I can't breath...

**CLAIRE**

Who? Your husband?

**MRS. FEUR**

And I'm afraid. Oh god, I'm so afraid of...

She trails off.

**CLAIRE**

What? What are you afraid of?

**MRS. FEUR**

I can't, no, no, I can't...

Claire edges closer to the crack.

**CLAIRE**

Tell me. Please.

**MRS. FEUR**

That I'll just...that one day I'll  
just...disappear.

Beat. Claire's taken aback by this admission.

**CLAIRE**

Tell me. I can help you.

**MRS. FEUR**

How? How can you help me? With your  
flowers and your perfect life...

**CLAIRE**

That's not...It's not like that.

**MRS. FEUR**

I've never even met you.

**CLAIRE**

I know. And I'm sorry. I've been consumed  
with...my daughter left...for school.

**MRS. FEUR**

This fence...it's so...

**CLAIRE**

I'm sorry. It's for the flowers. Why  
don't you...

Tires can be heard crunching the gravel as a car pulls into  
the Feur's driveway.

**MRS. FEUR**

Oh God. He's back. I'm sorry. Please  
forget that I...I don't know what I'm  
saying. Please...

**CLAIRE**

Wait! Don't go...

Claire listens to the sound of NAKED FOOTSTEPS, followed by a

LARGE FRONT DOOR swinging shut. A CAR DOOR swings open and a MAN'S SHOES follow down the path.

Claire pulls back from the crack and leans against the fence as the door closes a second time. She sits there for a moment listening, but all is quiet.

**CLAIRE (V.O.)**

She sounded terrified.

**INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Claire and Norman eat dinner. A rainstorm pelts the windows.

**NORMAN**

Of what?

**CLAIRE**

Of him I think.

**NORMAN**

Did she say that?

**CLAIRE**

More or less.

Norman chews.

**NORMAN**

Honey, they're young. They're probably newlyweds.

**CLAIRE**

I'm telling you. There was something in her voice...

**NORMAN**

Remember how we were?

**CLAIRE**

Not like this. We were never like this.

(beat)

I want to go over there. After dinner, we can--

**NORMAN**

Why?

**CLAIRE**

To make sure she's all right.

Norman puts down his fork.

**NORMAN**

Claire, honey, we are not going to march  
next door and accuse our new neighbor of--

**CLAIRE**

(overlapping)  
That's not what I'm sug--

**NORMAN**

...when tonight they'll probably be  
keeping us awake.

**CLAIRE**

But what if something happens?

**NORMAN**

Claire...

**CLAIRE**

I'd never be able to live with mysel--

**NORMAN**

(reassuring)  
Nothing's going to happen.  
(beat)  
Besides, I have to work tonight. The  
conference is in less than two weeks.  
I've got to stay focused on that for just  
a little longer.  
(beat)  
This is...

**CLAIRE**

I know.

**NORMAN**

It's what I've been working for.

She glances down at her untouched plate.

**CLAIRE**

I just wish you could have heard her.

**NORMAN**

Look, I'll call Harvey Tomes in the Psych  
department, see what I can find out.

**CLAIRE**

Promise?

He gives her a "Didn't I just say so" look. She smiles.

**CLAIRE**

I'll make you some coffee.

She reaches for his plate to clear it. Norman grabs her hand and kisses it.

**INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Norman snores softly. Claire is awakened by the continuing STORM. She pads out to Norman's turreted library. Rain pelts the glass. Her face is briefly illuminated by the **LIGHTHOUSE BEAM**.

She hears the sound of a DOOR CLOSING and moves to get a better view of the Feuer's. Nothing but blackness. Just as she's turning to go back to bed. A LIGHTNING FLASH lights up the night. Claire's eyes go wide.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

In the split second of brilliance, she sees Mr. Feuer, in shirtsleeves, drenched, dragging A LARGE DUFFEL toward the open trunk of his car.

**CLAIRE**

(in a hoarse whisper)

Norman!

He's dead to the world. She calls to him again.

**CLAIRE**

Norman, you have to look at this!

**NORMAN**

Mmnph.

**CLAIRE**

Hurry...

Another flash illuminates...Norman at her side.

**CLAIRE**

Look!

...an EMPTY DRIVEWAY, then blackness.

**NORMAN**

What is it? What's the matter?

She stares down into the darkness.

**CLAIRE**

Nothing. There was...I thought I saw something.

**NORMAN**

Is it gone?

THE BEACON illuminates the empty driveway. She nods.

**NORMAN**

Come on, let's go back to bed.

Yet another bolt of lightning reveals Claire, still at the window.

**EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING**

Claire sets up a camera and tripod. She steps back and aims her camera. She glances up at a large upstairs window at the FEUR'S HOUSE. One side of the curtain seems to be pulled open, but no one's there.

Feeling self-conscious, she turns back to the camera. The morning sun hits the flowers just right and she SNAPS SEVERAL PICTURES OF THEM against her lovely house.

She glances back at the Feur's window. The CURTAIN IS NOW **CLOSED**.

She walks over to the fence and tries to peek through it. When this doesn't work, she drags a lawn chair over and peers across the fence. She can barely see over, but glimpses:

A DEEP FURROW in the mud of the driveway. Just then, a car pulls into the driveway, Claire scrambles down from her perch.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Claire walks out to find her best friend, JODY, pretty, in her forties, wearing hip, hippie-ish clothes.

**CLAIRE**

Hey there.

Jody hugs her.

**JODY**

How you holding up?

**CLAIRE**

Good. I'm good.

**JODY**

You are?

**CLAIRE**

Why does everyone find that so surprising?

**JODY**

(are you kidding?)

Cause...your...only daughter just went away to school...who you were incredibly close with aaand I'd be tripping...

**CLAIRE**

Okay, I'm a little tender.

**JODY**

Well good. So you're human.

**CLAIRE**

And so far my day has consisted of taking pictures of my roses for the garden club.

**JODY**

Wow. Got here just in time.  
(reaching into her bag)  
I brought you this.

She proffers several homemade tea bags.

**CLAIRE**

What is it?

**JODY**

Kombucha mushroom tea...

**CLAIRE**

Jody--

**JODY**

It soothes heart-ache and promotes psychic wellness. Sela suggested I bring--

**CLAIRE**

You're discussing me with your psychic?

**JODY**

She's not a psychic. Just a very enlightened spirit.

**CLAIRE**

Thanks, but I'm fine.

**JODY**

(pressing it into her hand)

So you'll have some later.

(beat)

Notice anything...different?

Claire gives her friend the once over, then notices the mint Karman-Ghia behind her.

**CLAIRE**

Oh my god. You bought it.

**JODY**

Yep.

**CLAIRE**

It's niiice.

**JODY**

Beautiful thing, alimony. Lose a husband, get a car. Think it'll help me pick up dudes?

**CLAIRE**

Absolutely.

**JODY**

Listen, I've gotta run. I just thought I'd stop by and see if you want to take the boat out, say Thursday morning?

**CLAIRE**

You got it.

Jody grins.

**JODY**

See you then.

Jody drives off. Claire walks down the driveway to her front door and sees Mr. Feuer staring at her from a window. She starts to wave, but the curtain is drawn shut.

Claire arrives at the front door and reaches out to touch the doorknob. She stops. A FAINT RUSTLING can be heard from within. Claire quietly opens the door and moves into:

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

Claire stops inside the door. Now it sounds like WHISPERING.

Two voices, tense, impassioned. It seems to be coming from Norman's study. She gathers her nerve, then bursts into the room.

**INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY**

But the whispering has suddenly stopped.

**CLAIRE**

Hello?

The lovely circular room is completely empty. She looks around, puzzled. Cooper, the family's aging lab, casually ambles over.

**CLAIRE**

(to Cooper)

Please tell me you heard that.

**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

Claire and Cooper, out on a walk, emerge onto large rocks at the water's edge. Claire tosses a long stick for Cooper, who bolts out onto the LONG WOODEN DOCK. Claire gazes at the LIGHTHOUSE across the lake and a long BRIDGE in the distance. Cooper starts BARKING and looking down into the water.

Claire arrives at Cooper's side and stares down into the dark water.

**CLAIRE**

Cooper...what do you see?

She looks down and sees nothing but her own reflection. After a moment, she notices a FAINT WHITE SHAPE directly in the reflection of her face. Cooper rumbles a low growl. The shape seems to be gaining definition.

**RRRING!**

Claire gasps quietly, then reaches into a pocket in her sweater and pulls out a cordless phone.

**CLAIRE**

(into phone)

Hi.

**NORMAN (V.O.)**

(on the other end)

I'm stuck here for another couple of hours.

Claire's smile fades.

**CLAIRE**

Oh.

**NORMAN (V.O.)**

Unless you need me to come home...

**CLAIRE**

No, no. It's fine.

Claire slowly leans out over the water to check her reflection...

**NORMAN (V.O.)**

You sure?

...but the shape is gone.

**NORMAN (V.O.)**

Claire?

**CLAIRE**

Huh? Absolutely. Take your time.

She clicks off the phone and looks down at the calm water.

**INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT**

Claire sits in a small workroom at a computer. She focuses intently on the screen.

**ANGLE**

It's ALICE'S COMPUTER SOLITAIRE. She flips the last card and an animated Queen of Hearts, accompanied by a series of musical notes, parades across the screen.

**QUEEN OF HEARTS**

(on computer)

You lost! Off with your head!

Claire hits "New Game" and watches as a fresh hand of cyber solitaire is dealt. She suddenly has a thought and disappears into the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

She glances at Jody's tea, smiles, then refills her glass of red wine. She picks up the phone from its cradle and moves into:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

She dials a number. LOUD REGGAE can be heard blaring through the phone.

**CLAIRE**

(straining to be heard)

Hello? I'm looking for Caitlin Spencer.  
She's in 314...Well, could you check?

She plugs one ear.

**CLAIRE**

Oh. Well, just tell her that her mother  
called. Her mother. Thank you. Excuse  
me, how can you study with that?

The noise abruptly stops. Claire clicks off the phone and replaces it in the sweater pocket. She tunes the stereo to a classical music station.

**INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT**

She walks in, places the cordless phone on a BASE UNIT, then hears a different set of musical notes from the computer. She stares at the screen, stunned.

**ANGLE**

The game has been finished. Cards with faces swarm chaotically across the screen with the message: YOU WIN!

**CLAIRE**

Oh. Kay.

Without warning, the radio dial rips cacophonously past several stations and comes to a stop on some angry, punkish rock and roll.

**CLAIRE**

Jesus...

She bolts around a corner to the stereo. The music is chaotic and deafening. She finds Cooper growling at...no one. She turns off the stereo. Cooper suddenly bolts down the hall. She follows him.

**INT. FOYER - NIGHT**

The foyer's empty, but the front door is open. Claire nervously walks out and looks around.

**CLAIRE**

Cooper!

**POV - THE GARDEN**

No sign of the dog.

Claire turns to go back inside. When she touches the doorknob, she hears the whispering again. A fleeting shadow draws her eye to a COAT RACK MIRROR which reflects directly into the study.

**CLAIRE**

Hello...?!

The whispering stops.

**INT. NORMAN'S LAB - NIGHT**

Claire walks in to find Norman surrounded by several GRAD STUDENTS. At school he's a very different man; pressed shirt and tie, hair neatly brushed back. They're performing some unseen procedure on a live sheep in a containment harness. She stops by the door to watch him.

**NORMAN**

...and then what...Courtney?

An intense ASIAN GIRL answers.

**COURTNEY**

We administer the Halothane.

**NORMAN**

Dosage?

She glances at her notes.

**COURTNEY**

Three point five cc's.

**NORMAN**

Excellent. Properties? Andrew from downtown...

Andrew, tall razor thin, was waiting for this.

**ANDREW**

An organic, neuromuscular blocking agent, which when administered in aerosol form temporarily renders the subject immobile.

**NORMAN**

Nothing but net.

He measures out the liquid from a blue plastic bottle into an apparatus connected to an inhalation mask on the sheep.

**NORMAN**

Prudence here's an old friend.

He moves to the sheep's head and strokes it as he nods to Courtney who turns a valve on the apparatus. The sheep suddenly goes completely still. Norman moves around and begins a brief procedure.

**NORMAN**

I try to stay on her good side because I owe her my career and most of our grant money. Why else?

He completes the procedure. They look at him blankly.

**NORMAN**

Always do unto others as you'd have others do unto your ewe.

Groans, laughter. He stops Claire.

**NORMAN**

That'll do it. Write this up for Tuesday!

Andrew and Amy tend to Prudence, the rest leave. Claire moves over to him. They kiss. Norman packs notes and some of the chemicals into a LEATHER CASE.

**NORMAN**

(warm)

What are you doing here?

**CLAIRE**

There were some noises. I didn't want to disturb you.

She watches as the sheep slowly becomes reanimated and is led out of the room.

**NORMAN**

What do you mean? Some noises where?

**CLAIRE**

In the house. I was scared.

**NORMAN**

Did you call the police?

**CLAIRE**

No. Can you drive me home? I'll bring you back in the morning.

**NORMAN**

Of course.

He takes her arm.

**INT. THE FOYER - NIGHT**

Norman pushes open the front door. Cooper pads over, wagging his tail. They walk together past the stereo into...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

...the living room. All is quiet. They move into...

**INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT**

It's undisturbed. Norman checks the window locks.

**CLAIRE**

It was there. This angry music all by itself. And I heard whispering.

**NORMAN**

What kind of whispering?

**CLAIRE**

I don't know. Just...whispering.

He nods as Cooper appears.

**NORMAN**

What'd you see, Coop?

The dog stares blankly.

**CLAIRE**

(to Cooper)  
Tell him!

Norman smiles.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Norman sits on the bed and pulls off his shoes.

**NORMAN**

I'm gonna have the police check on the house.

Claire leans against the window sill.

**CLAIRE**

Oh great, "Can you look in on my wife, she's hearing voices?" Wait'll that gets around.

He walks over to her.

**NORMAN**

I've got the conference next week. I want you to feel safe.

**CLAIRE**

I do, I do. I'm sure I'm just...how was your day?

He goes to his dresser and fishes a little joint from a box in his dresser.

**NORMAN**

Think I may have cracked it.

**CLAIRE**

Really?

She produces a match and lights it. They sit on the bed.

**NORMAN**

I think so. Maybe.

**CLAIRE**

You are so brilliant.

**NORMAN**

Yep.

**CLAIRE**

Madame Curie, Jonas Salk, Norman Spencer...

**NORMAN**

(smiling)

You know what that does to me.

She takes a little puff on the joint as he kisses her neck.

**NORMAN**

(stopping)

Ohmigod. You'll never believe...I saw Schumway...

**CLAIRE**

You're kidding.

**NORMAN**

He's here giving some arcane spiel for the physics department, so Bob Shine introduces us...

**CLAIRE**

Wow.

He nods, Claire passes the joint back.

**NORMAN**

And he says...you'll fucking love this, he says, "Doctor Spencer, I am a great admirer of your work..."

**CLAIRE**

Well, that's nice.

**NORMAN**

"...especially Spencer's Theorem..."

**CLAIRE**

(overlapping)

Oh, no...

**NORMAN**

"...of Perpetual Distances."

(beat)

Everybody's checking their shoelaces. Pins drop. "I'm afraid you've mistaken me," I say...

**CLAIRE**

(overlapping)

That's...

**NORMAN**

"...for my father."

**CLAIRE**

I'm so sorry.

**NORMAN**

Didn't know he was dead, every stinking paper on the globe.

**CLAIRE**

That's just mean.  
(indicating joint)  
Oh. Jody wanted to know if I could get  
her some.

**NORMAN**

(quickly glancing over)  
Did you tell her?

**CLAIRE**

What? No. No.

**NORMAN**

You didn't?

**CLAIRE**

(with a smile)  
Norman, you are so funny about that. No,  
I didn't.

He takes a little toke, then vanishes into the bathroom.

**NORMAN (O.S.)**

Cause that would be really--

She lays back on the bed. Sounds of flushing.

**CLAIRE**

I didn't.

He reappears without the joint.

**NORMAN**

Sorry. You understand.

**CLAIRE**

Did you call about the Feurs?

**NORMAN**

Oh, right. Yes. Harvey says the guy's a  
sweetheart. Wouldn't hurt a fly.

**CLAIRE**

Huh.

Claire ponders this. Norman turns off the light and joins  
her on the bed. He kisses her knee.

**NORMAN**

Do the brilliant Norman stuff some more.

Then starts working his way up her thigh.

**NORMAN**

And speak up.

Claire smiles.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Claire sits frozen, cello between her legs, bow hovering in position. After an uncomfortable long pause, she touches bow to string, drawing in a breath at the power of the sound.

Claire takes another deep breath, then launches into a beautiful and melancholy piece of music. She's very, very good. Eyes closed. Her body begins to sway slightly as her left hand vibratos like butterfly wings on the neck.

She reaches a difficult transition and falters. She seems almost surprised. She attacks the transition again, and again falters. Claire bites her lower lip and tries yet again, this time failing completely.

She sits back in the chair, despondent. Almost as an afterthought, she sadly drags the bow across strings. At the end of the tone, something catches her ear. She can just make out the HINT OF A FAINT FEMININE VOICE echoing the tone.

She sits up and plays a different note, then another. Each time the soft mournful voice becomes more distinct. Finally she plays a sharp, higher pitched note. The voice echoes with a distinct, unsettling shriek.

**CRASH!**

**INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DUSK**

Claire walks in and sees:

INSERT-- Lying on the floor...A FRAMED NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH OF NORMAN AND CLAIRE.

The caption announces that he's being promoted to the "distinguished DUPONT CHAIR IN GENETICS." Through the spiderwebbed glass, Norman can be seen shaking hands with an older academic, hugging a smiling Claire to his side.

Claire kneels down to gather the picture. A single shard of glass is missing. She finds it a foot away by a distinctive knot in the wood floor.

She notices a COPPER GLINT in the point of glass, but when

she moves it, it's gone. She places the pieces of broken glass on the frame and stands.

Out of the window directly in front of her sees: Mr. Feur, removing a DIRT COVERED SHOVEL from his trunk. She glances down at the picture, then back up at Mr. Feur, who carries the shovel around back.

**CLAIRE**

Oh no...

Claire wraps up the broken picture. She hears a car door slam and glances out the window in time to see Mr. Feur driving off.

**EXT. GARDEN - DAY**

A stiff autumn breeze. Claire stands at the fence.

**CLAIRE**

Mrs. Feur?

She looks through the tiny crack. Nothing.

**CLAIRE**

Hello?

(beat)

Are you there?

Silence.

**EXT. THE FEUR'S - DAY**

Claire glances down as she walks past THE FURROW. She looks up at the house, which seems quite placid, then slowly heads around back.

**EXT. FEUR'S BACK PORCH - DAY**

She takes in the lake view from the large porch. The wind is really blowing. Her eye catches on something. Propped against the back door...

**THE SOIL COVERED SHOVEL**

Claire takes a pinch of soil from the shovel and tastes it, then knocks at the back door. There's no answer. She knocks again. Nothing. She's turning to go, then the door swings open. The smile fades from Claire's face.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

The immense MR. FEUR filling the doorway.

**MR. FEUR**

Yes?

**CLAIRE**

Um...

**MR. FEUR**

I'm running late here. I just came back for my briefcase.

**CLAIRE**

Right. Well, I wanted to stop by to welcome you to the uh, to the neighborhood. I'm Claire Spencer. From next door.

**MR. FEUR**

This really isn't a good time.

He starts to close the door.

**CLAIRE**

Well maybe your wife...

**MR. FEUR**

(growing cold)

She isn't here.

**CLAIRE**

When...when will she be back?

**MR. FEUR**

I don't know.

**CLAIRE**

Oh-kay...

**MR. FEUR**

I have to go.

Slam. And Claire is staring at a closed door.

**JODY (V.O.)**

What do you mean she's gone?

**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

Claire and Jody knife slowly through the water in the Spencer's sailboat heading back toward the dock, the OLD LIGHTHOUSE, the BRIDE in the background.

**CLAIRE**

She's not there. I haven't seen her since that morning. Well, I mean, I've never actually seen her, but I'm telling you, she's disappeared.

Jody finishes securing a line. The breeze is mild, so they just cruise with the wind.

**JODY**

What are you saying?

Claire just looks at her.

**JODY**

You think he killed her?

**CLAIRE**

I don't know. When you say it, it sounds crazy. But what else could it all be?

Jody shakes her head.

**CLAIRE**

I mean, he's so kind of grim and daunting, and she sounded terrified of something.

Claire glances over at Jody.

**CLAIRE**

(laughing to herself)

Listen to me. I sound like some middle-aged Nancy Drew.

Jody regards her. After a beat:

**JODY**

Know what I think?

**CLAIRE**

What?

**JODY**

Seance.

**CLAIRE**

Jody, no...

**JODY**

Telling you...

**CLAIRE**

(overlapping)  
...no...no...no...

**JODY**

Just bought this beautiful antique Ouija.

**CLAIRE**

Please. That's all I need.

Jody shrugs, "Have it your way." Beat.

**JODY**

Hey, look.

CLAIRE'S HOUSE across the lake.

**JODY**

So pretty.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

A FIGURE in the turreted window of Norman's study.

**CLAIRE**

Someone's there.

**JODY**

What?

**CLAIRE**

In the window. Norman's at work.

**JODY**

I don't...

Claire looks over at Jody.

**CLAIRE**

(pointing)  
There. In the study. Don't you see--

She looks again-- nothing.

**CLAIRE**

Wow. I'm losing it.

**JODY**

No, you're not.

(beat)

But a presence in your house is not

something to be taken lightly.

Claire stares back at the house.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Claire walks in and sets down some packages. She opens one and pulls out new toothpaste and...AN ENVELOPE-- the kind your pictures come back in. She absently leafs through them, then freezes. She gapes at one of the shots.

**CLAIRE**

Oh boy...

**INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT**

Claire turns off the lights and crouches down. She raises a pair of BINOCULARS.

**POV - BINOCULARS**

Claire rakes the binoculars across the Feur's house...past their car parked in front until she finds A LIGHT ON  
**DOWNSTAIRS.**

The tall, powerfully built Mr. Feur walks into the room and sits by himself at the dining room table, which is set for one. He eats a TV dinner, slowly chewing and staring straight ahead. He sips from a can of beer.

Just then...A HAND GRABS CLAIRE'S ARM. She lets out a screech and turns to see Norman standing beside her.

**NORMAN**

What are you doing?

She glances back out the window and sees Mr. Feur standing at the window, paging the curtain. She squats down, pulling Norman with her.

**CLAIRE**

(shrill whisper)  
Get down! He'll see.

**NORMAN**

(also whispers)  
What's going on, Claire?

**CLAIRE**

Shhhh.

She peers over the sill in time to see Mr. Feur turning away

from the window. She takes Norman by the hand and leads him downstairs.

**INT. CLAIRE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

She leads Norman in.

**NORMAN**

(still whispering)

Why am I...

(full voice)

Why am I whispering in my own house?

Claire turns.

**CLAIRE**

He killed her.

**NORMAN**

What?

**CLAIRE**

He did. She's in the picture. I went over to look and she's gone. The table was set for one.

**NORMAN**

And that means he murdered his wife?  
This is getting ridic--

**CLAIRE**

No, no, no, no. The soil on the shovel,  
his shovel...that's clay. It's not from  
here, believe me, I...

(frustrated, she grabs the  
photos)

All right, look at this.

She triumphantly thrusts one before him. Norman looks at it.

**NORMAN**

Our house.

**CLAIRE**

No. Look! In the window.

The ROSES. She points out a HAZY FIGURE in the TURRETED WINDOW of the study. Norman takes it over to the light.

**NORMAN**

It's a flare.

**CLAIRE**

A flare?

**NORMAN**

From the sun. It's a reflection on the glass.

**CLAIRE**

It's her! I'm telling you. She whispered and turned on the music. She's trying to contact me!

**NORMAN**

(making sure he's got it)  
It's a ghost.

Norman shakes his head. He looks again at the picture, does a quick calculation.

**NORMAN**

You took this in the morning, didn't you?

She nods slightly.

**NORMAN**

When the sun would be exactly right.

She's got him.

**CLAIRE**

Then why isn't it in any of the other pictures?

She thrusts the batch at him. He peruses the other few shots of the garden.

**NORMAN**

A cloud passed. Or it's a bounce off the lake. See?

She looks. He might not be wrong.

**CLAIRE**

Where is she then?

**NORMAN**

She could be out. She could be sick in bed for all we know.

**CLAIRE**

Okay. Okay. I'll bet there's...Look at this.

She leads him out of the room.

**INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT**

Claire stares at the computer screen triumphantly.

**CLAIRE**

See?

**NORMAN**

What am I looking at?

**CLAIRE**

(indicating completed solitaire  
game)

I didn't do that.

**NORMAN**

Who did? Mrs. Feur?

**CLAIRE**

Maybe. Point is...not me.

**NORMAN**

Right. And why is she here? If he killed  
her, why doesn't she haunt him?

**CLAIRE**

She was lonely, I talked to her. Norman,  
I know how it looks, but--

**NORMAN**

Claire, listen to me. I know you're under  
some strain. But there's no such thing as  
ghosts. They don't exist. Our neighbor  
did not kill his wife, and I...wait, why  
aren't you dressed?

**CLAIRE**

Dressed?

**NORMAN**

Dinner. With Stan and his new girl.

**CLAIRE**

When?

**NORMAN**

What do you mean? Claire, we talked about  
it. You didn't want Japanese, I said, Our  
first date since...

**CLAIRE**

(she seems confused)

Oh.

**NORMAN**

...since Caitlin. You don't remember this?

**CLAIRE**

Tonight?

**NORMAN**

Yes, tonight. We're going to be--

She looks at his watch.

**CLAIRE**

Fashionably five minutes late.

She bolts up the stairs.

**INT. NORMAN'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT**

They drive across the bridge.

**NORMAN**

(concerned, exasperated)

When you do this, I swear...

**CLAIRE**

(overlapping)

...Don't get all...

**NORMAN**

...like it never even happened...

**CLAIRE**

Okay, okay, I'm sure that I just...

He pulls out a cell phone and punches in a number.

**CLAIRE**

What are you doing?

**NORMAN**

Restaurant. Let them know we're running late.

**CLAIRE**

Five minutes?

The phone flashes..."NO SERVICE."

**CLAIRE**

You're not at the center.

**NORMAN**

(overlapping)

I know I'm not at the center of the bridge.

**CLAIRE**

We're going to be fine.

They near the far side of the bridge. Norman looks down at the cell phone, which now reads, "ROAM." He presses a button.

**NORMAN**

There we go.

**CLAIRE**

Well, that's a relief.

He shoots her a look.

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

A cozy, candlelit Italian place in town. Claire and Norman arrive at the table. STAN rises. The chair next to him is empty. He kisses her cheek.

**CLAIRE**

Hi Stan. Sorry we're late.  
(too earnest)  
It was my fault.

She greets Stan, a friendly looking man in his forties.

**STAN**

We just got here.

Claire flashes a semi-playful look back at Norman.

**CLAIRE**

Where's the new squeeze?

A VOICE speaks out from behind her.

**VOICE**

Here I am.

Claire turns to find A TALL, ELEGANT BRUNETTE standing behind

her. The woman's face registers some shock.

**STAN**

I'd like you to meet...

**CLAIRE**

Elena?

**ELENA**

Ohmigod...

The two women embrace, then beam at each other.

**CLAIRE**

Wow.

**ELENA**

This is...

**CLAIRE**

(to Norman)

We know each other.

**NORMAN**

Hope so.

**LATER**

Post meal. Several empty wine bottle decorate the table.

**ELENA**

We had this Finnish conductor, Aki, Laki, something. He had these ridiculous bangs. And he'd sweep them off with his baton every minute or so, and it drove us insane, remember?

Claire nods.

**CLAIRE**

He looked like one of the Monkees.

**ELENA**

Anyway, Claire slept with him...

**CLAIRE**

I didn't sleep with him.

**ELENA**

...just so she could cut them off.

**CLAIRE**

He was so pissed.

**ELENA**

I came in from my room...

**CLAIRE**

(interjecting)

We were suite mates.

**ELENA**

And there's this brilliant conductor in purple briefs with no bangs cursing his ass off in Finnish.

**CLAIRE**

Oh God...

They dissolve into giggles. Norman and Stan smile.

**STAN**

Well...

**NORMAN**

(to Stan)

I made an honest woman out of her.

Elena puts her hand on Claire's.

**ELENA**

(to Stan)

You should have heard her play.

**CLAIRE**

Stop.

**ELENA**

We both auditioned for the Philharmonic. One cello position open.

**CLAIRE**

Do we have to?

**ELENA**

And I kicked ass. My best stuff. Then I stood in the hallway and listened to her audition...and I cried.

**CLAIRE**

She's making this up.

**ELENA**

I'm not. Couldn't pick up my cello for

weeks.

**STAN**

What happened?

Elena looks at Claire, then smiles.

**ELENA**

She got it.

(beat)

Turned it down.

**CLAIRE**

I met a dashing young grad student after a recital one night...

Claire puts her arm around Norman.

**CLAIRE**

...and three months later I was married.

He squeezes her hand.

**INT. WORK ROOM - DAY**

Claire walks into the work room with the portable phone to her ear and a cup of Jody's special tea. She sniffs it and makes a face as she turns on the computer. After several rings a GIRL picks up on the other end.

**CLAIRE**

(on phone)

Caitlin?

**GIRL'S VOICE**

(overlapping)

Can you hang up? I'm trying to make a call.

The line goes dead. Claire hits redial and gets...a BUSY SIGNAL. She clicks the phone off as the computer boots up. Claire puts the phone down and starts a game of Alice's Solitaire. She turns a card and waits.

**CLAIRE**

Gee, that's tricky. Sure could use some help.

She waits, the cursor blinks benignly.

**CLAIRE**

Come on...

Nothing happens.

**INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY**

She walks into the room and notices STEAM wafting from the cracked bathroom door.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Claire enters the steamy bathroom. The tub is nearly overflowing with water. She squats down to drain the tub.

She stops, feeling watched, then slowly peers behind her...no one's there. Claire reaches toward the water to yank the plug's chain, then freezes. In the bathwater's still reflection she see:

A PRETTY YOUNG BLOND standing beside her. Startled, she pops up and slams into the SHOWER HEAD.

Claire collapses over the side of the tub, her head dipping underwater. A small cloud of red surrounds her. Moments later, an arm wraps around her.

**CUT TO:**

Blurry shapes.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Claire...

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

CLAIRE'S POV - A FACE sharpens into focus hovering above her...Norman.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Claire sits on the bed. Norman dabs the blood from a tiny cut on the back of her head.

**CLAIRE**

I don't need a shrink.

**NORMAN**

(gently)

Harvey says he's amazing.

**CLAIRE**

Norman...

**NORMAN**

What can it hurt to talk to someone?

She goes to her dresser and gets a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE and starts to open it. Norman gently places a hand on her arm.

**NORMAN**

Please.

She shoots him a look...

**NORMAN**

You promised.

...and puts the pills down.

**NORMAN**

(gently)

Claire, she's been a huge part of your life for seventeen years. If you weren't thrown off balance by this, then something would be wrong.

**CLAIRE**

I never said I wasn't upset. Of course I'm upset. I miss her terribly. But I know what I saw and what I heard...and it wasn't some "symptom" of something...

**NORMAN**

I never said...

**CLAIRE**

...and I don't think I'm some lonely, middle-aged woman cracking up.

Beat.

**NORMAN**

Are you lonely?

**CLAIRE**

No! And I don't need a psychiatrist!

**INT. DR. DRAYTON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Claire sits in a comfortable looking chair with her purse in her lap, arms crossed.

**DR. DRAYTON (O.S.)**

(a smooth, mellifluous  
baritone)

Who's idea was it?

**CLAIRE**

Mine. His. We both...thought...

She trails off. Camera slowly pulls back to reveal, DR. TIMOTHY DRAYTON, a stocky, light skinned black man in his late forties with a kind face and piercing brown eyes.

**CLAIRE**

I didn't want to come.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Then why did you?

**CLAIRE**

Because he was worried about me.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Your husband?

**CLAIRE**

Yes.

(beat)

I'm sure he's hoping you'll pack me full of prozac so he can live out his life in peace.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Do you really think so?

**CLAIRE**

No.

There's a pause.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Why is he worried?

**CLAIRE**

Because, I don't know, because sometimes...sometimes I forget things...and ever since Caitlin left, ever since my daughter left for school, there've been...I fainted and...

(beat)

Why is this so hard?

Dr. Drayton takes a little silver bowl full of shiny, red FIREBALLS next to his chair. He proffers it to Claire.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Fireball?

**CLAIRE**

You're joking.

He shakes his head. She shrugs, then grabs one and pops it into her mouth.

**DR. DRAYTON**

It's hard because I'm a complete stranger and what we're talking about is incredibly personal. Besides, the first time most people come here, a part of them is wondering if I'm gonna think they're crazy.

She sucks on the fireball and slowly nods.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Don't worry, I'm required to have at least three sessions in order to commit.

Her eyes get a little wider.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Now that's a joke.

She manages an unsteady smile.

**DR. DRAYTON**

I have some training at helping people through the stressful moments in life, one of which you may or may not be experiencing. If you want to get some stuff off your chest, great. If not...

He smiles and shrugs, "no problem." She stares at him for a moment.

**CLAIRE**

(re: fireball)

These are good.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Mm-hmm.

She studies him for a moment.

**CLAIRE**

There's a ghost in my house.

He nods slightly, as if she's told him, "I have some

anxiety." Claire goes on.

**CLAIRE**

She finished my solitaire game and turned on the radio...she likes rock and roll. Angry rock and roll.

**DR. DRAYTON**

How do you know it's a she?

**CLAIRE**

I saw her in the water. Beside me. She was filling the bathtub.

**DR. DRAYTON**

What does she look like?

**CLAIRE**

Pretty. She's a blond.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Do you have any idea who she is?

**CLAIRE**

Um...I'd rather not say...just yet.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Fine.

**CLAIRE**

What do you think I should do?

He thinks for a moment, then:

**DR. DRAYTON**

Try to contact her.

Claire nearly swallows her fireball.

**CLAIRE**

What?

**DR. DRAYTON**

Try to communicate with her somehow.

**CLAIRE**

You think that'll help?

**DR. DRAYTON**

Can't hurt. And I think it's important you find out what she wants.

Claire ponders this for a moment, then looks back up at him.

**CLAIRE**

Are you humoring me?

**DR. DRAYTON**

Nope.

She seems satisfied by his sincerity.

**CLAIRE**

How?

**DR. DRAYTON**

I don't know. My aunt used to use my  
uncle's old pajamas and a candle.

He stands. Claire nods, then stands. She smiles too.

**CLAIRE**

Is this time okay?

He nods.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Claire walks in carrying a half-empty bottle of wine. She looks over at Jody, who turns off the lights. Jody then strikes a match and lights a LARGE CANDLE. She unveils her carved ANTIQUE OUIJA BOARD.

**JODY**

Sit down here.

**CLAIRE**

(nervous, jokey)

Are we hoping the ghost is going to  
have to pee?

Jody turns to her, deadly serious.

**JODY**

Isn't this where you saw her?

Claire's smile fades. She nods.

**JODY**

Then this is where she'll be.

They sit cross legged, the board between them.

**JODY**

Place your fingers on the planchette.

**CLAIRE**

The planchette?

**JODY**

This.

Jody indicates the wooden pointing device. Each woman grasps an edge.

**JODY**

(in a low voice)

We wish to commune with the spirit of  
Mrs. Feur.

(to Claire)

What's her first name?

**CLAIRE**

I don't know.

Jody closes her eyes. Claire follows suit.

**JODY**

I call forth the entity that is haunting  
this house.

They look down at the planchette, which hasn't moved.

**JODY**

Mrs. Feur?

There's still no movement.

**CLAIRE**

Nothing's happening.

**JODY**

Shhh.

Jody focuses intently.

**JODY**

Reveal yourself to us.

A long moment passes. It's starting to seem like a bust.  
Suddenly, THE CANDLE FLARES. Even Jody seems startled.

**JODY**

(to the spirit)

Who...who are you?

At first, nothing happens. Then, slowly, the planchette

starts to move across the board.

**CLAIRE**

Are you doing that?

Jody shakes her head.

**CLAIRE**

I'm not doing that.

The planchette comes to rest on the letter "M." Moments later, it starts to move again drifting over and stopping on "E."

**CLAIRE**

Oh...

**JODY**

**M-E...**

It starts to drift again, moving slowly toward the space between "E" and "F." The planchette stops on "F." Jody removes her fingers from the device.

**JODY**

Mef? What's Mef?

**CLAIRE**

It's initials. F is Feur. It's her.

Suddenly, the CANDLE starts flickering strangely and **THE PLANCHETTE SLIDES JERKILY ON ITS OWN...M-E-F, M-E-F...**

**JODY**

Shit...

Jody stumbles backwards, gasping.

**JODY**

Did you see that?

Claire leans in.

**CLAIRE**

(to ghost)

What happened to you?

The CANDLE GOES OUT.

**JODY**

Oh God...

Jody bolts. Claire follows.

**EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Claire catches up to the completely spooked Jody outside the work room. She holds onto her arm.

**JODY**

I have to go.

**CLAIRE**

Jody, wait.

Cooper's growling in the work room. They look in.

**JODY**

Claire, this is...this is...

Claire, transfixed, walks in.

**INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT**

She stares at the computer screen, which is being filled with letters at an amazing speed.

**MEFMEFMEFMEFMEFMEF...**

She hears the front door swing open.

**CLAIRE**

Jody!

**INT. FOYER - NIGHT**

Claire arrives at the open front door in time to see the Karman-Ghia tearing out of the driveway. She turns and goes back into the house.

**CRASH!**

She edges into...

**INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT**

The picture has, once again, tumbled from its spot. She drops to her knees over the picture. This time THE GLASS IS SHATTERED. When she picks out the remaining shards, the newspaper photo slides out. Claire glances at the benign news stories on the back.

She looks around and spots a piece of glass wedged in a crack in the floor boards by the knot.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

The piece of glass, wedged next to what looks like A COPPER COIN in the crack. It's too big to be a penny.

She tries to use the piece of glass to pry it free, but recoils. A tiny drop of blood appears on her finger, which she pops into her mouth.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Still sucking on her finger, Claire walks in and begins to clean up the remains of the seance. She bends down to pick up the Ouija board, then stops when she notices that the tub is again full to the brink of overflowing.

**CLAIRE**

What do you want?!

Claire peers around, frustrated, half waiting for a reply. There is only silence. She reaches in to pull the plug, nearly scalding her hand. When she turns for a hand towel she finds a message traced into the steamed-up mirror:

**"YOU KNOW"**

She draws in a breath and darts out of the bathroom.

**EXT. LAB BUILDING - NIGHT**

Norman nods to a SECURITY GUARD as he leaves a darkened university building. He sees Claire standing at the foot of the steps.

**NORMAN**

What are you doing out here?

**CLAIRE**

He killed her. I'm not crazy. He killed her and--

**NORMAN**

This is the Feur thing?

**CLAIRE**

Yes. And he's going to get away with it.

Norman's momentarily speechless.

**NORMAN**

How do you know this?

**CLAIRE**

We had a seance.

**NORMAN**

Who did?

**CLAIRE**

Jody and I. And she was there, Norman, she was. It scared Jody so bad she had to leave.

**NORMAN**

How did you--

**CLAIRE**

Jody brought a Ouija board and we summoned her.

He regards her for a moment.

**NORMAN**

Are you angry at me?

This stops Claire in her tracks.

**CLAIRE**

What?

**NORMAN**

Maybe you resent how busy I've been.

**CLAIRE**

What are you...? No.

**NORMAN**

You know what I've got at stake with this paper. You know that. I can't help but think that you're doing this now to hurt me, or to sabotage me somehow.

**CLAIRE**

Sabotage?

**NORMAN**

Ever since the accident I've been worried that you'd been unhappy, or...

**CLAIRE**

The accident...?

**NORMAN**

But then you've been so much better...

**CLAIRE**

Norman, this isn't about you. This is something that's happening to me. It's not to get even...and it's not some warped bid for attention. Some strange things are happening in our house, whether you believe in them or not...

**NORMAN**

Sweetheart--

**CLAIRE**

No! Not sweetheart, no. I believe in what's happening. I don't want to, but I do. I guess I was foolish enough to think that would be enough for you.

She turns on a heel and walks toward her car.

**EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT**

Norman catches up to her as a LARGE CROWD is filing out of the concert hall next door.

**NORMAN**

You're overreacting.

She turns on him.

**CLAIRE**

Don't tell me how to react!

Norman glances around at the crowded sidewalk.

**NORMAN**

Keep your voice down.

**CLAIRE**

I will NOT.

Some of the bystanders stop to watch.

**CLAIRE**

(still loud)

Maybe you're right. Maybe I'm losing my mind...

**NORMAN**

(looking around)

Claire, please...

Claire leans in and lowers her voice without diminishing her intensity.

**CLAIRE**

...But what if I'm not? What if she died in terror and betrayal and some part of her can't move on while that's unresolved. Can't you just...

Something behind him catches her eye. She trails off.

**CLAIRE**

Wow...

Claire walks past him toward the parking lot.

**NORMAN**

Claire, please...

There's a dangerous energy to her walk. People step out of the way.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Claire walks past several cars until she sees the one she's after. MR. FEUR steps out from behind the open trunk of his old Buick.

**CLAIRE**

(walking up)

You!

He looks up at her.

**CLAIRE**

You think you're smart, don't you? You think you got away clean. Well, I know you killed her. You drowned her in the bathtub and got rid of her somewhere and I'm gonna find her, you murdering sonofabitch.

Mr. Feur stares, dazed, through the tirade. Norman arrives at her side.

**MR. FEUR**

Who?

**CLAIRE**

(scoffing)

Give me that shit. Your wife.

**MR. FEUR**

I didn't kill my wife.

**NORMAN**

(to Mr. Feur)

I'm sorry...

**CLAIRE**

(over Norman)

Then where is she?

He stares at both Spencers for a moment. Then calls past them.

**MR. FEUR**

Honey...

Claire and Norman turn. A BLOND WOMAN backs out of the passenger seat. She turns. IT'S NOT THE FACE CLAIRE HAS SEEN. Claire looks sucker punched.

**INT. DR. DRAYTON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Claire sits back in the chair. She looks drained. A soft rain taps against the windows.

**CLAIRE**

And his face...it seemed so gentle, and I knew...in that second I knew that I'd imagined the whole thing.

Dr. Drayton takes this in. She seems genuinely frightened.

**CLAIRE**

What's happening to me?

**DR. DRAYTON**

Well, that's what we're here for.

He watches her calmly, some empathy on his face.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Whether you imagined it or not, you actually saw and heard things that frightened you...that gave you reason for concern.

**CLAIRE**

Yes, but...

**DR. DRAYTON**

Your friend saw them.

**CLAIRE**

Isn't there something called group hysteria?

**DR. DRAYTON**

You think you influenced her?

**CLAIRE**

Maybe. I don't know. I just know that when all this was happening, I felt, some part of me felt...alive. Like somebody needed me. And the more I reached out to, it, the fuller it became.

**DR. DRAYTON**

You're saying you willed these events to happen?

**CLAIRE**

I don't know, I'm very confused right now.

Beat.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Did you ever find out what it wanted?

Claire remembers.

**CLAIRE**

She said, "You know." That I know.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Do you?

**CLAIRE**

No.

**DR. DRAYTON**

What do you think?

(beat)

Guess.

Claire ponders this.

**CLAIRE**

I felt...pain. That she'd been hurt by someone.

(beat)

This is great. I'm trying to intuit the

emotions of a figment of my--

**DR. DRAYTON**

Have you been hurt?

**CLAIRE**

Me? No. Well, in the accident I was injured, but...

**DR. DRAYTON**

You were in an accident?

**CLAIRE**

Last year. I drove my car up a tree. Nothing serious, this...

(she indicates her scar)

...a minor concussion. But the car looked bad. It could have been bad. I think it scared the hell out of Norman.

Beat.

**DR. DRAYTON**

How's your marriage?

Claire's eyes widen.

**CLAIRE**

Listen, don't hold back.

Dr. Drayton smiles kindly.

**CLAIRE**

Well, he's been amazing throughout this whole thing. Patient and caring...

(beat)

I mean, sure, he can be obsessed with his work, and...it's a very important time right now with all that. But, sometimes...I mean with everybody, right? Sometimes it's like...

She trails off.

**DR. DRAYTON**

What?

**CLAIRE**

That he doesn't...see me, or, you know, that I'm...that's something's wrong...with me.

**DR. DRAYTON**

That can't feel good.

**CLAIRE**

No, it doesn't...Okay, look, I see what you're doing here, and that's, I'm sorry, but that's not it. My marriage is fine. I've had some kind of "empty-nest" episode where I saw some things that weren't there. Let's deal with that. I'm willing to deal with that.

(beat)

I just don't want to go conjuring problems where none exist.

Claire finishes her tirade. Dr. Drayton lets her settle for a moment.

**DR. DRAYTON**

Fair enough. But you should know that I'm far less concerned with whether things you saw "existed," than I am with why you saw them.

She takes in the ramifications of that.

**EXT. PORCH - DAY**

Claire's carrying some cuttings into the house. She hears a knock at the gate, walks over and opens it to discover...Mrs. Feur. The real one.

**MRS. FEUR**

I wanted to apologize.

**CLAIRE**

You do?

**MRS. FEUR**

For scaring you like I did. When I thought about what that must have seemed like that day...

**CLAIRE**

And then you weren't there.

**MRS. FEUR**

Right. I'm sorry.

There's an awkward pause.

**CLAIRE**

Would you like some iced tea?

**MRS. FEUR**

Very much.

Claire leads her toward the house.

**EXT. PORCH - DAY**

Claire pours Mrs. Feur a glass of iced tea from a pitcher. She's small and delicate looking with big, watery eyes.

**MRS. FEUR**

Your house is so beautiful.

**CLAIRE**

Thank you.

**MRS. FEUR**

And these roses. They're much prettier up close.

She regards Mrs. Feur for a moment. She seems skittish and shy.

**CLAIRE**

I...there's something I have to ask you.

Mrs. Feur waits.

**CLAIRE**

That day...at the fence. You seemed terrified. I don't think I was imagining that.

There's a pause. Mrs. Feur looks down into her lap.

**MRS. FEUR**

No.

**CLAIRE**

Of what? What were you so afraid of?

**MRS. FEUR**

You're going to think I'm crazy or something.

A tiny smile.

**CLAIRE**

Not this week.

She looks away for a moment, then looks back at Claire.

**MRS. FEUR**

Love.

**CLAIRE**

What?

**MRS. FEUR**

Have you ever felt so completely consumed by a feeling for someone that you couldn't breathe? That the time together is so passionate and consuming that you felt physical pain when they would leave?

**CLAIRE**

Um...sure.

**MRS. FEUR**

I couldn't catch my breath. That's not a metaphor, that's...And I panicked. I never dreamed anyone would hear me back there...

(beat)

I tried to leave him. Went to my mother's in Boston. He brought my things up and pleaded with me to come home.

Claire is mesmerized.

**MRS. FEUR**

You must think I'm pathetic.

**CLAIRE**

No. No, I don't.

**MRS. FEUR**

I'm sorry that I frightened you like that. But I was so touched by your concern. I've been lonely here.

(beat)

Perhaps we could be friends.

Claire stares at this strange, passionate woman.

**CLAIRE**

I would like that.

Mrs. Feur smiles at her.

**INT. VOLVO - NIGHT**

Claire pulls up in front of a large NEW YORK HOTEL.

**NORMAN**

(on a cell phone)

...I'm pulling up, Yuri. I'll see you for dinner.

(to Claire)

Sure you won't stay?

**CLAIRE**

No, it's fine. I'm fine.

**NORMAN**

(tempting her)

Really big bed.

She smiles and shakes her head. Norman kisses her goodbye, then grabs his bag from the backseat.

**NORMAN**

Do I have everything?

**CLAIRE**

Yep.

**NORMAN**

Call ya later.

He starts to walk into the hotel.

**CLAIRE (O.S.)**

And you glad you married me?

He turns. She's standing next to the car.

**NORMAN**

What?

**CLAIRE**

Are you glad? I'm glad.

Norman walks over to her and cradles her chin with his hand.

**NORMAN**

(softly)

You know I am.

**CLAIRE**

Good.

(She gazes at him, then softly)

You sat in front...I saw you there...

Norman takes his cue.

**NORMAN**

You were lost in the music...eyes  
closed...your chest heaving...

**CLAIRE**

I felt you...looking through me...

**NORMAN**

We walked all night...

**CLAIRE**

You told me that I was...

He gently cups her chin in his hand.

**NORMAN**

(overlapping)  
...that you were everything I'd ever  
dreamed of.

She smiles, kisses him warmly, then gets in the car.

**EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - NIGHT**

Claire stands outside Caitlin's Columbia dorm, watching young  
lives in motion.

**INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Claire walks past a number of doors. Music booms out of one,  
shards of a conversation out of another. Finally, she  
arrives at a door that says "Fur is murder." She smiles to  
herself and knocks. There's no answer.

**DIFFERENT VOICE (O.S.)**

She's out.

Claire turns to find an attractive YOUNG MAN standing at her  
elbow.

**YOUNG MAN**

They're playing at CBGB's down on Bowery.  
Probably won't be back for awhile. You  
her mom?

**CLAIRE**

Yes. Who was playing?

**YOUNG MAN**

Bitch. Caitlin's band.

**CLAIRE**

(stunned)

Caitlin's band?

**YOUNG MAN**

Yeah. They're really good. I would have gone, but I have a paper.

(beat)

And I'm not just saying that because you're a mother.

Claire nods slightly.

**CLAIRE**

Thank you.

She walks down the hall.

**INT. CBGB'S - NIGHT**

Claire moves past a huge, BLACK SKINHEAD DOORMAN into an entrance area in the dark throbbing punk club. She looks out over the MOB OF SEETHING YOUNG PEOPLE, swaying to a pulsing power-pop band. PUNKS and CLUB KIDS push past her as they move into the throng. She looks up and her face changes.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

A shaggy trio of musicians on the stage, pumping through a jangly, but surprisingly melodic song. Her eyes race across the faces of a BUTCH FEMALE DRUMMER, an emaciated GUITARIST/SINGER and stop on the BASS PLAYER...Caitlin. She rocks back and forth to her own hypnotic bass line, EYES **CLOSED, SWAYING TO THE MUSIC.**

Claire is transfixed, her face a mix of pride and sadness. The song ends and Caitlin's eyes open. She smiles for a moment, then the smile fades as she spots Claire. Panicked, Claire ducks behind a pillar.

**EXT. CBGB'S - NIGHT**

The last groups of YOUNG PEOPLE file out of the club. A couple of them glance at Claire, who seems very out of place standing on the Bowery late at night.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Mom?

She turns to see Caitlin standing before her, a bass guitar case on a strap over her shoulder. There's an awkward pause.

**CLAIRE**

That was very good.

**CAITLIN**

Mom, I'm sorry. I wanted to tell you.  
But it never felt right.

**CLAIRE**

Why?

Caitlin stares at the ground.

**CAITLIN**

I didn't want to bring up memories. I  
didn't want to do anything that might  
make you regret your choices.

Claire winces silently.

**CAITLIN**

Besides, Dad would have freaked.

**CLAIRE**

No, he wouldn't.

**CAITLIN**

I think playing in a band called "Bitch"  
might put a dent in the whole "perfect  
family" thing.

**CLAIRE**

That's not true.

**CAITLIN**

Yes it is. Can we please not do that?  
Please? Cause it is.

Claire doesn't disagree.

**CLAIRE**

He loves you very much. He just--

**CAITLIN**

I know he does.

Beat. Claire studies her surprisingly strong daughter.

**CAITLIN**

Are you mad at me?

**CLAIRE**

Listen to me. The one thing in life that  
I definitely don't regret...is the choice.  
I made to be your mother.

They hug. For a moment, Claire's got her little girl back.  
Her eyes well up.

**CLAIRE**

I miss you.

**CAITLIN**

So much.

**CLAIRE**

(laughing)  
It got so bad your father almost had to  
put me away.

**CAITLIN**

What do you mean?

**CLAIRE**

I started seeing things.

**CAITLIN**

A ghost?

Beat. Claire stares at her daughter.

**CLAIRE**

Did you?

**CAITLIN**

No. But once I heard...

**CLAIRE**

What?

**CAITLIN**

Someone crying. A girl.  
(beat)  
I thought I was crazy.

**CLAIRE**

(quietly)  
Then we both are.

Caitlin nods.

**INT. PRESIDENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

...a large cocktail party. The house is crowded with PROFESSORS, ADMINISTRATORS, and their SPOUSES. PRESIDENT TEMPLETON, a frosty-haired, avuncular chap, greets them with his WIFE, a sharp looking woman in her late fifties.

**TEMPLETON**

There they are.

**NORMAN**

You remember my wife, Claire.

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

(shaking hands)

Of course. You must be so proud.

**CLAIRE**

I am.

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

(to Norman)

Everyone's very anxious to shake hands with our newest academic celebrity.

She takes their coats. Dean Templeton leads them in.

**TEMPLETON**

Must've been some paper. Your father would be very proud.

This seems to strike a nerve.

**NORMAN**

Uh-huh.

Claire notices this and squeezes his hand. Templeton leads Norman into a large living room which is filled with colleagues. Several of them turn and begin clapping. Others follow suit.

**EXT. PATIO - NIGHT**

Claire stands at a small bar.

**CLAIRE**

(to bartender)

White wine please.

She scans the party and spots the Feurs deep in some intimate conversation with each other. She's speaking about something astonishing. He's rapt.

Claire locates Norman in a corner listening as some AGED ALUMNUS holds forth. He sees her and mouths, "I'm sorry." He points to his watch and flashes five fingers. She smiles and nods.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Guess I'm not much of a medium.

She turns to see Jody.

**CLAIRE**

Jody...

They hug.

**JODY**

Are you okay?

**CLAIRE**

I think so

**JODY**

I'm sorry for leaving, but I mean, Jesus, Claire...

**CLAIRE**

It's alright.

**JODY**

I mess around with this stuff, but I never thought anything would happen.

Claire looks uncomfortable.

**JODY**

Does Norman know?

**CLAIRE**

Jody, she's alive.

**JODY**

What?

**CLAIRE**

Mrs. Feur. She's alive. I met her. She's really sweet.

**JODY**

Then what was it?

**CLAIRE**

Nothing. It wasn't anything. I've been

on edge lately. Maybe since the accident.  
And I'd prefer, I really would, to just--

**JODY**

Something was there. You saw it.

**CLAIRE**

Did I?

**JODY**

Yes. Now I talked to Sela and there's a  
guy, this Pakistani guy down in  
Hartford...

**CLAIRE**

Hartford?

**JODY**

And he's the real thing. Specializes in  
cases like this, like yours.

**CLAIRE**

No. Jody, listen to me. You have to  
listen to me. This is not something that  
I can do right now. Whatever it was,  
it's gone. I need it to be gone now.

**JODY**

But Claire--

**CLAIRE**

Please.

Jody recognizes her fragility.

**JODY**

Okay. Okay.

**CLAIRE**

I've got to find a bathroom. I'll call  
you.

Jody nods as Claire walks off.

**INT. POWDER ROOM - NIGHT**

Claire stands in the spacious powder room, checking her  
makeup in the mirror. Mrs. Templeton enters from the  
bathroom.

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

How're you holding up?

**CLAIRE**

Just fine. It's a lovely party.

The two women fix their makeup side-by-side in the mirror.

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

Norman was telling me the dream house is finally finished.

**CLAIRE**

(nodding)

Almost.

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

Wonderful. It's good to see you two doing so well.

Claire looks confused.

**CLAIRE**

I'm sorry?

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

I know how hard it can be sometimes.

Claire turns to her.

**CLAIRE**

Uh-huh. What can be?

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

Well, I don't think I've seen you since the reception at Dean Ackerman's last year.

Claire's still in the dark.

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

For the Dupont Chair.

(off Claire's look)

I swear. I'm becoming the nosy old lady I used to run from at Amherst.

**CLAIRE**

No. I'm just not sure what you mean.

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

There was just...some tension. You were upset. I remember being concerned.

**CLAIRE**

At the party.

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

Toward the end. You remember?

**CLAIRE**

(recovering)

Ohhh yes. No, no. Just a little, you know...We're fine.

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

Well, I'm glad. Pardon my intrusiveness, but we do have to stick together you know.

**CLAIRE**

Who's that?

**MRS. TEMPLETON**

The wives.

Beat.

**CLAIRE**

Right.

Mrs. Templeton leaves. Claire looks into the mirror.

**CLAIRE (V.O.)**

What was it about?

**EXT. TEMPLETON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Claire and Norman walk toward the car.

**NORMAN**

You don't remember?

**CLAIRE**

When she said it, there was something familiar...but no.

He looks at her for a moment.

**NORMAN**

You dropped a glass.

**CLAIRE**

I...

**NORMAN**

A cheap wine glass from the caterers. You

started crying. I tried to comfort you...

**CLAIRE**

(something's triggered)  
In the living room...

**NORMAN**

You shoved me away and ran out to the patio. I took you home.

**CLAIRE**

But why? I can't understand how I could just completely--

**NORMAN**

It was maybe a week after the accident. We were moving. It was a hard time.

**CLAIRE**

But I don't remember.

**NORMAN**

Sweetheart, it was over a year ago.

**CLAIRE**

What's wrong with me?

He stops, takes her shoulders gently.

**NORMAN**

(reassuring)  
Nothing. Nothing at all. It's been a hard year. But you're better now. And things are really looking up for us. So let's try to enjoy that.  
(gently)  
Please?

She thinks for a beat.

**CLAIRE**

Yes. Yes. That's what I want.

She takes his hand and kisses it.

**EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Claire walks up to the door. When she touches the knob she hears...the WHISPERING. She opens the door and moves into:

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

The same intense whispered exchange. She glances into the mirror and sees...SHAPES MOVING, BODIES, A FLASH OF SILVER. She turns the corner and again...NO ONE'S THERE.

**INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY**

She walks in and stands before:

The repaired photograph of herself and Norman...at the party for the DUPONT CHAIR.

She takes it from the wall, stares at it for a moment, then SMASHES IT ON THE EDGE OF THE DESK. She extricates the picture from the broken glass. The caption reads:

"Dr. Norman Spencer being awarded the distinguished Dupont Chair in Genetics by Dean of Sciences Torvald Ackerman."

She stares at the picture for a moment, then flips it over and scans the stories on the back. One tells of a hotly contested city council race, another contains details of a large alumni donation to the university.

She notices the bottom corner of another story she hadn't noticed before. It's only a small portion of one column, but it seems to detail the search for A MISSING GIRL.

**INT. WORK ROOM - DAY**

Claire, online, logs onto a missing persons website. She narrows her search to NEW ENGLAND. A screen pops up with a list of names. She scrolls down the list until she finds...FRANK, MADISON ELIZABETH.

**CLAIRE**

**M-E-F...**

Claire double clicks on it, then waits breathlessly as a blurry cyber photo fills the screen. Slowly, higher resolution moves down the image.

**IT'S THE GHOST.**

Under the photo is the legend:

**"DISAPPEARED - OCTOBER 22, 1998"**

Claire stares at the familiar face, then shakily hits PRINT.

**LATER**

Claire is staring down at the girl's face on the print out.

**VOICE**

(on phone)

...she was practically a townie. Grew up in Bradford.

**CLAIRE**

And she was never found?

**VOICE**

(on phone)

Nah. She was a live wire. Had this old Mustang Fastback. It's gone too. Most of her friends think she's tooling around Mexico somewhere. Police downgraded her to a runaway.

**CLAIRE**

Thank you, Mr...

She glances at the byline on the back of the newspaper photo.

**INSERT**

"by Neil McCann"

**CLAIRE**

...McCann.

She hangs up.

**INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT**

Norman is unpacking NOTES and CHEMICALS from his LEATHER BAG. Claire walks in.

**CLAIRE**

Remember this?

She places the printout on his desk. He takes a long look at it.

**NORMAN**

Is this that girl from last year?

Claire nods.

**CLAIRE**

Did you know her?

Norman looks again.

**NORMAN**

I may have seen her on campus.

**CLAIRE**

Not personally.

**NORMAN**

No.

(beat)

I'm afraid to ask what this is about.

**CLAIRE**

(solemnly)

It's her. This is the woman who I've seen.

**NORMAN**

The...

**CLAIRE**

Yes. The ghost.

Norman leaves the hung frame and walks over to a window.

**CLAIRE**

I thought it was Mrs. Feur, but it's not...

**NORMAN**

(quietly overlapping)

Stop...

**CLAIRE**

...I'm positive this time...

**NORMAN**

(overlapping)

...Please stop...

**CLAIRE**

It's Madison Fra--

**NORMAN**

**STOP IT!**

Claire falls silent, Norman turns from the window.

**NORMAN**

(calmly)

Claire, I've tried to be there. I know you're going through something that I can't understand...but it's enough.

Claire looks down.

**NORMAN**

Do you want to go see someone? Together?  
Should we call Dr. Drayton?

She shakes her head.

**NORMAN**

Well then what? Claire, what? Tell me  
what I can do.

Long pause. Claire looks up, then timidly holds out the  
printout.

**CLAIRE**

It's her.

Norman's jaw tightens.

**CLAIRE**

I don't want to make you angry. But she's  
here. And I don't know why...

He silently walks out of the room. Claire stares down at the  
face in the photo.

**EXT. MADISON FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY**

Claire parks in front of a small, clapboard house in a  
neighborhood that is decidedly less upscale than her own.  
She gets out and tentatively walks up to the tiny porch.

**EXT. PORCH - DAY**

Claire rings the bell. A DRAWN LOOKING WOMAN in her early  
fifties answers the door.

**CLAIRE**

Mrs. Frank?

**MRS. FRANK**

Yeah.

**CLAIRE**

I'd like to talk to you about Madison.

**MRS. FRANK**

You know where she is?

**CLAIRE**

No, I don't.

**MRS. FRANK**

Please leave me alone.

She starts to close the door. Claire leans forward.

**CLAIRE**

She's my friend.

The woman stops.

**CLAIRE**

Was. We were...acquainted. I've been away for awhile. When I came back...

She studies Claire.

**MRS. FRANK**

What's your name?

**CLAIRE**

Claire.

**MRS. FRANK**

She never mentioned you.

Claire doesn't know what to say to this.

**MRS. FRANK**

Then again, she didn't say much about her college friends.

She gives Claire the once over.

**MRS. FRANK**

I'm watchin' my shows.

She motions Claire in.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Claire sits on a couch in the cramped living room. Mrs. Frank serves up a mug of coffee. A soap plays silently on an old 19" RCA.

**MRS. FRANK**

Just plain old coffee. None of that mocha nonsense.

**CLAIRE**

It's fine.

She sizes Claire up.

**MRS. FRANK**

You look a little old for a student.

**CLAIRE**

I'm not. We...we met at a party.

**MRS. FRANK**

Sounds about right. Never understood how a girl that wild got all A's. Sure didn't get it from me. They wanted to put her in a special school for the gifted when she was young. Maddie wouldn't hear about it.

**CLAIRE**

She never mentioned her father.

**MRS. FRANK**

Well she wouldn't. He left when she was twelve. Never spoke about him after that.

There's a silence. Mrs. Frank stares at the TV.

**MRS. FRANK**

Don't need the sound. You can pretty much tell what's happening by the faces. Turn it up sometimes, though. Feels like someone's here.

Claire doesn't know what to say. Mrs. Frank turns to her.

**MRS. FRANK**

Why are you here?

**CLAIRE**

I don't know.

**MRS. FRANK**

It's like that. Doesn't seem real. No note. Nothing.

(beat)

Cops say she'll be back. I just wanna know what happened.

Claire stares at this tough, tragic woman.

**MRS. FRANK**

Wanna see her room?

Claire nods.

**INT. MADISON'S ROOM - DAY**

Claire enters the room. Her face freezes.

**ANGLE**

SEVERAL POSTERS FOR ALTERNATIVE AND METAL BANDS, side by side with ACADEMIC PLAQUES AND AWARDS.

**MRS. FRANK**

Full scholarships. Princeton too. She wanted to stay close.

**CLAIRE**

You must have been very proud.

She nods. Claire moves along looking at pictures. Some with different men, others with rough looking friends. Claire stops at a picture tucked into a mirror.

**INSERT**

Madison singing at a recital of some kind. She's lovely, with striking GREEN EYES. Around her neck is a distinctive SILVER NECKLACE, with a perfectly wrought, SILVER ROSEBUD.

**MRS. FRANK**

Such a pretty voice. Surprised she didn't major in music.

(beat)

That's the last picture.

A phone rings in the hallway.

**MRS. FRANK**

S'cuse me.

Claire's eye is pulled past the picture into the mirror, the reflection of something pinned to the edge of a bulletin board. She turns and moves over to:

A SHORT BLOND BRAID. She reaches out to touch it. Claire hears footsteps. Mrs. Frank leans back into the room.

**MRS. FRANK**

They're calling me in to work.

**CLAIRE**

I should be going anyway.

**EXT. PORCH - DAY**

Mrs. Frank walks Claire out.

**MRS. FRANK**

Y'hear anything you'll let me know?

**CLAIRE**

Of course.

Claire walks to her car. She turns and calls out:

**CLAIRE**

What was her major?

**MRS. FRANK**

Biology. She wanted to be a doctor.

Claire stands, frozen, as Mrs. Frank disappears into the little house.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Claire shuts the blinds, then places the large candle on the floor, then places the MISSING GIRL PRINTOUT at the base of the candle. On top of it, she places THE BRAID.

Then Claire lights the candle, puts the braid on the picture, and hunches over it, whispering intensely:

**CLAIRE**

I need to know the truth.

She waits a beat. Nothing.

**CLAIRE**

Madison, please...help me.

Nothing happens. She looks around at the seance props.

She stands and places her hands on the sink. She glances at herself in the mirror.

**CLAIRE**

What am I doing?

Suddenly, her head droops over, she shudders softly. When she looks back into the mirror, her eyes are a DEEP GREEN. She hears the front door open downstairs.

**NORMAN (O.S.)**

Hello...Anybody home?!

A strange smile creeps across her face.

**INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

POV - Gliding down the stairs and into...

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The refrigerator door is open. Norman is leaning over. Only his ass protrudes.

**REVERSE**

Norman closes the refrigerator door and sees Claire standing before him, stripped down to a skirt and slip top. There's a different physicality to her movements...a different rhythm to her speech.

**CLAIRE**

Hello, Dr. Spencer.

Norman smiles.

**NORMAN**

Mrs. Spencer.

She shakes her head.

**CLAIRE**

Forbidden fruit...

She takes the apple...

**CLAIRE**

Got a problem with that...

...then takes a ravenous bite and walks out of the room.

**INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY**

Norman finds Claire seated on his desk, her legs spread.

**NORMAN**

I take it your not mad at me.

**CLAIRE**

Wouldn't go that far.

She grabs his belt and pulls him into her, then holds the apple to his mouth. Norman tentatively takes a bite. She mashes it slowly into his mouth until he recoils slightly.

**NORMAN**

(mouth full)

Okay...

When he chews the huge bite, a glistening drop of juice runs down his chin. Claire leans forward and licks it off.

**NORMAN**

What's gotten into you?

She just smiles mischievously, then starts kissing him. It looks like she's eating his lips. Norman's getting hot. She bites down on a lip.

**NORMAN**

Ow!

**CLAIRE**

What's the matter?

**NORMAN**

It's too rough.

**CLAIRE**

Since when?

Something about this response frightens him. Claire yanks Norman's belt open. He steps back, tripping over his castor desk chair. She's on top of him in a flash, sitting astride him. She speaks in a forceful, sexy whisper.

**NORMAN**

I don't like this, this...

**CLAIRE**

(pinning his hands above his head)

Why don't you shut up and fuck me, Professor.

She grinds up against him. Suddenly, something pulls her eye to the hallway.

POV - The COAT RACK MIRROR, now from inside the study. In it's reflection: ANOTHER CLAIRE, shorter hair, stunned expression. Where she's standing...it's DAYTIME.

Claire leans over him until they're nose-to-nose.

**CLAIRE**

(tense whisper)

I think she's starting to suspect

something.

**NORMAN**

(through clenched teeth)

Who?

**CLAIRE**

(leaning down)

Your wife...

**NORMAN**

**STOP IT!**

Norman shoves her off of him onto the floor. He stands, breathless.

**NORMAN**

What the hell are you doing?!

In a moment, it's Claire again, stunned and trembling against the wall.

**CLAIRE**

(to herself, remembering)

"You know..."

**NORMAN**

(rattled)

What?

She looks up.

**CLAIRE**

I was there.

**NORMAN**

Claire--

**CLAIRE**

(flooding back to her)

I came to work in the garden and I saw you with her...in my house.

**NORMAN**

Oh God...

**CLAIRE**

I snuck back to my car, trying to convince myself it never happened. And when I woke up in the hospital...somehow it hadn't. Until now.

He just stares at her, his face anguished.

**NORMAN**

It was last year. We were having troubles.

**CLAIRE**

So you fucked a student?!

**NORMAN**

(reaching for her)  
That's not what I'm sayi--

**CLAIRE**

(pulling back)  
DON'T touch me. Just get away from me.  
Go!

He's frozen.

**CLAIRE**

**I SAID GET OUT!**

Norman doesn't move. He's never seen her like this.

**CLAIRE**

Fine...

She bolts toward the living room. He follows her.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

She grabs her coat.

**NORMAN**

(welling up)  
Claire, please don't...

**CLAIRE**

What did you think I would do? Jesus Christ! I gave up my life and my music...

**NORMAN**

I never asked you to quit!

**CLAIRE**

...Oh BULLSHIT. You had to topple perfect Daddy and that meant perfect wife, perfect family...

He follows her as she searches for her purse and keys.

**NORMAN**

THAT'S NOT TRUE! You wanted to quit! And then when you did, you hated me for it... so you gave it all to her.

**CLAIRE**

Who?

**NORMAN**

To Caitlin!!

She wheels on him with fury.

**CLAIRE**

Leave her out of this!

**NORMAN**

And then out of nowhere, some bright young woman found me attractive...

**CLAIRE**

Stop...

**NORMAN**

...would do anything just to be around me. And I slipped. God help me, I slipped.

**CLAIRE**

I'm not going to listen to this.

Claire goes to leave, Norman blocks her path.

**NORMAN**

I tried to break it off!

**CLAIRE**

You should have tried harder.

**NORMAN**

Claire...

**CLAIRE**

(seething)  
Get out of my way.

She brushes past him.

**INT. FOYER - NIGHT**

He catches up, beside himself.

**NORMAN**  
**PLEASE DON'T GO!**

Claire's nearly disarmed by this rare emotional outburst. She turns at the door and looks back.

**CLAIRE**  
You made it impossible for me to be  
someone you could be in love with.

She leaves.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Norman, ruffled and unshaven, is passed out on the couch, a half empty whiskey bottle beside him on the coffee table. He awakens to find Claire sitting across from him.

**CLAIRE**  
I want you to answer one question.

He waits.

**CLAIRE**  
Did you have anything to do with her  
disappearance?

Beat.

**NORMAN**  
Yes.

Claire goes pale.

**NORMAN**  
She was damaged and unstable. The more I  
tried to distance myself, the more  
desperate she became. Finally, she showed  
up at the new house...

**CLAIRE**  
How did she know where it was?

He stares off. The reality sinks in for Claire.

**CLAIRE**  
(softly)  
Our dream house.

Norman can hardly look at her.

**NORMAN**

She was out of control. She said she was going to kill herself...or you. I never thought she'd go through with any of it, but then she was gone...

He trails off.

**CLAIRE**

She did it.

**NORMAN**

We don't know that for sure.

**CLAIRE**

Of course she did, Norman. What else could it be?

The enormity of this hits Norman. His head drops into his hands.

**NORMAN**

Oh God, what have I done? How could I have let this into our lives?

He looks up at her, teary.

**CLAIRE**

I don't know.

She gets up and walks out of the room.

**EXT. JODY'S STUDIO - DAY**

An old industrial loft filled with finished and half-finished oil paintings. Jody brings Claire some tea.

**CLAIRE**

...and everything I have, everything I thought my life was...Christ when I think of all the lies...

Jody looks down.

**CLAIRE**

What?

(beat)

Jody what?

Jody looks up, tears in her eyes.

**CLAIRE**

Oh God...you knew.

**JODY**

I was down in Adamant...

**CLAIRE**

Adamant?

**JODY**

Artsy little village down seven. There's a guy there who sells my work. I had just dropped off some paintings and as I got in my car...I saw Norman sitting at this little cafe.

Claire waits for her to continue.

**JODY**

I started to walk over...but he wasn't alone. A blond. I only caught a glimpse. She was young.

(beat)

I should have said something right away. But I didn't.

**CLAIRE**

Why?

**JODY**

Partly because I didn't want to hurt you...but partly...partly because I was relieved.

**CLAIRE**

Relieved?

**JODY**

I had just been left by Richard. I was bitter and miserable and for some fucked up reason, it made me feel better that your life wasn't as perfect as it seemed.

Claire nods.

**JODY**

By the time I finally got up the nerve to tell you, Stan called from the hospital and it was too late.

**CLAIRE**

Too late? Jody, it was an accident.

**JODY**

Alone? On a two lane road? With a ton of Valium in your system?

Claire walks over to a window.

**JODY**

I got there first. Stan covered up the pills and I had it out with Norman. He seemed desperate not to lose you. He promised to handle it. And we all let it drop away.

**CLAIRE**

All of us.

Beat.

**JODY**

I'm a terrible friend.

**CLAIRE**

No.

Claire turns.

**CLAIRE**

How could I expect you to tell me something that I wouldn't even tell myself?

**JODY**

What are you going to do?

**CLAIRE**

I don't know.

**JODY**

If she was dangerous before--

**CLAIRE**

She could have hurt me if she wanted to.

**JODY**

You don't know that.

(beat)

If it's your belief that gives her form, then you've got to shut her out. Somehow you have to break the connection.

**CLAIRE**

No. She wanted me to know the truth. Now that I do...I think she's at peace.

Jody isn't as sure.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Claire walks in. She notices the clock on the range is dark. She flips on a light. Nothing happens. Worried, she heads upstairs.

**INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - MORNING**

Claire enters. The bed is empty. The shower is running in the bathroom.

**CLAIRE**

Norman?

**INT. BATHROOM - MORNING**

ANGLE - CLAIRE...her face a mask of terror.

**CLAIRE**

Oh God...

**CLAIRE'S POV**

The BATHTUB, with the shower curtain drawn around it, the water blasting. Norman's limp hand pokes through the curtain. AN ELECTRIC CORD leads from the mirror socket into the tub.

Claire races over and rips the plug from the wall. She tears the SHOWER CURTAIN AWAY to find A BLUISH NORMAN lying, unconscious in the tub.

**CLAIRE**

No, no. Please no...

She hugs her face to his chest until she picks up a heartbeat.

**CLAIRE**

Norman!! Wake up! Please!

Claire shakes him to no effect.

**CLAIRE**

Oh God...NORMAN!

She slaps him on the face...once, then twice. He suddenly sucks in a gulp of air, begins struggling and dazedly returns to life.

**CLAIRE**

It's me...it's me...

Sobbing, she shuts off the squeaky faucets and struggles to pull him upright. She discovered HER BLOWDRYER in the tub and hurls it across the room.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Claire sits beside Norman on the bed as two E.M.T.'s, an OLD GUY and a HEAVY WOMAN pack up. Stan's on the phone, Jody off to one side.

**HEAVY WOMAN**

Vitals are good. I'd take it easy for a couple of days.

**NORMAN**

Thanks.

The E.M.T.'s leave as Stan hangs up.

**STAN**

They'll take you for a CAT scan tomorrow if you're feeling dizzy at all.

**NORMAN**

That won't be necessary.

He glances at Claire as he walks Stan out.

**NORMAN**

Not unless there's a miracle drug for clumsiness.

They leave.

**CLAIRE**

Jody, she tried to kill him.

**JODY**

I know.

**CLAIRE**

I can't believe this is happening.

**JODY**

We need help. Please let me call the medium.

**CLAIRE**

That could take days. I need to do something now. Don't you see? She wants us dead.

Jody thinks for a moment.

**JODY**

Alright, alright. Stay calm. You opened this door. There's got to be a way that you can close it.

**CLAIRE**

Like what?

**JODY**

I have an idea. But, I mean, I'm just making this up...

**CLAIRE**

What is it?

**CUT TO:**

**MADISON'S SMILING FACE**

**EXT. DOCK - DAY**

Claire's staring down at the PRINTOUT. She's kneeling at the edge of the dock. From her pocket she produces THE BLOND BRAID and a piece of TWINE. She wraps the braid up in the printout with a rock and secures it with the twine.

**CLAIRE**

Sorry. Better or worse, he's mine.

She tosses the little parcel into the dark water. Bubbles stream up. In the bubbles, Claire sees...THE PALE SHAPE, which slowly becomes THE DROWNED GIRL, staring up from beneath the dark water.

Claire wants to pull away, but she's transfixed. Madison reaches up toward the surface. As the bubble diminish, she seems to be FADING AWAY. When she's gone, Claire reaches out toward the water. When her finger touches the surface...

WHOOSH! She's sucked down into the water.

**INT. UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - DAY**

Norman glances out of the window in time to see a splash off the dock. He races out of the room.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

Claire struggles furiously as the unseen attacker drags her deeper into the murky depths.

**EXT. DOCK - DAY**

Norman sprints toward the dock.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

As he oxygen begins to run out, Claire screams desperately as her hand plunges into the muddy bottom.

Suddenly, she's released. She yanks her hand free, the silt swirls revealing...a COPPER COLORED GLINT in the mud.

NORMAN'S HAND grasps Claire's ankle and pulls her upwards.

**EXT. DOCK - DAY**

Norman helps Claire, coughing, onto the dock. They hold each other.

**NORMAN**

Are you okay?

She nods, catching her breath.

**NORMAN**

We have to get out of here.

**CLAIRE**

It's alright.

**NORMAN**

Can't you see, she's trying to kill us.

**CLAIRE**

She's gone.

**NORMAN**

What?

**CLAIRE**

She can't be here without me.

**NORMAN**

How can you be sure?

**CLAIRE**

I don't know, but I am. She was there and

then she was gone. I felt it.

**NORMAN**

Claire...

She stares into the still water.

**CLAIRE**

It's over.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Claire in bed with a blanket wrapped around her. Norman walks in with some steaming mulled cider. He stokes the blazing fire. He sits on the edge of the bed.

**NORMAN**

I know it's going to take awhile before things are back...until they're better than before. But you've given us a chance to make a fresh start. And I'm going to spend the rest of my life making you glad that you did.

The gaze at each other. Tentatively, she places a hand on his.

**EXT. GARDEN - DAY**

Claire, dressed in a warm sweater, finishes wrapping her rosebushes for the winter. She picks up a basket of clipped flowers and heads inside.

**EXT. PORCH - DAY**

She turns the doorknob and listens for the whispering. All is quiet.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

She looks into the mirror and sees only the study and the lake behind it.

**INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY**

Claire places the roses in a vase on Norman's desk, and in doing so, accidentally knocks it over.

With a towel she mops up the water which has dripped onto the wooden floor. The stream has flowed over to the knot and dripped into the crack. Claire stares down at THE STRANGE COPPER COIN.

She grabs a letter opener from Norman's desk and pries the coin out. It's actually a SMALL BRASS KEY, the head of which is THREE INTERLOCKING CIRCLES. She stares at it for a moment, then places it in her pocket.

**EXT. SAILBOAT - DUSK**

Claire stands toward the bow watching the sunset. The leaves on the surrounding hills are stunning. Norman appears beside her.

**NORMAN**

Last sail of the year.

She gazes out.

**CLAIRE**

The leaves...

**NORMAN**

Incredible. We should take a drive before they're gone. Spend the night at some cozy little bed and breakfast.

**CLAIRE**

Look for antiques...

**NORMAN**

Yep. There's some great places nearby.

**CLAIRE**

(a reflex)

Adamant.

**NORMAN**

What?

**CLAIRE**

Little village down seven. Supposed to be charming.

**NORMAN**

Huh.

**CLAIRE**

Do you know it?

**NORMAN**

Don't think so.

**CLAIRE**

Maybe we can stop there for lunch.

He wraps an arm around her.

**NORMAN**

Whatever you'd like.

She leans against him, staring out.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Jody and Claire return from a walk. Norman has the boat on the trailer and is securing a tarp over it. They stop under a tree.

**CLAIRE**

But he acted like he'd never heard of it.

**JODY**

Did he say that?

**CLAIRE**

Jody he was lying.

**JODY**

What if he was? Do you think he wanted to bring that up again just when you're trying to make a new start?

**CLAIRE**

I guess not.

**JODY**

He's trying to put it behind him, Claire. You should too.

Norman smiles and waves. They wave back as they arrive at the Karman-Ghia.

**JODY**

You've got a beautiful life. And even with this, it's always been clear that he loves you.

(beat)

I've come to think that's all that really matters.

**CLAIRE**

I don't know...

**JODY**

Trust me, Claire. You hear something...

change the subject. You find something...  
get rid of it, throw it in the lake.

(beat)

You know what happened. The rest is only  
details. And no one's ever glad they got  
a hold of those. If you want to put this  
back together...just let it go.

Jody drives off. Claire walks over to Norman. She hugs him  
tightly.

**NORMAN**

What's that for?

**CLAIRE**

Nothing.

**NORMAN**

I'm cooking you dinner.

**CLAIRE**

You don't have to do that.

**NORMAN**

I know.

**CLAIRE**

Fine. I'll do the shopping.

They kiss. She heads to the Volvo.

**INT. VOLVO - DAY**

Claire is approaching a country market. She spots a little  
sign with an arrow:

ADAMANT - 11 mi.

She hesitates for a moment, then take the turn.

**EXT. ADAMANT - DAY**

Claire stands on a street in the quaint little village. She  
looks around, spots a little cafe with outdoor tables. A  
friendly old HIPPIE WOMAN walks out of a store. She watches  
Claire gazing around.

**HIPPIE WOMAN**

What are you looking for?

**CLAIRE**

I don't really know.

**HIPPIE WOMAN**

Know what you mean.

She ambles off across the street. Claire watches her go. Then notices a sign hung out above a little shop. THREE INTERLOCKED CIRCLES. She walks toward it.

**EXT. SHOP - DAY**

Claire stands in front of the store window. A sign in the window identifies it as "The Sleeping Dog - Hand wrought jewelry and gifts." Claire tries to open the door, but sees a closed sign.

She steps back out to the window and looks in. On display are a selection of handcrafted jewelry and curios.

Suddenly her eye stops on a small silver bracelet with an intricate ROSEBUD.

Her eye travels up and behind it to the back of the display where she spots, a small ORNATE COPPER CHEST. Protruding from its lock...THE INTERLOCKED CIRCLES. Claire looks like she's been punched.

**INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Claire glances over at the soundly sleeping Norman. She gingerly slides out of bed.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Claire sits among the boxes, leafing through the photo album, tracking the years of their life. Her hands tremble. Finally she reaches the picture of their wedding, reaches behind the photo and produces...THE KEY.

**EXT. DOCK - NIGHT**

Claire in her nightgown and a jacket, walks slowly down the dock. An expensive looking flashlight illuminates her path. She stops and stares out at the moonlit lake.

She holds out a fist. Her fingers unfold and in her palm lies THE KEY. She holds the key out over the water and stands there, frozen. The lighthouse beam sweeps past her once...then again.

Claire pulls her hand back and holds the key to her chest, then carefully places it on the dock. She very deliberately takes off her jacket and slippers, steps to the edge of the

dock, shines the flashlight on the dark water...then steps off the dock.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

AN ANGUISHED CRY from downstairs. Norman bolts upright in bed.

**INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT**

Norman walks through the darkened house into the moonlit room. He pulls up short when he sees the strongbox sitting closed on his desk. He looks around, sees the room is empty and walks over to it.

The mud and silt has been wiped from the top, on which is engraved: To N.C.S. with love always, M.E.F.

He pulls open the lid and tentatively peers inside.

**THE LIGHTS SWITCH ON.**

Claire stands in the doorway, holding out the SILVER ROSEBUD NECKLACE.

**CLAIRE**

Looking for this?

Norman stares at her dumbly.

**CLAIRE**

She's out there isn't she? She's in the lake.

**NORMAN**

Okay. Don't...you don't understand what this is.

**CLAIRE**

Don't I, Norman? YOU KEPT THE FUCKING NECKLACE. Of a woman you killed!

**NORMAN**

(nearly hysterical)

I did NOT! I did not kill anyone. Jesus. Claire, listen to me. I walked in and she was lying there dead. I swear to you. On my life! She took pills and she killed herself in our house to destroy me! To destroy us! If I hadn't stopped by here

before school, the painters would have--

**CLAIRE**

I don't believe you.

**NORMAN**

IT'S TRUE. That's...you have to believe me! Oh God, I'm telling you the truth!

(beat, fighting tears)

I did what I had to, Claire. She was gone. There was nothing I could do for her. I did...I put her in the lake. I rolled the car in...and I watched it sink.

(beat)

And I've lived with that image ever since.

(beat)

I couldn't just stand there while everything-- my career, us, everything, just washed away. Don't you see, Claire? She's doing this! This is exactly what she wants you to think!

Claire's lip is quivering with confusion.

**CLAIRE**

I don't know what's true anymore.

(beat)

But that girl must be brought up. Now do you want to call the police? Or should I?

Norman stares at the phone. He's a wreck.

**NORMAN**

Fine. I can't live with it anymore.

He takes the phone, punches in three numbers, waits.

**NORMAN**

This is Dr. Norman Spencer. No, it's not an emergency.

He looks at Claire.

**NORMAN**

I have some information about a missing girl, Madison Frank...Yes. Could you send an officer? Fifteen Willoughby, about a mile before the bridge...Thank you.

He hangs up. Long silence. They look at each other.

**NORMAN**

You did the right thing.  
(beat)  
I'm going to get cleaned up.

He walks out. Claire walks over and stands before the box.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Claire walks into the bedroom. The shower can be heard through the bathroom door, which is partially ajar. Steam drifts out through the crack.

She stands in her dressing room and catches sight of her weary, distraught countenance in the mirror. She glances down.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

The necklace still in her hand.

She looks up again into the mirror. Her face goes strangely blank and, almost mechanically, she clasps the necklace onto her neck.

Suddenly, she stares over at the CORDLESS PHONE lying on the bed for a long moment. She walks over, picks up the phone and looks at it.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

The redial button.

She stares at the bathroom door, then hits the button. Two rings, then:

**VOICE**

(on phone)

Directory assistance...

Claire's eyes widen in terror. She clicks off the phone, and, taking it with her, starts moving toward the door to the hall. She keeps a steady eye trained on the bathroom. She quietly pulls open the hallway door.

Suddenly, A HAND WITH A WASHCLOTH IS THRUST OVER HER FACE.

Claire shoves Norman's hand away and runs past him down the hall.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

She's nearly at the top of the stairs when her body starts to

falter. She tumbles over, dropping the phone, which clatters down the stairs before her.

Claire is pulling herself down the stairs, moaning in terror. Norman can be seen calmly following her, waiting for the Halothane to take its full effect. Finally, she freezes. Norman picks up the phone and stands over her.

**NORMAN**

God, how did we come to this?

He picks her gently up in his arms and starts carrying her slowly up the stairs.

**NORMAN**

The ghost stuff, that was impressive.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

Ceiling, shapes...

**NORMAN**

I figure you saw her that day in the house and just gradually intuited the whole damn thing. That would be pretty astonishing. A passive-aggressive masterpiece.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

And into the bathroom.

**NORMAN**

Wasn't until the shower that I realized you actually believed it. Nearly froze to death waiting for you. Thought the circuit breaker would kick back over and I'd be toast.

...then she's lowered into the tub.

**NORMAN**

The crazy thing is...I have never for one moment stopped loving you.

He actually wipes a tear from his eye. He kisses her lips. We can feel her revulsion. His face over her.

**NORMAN**

Don't worry about Caitlin. I'm sure in some tragic way this'll bring us closer together.

He turns on the faucets, then moves out of her line of vision. Sound of a number being dialed.

**NORMAN (O.S.)**

Hey, it's Norman. Listen, we had a huge blowout, so I'm going down to sleep at the lab. I guess you're out, but... maybe...if you wouldn't mind stopping by to check on her in the morning?

She glances down and sees on the edge of the tub...a prescription bottle of VALIUM with her name on the label. Her eyes go wide.

**NORMAN (O.S.)**

It's just...Jody, it's bad. I've never seen her like this...  
(he trails off, choking up)  
I don't really know what to do anymore.

Norman, lit periodically by the sweep of the light house beacon, squats with the phone and gazes down at her.

**NORMAN**

If anything ever happened to her, I'd...  
(beat)  
Anyway, thanks.

Claire, mute, glances frantically around. One of her fingers begins to flutter.

**NORMAN**

(tearfully)  
I'm so sorry.

The tub is rapidly filling. He checks his watch, then reaches for the Valium. As much from will as the drug beginning to fade, Claire lets out a garbled cry.

**CLAIRE**

(sloppy, guttural)  
Mmmuh...

**NORMAN**

Shhhh.

**CLAIRE**

(slurry)  
Mauduh...

Norman stops.

**NORMAN**

What?

**CLAIRE**

**MADISON!**

Norman seems unnerved that she's still clinging to her belief in the ghost.

**NORMAN**

That's a little much, don't you think?

He sees the necklace on her neck.

**NORMAN**

Oops. Can't have that.

He puts down the bottle of Valium, then reaches around Claire's neck to remove the necklace. When his hands close on the clasp, his face suddenly goes slack.

**NORMAN'S POV**

His arms around MADISON'S BEAUTIFUL CORPSE.

Norman explodes backwards, slamming his head into the BRASS SHOWER NOZZLE. He staggers out of the bathroom before collapsing with a thud. The water finally rises above Claire's nostrils.

Claire somehow manages to work a toe into the plug chain and yank it free. The water slowly descends.

When it seems that her lungs must burst, her mouth finally clears the descending water. She chokes in great gulps of air.

The drug is finally wearing off. Claire sits up. Norman's unconscious feet can be seen outside of the doorway. She turns off the water and stands unsteadily.

She looks around for the phone and finally spots the little antenna protruding from under Norman. She delicately pulls the phone out of his back pocket, only to discover that it's been broken by his fall. She drops it and walks quietly out of the room.

**INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT**

Claire stumbles as fast as she can down the stairs.

**INT. FOYER - NIGHT**

She fumbles for some KEYS in a basket by the door, then looks at the cell phone's recharging cradle. It's empty.

She spots Norman's coat hanging on the coat rack and rifles through the pockets. She finds the phone, and flips it open to see if it's working. A drop of something splats on the phone. Then another. It's blood.

She looks up and sees Norman, his forehead gashed, glaring down from the landing.

She reaches for the door knob, but the keys and cell phone in her hand make it difficult to open. Norman hurls himself over the banister. THUD!

A BLOODY HAND yanks her backwards. Claire slams into the corner by the armoire. Norman advances on her. At the last moment, she throws her shoulder into the armoire which tumbles over on Norman.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

Claire races over to the Volvo, which is blocked by NORMAN'S PICKUP, the dark hulk of THE SAILBOAT on a trailer behind it.

She starts to get into the pickup, then remembers to look in the bed...nobody there.

**INT. PICKUP - NIGHT**

The truck is cold and doesn't want to turn over. She stares at the door for signs of Norman.

**CLAIRE**

Come on...come on...

...and VROOM, the truck roars to life. Claire spews gravel as she barrels the cumbersome rig out of the driveway, constantly watching the door.

When she veers to the right out of the driveway, she looks into the rear view mirror. The boat momentarily blocks the open door, then clears. Still nothing.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT**

Claire wheels the truck and trailer out onto a two-lane road.

**INT. PICKUP - NIGHT**

Shivering with cold and adrenalin, she tries to work the ancient heater. She turns onto THE BRIDGE.

**EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The PICKUP and BOAT race across the deserted bridge.

**INT. PICKUP - NIGHT**

**ANGLE**

Claire through the windshield. Her face striped by the reflection of the bridge lights which whip one-by-one across the windshield. She flips open the cell phone and punches in 911. It blinks: "NO SERVICE."

**CLAIRE**

Shit.

She glances into the rear view mirror.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

A stern section of the boat's COVERING TARP untied, flapping in the breeze.

Claire desperately punches the "talk" button again..."NO SERVICE." She's past the center of the bridge. She looks again: "ROAM." Claire punches the talk button again.

**SMASH!**

A TRAILER CRANK punches through the window. Norman's arm follows, coiling like a python around Claire's neck, his grim visage pressed against the glass.

She squashes down the accelerator.

**EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The trailer starts to weave from side to side, swerving the pickup. Claire chokes, then blacks out.

**EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The Pickup and trailer smash through the railing, barreling over bumpy terrain straight toward the BOAT RAMP.

The truck hits the water at fifty and Norman is hurtled through the rear window and into the passenger side dashboard.

**INT. PICKUP - MOMENTS LATER**

Claire is unconscious in the driver's seat, a trickle of blood runs from her nose. Norman stirs briefly as Claire groggily comes to. She hears the hissing of the smashed radiator, then sees Norman, a shattered bloody mess on the floor of the cab.

She leans over to see if he's dead, hears a squeak and realizes that the pickup, with the BATTERED SAILBOAT AND TRAILER miraculously still attached, is rolling deeper into the water.

Before she can get the door open, the truck is half submerged. She frantically manages to lower her window halfway and starts to pull herself out.

Her ribs have just cleared the glass when a bloody fist locks onto her ankle and yanks her inside. Norman pulls her down until they're face to face.

**CLAIRE**

Norman...NO...

She yanks the emergency brake, but it's too late...the submerged wheels lock and slide slowly down the mossy ramp. The truck is nearly submerged.

**CLAIRE**

(desperately)

Norman, please...

The water is up to the windows. Norman shakes his head slowly as he blinks away blood from his eyes.

**CLAIRE**

Think of Caitlin...

Water sprays in through the hole in the rear window and momentarily blinds Norman. Claire jerks free and scrambles out of the driver's side window as the truck sinks.

Just as she's free of the window, she jerks to a stop. She looks down and sees Norman, half out of the window, one hand clamped onto her ankle.

There is a wrenching metallic creak. The truck lurches downward...then silence. IT DOESN'T SINK. The boat buoys it like a fishing cork as it drifts out into the lake.

The headlights pierce the darkness of the steep underwater drop off. Claire tries to swim free, but Norman's not

letting go.

Suddenly metal snaps and the truck pops free of the trailer. It hurtles downwards and the still-glowing headlights reveal...

**MADISON'S SUBMERGED MUSTANG**

**SMASH!**

When the front of the pickup lands on the hood of the car, the Mustang's windshield shatters. A PALE SHAPE FLOATS UPWARD.

Norman is suddenly entangled by something. He tries to brush it free but comes face-to-face with MADISON'S GHASTLY, DECOMPOSED FACE. The last of his air bellows out of him in a scream as he releases Claire's ankle.

His dead staring face separates from Madison's as the truck slowly tilts back and sinks to the bottom.

**EXT. LAKE - DAWN**

Claire breaks the surface with a huge intake of air.

**CUT TO:**

**UNDERWATER - DAWN**

The sound of a furious cello solo.

**COLD STARING EYES**

Norman, half out of the truck, arms floating.

Follow his eyes to THE PALE CORPSE, drifting above, tethered to the Mustang by an old seat belt around her ankle.

Move through the murky water toward the corpse's clothed back. As she twists into view...

MORPHS INTO: MADISON'S PALE BEAUTIFUL FACE...at peace.

Camera drifts, moves upward and breaks the surface as the distant lights of EMERGENCY VEHICLES approach.

**CUT TO:**

**FINGERS**

...filled with moist earth. A hand tosses the clump of dirt

onto...

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

**A CASKET**

Widen to reveal Claire, dressed in black, stepping away from the grave. A tiny arm snakes around her waist. She glances down to see Caitlin, her eyes shining, clasping her mother tightly. Claire takes a last look into the grave.

**CLAIRE**

Rest in peace.

**THE GRAVESTONE - MADISON ELIZABETH FRANK**

Mother and daughter turn and step back. Next to them, also in black, is MRS. FRANK.

**CUT TO:**

**FINGERS**

Racing across the neck of a cello. The solo continues and now reaches the difficult transition that had stumped Claire before.

**WIDEN TO REVEAL**

**INT. A LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Claire, her hair short and sexy, eyes tightly shut, brow beaded with sweat. The piece builds to a dark, passionate crescendo.

Her eyes remain shut for a moment, then flutter open.

**CLAIRE'S POV**

A New York apartment, the glimmering skyline visible through a large window. Cooper gazes up attentively.

Claire sips a glass of wine, her face unsmiling, but serene.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**