

HAUNTER

Written by

Brian King

WGAw Registered

A PHOTOGRAPH, its color faded, slowly panning across it...

A family of four. A husband, wife, daughter and son. They're smiling before a three-story house in Chicago's Northshore, the kind of comfortable, Midwestern home seen in "Sixteen Candles" or "Risky Business" or "Ferris Bueller's Day Off".

A U-haul truck is parked behind the family. Cardboard boxes and furniture litter the walkway. They've just moved in.

The husband, BRUCE, is tall and strong with a confident smile. The family's protector.

The wife is CAROL. Beautiful. Her hair coiffed stylishly, her make-up perfect, her dress impeccable.

ROBBIE, the son, is five years old, sports a Michael Jordan Bulls jersey, flashes an adorable grin with a missing front tooth that's gone off to the tooth fairy.

Finally there's LISA, the daughter. Fourteen. Her auburn hair drapes her shoulders. She beams youthful energy, vitality and life.

Behind Lisa, a half-silhouette reflects off the house's front window. Very faint. Shadowy. Haunting.

It could be a person. Or a lens flare. Or something else.

FAINT WHISPER

Lisa... I can see you...

CUT TO:

LISA'S EYES, waking from a deep slumber. She's now 15, a year older than the photo. Her hair is not auburn anymore, but goth-black, cut short, with a few strands of New Wave-punk.

ROBBIE'S VOICE

LISA JOHNSON!

She looks over: a plastic toy-walkie is propped next to her pillow, its green light flashing.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Lisa! Me and Edgar found the pirate treasure! It's a chest full of gold! Meet us in the secret cave so we can--

CLICK! She shuts off the walkie, sits up, yawns.

Scotch-taped posters plaster her walls: "Depeche Mode", "New Order", "Cocteau Twins", "The Smiths", "Tears For Fears".

She peers out her window, frowns with disappointment.

A white fog swirls outside. Thick and opaque. It blocks the view of her street, neighborhood, and everything beyond.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, dressed in a "Cure" T-shirt and black jeans, stands in the living room downstairs, watches ahead.

Her brother Robbie, now 6, is sprawled on a beanbag before a rabbit-ear TV. He's riveted to a Road Runner cartoon.

LISA
Coyote's about to slam into a--

ROBBIE
Shh! Don't tell me!

LISA
You've seen it a hundred times.

ROBBIE
Have not! This is a new one.

Lisa sighs, walks over, drops her toy-walkie next to his.

LISA
Stop waking me up with it, brat.

ROBBIE
Edgar left it, not me.

LISA
Well tell Edgar he's annoying.

ROBBIE
You tell him.

LISA
He's your imaginary friend, not mine.

ROBBIE
He's not imaginary!

CAROL
(from the kitchen doorway)
Lisa, go down to the basement and start the laundry will you?

Lisa looks over at her Mom whisking pancake batter.

LISA

I did it yesterday. You just don't remember me doing it.

CAROL

Stop being a smart Alec... Hey, Buster-Brown. Where are your glasses?

ROBBIE

Edgar stole 'em!

CAROL

Tell Edgar you want 'em back, pronto. Lisa? Have you decided where we're going for your birthday tomorrow?

LISA

Ask me tomorrow.

CAROL

Let's just hope the car's running. Your father's been working on the engine all morning, but can't figure out what's wrong.

LISA

Yeah. He won't figure it out.

CAROL

Laundry please. Cold water only. Hot wears out the clothes.

LISA

I don't think it's possible for our clothes to wear out. *Ever.*

Carol gives Lisa a stern look, standing pat.

CAROL

Cold water.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

A WASHING MACHINE DIAL, clicked to "HOT". Lisa punches the button in defiance. Water flows.

She starts towards the basement stairs, crosses a playroom space with a ping-ping table, games, toys and boxes.

FAINT WHISPER

Lisa...

She freezes, glances back. The whisper came from the dryer.

She creeps to the dryer, spies around it. There's cobwebs and dust. Nothing else. She listens for the whisper again.

FWOMP! The water heater ignites, gas flames hissing. Lisa jumps, bolts for the stairs like a scared rabbit.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts out of the basement, stops, rattled. Carol is oblivious, pours batter onto a griddle.

Lisa marches past her without a word, lifts the kitchen phone off the wall, listens... *Static fills the line.*

CAROL

It's been out all morning. Your father's calling the phone company tomorrow.

Lisa keeps listening to the static. Agitated.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, could you please go outside and--

LISA

Pick raspberries so we can have raspberry pancakes.

CAROL

(surprised)
How'd you know that?

Lisa hangs up the phone, doesn't answer.

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

Fog swirls. Lisa picks red-ripe raspberries from a bush growing next to the garage. She plops them into a bowl.

She eyes her finger-tips, stained crimson red.

FAINT WHISPER

Lisa...

She tenses, looks ahead. This time, the whisper came from the fog. Somewhere within the clouded whiteness.

She makes a decision, takes a step deeper into the fog...

WHAP! A hand pulls her back. She almost screams, looks up.

BRUCE

Lisa? What are you doing?

Bruce grips her with paternal protectiveness. Behind him, a 1985 Dodge Caravan is parked in the garage, its hood open.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Not a smart idea to go anywhere today. Not with all this fog we're having.

She stares at her Dad, doesn't speak.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Stay inside, okay? Play some games with Robbie. Practice your clarinet. Think of it as a rainy day. I'm sure everyone else in the neighborhood is staying home too.

(off her silence)

Lise? ... Something wrong?

LISA

Even if I told you, you wouldn't believe me. So it doesn't matter anyhow.

She goes back to the house. Bruce watches her with confusion.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - LATER

The cracked squeaks of a clarinet...

Lisa plays on her bed's edge, emotions raw. She blows out an out-of-tune version of "Peter and the Wolf"

A low moan.

She stops mid-note, listens.

The moan continues. Very faint. Reverberating behind her.

She slides across to a heat-duct in the wall, presses her ear against its thin, metal slats. She listens again.

The moan changes in pitch and tone. Indecipherable. Eerie.

CAROL'S VOICE

Lisa?

She jumps, looks back...

Carol stands in the doorway, a laundry basket in hand.

CAROL
What are you doing?

LISA
... Playing my clarinet.

CAROL
(nods down at the basket)
Did you wash everything in this
load? Some clothes are missing.

LISA
I know.

CAROL
You know? So where are they?

LISA
I don't know. Those clothes are
missing everyday.

Carol eyes her. A beat.

CAROL
Come downstairs, will you? Your
father and I want to have a talk.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lisa sits across from Bruce and Carol, plays with an origami
fortune teller, bored by her parents' interrogation.

BRUCE
Your Mom tells me you've been
acting funny all morning.

LISA
Funny how?

BRUCE
Well for one, you told her you had
already done the laundry when you
hadn't. And now there's some
clothes missing from the basket.

LISA
Honestly, I have no idea where they
went.

CAROL

Then why did you tell me you knew they were gone?

LISA

Because they're gone everyday.

BRUCE

What do you mean "gone everyday"?

LISA

It's like the raspberries. Every morning, Mom asks me to pick them. And you're always trying to fix the car, which for some mysterious reason has stopped running. And Robbie's always in the living room watching cartoons.

Bruce and Carol exchange an unsure glance.

LISA (CONT'D)

After breakfast, I always go up to my room to play my clarinet. And then we always have mac and cheese for lunch. And meatloaf for dinner.

CAROL

Do you want me to change the menu, dear?

LISA

This isn't about the menu, Mom. Jesus.

BRUCE

Lisa. Be respectful to your mother.

LISA

We'll play "Monopoly" in the afternoon. And watch "Murder She Wrote" at eight o'clock. We'll go to bed and wake up tomorrow. And then we'll do it all over again.

BRUCE

You and Robbie have school tomorrow. And I have work.

LISA

There is no school. There is no work.

CAROL

What about your birthday? That isn't tomorrow either?

LISA

Nope. It never comes. It's always the day before I turn sixteen. Pretty frustrating.

BRUCE

Lisa. I'm trying to understand where this is coming from. Do you feel bored with your life? Anxious?

CAROL

Did you have a falling out with one of your friends? Or is it a boy?

LISA

You guys don't understand. Neither of you have a clue.

BRUCE

Okay, then explain it to us. See if we can understand.

LISA

That's the thing. I already have explained it to you many times. But you simply refuse to believe me.

BRUCE

Believe what?

Lisa crumples the paper fortune-teller, eyes her parents.

LISA

That we're stuck in this house. And we're never gonna leave here.

BRUCE

And why is that?

LISA

Because all of us are--

ROBBIE

SHUT-UP, LISA! SHUT-UP! SHUT-UP!

Robbie ERUPTS into a tantrum from the living room.

CAROL

Lisa! Enough's enough!
(rushes over to Robbie)
(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)
Shh. It's okay, buckaroo, it's all
okay. Your sister was just playing
a silly game, that's all.

Carol scoops up Robbie in her arms. He's shaking.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Lisa, tell Robbie it's okay.

Lisa eyes her brother, her parents.

BRUCE
Lisa?

LISA
I'm gonna finish playing my
clarinet. Tell me when the mac and
cheese is ready.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Carol sets down bowls of mac-and-cheese for lunch. Lisa
watches from her chair, dismay on her face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

A "Monopoly" board is laid out on the living room floor.
Bruce, Carol and Robbie are seated cross-legged around it,
rolling the dice, hopping around the game pieces.

Lisa stays back on the couch, not playing, distraught.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

It's dinner time. Carol sets down a tray of homemade meatloaf
on the table next to bowls of mashed potatoes and salad.

Bruce and Robbie scoop out their portions, mock-fight each
other with their forks, laughing.

Lisa sits across, armed folded, not eating.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is gathered around the TV to watch an episode of
"Murder She Wrote".

Lisa stands alone by the front windows, gazes out longingly.

Wisps of the fog swirl in the dark night air.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies in bed. She sobs softly to herself, tears bubbling, her body trembling. She's near a breaking point.

Footsteps...

She stops crying, peers ahead from her pillow.

A shadow appears under the bottom crack of the bedroom door, walks slowly past, moves down the hallway.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lisa steps out of her room, peers down the dark hallway.

No one's there.

She goes to her parents' bedroom, cracks the door. Bruce and Carol are both asleep, "Johnny Carson" on TV.

Lisa continues down the hall, checks Robbie's room next. He's also fast asleep, his toy-walkie next to him.

More footsteps. Lisa looks over...

This time, they came from downstairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa reaches the bottom of the stairs, stops, listens.

A door creak... From the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lisa crosses the kitchen, arrives at the basement door, freezes. It's halfway opened. She listens. Silence.

LISA
(calling out)
Is someone down there?

More silence. Her breath quickens.

LISA (CONT'D)
Hello? Is someone--?

WHAM! The basement door slams shut.

Lisa SHRIEKS, races back the way she came...

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa dives under her blanket, shakes, lungs gasping.
Silence returns.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Morning sunlight streams upon Lisa's sleeping face.

ROBBIE'S VOICE
LISA JOHNSON!!!!

She opens her eyes, groggy, the toy walkie next to her.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Lisa! Me and Edgar found the pirate
treasure! It's a chest full of
silver!

Lisa sits up, peers out her window with disappointment.
The thick fog remains, blocking out the rest of the world.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lisa watches Robbie on his beanbag. He's enthralled by the same Road Runner cartoon as the day before.

CAROL
(from the kitchen)
Hey, Charlie Brown. Where are your
glasses?

ROBBIE
Edgar's got 'em!

CAROL
Well tell Edgar you want 'em back,
lickety-split...
(to Lisa)
Lisa? Start the laundry, please.
Cold water only. Hot will wear out
the clothes. And figure out where
you want us to go for your birthday
tomorrow, 'kay?

Lisa simply nods, having no fight in her today.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

THE WASHING MACHINE DIAL, clicked to "COLD"...

Lisa punches the button with defeat. Water flows. She starts for the stairs, stops, sees something across...

A photo album. It's been pulled half-way out of its shelf.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, kneeled on the basement carpet, opens the album. It's filled with family photos, all taken over the last year.

The image from the opening scene. Bruce, Carol, Lisa and Robbie smiling on the day they moved into the house.

Lisa gazes at herself from a year ago: her long auburn hair, her youthful innocence.

She spots the half-silhouette that reflects in the window glass behind her. Faint and haunting.

Spooked, she flips to more pictures...

A 4th of July barbecue. Lisa's auburn hair is cut shorter.

Lisa at Robbie's birthday party.

Lisa dressed for Halloween.

Lisa and her family at Thanksgiving.

As the photos progress over the single year, Lisa's hair changes to its current short goth-black. Her youthful innocence fades. Her smiles become frowns or averted glances.

She eyes a final photo...

Bruce in the garage, next to the Dodge Caravan, a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon on his work-table.

She leans closer, spots something behind her Dad...

Another silhouette, watching her Dad from the shadows.

LISA
(whispers)
Who are you?

She reaches down, touches the silhouette...

BA-THUMP! Lisa jolts, drops the album, looks over...

A stack of board games has fallen off a shelf. One of the games has tumbled directly into her line of vision.

A Parker Bros "Ouija Board", circa 1986.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The Ouija board is laid on the floor.

Lisa sets down the "planchette", the heart-shaped piece of wood, over the letters. She lifts her finger. Pauses. Waits.

Nothing happens.

She slides the planchette around the board, touches different letters to see if this triggers anything.

It doesn't.

She gazes around the attic, unsure, nervous.

LISA

Hello?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)

Is someone here?

CAROL'S VOICE

(from above)

LISA!!!

Lisa flinches, looks up.

CAROL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

What are you doing down there?

LISA

Nothing!

CAROL'S VOICE

Well come up! I want you to pick some raspberries for the pancakes!

LISA

'Kay... Gimme a sec!

She sighs, reaches back down to the planchette, freezes...

The planchette has moved. It has slid across the board, the arrow now pointing at "HELLO".

DA-DING! Lisa jumps, spins...

A jack-in-the-box pops out, cranking by itself.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! A cymbal-banging-monkey-toy claps violently, smashes its cymbals together.

WHAAAAA! A baby-doll erupts into pre-recorded cries.

WHOMP! The lights go out. The basement plunges into darkness.

Lisa shivers, her breath froths. The air's turned cold.

BZZZ!! BZZZ!! The lights flicker. Faster and faster.

Lisa loses her nerve, darts for the stairs...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! The basement door flies open. Lisa charges out.

The kitchen lights are flickering too. Carol looks around confused from the stove. The flickering stops. A beat.

CAROL

What on earth was that?

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

KA-THUNK! Bruce opens a fuse box built into the back of the house. He checks the wiring, flicks the switches.

ON THE BACK PORCH: Lisa watches along with Carol and Robbie.

CAROL

Can you tell what happened, dear?

BRUCE

Fuses seem okay. Must've been a short-circuit in the wiring. I'll call the electrician tomorrow. I'm sure everything's closed today 'cause of the fog.

Lisa frowns, goes back inside.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

It's dinner time. Meatloaf, mashed potatoes and salad. Lisa's mood has soured. Robbie finishes gobbling his food, grins.

ROBBIE
Mommy! Edgar wants more meatloaf!

CAROL
Oh my, Edgar has a big appetite!

She scoops out more meatloaf, puts it on Robbie's plate, then glances over at Lisa, who hasn't touched her food.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Why aren't you eating your
meatloaf, sweetheart?

LISA
Meat is murder.

TSSK! Lisa looks ahead, reacts...

Bruce sips thirstily from a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon. He pauses mid-swallow, sees Lisa gawking at him.

BRUCE
What's wrong, Lise?

LISA
Since when did you drink beer?

BRUCE
Sorry?

LISA
That's not part of the routine.

CAROL
Your father always has a beer with
dinner, honey. You know that.

Lisa looks stunned at her Mom. Carol smiles.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Okay, who wants chocolate ice-cream
for dessert?

ROBBIE
I do! Double scoops!

BRUCE
Count me in!

CAROL
How about you, Lisa?

Lisa is too disturbed to answer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Lisa enters the living room. Robbie is watching "Pete's Dragon" on TV. Carol reads a book on the couch.

LISA
What happened to "Murder She Wrote"?

ROBBIE
That's boring. I'm watching "Wonderful World Of Disney".

LISA
(looks around)
Where's Dad?

CAROL
The garage. You know how he is at this time of night. Prefers to be on his own.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG...

Lisa cracks the door from the kitchen, peers inside...

LISA'S POV: Bruce stands over the opened hood of the Dodge Caravan, pounds a wrench against an engine part.

BRUCE
I know... I know, damnit! I know!

He's having a conversation with himself. An angry one. A fresh can of Pabst Blue Ribbon sweats on the work-bench.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get it fixed! I just need to figure out why it won't--

A creak... Lisa's bumped the door.

Bruce spins, looks right at her. She doesn't move.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Lisa... Go back inside. I've got work to do in here.

She stays where she is, flustered.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Go on, sweetheart. Good-night.

LISA
 (uneasy)
 Good-night, Dad.

As she turns back into the kitchen...

BANG... BANG... BANG... Bruce pounds away with the wrench.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lisa lies under her blanket in the dark, tries to sleep.

Footsteps...

She opens her eyes, peers ahead at her bedroom door.

A shadow appears under the door crack, stops.

Lisa clenches the top of her covers, terror-stricken.

A creak. Her door slowly opens.

Lisa dives under her blanket, shrouded in darkness.

More footsteps, getting closer. Then stopping.

Lisa stays under the blanket, refuses to come out.

Breathing. Inches away. Just on the other side.

LISA
 (whispers)
 Who are you?

The breathing turns louder. Deeper.

LISA (CONT'D)
 What do you want from me?

The WHISPERED VOICE speaks, this time inches from her.

WHISPERED VOICE
Lisa ... I can see you...

LISA
 NOO!!!

Lisa RIPS OFF THE COVERS, glares ahead...

No one's there. Her bedroom's empty.

She stays frozen, clenching her blanket, too scared to move.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

SMASHING... SHATTERING... CRASHING... From below...

CAROL'S VOICE
Stop it, Bruce! Stop it!

Lisa jolts awake. It's morning. She looks next to her.
The toy-walkie is there, but Robbie isn't calling out to her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa rushes downstairs. Robbie lies on his beanbag, watches
"Road Runner" transfixed, doesn't glance back at her.

LISA
(unsure)
Robbie?

SMASH!!! Lisa spins...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kitchen drawers litter the floor, silverware discarded.

CRASH!!! Bruce throws down another drawer. He's searching for
something while in the middle of a violent rage.

CAROL
JUST STOP IT!!!

Carol stands across in her morning robe, tears flowing.

BRUCE
Tell me where they are!

CAROL
I have no idea!

BRUCE
You stole them from me!

CAROL
Why would I do that?

BRUCE
You stole them! Stop lying!

WHAM! He punches the wall. Carol is hysterical.

LISA
Mom? Dad?

They both stop, look over. Lisa watches them with shock.

CAROL
Lisa... Go up to your room, honey.
Take Robbie with you.

Lisa doesn't move, stares at her Dad with disbelief.

BRUCE
Do you know where the sparkplugs
are, Lisa?

LISA
(confused)
What?

BRUCE
I've been trying to fix the car all
morning, and then realized it's
just the sparkplugs. They're gone.
Someone's taken them. Was it you?

LISA
(taken aback)
No... I have no idea what you're
talking about.

He eyes her with suspicion, on edge.

DING-DONG!

Everyone jumps, looks over. The front doorbell.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Robbie races up to the front door. Lisa intercepts him.

LISA
Robbie! No!

Robbie looks up innocently. Lisa eyes the door. Bruce and
Carol step out of the kitchen, peer ahead too.

DING-DONG! No one moves.

DING-DONG! Carol finally walks over.

LISA (CONT'D)
Mom! Don't answer it!

CAROL
Why not?

LISA
Please... Don't.

CAROL
I'm not going to shut out the rest
of the world just because your
father gets upset sometimes.

Carol wipes her tears, straightens up, opens the door.

Lisa looks ahead, eyes widening...

A TALL, PALE MAN stands on the front porch.

He wears a blue uniform, a tool box in hand. Sunglasses
conceal his eyes. The thick fog swirls behind him.

His presence is strikingly creepy.

PALE MAN
Morning, Ma'am. I'm from the phone
company. We're checking the lines
in the neighborhood today. We've
been getting lots of static because
of the fog.

CAROL
Oh... I see.

PALE MAN
Has your phone been out this
morning?

CAROL
In fact, yes, it has.

PALE MAN
Sorry to hear that. I'm sure it's
terribly inconvenient for everyone.

He gazes over at Lisa, smiles. Lisa instinctively shivers.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
May I come in to check the jacks?

CAROL
Yes, of course. Thank-you.

The Pale Man steps into the foyer, sees Bruce up ahead, the
kitchen drawers and silverware spilled on the floor.

PALE MAN

Looks like you folks have got a mess on your hands down here. I'll check the upstairs first.

He turns to the stairs. Carol nods over at Lisa.

CAROL

Sweetie. Laundry, please. Cold water, not hot. Hot will wear out the clothes.

Lisa stays frozen, confused and scared.

BRUCE

(from behind)

Lisa. Do what your mother says.

LISA

I... I forgot something up in my room. I'll be right back.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa reaches the top of the stairs, peers down the upstairs hallway. Empty.

The jingle of a tool belt. From her parents' bedroom.

INT. BRUCE AND CAROL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa steps into the bedroom, stops.

The Pale Man has his back to her, stands over a wall-jack with a screwdriver. He pauses, senses Lisa, turns around.

He gazes at her, the light reflecting off his sunglasses.

PALE MAN

How long have you been awake?

LISA

(frightened whisper)

... What?

PALE MAN

How long has it been since you've known? Understood?

LISA
(hesitates)
I don't know... A week maybe. I'm
not sure.

He screws the phone jack back into place.

LISA (CONT'D)
Who are you?

He doesn't answer her, shuts his tool box.

LISA (CONT'D)
What's going on?

He walks back towards her. Lisa braces. He stops right before
her, flips up his sunglasses.

His eyes are sharp blue. Penetrating. Frightening.

PALE MAN
Whenever you hear strange noises in
this house, or voices calling out
to you, ignore them. Pretend they
don't exist, Lisa.

Lisa is speechless.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
If you try to contact the living,
you and your family will suffer in
ways you cannot possibly imagine.

A nerve-racking beat.

He flips his sunglasses back on, goes into the hallway.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The Pale Man returns downstairs, smiles apologetically at
Bruce and Carol and Robbie waiting below.

PALE MAN
Sorry, folks. Couldn't get the line
to work. You'll probably have a
dead phone the rest of the day, at
least until this darn fog clears.

Bruce and Carol exchange an unsure glance.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

But if you ask me, it's good to lose your phone every once in a while. It lets you spend more time with those you love.

(nods, smiles)

Have a good day, everyone.

He opens the front door, steps out onto the front porch.

AT THE STAIRS: Lisa arrives at the bottom, peers ahead, fear still puncturing her as she watches the Pale Man go.

The Pale Man slips into the thick fog, disappears.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The "Monopoly" game board lies on the living room floor. Bruce, Carol and Robbie sit cross-legged around it.

Lisa watches as her family laughs, has a good time, as if the morning trauma had never happened. Everything's forgotten.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Carol's meatloaf is served for dinner along with mashed potatoes and salad. Lisa gazes across the table.

Bruce pours a tall glass of milk for himself. No Pabst Blue Ribbon tonight. Lisa eyes him with accusation.

LISA

What happened to your beer?

BRUCE

Sorry, sweetie?

LISA

Last night you had beer, not milk.

BRUCE

What are you talking about?

CAROL

Your father never drinks alcohol at the table, Lisa. You know that.

LISA

How can you two just sit here and eat dinner, and act like nothing happened this morning?

CAROL

This morning? Do you mean the
clothes missing from the laundry?
Do you know where they are, honey?

Lisa is exasperated, close to losing it.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Oh, and you really need to figure
out where we're going for your
birthday tomorrow. Your father gets
home from work at six, so we'll
leave for the restaurant around--

LISA

(interrupts)
I'm sorry.

CAROL

What?

LISA

I can't do this anymore. I'm sorry.

CAROL

You can't do what anymore?

Lisa gazes at her family, a pang of guilt hitting her.

BRUCE

Lise? What's wrong?

LISA

... I'm sorry.

She bolts out of her chair, dashes towards the kitchen...

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! Lisa burst into the garage, runs over to her bicycle
in the corner, grabs it, wheels it to the front door.

BRUCE

(from behind)
Lisa, come back here. You weren't
excused from the table.

Lisa opens the garage door, saddles her bike.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Where are you going? It's not safe
to...

She pedals away outside.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa!

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa churns her bike into the fog. The house disappears from view behind her, Bruce's voice shouts out to her.

BRUCE'S VOICE

Lisa! Stop! Come back here!

She keeps pedaling, doesn't look back. Her Dad's voice fades.

BRUCE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Lisa!! ... LiiiiissssaAAA!!!

She rides faster and faster...

EXT. FOG REALM - FARTHER AHEAD

SCREECH! Lisa hits the brakes, hops off her bike, breathless. The fog engulfs her on all sides. Enshrouding her.

She peers ahead, can't see more than two feet.

LISA

(calling out)

Hello? Anyone out here?

Silence.

LISA (CONT'D)

(shouting louder)

Hey! ... Can someone hear me?

More silence. She starts walking her bike forward.

LISA (CONT'D)

My name's Lisa Johnson! And I've just left my house!

The only sound is the click of her bike wheels.

LISA (CONT'D)

I want to cross over to the other side! I don't want to be stuck in my house anymore!

She keeps walking, and walking. Still no response.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Come on! What are you waiting for?
 Take me away! Take me to--

She freezes, sees something ahead.

A large structure, faint and blurred in the fog.

Hope fills her. She climbs back onto her bike, starts pedaling towards it.

The structure takes on more shape. About 40 feet high. Several stories. Angled.

She pedals faster and faster until...

FWOOSH! The fog clears away from her...

She slams the brakes, looks ahead, shocked.

Her house is before her. Bruce still stands in the driveway. The fog borders the property. She's gone in a circle.

BRUCE
 (relieved)
 Lisa! There you are!

Lisa looks at her Dad with disbelief. He starts towards her.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 It's just not safe for riding,
 sweetie. Here, give me your bike
 and we'll go back into the--

She flips her bike around, rides back into the fog...

EXT. FOG REALM - FARTHER AHEAD

FOLLOWING LISA, pedaling hard, legs churning, plunging deep into the fog again, not stopping for anything this time...

EXT. FOG REALM - FARTHER AHEAD

FWOOSH! The fog clears again. Lisa slams the brakes, looks ahead, incredulous.

Her house is there again, and so is her Dad, now impatient.

BRUCE
 Enough games, young lady. Bring
 your bike into the garage. We're
 spending the rest of today indoors.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Lisa, dazed, returns inside. Carol is scooping out chocolate ice-cream into bowls, smiles as if Lisa never left.

CAROL
Sweetheart, finish your dinner.
We're all going to watch "Murder
She Wrote" after dessert.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa sits up in bed, next to the heat-vent, listens for any sounds or voices from within it. Tonight, there's nothing.

BRUCE
Time for bed, Lise.

She looks over. He steps in from the hallway, smiles.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
When you're a little bit older,
I'll let you stay up and watch
Johnny Carson with me, okay?

She smiles, nods. He walks over, kisses her on the cheek.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Love you, sweetheart.

LISA
Love you too, Dad.

He turns to go.

LISA (CONT'D)
Dad...

He stops, looks back at her.

LISA (CONT'D)
Did you find the sparkplugs?

BRUCE
(confused)
The sparkplugs?

LISA
They're missing from the car.
That's why it won't start.

BRUCE

What? Oh no, it's just an engine valve. But don't worry, I'll it fixed before your birthday tomorrow. And we'll all have a great time. You can pick any restaurant you want to go to. It'll be your special day. No one else's.

Lisa watches her Dad with profound sadness.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Get some sleep, okay?

She pauses, nods. He turns and leaves.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's now late. Lisa comes down into the dark basement, glances around nervously. She goes to the shelf, pulls out the Ouija board, sets it on the carpet, grabs the planchette.

She gazes around the dark basement again, listens, whispers.

LISA

Are you here?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)

Sorry I screamed at you last night. I was scared. I know it should be the other way around, right? Since you're the one who's alive, and I'm the one who's... dead. Jesus, even saying that feels weird.

More silence.

LISA (CONT'D)

I don't know how I died, or why, or how long I've been stuck in this stupid routine with my family. It's like we've been sleepwalking for a long time, but now I'm awake.

A creak...

Lisa freezes up, eyes darting around the darkness with fear. She waits a moment. Listens. No more creaks.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (frightened whisper)
 There's someone else in this house too. He's dead like me, I think. He scares me. He doesn't want me to be awake or aware of anything. He warned me not to contact you. Maybe it's because you're the reason I woke up in the first place? I don't know.

Hand shaking, she sets down the planchette on the board.

LISA (CONT'D)
 All I know is I need to get out of this house. I don't belong here. But I don't know how to leave. You're the only hope I've got to figuring it out so please... please, just talk to me. Tell me what I'm supposed to do.

She eyes the planchette, focuses.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Who are you?

The planchette doesn't move.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Why are you trying to contact me?

Nothing.

LISA (CONT'D)
 What is your name?

She slides the planchette under the letters.

LISA (CONT'D)
 What's the first letter of your name?

The planchette stays put.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Move the piece to the first letter... Do you understand?

Nothing.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Move the piece anywhere.

Nothing. Desperation overwhelms her.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 SAY SOMETHING!

Silence.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa returns defeated into her bedroom. She shuts the door, starts forward, freezes.

Breathing...

She eyes her bed. Her chest clenches.

A LUMP is lying underneath the blanket, slowly rising up and down to the rhythm of the breathing.

Lisa is petrified.

The lump doesn't stir, keeps breathing.

LISA
 Hello?

No response.

Lisa cautiously approaches, fear building. She stops before the front of her bed by the pillows, gazes down at the lump.

The breathing turns deeper. Heavier.

She kneels, only a foot away, watches.

The blanket rises and falls. Rises and falls.

Trembling, Lisa reaches down, grasps the edge of the blanket.

She peels away the blanket to reveal...

A sleeping TEENAGE GIRL. Fast asleep. Lisa's age. Red hair. Pale skin. Pretty.

Lisa stares dumbfounded at her.

The Girl continues to sleep. Inhaling. Exhaling.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (voice shaking)
 Can you hear me?

The Girl doesn't stir.

LISA (CONT'D)
Who are you? Why are you in my--?

WHAP! The Girl grabs Lisa's wrist.

Lisa jolts...

The Girl opens her eyes, stares right at Lisa.

Lisa doesn't move a muscle, numb with fright.

The Girl opens her mouth, lets out a gasp of air.

TEEN GIRL
Lisa...

Lisa reacts to hearing her name.

TEEN GIRL (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Lisa Johnson...

LISA
(whispers back)
How do you know my--?

The Girl's grip *tightens*. Lisa tries pulling away, but the Girl keeps her wrist clamped, peers deeper into Lisa's eyes.

TEEN GIRL
Help me, Lisa... Please, help me...

The Girl begins to shake...

Lisa shakes too as...

FWOMP! The bedroom lights FLASH. Faster and faster. Strobing.

Disoriented, Lisa looks across at the bedroom mirror...

IN THE REFLECTION: There's new wallpaper. New posters. A new desk and bookshelf. It's the Girl's bedroom, not Lisa's.

MALE VOICE
OLIVIA!

Lisa looks ahead...

The Girl's room is before her. Lisa has transported into it.
BAM! BAM! BAM! Pounding from the other side of the door.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)
Olivia? What's wrong in there?

The door knob jiggles.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)
Olivia! Open the door!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

TEEN GIRL
(screams)
Help me, Lisa! Help!

Lisa looks back at the Teen Girl, "OLIVIA", who's glaring ahead terror-stricken at the door.

The lights flash faster, brighter.

MALE VOICE
OLIVIA!!!

BA-BAM! The bedroom door FLIES OPEN from the hallway...

Olivia SHRIEKS...

Lisa shuts her eyes tight...

The lights stop flashing.

ON LISA, not moving, quivering, holding her breath.

She finally opens her eyes, looks down...

Olivia's hand is gone. So is Olivia.

Lisa looks ahead...

She's back in her own bedroom. The door is shut. It's quiet.

Lisa, overwhelmed, starts to stand, but *wobbles*, feels incredibly weak. She stumbles back, collapses onto her bed.

Her eyes close...

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Morning sunlight streams on Lisa's sleeping face.

ROBBIE'S VOICE
LISA JOHNSON!!!

Lisa opens her eyes. The toy-walkie flashes next to her.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Lisa! Me and Edgar found the pirate
treasure! It's a chest full of
emeralds!

Lisa jolts up, memories of last night rushing back to her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Lisa watches Robbie watching "Road Runner". She's back in the normal, daily routine. She thinks a moment, makes a decision.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

KA-THUNK! Lisa slides back the dryer, the area where she had heard the creak before. The wall behind it is revealed.

Lisa kneels, reacts with surprise...

A small red door.

Only two feet high, built into the cement wall, its crimson paint chipped and faded. It was hidden from view until now.

Lisa turns the knob...

Locked. She turns the knob harder, shakes it. It won't budge.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLICK! Lisa locks her bedroom door, walks into the middle of her room, stops, gazes around. Listens.

LISA
Olivia? Are you in here?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)
Why did you ask me to help you last
night? What's that red door behind
the dryer? Why did you want me to
find it?

More silence. Lisa eyes her bedroom mirror, her reflection.

LISA (CONT'D)
I was warned not to talk to you.
I'm risking a lot. So just tell me
what you--

A low moan...

She spins, looks across at the heat-duct.

It's the same moan she heard when practicing the clarinet.

She rushes over, presses her ear to the duct, listens.

The moan becomes louder, changes in pitch and tone.

LISA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Olivia? What are you saying? I
can't understand. Speak louder!

The moan amplifies. Clarifies.

Lisa closes her eyes, concentrates harder on the moan...

And then for the first time, she can make out what it is:

Musical notes. From an instrument. A woodwind.

Lisa opens her eyes, stunned, recognizing the music.

It's the theme to "Peter And The Wolf".

The music stops.

Lisa reacts, frantically presses her ear closer, listens.

LISA (CONT'D)

(into the duct)

No! Don't stop! Olivia!

(listens more)

Come back! Where are--?

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS... She jumps, looks over...

The sound of running water, coming from her bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lisa enters her bathroom, freezes.

Both faucets are turned on, water flowing into the sink.

Lisa looks across at her shower: its yellow curtain is drawn over the tub. She walks over, stops, waits.

Water drips...

She grasps the curtain edge, braces herself, YANKS IT BACK...

Empty. No one's in the tub.

She's jittery, on edge.

She goes back to the sink, turns off both faucets, exhales, tries to collect herself. She looks up at the mirror...

Olivia stands in the reflection behind her.

LISA

AHHH!!!

Lisa spins...

Olivia is not before her.

Lisa spins back to the mirror...

IN THE REFLECTION: *Olivia is still there, gazing hauntingly at Lisa, her face pale white. She's only in the mirror.*

OLIVIA IN THE REFLECTION

(whispers)

Lisa... I need your help... It's going to happen again.

LISA

What's going to...?

Olivia reaches out through the mirror, grabs Lisa's wrist...

Lisa jolts...

FWOMP! The lights go out. The bathroom plunges into TOTAL DARKNESS.

Lisa stumbles... SMASH! Knocks over a glass. She trips backwards, grabs the bathtub's edge, stops her fall.

She listens, scared, whispers out into the blackness.

LISA (CONT'D)

Olivia? ... Olivia, where are you?

No response. Just darkness.

LISA (CONT'D)

Olivia! Talk to me! Please!

More silence.

Lisa stands, gropes her hand, bumps the wall, gropes more, finds the wall-switch... CLICK! The lights come back on.

Lisa looks ahead, turns confused...

The shower's yellow shower curtain is replaced by a pebbled-glass screen. The towels and bath-mat are also different.

Lisa looks over at the sink: it's a different model with a single faucet handle instead of two handles.

Stunned, Lisa steps closer to the sink, stares ahead at her reflection in the mirror.

Her jaw drops...

Olivia's face looks back at Lisa, not Lisa's face.

Lisa doesn't move. Stunned. Terrified.

Slowly, Lisa brings up her hand, touches her own cheek...

IN THE MIRROR: *Lisa is touching Olivia's cheek, not hers.*

Lisa glances down, realizes she is wearing Olivia's clothes.

Lisa is possessing Olivia's body.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa steps out of the bathroom, dazed, gazes ahead...

She is in Olivia's bedroom, not hers.

Music posters hang on the walls, artists Lisa's never heard of: "Vampire Weekend", "Muse", "Interpol", "MGMT", "Adele".

Freaked, Lisa steps in more, eyes Olivia's bed...

A clarinet lies on the pillow: silver in color, not black.

Lisa looks over at Olivia's desk...

An iPad is propped up in its charger, its display screen a fiery orange sunset over a blue ocean.

Lisa, astonished, gazes at the sparkling digital image, a technology 25 years beyond her comprehension.

She spots something else on the desk...

A wood chest. The size of a bread-box, coated with dust.

Lisa touches it, wipes off a dust layer. The wood grain is worn and old. She finds a latch, starts to unhook it...

MOTHER'S VOICE

Olivia?

Lisa spins...

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Olivia, are you in there?

The MOTHER'S VOICE is from the other side of the door.

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Olivia, answer me, please!

The door knob jiggles, a dead-bolt locking it.

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Olivia! We've discussed this! Stop locking your door!

Lisa is frozen, scared.

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

It's time for lunch, and then I want you outside! You're spending too much time cooped up in your room! No more clarinet! You've practiced enough!

The door knob jiggles harder.

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Olivia! Open this door!

Lisa stumbles backwards. Her foot *trips* over a hole in the hardwood floor. She loses her balance...

SMACK! Her head strikes the floor.

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Olivia!!! What's happening?

Lisa's eyes shut...

Blackness.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa opens her eyes, disoriented.

She's still lying on her back on the floor.

She sits up, peers ahead...

She's back in her own bedroom, back in her own time.

She eyes the floor where she had tripped...

The white carpet of her room covers it.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RIIIPP!! Lisa, on her knees, cuts out the section of white carpet with a knife, exposes a hardwood floor underneath...

CUT TO:

LISA'S FINGERS, gliding over the old floorboards. She stops at an edge, presses... It's loose. She pries, pulls...

THUNK! The board comes out. There's now a hole in the floor: the same one she had tripped over in Olivia's time.

Lisa reaches into the hole, pulls out the same wood chest.

Dust coats it again. It was hidden here in the past, before Lisa's era, never meant to be found.

Lisa unhooks the latch, opens the lid, peers inside...

A thin, leather album. Worn and weathered.

Unsure, Lisa pulls it out, opens its cover. The leather crinkles. It's been untouched for many years.

She eyes the first page...

A pasted newspaper clipping, the paper browned, the ink faded. The album is a scrapbook of some kind.

Lisa reads from the top of the article:

The Lake County News. March 10th, 1954.

Her eyes lower to...

A black-and-white photo of a TEENAGE GIRL, fifteen, brunette, pretty, a beaming grin as she proudly displays a trophy.

Lisa's gaze shifts down to photo's caption:

"Mary Brooks, First Place, Cook County Science Fair"

Curiosity building, Lisa flips to the next page...

More clippings. All "The Lake County News". All with 1950s photos of pretty, smiling TEENAGE GIRLS.

"Peggy Walker, Third Place, Chicago Area Bake-Off"

"Frances Nichols, Second Place, State Finals, 100 Meter Backstroke"

"Sandra Gardner, Third Place, Illinois Debate Championship"

Lisa flips to the next page...

More clippings, these from the bigger Chicago dailies: The Chicago Tribune, The Chicago News, The Chicago Sun-Times.

She scans the articles, reacts...

November, 1954: "Second Girl Reported Missing"

April, 1955: "Third Disappearance, Families of Chicago's Northshore Living In Terror"

July, 1955: "No New Leads After Fourth Disappearance"

Each article has a photo of the abducted girl, the same girls from the earlier articles. They were singled out.

Lisa, disturbed, flips to the scrapbook's final page...

November, 1957: "Police Closing Northshore Investigation, Killer's Identity May Never Be Known."

Lisa is overwhelmed.

She spots an inner-sleeve in the scrapbook, slides her finger into it, pulls out an object.

Her eyes widen...

A red key.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Carol pours raw macaroni into boiling water. Lisa rushes past her, beelines to the basement door.

CAROL
Sweetheart, lunch will be ready in
twenty min--

Lisa's gone into the basement...

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Lisa inserts the red key into the red door, turns it...

CLICK! The red door unlocks.

Nervous, she turns the knob, pushes...

WHOOSH! A whistle of *circulating air* from within.

The opening on the other side is pitch-black. Lisa reaches out her hand, feels goosebumps. The air is cold.

CUT TO:

A BASEMENT SHELF, as Lisa quickly searches it, finds what she's looking for...

CUT TO:

CLICK! Lisa switches on a flashlight, aims the white beam down into the dark opening to see what's there...

Narrow wooden steps, descending deeper under the house.

INT. STAIRS - OTHER SIDE OF DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa *creaks* down the rickety steps, her flashlight clenched as she sinks into the blackness.

She reaches the bottom, swings around her beam...

A cavernous room, its walls made of crimson red brick.

Dust, grime and cobwebs cover everything. It's been a long time since anyone's been down here.

Her beam shines upon a rusted coal furnace built into the red bricks. It has an iron door with a slatted window.

Lisa spots a shelf next to the furnace, lined with opaque brown glass vials. She aims her beam upon the dusty labels:

Ethoxyethane... Trichloromethane... Dinitrogen Monoxide...

She lowers her beam, reads their common names:

Ether... Chloroform... Nitrous Oxide...

She spies an old shoebox on another shelf. She picks it up, removes its dirty lid, shines her beam into it...

Aged, faded objects lie inside.

A charm bracelet. A hair-ribbon. A cross necklace. A lipstick tube. A make-up case. Earrings. Eyeliner. A silver watch.

Lisa reaches in, touches the charm bracelet...

FWOMP!!! *The coal furnace ROARS TO LIFE behind her.*

She drops the shoebox, swings her beam on the furnace. A fiery glow flickers from within it.

Scared, Lisa steps closer to the furnace, peers through its window slats. The furnace flames dance off her eyes.

A TEENAGE GIRL'S FACE appears.

Lisa jolts back...

The girl stares out at Lisa with agony. She's one of the girls from the scrapbook photos. She opens her mouth...

SCCCRRREEECCHH!!! A blood-curdling cry erupts. Her face melts. Her body incinerates. A surreal and hellish vision.

INT. WOODEN STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa sprints up the wood steps...

SCCCRRREEECCHH!!! The girl's CRIES fill Lisa's head. The orange glow of the furnace flickers below her...

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa tumbles out of the red door, rolls, spins back...

SLAM! She shuts the red door, gasps for air.

Silence...

Lisa waits a moment. Everything stays quiet.

She gulps down a scared breath, cracks open the red door...

LISA'S POV: The stairwell is dark again. The furnace glow is gone. The girl's awful cries have stopped.

CAROL'S VOICE

Lisa?

Lisa SCREAMS, spins...

Carol stands across the basement, a quizzical look.

CAROL
What on earth are you doing?

Lisa can't speak.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Lisa? You're white as a sheet. You
look like you've just seen a...

LISA
(cutting her off)
Nothing's wrong. I was getting a
sock that fell between the crack.

CAROL
(unsure)
Oh... Well get cleaned up, sweetie.
You're all covered in filth. We're
having lunch in ten minutes.

Lisa can barely breathe.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Lisa and her family are having lunch, bowls of mac-and-cheese
in front of them. Robbie gobbles down his share, smiles.

ROBBIE
Mommy! Edgar wants more mac-and-
cheese!

CAROL
Ask, and Edgar *shall* receive.

Carol scoops out more mac-and-cheese for Robbie's plate.

BRRRINNNGGG!

Lisa jumps, looks ahead. It's the kitchen phone.

BRUCE
(standing up)
I've got it...

BRRRINNNGGG!

Bruce goes into the kitchen. Lisa watches with unease.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(answering)
Hello? ... Yes, may I ask who's
calling? ... One moment please...
(looks ahead)
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa, it's Mr. Woodley, your chemistry teacher. He says there's a change in the lab assignment, and needs to talk to you about it.

Lisa stays planted in her chair.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa? You don't want to keep your teacher waiting. I'm sure he's got lots of other students to call.

Lisa swallows, stands, walks into the kitchen. Bruce hands her the phone, smiles, goes back to the dining room.

Lisa lifts the receiver to her ear, doesn't speak.

PALE MAN'S VOICE

I thought I told you to mind your own business?

Lisa tenses. The menace in his voice chills the bone.

PALE MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Clearly you are a Busy Betty. And I don't like Busy Betties.

Lisa turns away from her family so they can't hear her.

LISA

(whispers)

What's down in that room under the basement? ... Who's down there?

PALE MAN'S VOICE

This is my house, Lisa. It always has been. Stop opening doors that are meant to be closed.

LISA

(getting angry)

Why? What will you do to me?

CLICK! Static crackles.

Lisa clenches the phone.

CAROL

(from the dining room)

Lisa? Come back and finish your lunch before it gets cold, dear.

Lisa hangs up, freaked. She turns, goes back into the dining room. She looks ahead, stops in her tracks...

A BOY is sitting in the chair next to Robbie.

He's 8 years old. Wearing knee-length knickers, black shoes, a flat cap. The dress of a child circa the 1920s.

He smiles malevolently at Lisa, his eyes sharp blue.

Lisa stares back at him. Stunned.

The boy leans over, whispers into Robbie's ear. Robbie grins.

ROBBIE
Mommy! Daddy! Can I be excused?

BRUCE
You didn't finish your mac-and-cheese, sport.

ROBBIE
Edgar's not hungry anymore. He wants to show me something.

LISA
(charging)
Get away from him!

Lisa rushes at Edgar, but Robbie jumps up, blocks her.

ROBBIE
No, Lisa! Stop it! He's my friend!

BRUCE
(also getting up)
Lisa! What on Earth are you doing?

Lisa spins to her parents, points at Edgar.

LISA
Don't you see him?

Bruce and Carol look over. From their point-of-view, the chair next to Robbie is empty.

CAROL
See who, dear?

LISA
It's Edgar!

BRUCE
Stop playing jokes on your brother.

PALE MAN'S VOICE
They only see what I let them see,
Lisa.

Lisa spins back, gasps...

Edgar is now *speaking with the Pale Man's voice* as he glares at her. He and the Pale Man are one in the same.

EDGAR
(Pale Man's voice)
Perhaps I should show Robbie what
you already know?

Before Lisa can respond, Edgar's glare intensifies...

FWOMP! The house plunges into TOTAL DARKNESS.

Lisa, disoriented, looks around as...

The lights flash, create an extreme LIGHTNING EFFECT, showing Lisa SCARY VISIONS that only she can see.

FIRST FLASH: Bruce, still gazing at Lisa with worry, is now a decaying corpse, his jaw bone visible under his rotting, putrid flesh.

BRUCE AS A CORPSE
Lisa, what's gotten into you?

Lisa, horrified, get hit by another flash...

SECOND FLASH: Carol, also a living corpse, is in her chair at the table, her eyeballs sticking out of their sockets.

CAROL AS A CORPSE
Sweetheart? You okay?

Shaking, Lisa looks over as...

THIRD FLASH: Robbie is a corpse too, his hair half-gone, his skin black and decayed.

ROBBIE AS A CORPSE
Don't hurt, Edgar, Lisa! Please!

BACK TO LISA, gazing across at the dining room window. The next flash creates a mirrored reflection...

FOURTH FLASH: Lisa is a living corpse like her family, only she is the most grotesque and horrifying of them all.

LISA
NOOOOOO!!!!

Lisa shuts her eyes, covers her face.

The flashes stop. The overhead lights return to normal.

BRUCE

Lisa? ... Lisa, what's wrong?

Lisa keeps her eyes covered, shakes.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa... Look at me, please.

Lisa finally lowers her hands, opens her eyes, looks ahead...

Bruce is back to normal. So are Carol and Robbie. All of them are gazing at her with worry and confusion.

Lisa looks over at the table... Edgar is gone.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Please, sweetheart. Tell us what's the matter. Why are you so upset?

She doesn't speak, frightened down to her core.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY

WHAM! Lisa slams her door, tears in her eyes, still scared.

The opening notes of "Peter and the Wolf"...

Lisa spins, stares at the heat-vent with dread.

ALONG THE VENT SLATS: *Olivia's clarinet resonates from within. It's Olivia is trying to make contact again.*

LISA

(whispers)

No...

Lisa rushes over to her desk, rummages through the drawers...

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa sticks masking-tape strips over the heat-vent slats. She's trying to seal off Olivia's clarinet playing. She runs out of tape, steps back, listens.

Olivia's clarinet is muffled but still audible. Not stopping.

Lisa put her hands over her ears, panicked.

LISA (CONT'D)
 I can't help you, Olivia. I've got
 to protect my own family. Leave me
 alone. Please just leave me alone.

"Peter and the Wolf" keeps playing, relentless.

LISA (CONT'D)
 LEAVE ME ALONE!

She grabs her own clarinet, swings it at the bedroom
 mirror... SMASH! The mirror SHATTERS, glass spraying.

The music stops.

Lisa drops her clarinet. Pulse racing. Listening.

No more music. Her contact with Olivia has been cut off.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Lisa lies under her covers in the dark. She
 listens. It's still quiet. No noises. No whispers. No Olivia.

Her eyes close, exhaustion taking over her.

She drifts off to sleep...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning sunlight streams upon Lisa's sleeping face.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Knocking from the other side of the door.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE
 OLIVIA!!!

Lisa opens her eyes, groggy.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 Olivia, wake up!

Lisa jolts up, blinks with confusion.

She's back in Olivia's bedroom, and dressed in Olivia's
 clothes. She transitioned when she was asleep.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 Olivia! Wake up!

Lisa jumps out of bed, reorients herself.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Let me in!

Lisa looks around Olivia's room, stunned, upset.

LISA
(panicked whisper)
Olivia, you bitch! I told you to
leave me alone! I can't help--

BA-BAM! The door flies open. Lisa spins...

A CUTE 9 YEAR OLD GIRL barrels inside, stops on a dime, gives Lisa a wide and innocent grin.

LITTLE GIRL
Play the video!

Lisa is frozen, dumbfounded.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
Last night, you said wake you up in
the morning to play the video! You
promised me Gummi-bears! So play
the video!

Speechless, Lisa watches as the little girl dashes over to Olivia's iPad on the desk, snatches it, activates it.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
Play the video, Olivia!

Lisa walks over, perplexed as she gazes down at the glowing iPad clutched in the girl's small hands:

A paused YouTube video fills the screen. The number "5" is at the center, garish blue, static frozen at the edges.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
Come on! Play it! I want my Gummi-
bears!

Lisa, unsure, instinctively touches "play" on the screen...

News theme-music BLASTS, the sound and look distinctly 1980s.

Lisa flinches back, not sure what she just did...

ON SCREEN: *The "5" pulls away to reveal a LOCAL TV NEWSROOM with a 1980s ANCHORMAN behind a desk, his face grim.*

NEWS ANCHORMAN

Good evening, tragedy and murder has struck a North Shore family tonight, and our reporter, Dan Wilkes, is at the scene... Dan?

ON SCREEN: A REPORTER stands in front of Lisa's house at night, yellow police tape blocking off the driveway, red-and-blue siren lights flashing behind him.

ON LISA, shocked, trembling.

TV NEWS REPORTER

Yes, Mort, police tell us a family of four were found dead in their garage inside a Dodge Caravan, apparently killed by carbon monoxide poisoning. They include a father, a mother, a five year old son, and a fifteen year old--

LITTLE GIRL

Okay! You played it!

The girl taps the iPad, quits out of the video.

LISA

Hey! Wait! Bring it back!

LITTLE GIRL

I want my Gummi-bears for breakfast!

She gleefully runs off into the hallway with the iPad.

WOMAN'S VOICE

OLIVIA!!!

Lisa looks ahead. She's being called from downstairs.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Olivia, honey, I need you! Come down here, please!

INT. LIVING ROOM - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa walks down the stairs, tentative, still feeling the sheer strangeness of her out-of-body experience.

She enters the living room, stops.

There are new couches, chairs, wallpaper, and decorations. All modern day. The curtains are drawn over the windows.

BOY'S VOICE
Gotcha sucker! Take some of this!

SECOND BOY'S VOICE
Think you're bad, huh? Here comes
the pain!

TWO TWIN BOYS, 11 years old, are crouched in front of an HD flat screen TV, playing "Call Of Duty" on an X-Box.

Lisa watches them, her senses overwhelmed by the visuals and sounds. The two boys keep blasting away.

FEMALE VOICE
Olivia?

Lisa looks over...

OLIVIA'S MOTHER, mid-40s, stands in the kitchen, an apron on.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
We're having eggs and bacon so set
the table, please.

Lisa stares at her, doesn't move.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
How'd you sleep last night? No more
sleepwalking, right?

Before Lisa can speak...

BANG... BANG... BANG... Lisa looks over at the garage door.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
(sighs)
I really wish he'd keep it quiet in
the mornings.

She goes back to the stove, cracks an egg.

Lisa eyes the garage door, her heart pounding.

INT. GARAGE - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The garage door opens. Lisa steps inside, looks ahead.

BANG... BANG... BANG...

A MAN, his back to Lisa, pounds a wrench upon an engine part of a 2012 Ford Explorer, its hood open.

MAN
 (whispers)
 I know... I know, damnit! I know!

BANG... BANG... BANG...

He's having a conversation with himself. An angry one.

MAN (CONT'D)
 (pounding away)
 Just gotta get this engine fixed!
 Give me some more time, okay? Give
 me more time to...

He pauses, turns around, looks right at Lisa...

He's OLIVIA'S FATHER. Late-40s. Tall. Handsome. But at the moment pale and drawn, his eyes bloodshot. Jittery.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
 What are you doing here?

Lisa eyes him, looks next to him. A fresh can of Pabst Blue Ribbon sweats on the work-bench. Lisa's mind races.

PALE MAN'S VOICE
 I asked you a question, Lisa.

She looks back, jolts with shock...

The PALE MAN'S FACE glares at her, not Olivia's Father.

PALE MAN
 Why are you here? I already showed
 you what I'll do to sweet little
 Robbie if you interfere with me.

Lisa is paralyzed. The Pale Man is possessing Olivia's Father, just as she is possessing Olivia.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
 Go back where you belong.

His piercing eyes bore to hers. She stares back at him, at the Ford Explorer and scattered tools behind him.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
 Lisa? I gave you an order.

LISA
 (whispers)
 Don't hurt them.

PALE MAN

What?

LISA

Don't do the same thing to this family that you did to mine. Please. I'm begging you.

PALE MAN

(smiles cruelly)

I enjoy watching you beg.

He steps towards her. She backs away with fear.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

You aren't such brave young lady anymore, are you?

LISA

(losing it)

Don't hurt them! Don't hurt Robbie! Leave us alone! LEAVE US ALL ALONE!

PALE MAN

(erupting)

GET OUT!!!

Lisa SCREAMS, convulses, her outburst causing her to collapse to the floor as... BA-BAM! The kitchen door flies open.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER

DAVID!!!

Olivia's Mother bursts in, freezes with horror as she sees...

Olivia's Father. Not the Pale Man. He's standing over Lisa as Lisa shakes on the ground.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Oh my God! What happened?

She rushes over to Lisa, kneels with panic. Olivia's Father is dazed and disoriented, as if coming out of a waking dream.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

David! What happened to her?

OLIVIA'S FATHER

I... I don't know... She just started screaming and--

Lisa shakes harder. Olivia's Mother is panicked.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
 She's sleepwalking again! I
 couldn't tell when she was in the
 kitchen!

Olivia's Mother grabs hold of Lisa, tries to keep her steady.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 Olivia! Wake up! Please wake up!

Lisa shuts her eyes tight...

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 OLIVIA!!!

Lisa keeps her eyes shut. The voice she hears changes.

CAROL'S VOICE
 LISA, WAKE UP!

Lisa stops shaking.

CAROL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 Lisa? Can you hear me?

Lisa opens her eyes, peers up...

Carol is hovered over her, not Olivia's Mom.

BA-BAM! Bruce bursts in from the kitchen, runs over.

BRUCE
 What happened?

CAROL
 I don't know! I think she's
 sleepwalking!

Lisa sits up, dazed. She's back in her own time.

CAROL (CONT'D)
 (to Bruce)
 I was in the kitchen, and she
 walked right past me, came in here.

BRUCE
 Lise? You all right?

Lisa gazes up at her parents, blinks, remembers.

LISA
 (whispers)
 Robbie...

CAROL
What about Robbie?

Panic hits Lisa. Bruce and Carol turn more worried.

BRUCE
Lisa? Talk to us! What's going on?
Is Robbie all right?

She looks at them, her mind racing. She swallows, nods.

LISA
Yes... Yes, Robbie's fine. I wasn't
sleepwalking. We're playing a game.

CAROL
A game?

LISA
Hide-and-go-seek. It's my turn to
find him. He's hiding from me.

Bruce and Carol exchange an unsure glance. Lisa gets back to her feet, still weak, but doing her best to act normal.

LISA (CONT'D)
It's okay. We're having fun. Go
back to whatever you were doing.

BRUCE
Find Robbie, and no more games
after this one, understand?

CAROL
Hey, how about Monopoly later? I'd
love for us to all play together as
a family.

Lisa eyes her parents. They're back to being clueless.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts into the living room, stops. The Road Runner plays on TV, but Robbie's not here.

She starts for the foyer, about to go upstairs to search...

ROBBIE'S VOICE
(a squelch)
Lisa?

She stops, spins. The toy-walkie flashes on the beanbag.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Come in, Lisa, please!

She races over, snatches up the walkie, clicks the button.

LISA
Robbie!

ROBBIE'S VOICE
Hi Lisa! Edgar says you need to be
punished for being bad! He says
you're a Busy Betty!

LISA
Robbie... where are you?

ROBBIE'S VOICE
Downstairs with Edgar!

LISA
I am downstairs!

ROBBIE'S VOICE
I mean under the house! I'm in the
secret pirate cave!

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! Lisa charges into the basement, barrels down the stairs, reaches the bottom, looks across...

The dryer has been moved to the side. The red door is open.

LISA
Robbie!!!

No response. She grabs the flashlight...

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - LATER

Lisa scrambles down the rickety steps, the flashlight clutched as she goes down and down into the darkness.

She reaches the bottom, steps into the cavernous room.

LISA
Robbie? Where are you?

No response. She shines around her beam, stops it upon...

The coal furnace. Its door is half-opened.

INT. FURNACE - MOMENTS LATER

EEEERK... The iron door swings open all the way as Lisa charges into the dark furnace. She shines around her beam.

LISA

Robbie! Are you in here?

The furnace is empty, nothing but coal ash on the ground.

LISA (CONT'D)

ROBBIE!!!

Her voice echoes. She aims up her beam. The chimney shaft is shut, sealed by a flute-door.

She takes another step... her shoe *crunches*.

She flinches back, shines down her beam upon...

Half a human skull. Blackened. Burnt.

She gasps with horror, swivels her beam.

Skeletal bones litter the coal floor. The burnt-up remains of skulls, arms, ribs, legs. Bodies incinerated.

ROBBIE'S VOICE

Lisa? Can you hear me?

She jumps, flashes around her beam. And then she spots the second walkie lying in the ash.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Lisa Johnson! Where are you?

Lisa snatches up the walkie, clicks the button.

LISA

(into the walkie)

Robbie!

ROBBIE'S VOICE

Hi, Lisa!

LISA

Robbie, where are you? You said you were down in the--

ROBBIE'S VOICE

We tricked you!

LISA

What?

ROBBIE'S VOICE
I'm in the attic, Lisa! I was
hiding from you the whole time!
Edgar says we've won the game!

Static crackles.

LISA
 (into the walkie)
 Robbie! Robbie!

No response, just the static.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Damn it!

She turns to go find him, raises up her beam...

The Pale Man stands on the other side.

Lisa SCREAMS, stumbles back, looks at him with terror.

PALE MAN
 You lose, Lisa.

He smiles, reaches down, grabs the door latch.

LISA
 (rushing forward)
 NO!!!

WHAM! He slams the furnace door shut, locks it.

Lisa grabs the latch, can't budge it, pounds her fists.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Let me out of here! Let me out YOU
 SON-OF-A-BITCH!!!

She keeps pounding against the thick iron, but to no avail.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - LATER

Lisa, on her tip-toes, shines her flashlight along the flute-door above, searches for a latch or lever to open it. But there's nothing. The flute is locked from the other side.

LISA
 (shouts up)
 MOM! DAD! HELP ME!

No response. She punches the flute-door.

LISA (CONT'D)
SOMEONE HELP ME!!!

She stumbles back down, gasps for air, panicked, close to hyperventilating in the cold darkness.

She's a prisoner...

INT. FURNACE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa sits against the charred-black wall. Demoralized. She's been sitting here for a while.

She places her palm over the top of a flashlight, clicks it.

The reddish-orange glow creates an outline of her hand. She gazes at her finger bones under her skin, mesmerized.

Something catches her eye: a *glint* reflecting off the beam.

She aims her beam over. It's an object buried in the ash.

She shuffles over to it, kneels, digs her fingers into the thick, black coal, pulls the object out...

A gold ring.

It's covered in soot but intact, not having melted during the incineration process.

She wipes off the grime. An inscription is imprinted onto its base. She holds it under her beam to read it:

"EVANSTON HIGH, CLASS OF 1954"

She touches the inscription...

KA-THUNK! She jolts, aims up her flashlight beam as...

The flue-door opens... FWOOSH! Coal ash pours down on her.

She rolls, coughs, covered in the black soot. She recovers from the shock, shines up her beam again...

A long, brick chimney shaft is on the other side of the flue-door. It ascends up into pitch-darkness.

LISA
(calling up)
Hello?

Her voice echoes, fades. The only sound is the *whistle* of circulating air from somewhere above.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LISA
MMMMMMPH!!!

Lisa pops her body up into the chimney-shaft, now wedged between its narrow brick walls, her feet dangling.

She reaches up, grabs a crevice in the bricks, slides herself up the chimney. She grabs another crevice, slides up again.

She goes up...

And up...

And up...

Tink... Tink... Tink...

She freezes high up in the shaft, listens.

Tink... Tink... Tink...

The noise is resonating above. Eerie sounding.

LISA (CONT'D)
(calling up)
Dad? Is that you?

Tink... Tink... Tink...

She fumbles for her flashlight, clicks it, shines up her beam. A metal grate is few feet above.

Tink... Tink... Tink...

She swallows with fear, reaches up her hand, presses her palm against the grate, pushes it...

THUNK! The grate pops out, not bolted, but loose. Open air is on the other side. And the same eerie, repetitive noise.

Tink... Tink... Tink...

Lisa crooks her arm, braces it against the surface on the other side, starts to pull herself up through the hole...

She slips...

LISA (CONT'D)
(falling)
AHHHH!!!

She grabs the ledge above at the last second, hangs over the chimney drop, strains with all her strength to not fall.

She grunts, pulls herself up again...

INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE GRATE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa sprouts out of the chimney, rolls onto a floor in the darkness, exhausted and dirty. She gulps in air.

TINK... TINK... TINK...

The sound is louder. Lisa peers ahead into the dark.

TINK... TINK... TINK...

She finds her flashlight, aims the white beam ahead. The light hits the far wall first. She sees where she is...

The garage.

But the wall fixtures are different: the shelves, tools, boxes, table. Everything is from an earlier era. The 1950's.

TINK... TINK... TINK...

Hand shaking, she swings her flashlight left, stops at the next object in the beam's path...

A 1952 Packard. Emerald green. Four-doors. Jagged fins. Its back door is cracked opened. A key dangles from the ignition.

TINK... TINK... TINK...

She continues the flashlight arc, the beam now arriving upon the front corner of the garage to reveal...

The BACK OF TEENAGE GIRL. Huddled on her knees. Blonde hair. A pink cashmere sweater. She's tapping against a car-jack.

TINK... TINK... TINK....

She's trying to wedge the jack under the garage's front door. She's so focused on the task, she doesn't notice Lisa or the beam on her. Lisa watches her a moment, hesitates.

LISA

Hello?

The Girl SCREAMS, spins, glares at Lisa, the light bouncing off her frightened eyes. She raises the jack like a weapon.

Lisa freezes up as well, equally scared.

The two of them stare at each other. A tense beat.

TEEN GIRL
(whispers)
Did he kidnap you too?

Lisa studies the Girl's pale-white face, recognizes her...

She is "FRANCES NICHOLS", one of the missing girls from the 1950s scrapbook clippings. Her voice quivers with terror.

FRANCES
Did he knock out, put you into his car? How long have you been here?

Lisa is speechless.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Answer me!

LISA
You're Frances Nichols... You won second place, 100 meter backstroke.

Frances reacts. Lisa swallows.

LISA (CONT'D)
You were the third girl kidnapped.

Frances eyes Lisa a moment, spins back to the garage door, starts pounding the jack with fury...

TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK!

Lisa cautiously approaches, kneels a few feet away from Frances. Frances keeps pounding away with the jack.

LISA (CONT'D)
You got knocked out? Brought here?

FRANCES
Shh! I've got to open this door so we can escape!

LISA
Who was he? Who kidnapped you?

FRANCES
Quiet! He's gonna hear us, and--

LISA
Tell me who he was!

France stops pounding, glares at Lisa with raw fear.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (softens)
 Tell me, Frances... Please.

FRANCES
 (whispers)
 I don't know his name. I was walking home after the movies last night. He was closing up Mullin's Pharmacy, asked me if I needed a ride home. When I came closer, he grabbed me, put a cloth over my face. I passed out, woke up here in his car...

Lisa glances back at the Packard.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
 ... I was gagged and tied in the back-seat. The engine was running. I thought the exhaust was gonna suffocate me to death.

LISA
 But it didn't?

FRANCES
 Huh? I'm talking to you, aren't I?

WHAM! She SLAMS the jack, and this time, it slides under.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
 Got it! Okay, help me crack open the door wider so we can slide--

KA-THUNK! A noise from behind. They both spin...

THUNKA-THUNKA-THUNKA! The door to the kitchen *shakes violently*, trying to open, but locked from this side.

Frances and Lisa watch, petrified.

More jiggling. And then it stops. *Footsteps walk away.*

FRANCES (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 He's trying to find another way in!

She snatches up the jack-lever, inserts it into its slot.

LISA
 Frances... Wait! There's something you need to know!

Frances ignores her, starts pumping against the jack-lever...

EEERRRKKK... The garage door rises an inch off the floor.

LISA (CONT'D)

The man who kidnapped you... he
can't hurt us anymore.

FRANCES

(pumping the jack)
Of course he can! He almost killed
me last night!

LISA

He did kill you. He suffocated you
in his car.

FRANCES

(pumping the jack)
Shut up!

LISA

I'm not alive either. All of us in
this house are--

FRANCES

(pumps harder)
SHUT UP!

EEERRRRRKKK... The jack rises another inch...

Frances stops pumping the jack, checks the crack. It's now
big enough to crawl through. Fog swirls under it.

LISA

There's only fog out there. There's
nowhere for you to go.

FRANCES

I'm trying to save us!

LISA

You can't save us! You've been
replaying this night over and over.
The night you died in 1954. You've
been replaying it for a very long
time. It's like you're stuck in a
dream and you can't wake up and
remember what really happened.

Frances is furious, but stays where she is.

LISA (CONT'D)

I've been stuck here too. More than thirty years after you.

FRANCES

You're wrong. My Mom's out there. My Dad. My family. All my friends. They're waiting for me.

LISA

No, Frances. They're gone. They grieved over you, lived out the rest of their lives. You won't find them out there. I'm so sorry.

Frances trembles, upset. Deep down she knows Lisa is right, but she doesn't want to believe her.

Lisa reaches into her pocket, takes out the class ring she found in the furnace ash.

LISA (CONT'D)

When I touched this, you appeared above me. We connected.

Frances eyes the ring, recognizing it.

LISA (CONT'D)

After he murdered you, he dumped your body below. He burned you up like all the other girls he kidnapped. He was a monster.

Frances stays riveted to the ring, tears in her eyes.

Lisa holds out the ring to her, nods.

LISA (CONT'D)

Take it.

Frances hesitates, reaches to take the ring...

WHAP! A hand grabs her leg from under the door crack.

FRANCES

(screaming)

AHHHHHH!!!!

LISA

(dropping the ring)

Frances!!!

The hand yanks Frances under the crack, drags her to the other side.

Lisa tries to grab Frances' foot, but her foot *kicks away* the car-jack, just as she's pulled to the other side...

WHAM! The garage door SLAMS BACK DOWN, separates them.

LISA (CONT'D)
FRANCES!!!!

POP! The bulb in Lisa's flashlight explodes. Sparks fly.

Lisa tumbles back onto the floor. The garage is pitch-black.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Lisa spins. BAM! BAM! BAM! Pounding against the kitchen door.

BRUCE'S VOICE
Lisa? You in there?

BA-BAM! The kitchen door KICKS OPEN, the dead-bolt snapping off, the overhead lights clicking on...

Bruce stands in the doorway. He sees Lisa across the garage.

BRUCE
Lisa!!!

He rushes over to her. She looks around dazed at the lit garage, at the Dodge Caravan. She's back in her own time.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(kneeling before her)
I've been looking all over for you!
Robbie's up in his room, says you
two never played hide-and-seek.

Lisa looks over at the hole in the floor to the chimney shaft: the metal grate is screwed back into place.

Bruce sees she's covered in soot from the furnace room.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Where have you been? What happened
to you? ... Lisa? Talk to me!

She gazes back at her Dad, at his face, anger hitting her.

LISA
It was you...

BRUCE
(confused)
What?

LISA
 (losing it)
 It was you!

She jumps up, darts over to the work-table.

BRUCE
 Lisa!

She shoves away her Dad's tools, frantically searches, checks his boxes and shelves and jars.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (behind her)
 What are you doing?

She ignores him, keeps searching, stops as she sees...

A brown pharmacy vial.

She snatches it, turns it over to read the label:

"DIETHYL ETHER"

Bruce eyes the bottle in her hand, bewildered.

LISA
 (voice shaking)
 You knocked us out... and then
 you...

She can't finish the sentence.

BRUCE
 Honey, I don't know what you're--

SMASH! She throws down the bottle, shatters it.

LISA
 Get away from me!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! Lisa bursts into the kitchen, just as Carol is coming out of the basement with the laundry basket.

CAROL
 Lisa, some clothes are missing. Do
 you know where they--?

LISA
 (furious)
 You let it happen!

CAROL
 (taken aback)
 What?

LISA
 You didn't do anything to save us!

CAROL
 Sweetie, I don't know what you're--

WHAM! Lisa knocks the laundry basket out of Carols' hands.

LISA
 You let us die, Mom! You let us
 DIE!

Carol reacts. Lisa sobs.

LISA (CONT'D)
 How could you? ... How?

Carol is speechless. Lisa flees.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa barrels upstairs, stops, hears the bleeps of a video game. She eyes Robbie's bedroom, its door cracked open.

INT. ROBBIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa steps inside, stops, watches Robbie play "Super Mario" on his Nintendo NES. He's alone, his back facing her.

LISA
 Where's Edgar?

ROBBIE
 (tapping the controls)
 Dunno. He left.

LISA
 (eyes him)
 Robbie... Do you understand that
 you, me, Mom and Dad aren't alive
 anymore? That this isn't the real
 world?

ROBBIE
 (keeps playing)
 Uh huh.

LISA
 (tensing)
 When did you figure that out?

ROBBIE
 When I woke up this morning. After
 I found my glasses.

LISA
 Your glasses?

ROBBIE
 Uh huh.

She approaches, now sees him from the front side for the first time... He's wearing glasses. Black thick rimmed.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
 (playing the game)
 They were under my pillow. I didn't
 want to find 'em before 'cause I
 was too scared.

LISA
 Why would you be scared of your
 glasses?

ROBBIE
 'Cause I was wearing 'em that
 night. The night we all died.

Lisa's face pales. Robbie keeps tapping the controls.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, Lisa. It's gonna be
 okay. We're just like Mario.

Lisa looks at the TV screen: at Mario jumping over obstacles.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
 We play the same level over and
 over, and we can never die. But we
 can't ever stop playing either.
 We're always in our house, and
 that's just how it's gotta be.

Lisa feels more disturbed than ever.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
 That's what Edgar told me.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SLAM! Lisa locks her bedroom door, rushes over to her bed, drops to the floor, clicks open her clarinet case...

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa sits on the bed's edge, her clarinet clutched. She gazes at her reflection in the bedroom mirror.

She inhales deep, blows into the clarinet's mouthpiece...

She plays the opening verse of "Peter and the Wolf".

She finishes the verse, looks again at the mirror. It's still her reflection. Not Olivia's.

Lisa thinks, blows into the clarinet again...

This time, she plays the "Bird Theme" from "Peter and the Wolf", the notes urgent, halting, full of warning.

ON LISA'S FINGERS, sliding up and down the keys, building a quick, frenetic rhythm with each note.

ON LISA'S FACE, closing her eyes. She concentrates harder as she plays, goes into a trance.

ON LISA'S FINGERS, tapping the keys even faster.

ON LISA'S FACE, totally lost within the melody.

ON THE CLARINET, as the notes suddenly *lower in pitch*...

Lisa stops mid-note, opens her eyes, looks down.

She's holding Olivia's silver clarinet, not her black one.

She looks ahead at the mirror...

Olivia is in the reflection. So is Olivia's bedroom.

Lisa is back in Olivia's body.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa stops before Olivia's desk...

The iPad is propped up, a YouTube video paused, a handwritten post-it taped next to the "play icon" on screen:

"PRESS PLAY, LISA!"

Lisa reaches out her finger, presses "play"...

ON SCREEN: *Olivia's face fills the iPad. It's a video she shot of herself speaking directly to the camera.*

OLIVIA

Hi Lisa... If you're watching this, it means you made it back. Or it means I'm schizo-crazy. I'm not sure which.

ON LISA, stunned as she watches.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

All I know is I'm scared. Scared of this house.

ON SCREEN: *Olivia trembles, inhales a frightened breath.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

After we moved here, my Dad changed. There's something evil inside him. My Mom's in denial. She's weak. She won't get help. And my brothers and sisters are too young to understand. No one listens to me, and there's nothing I can do to stop what's happening. Except talk to you... Do you see the book to your left?

Lisa looks over: a thick book lies next to the iPad.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Read the page I marked. Read it carefully. I need your help.

Lisa eyes the title on the book's faded, worn cover:

"ENCYCLOPEDIA DEMONICA"

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry about what happened to you and your family, Lisa. I wish I could have helped you. I just don't want the same thing to happen to mine. I'm so scared.

Lisa looks back at Olivia on the iPad...

ON SCREEN: *Olivia turns emotional, tears in her eyes.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Help me save my family, Lisa. Please. I need you.

ON SCREEN: *Olivia reaches out, touches the camera, as if to touch Lisa herself.*

The video ends.

Lisa is frozen, processes what she just watched.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa flips through the book's pages. It's a categorical listing of demons, ghosts, ghouls and spirits.

She stops at the page book-marked by Olivia, reads its underlined heading:

"HAUNTERS"

She scans the passage below...

"... a murderer and tormentor while alive..."

"... has transformed into a powerful demon..."

"... possesses the living to murder again"

Lisa pauses at a final paragraph on the page, which Olivia has circled in red pen and scrawled "HOW???" next to it.

Lisa reads the paragraph in question...

"... a haunter can only be exorcised when all of his captured spirits depart his realm willingly."

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
(in the doorway)
What are you doing?

Lisa jumps, looks over. Olivia's Mother eyes her.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Thought I told you to stay out of
your room the rest of the day?

Lisa stares back at her, doesn't speak.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
(sees the book)
What's that?

She marches over, snatches the book out of Lisa's hand, examines it with disapproval.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 So now you're going out and buying
 this junk instead of downloading it
 off the Internet?

Lisa has no idea what to say.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 Listen to me, Olivia. No more books
 about ghosts. No more Tarot cards.
 No more Ouija boards. Understand?

Lisa stays silent. Olivia's Mother sighs.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 Look. I know things haven't been
 easy here lately, and you aren't
 happy with what's going on. But
 reading this nonsense isn't going
 to make it better. It's why you've
 been sleepwalking. You've gotten
 yourself all worked up, and--

SMASH!!!! Lisa startles. So does Olivia's Mother.

MORE SMASHING... CRASHING... From below...

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 (with dread)
 No, please... Not today.

Olivia's Mother rushes back into the hallway...

INT. LIVING ROOM - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa comes downstairs. The twin boys are playing X-Box,
 riveted to their game, lost in their own world.

SMASH!!! CRASH!!! Lisa looks over at the kitchen.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER'S VOICE
 Just stop it, David! Stop it!!!

The boys refuse to look over or react to the fighting.

OLIVIA'S SISTER
 (softly)
 Olivia... I'm scared.

Lisa looks down. Olivia's little sister clutches a doll.

INT. KITCHEN - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kitchen drawers litter the floor, the cupboard doors yanked open, silverware discarded.

CRASH!!! Olivia's Father throws down another drawer. He's searching for something while in a violent rage.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
STOP IT!!!

Olivia's Mother stands across, tears streaming.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
Where did you hide them?

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
I don't know what you're talking about!

OLIVIA'S FATHER
Liar!

WHAM! He punches the wall. Olivia's Mother is hysterical.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
Please, David! Let's call the doctor and tell him you're having another episode. We need to--

She pauses, sees Lisa watching them in the doorway.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Olivia... Go back up to your room right now.

Lisa stares at Olivia's Father. He stares back at her.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
(to Lisa)
Take your sister with you, please!

Lisa concentrates harder at Olivia's Father, blinks...

LISA'S POV: She now sees the Pale Man. He smiles at her, knows she's seeing him, just as he's seeing her.

PALE MAN
You heard what your mother said...
Olivia. Go up to your room. You don't belong down here.

Lisa glances behind the Pale Man, sees the house phone on the counter. He's blocking her from getting to it.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
 Olivia, please, sweetie. Go
 upstairs. Everything's okay now.
 Your father's calmed down, see?

PALE MAN
 Perhaps I should take her upstairs
 myself?

He steps towards Lisa...

Lisa spins, runs...

INT. FOYER - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa races across the foyer, reaches the front door...

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! Lisa bursts out of the house onto the front porch,
 reaches the steps, stops with astonishment...

There is no fog.

*The neighborhood street is before her, a comfortable enclave
 of Northshore homes. There's clouds above. Blue sky. The sun.*

Lisa is overwhelmed. It's the real world. The living world.

BRRRRRRRAAAWWWWWW!!!!!!

She looks across the street. A NEIGHBOR is mowing his front
 lawn, the mower engine droning, grass shooting everywhere.

LISA
 HELP!!!

He can't hear her over the drone. She jumps off the porch,
 runs down the walkway, waving her arms hysterically.

LISA (CONT'D)
 CALL THE POLICE!

The neighbor still can't hear anything. He pushes the mower
 to the side of the house. He's about to slip from of view.

LISA (CONT'D)
 NO! COME BACK! YOU NEED TO CALL--

Her foot *steps onto the sidewalk...*

LISA (CONT'D)

AHHHH!!!

A sharp pain shoots through her. She jolts back, collapses.

The neighbor is gone. He never saw her.

Lisa shakes harder. She's helpless, her body paralyzed. She opens her mouth, gasps, can't speak a single word.

PALE MAN'S VOICE

Silly, Lisa.

She peers up with horror...

The Pale Man smiles down at her. He's come outside to fetch her, while Olivia's Mother watches meekly from the porch.

PALE MAN

Don't you know that a ghost can never leave her house?

Lisa shakes harder, weakening. Her eyes close...

Everything goes black.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAROL'S VOICE

Lisa? Lisa, sweetheart, wake up.

Lisa opens her eyes. Carol smiles warmly down at her.

CAROL

It's okay, Lisa. I'm here.

Lisa jolts up, realizes...

She's lying in her own bed, back inside her bedroom upstairs.

CAROL (CONT'D)

(touches her hand)

Shh. It's okay. You've been out a while. A few hours.

Lisa looks out her bedroom window. It's now nighttime.

CAROL (CONT'D)

At first, you walked downstairs, went into the kitchen. And then you suddenly ran outside and collapsed on the front lawn. I thought you were sleepwalking again...

(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)

(pauses)

But you weren't asleep, were you?

Lisa looks back at her Mom with uncertainty.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I mean. How could any of us be asleep? Since we're all dead?

Lisa's eyes widen. Carol nods with reassurance.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Yes, sweetheart, I know. I finally know. I've woken up too.

LISA

But how...?

Carol reaches down, picks up a suitcase off the floor, lays it on the bed. Lisa is more confused.

CAROL

It was in my bedroom closet the whole time. Hidden in the back. I just simply refused to remember.

Lisa eyes the suitcase, still unsure.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You told me I didn't try to save us... but you were wrong.

CLICK! CLICK! Carol opens the suitcase. It's filled to the brim with folded clothes. She nods down at them.

CAROL (CONT'D)

These are the clothes that have been missing from the laundry.

Lisa reacts. Carol touches the clothes gently.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Mine, yours, and Robbie's. I packed them that night. I was going to sneak us out while your father was asleep. I was afraid of him. Afraid of what he might do.

Her voice trembles.

CAROL (CONT'D)

But we never left the house that night, did we?

Lisa looks at her Mom, pauses, shakes her head.

CAROL (CONT'D)
I don't remember what happened
next.

LISA
Neither do I. We were all passed
out.

CAROL
Passed out? What do you mean?

LISA
Mom. Have you talked to Dad?

CAROL
I tried, but he refuses to listen.
(nods at the suitcase)
I had him touch the clothes like I
did, but it didn't work. He still
insists we're all alive and the fog
is only temporary and everything's
fine. It's maddening.

LISA
I know the feeling.

CAROL
(with guilt)
You kept trying to tell me, didn't
you? Again, and again, but I just
wouldn't believe you.

LISA
It's okay, Mom.

CAROL
No, it isn't. I didn't want to
know. I didn't want to accept that
we were...

She begins to cry. Lisa reaches out, touches her Mom's hand,
accepting her, a mother and daughter connected again.

CAROL (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, Lisa.

They embrace, neither letting go. Carol weeps in her arms.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Your father won't believe me. I
don't know how to convince him.

Lisa looks over at the suitcase, gathers her thoughts.

LISA
I think I do.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

BAM! BAM! BAM! Bruce is working on the Dodge van. Lisa watches him. He sees her, stops hammering, smiles warmly.

BRUCE
Heya, kiddo, how you feeling?

LISA
Better.

BRUCE
Good, good. You had me very worried, you know.

He drops his hammer, picks up a wrench, goes back to work on the car. Lisa walks over, eyes him cautiously.

LISA
So Mom told me she tried telling you that we're all dead.

BRUCE
(turning the wrench)
Yup. Don't tell me she's got you convinced too?

LISA
We can't convince each other. It has to come from within ourselves.

BRUCE
Sure. If you say so, sweetheart.

LISA
Where are the sparkplugs, Dad?

He stops the wrench, looks back at her.

LISA (CONT'D)
No one stole them. You lost them. You lost them on purpose.

BRUCE
I don't know what you're talking about, Lise.

LISA
You tried hiding them from
yourself.

BRUCE
Why would I do that?

LISA
Because you knew what you were
turning into.

He eyes her. Her words have hit a nerve.

LISA (CONT'D)
So where did you hide them, Dad?
Deep down, you know.

A beat. He walks across the garage, stops at his work table,
reaches under, opens a hidden drawer, peers down into it.

A set of sparkplugs are inside.

LISA (CONT'D)
(from behind)
Pick them up.

BRUCE
What for?

LISA
Just pick them up.

He reaches down. His hand shakes. He picks up all the
sparkplugs all at once, clasps them in his palm. Waits.

LISA (CONT'D)
Feel anything?

A beat. He shakes his head with relief.

BRUCE
Not a thing. Like I said, I don't
know what you're talking about.

LISA
Put them back into the engine.

BRUCE
This nonsense has gone on long
enough, Lisa.

LISA
(insistent)
Put them in the engine, Dad. Now.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

ON THE DODGE ENGINE, as Bruce re-installs the sparkplugs...

INT. DODGE CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Bruce shuts the driver-side door, now inside and behind the wheel, Lisa in the passenger seat.

BRUCE

Okay, Nancy Drew, what next?

LISA

Start the car.

BRUCE

We can't go anywhere today. The fog's too thick to--

LISA

Start it.

BRUCE

(sighs)

Whatever you say.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out his keys, sticks the Dodge key into the ignition, hesitates.

LISA

Turn the key, Dad.

He swallows, turns it...

VROOM! The van STARTS UP...

The engine HUMS...

ON BRUCE, as sensations flood into him. He clutches the key, not letting go of it.

LISA (CONT'D)

(watching him)

Dad...?

He shudders, shock and horror taking over him.

LISA (CONT'D)

Do you remember? Do you remember what happened to us?

He opens his mouth, can barely speak.

BRUCE

I... I knocked you out in your sleep with the ether. You and your Mom and Robbie. I carried each of you down into here from your rooms, and then I...

His voice chokes. He starts to cry.

LISA

And then you did what?

He grips the key tighter, tears streaming.

LISA (CONT'D)

(persistent)

Dad! What did you do?

BRUCE

(jolts back)

NO!!!!

He lets go of the key, collapses back into the driver seat, gasps for air, in a state of shock. Shaking.

LISA

It wasn't your fault.

BRUCE

Not my fault? ... Of course it was my fault!

LISA

No! It was someone else. Someone who had gotten inside of you.

He looks at her with disbelief.

LISA (CONT'D)

He took you over, Dad. Possessed you. Made you become like him.

BRUCE

(confused)

Like *him*? Who--?

BA-BAM! THE ENTIRE HOUSE SHAKES VIOLENTLY! As if it's been struck by a powerful earthquake.

CAROL'S VOICE

(from the kitchen)

OH MY GOD!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa charges into the kitchen, Bruce behind her. The house keeps shaking, dishes and plates crashing from cupboards.

Carol and Robbie cowered under the kitchen table. Lisa is about to go towards them when...

SMASH! *The kitchen wall to her left cracks. It spider-webs into jagged pieces as if it were the reflection of a mirror.*

Lisa is frozen, slack-jawed by this surreal sight as...

SMASH! *The kitchen wall to her right cracks. The inside of the house is splitting into fissures like a broken mirror.*

Everyone else is also stunned. Lisa understands.

LISA

We're awake! We don't belong here anymore!

The house shakes more. Ready to crack again.

BRUCE

EVERYONE OUT! NOW!

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa and her family race up to the front door, open it...

Enveloping, warm light shines in from the outside.

The fog is gone.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa and her family step off the porch, stop, amazed...

The glowing light is everywhere. Extending out into infinity. It is another plane of existence. The "other side".

They gaze at it with astonishment for a moment...

SMASH! *The front facade of the house cracks. It spider-webs into broken mirror shards, just like the inside did.*

BRUCE

GO!

Bruce ushers everyone towards the light, but Lisa stays planted, stares back at the house. Bruce looks back.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Lisa! Let's go!

She doesn't move, her mind racing, making a decision.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Lisa!

LISA
(turns to them)
I have to go back!

CAROL
What!!!

LISA
I love you! I love all of you! I
always will!

She races back up the porch steps.

BRUCE
Lisa! No!

She runs through the front door, back into the house...

Bruce chases after her, but before he can grab her...

SMASH! The entire house shatters. Its gone, and so is Lisa.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

SMACK! Lisa hits the foyer floor, rolls, winces in pain. She recovers, scrambles back to her feet, looks back.

The front door is shut. And it's a different door.

The jazz song "Whispering" plays softly from behind.

Lisa looks ahead, reacts...

The decor of the house has changed. The curtains are pleated. The chairs and sofas curved. A chandelier hangs above. A phonograph is playing the song with a vinyl needle hiss.

It's the house, circa the 1920s.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa reaches the top of the stairs. The wallpaper and decor are all 1920s. It's quiet and eerie. Lisa's fear builds.

She arrives at the doorway of what will be Robbie's bedroom in 60 years. She peers inside, gasps with horror...

TWO LITTLE GIRLS lie dead in a pair of beds. Sisters. Dressed in 1920s blue nightgowns. Their faces sheet white. Damp rags left limp on their lifeless faces.

Horrified, Lisa keeps walking down the hallway, peers into the master bedroom, reacts to another vision...

A MOTHER and FATHER lie dead in a canopy bed. They were also murdered in their sleep.

Edgar is standing over them. He is smothering a rag over his father's face, his final victim. His father's body twitches in a last grisly spasm of death.

BACK TO LISA, frozen, shaking.

Edgar lifts the rag, looks at Lisa, pure evil in his eyes.

EDGAR

Get out of my house, LISA!

He charges at her with terrifying fury...

Lisa spins, races down the hallway, reaches the final bedroom door, pushes it open, glances back...

It's the Pale Man now charging down the hall at her...

WHAM! She slams the door shut...

INT. EDGAR'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CRASH! Lisa knocks over a dresser and bookshelf, barricades the door as... BAM! The door pounds from the other side.

PALE MAN'S VOICE

Get out of that room, Lisa!

Lisa, panicked, looks ahead...

She's in Edgar's bedroom. A child's bed is in the corner, toys scattered on the floor, along with chemistry-set vials.

A standing mirror is across. She runs towards it, taps her fingers on the glass, peers frantically at her reflection.

LISA

Olivia! Olivia, where are you?

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door pounds more behind her.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (to the mirror)
 Olivia! Please! Here me!

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door is almost open. Lisa loses it.

LISA (CONT'D)
 OLIVIA!!!

Nothing happens. Her reflection in the mirror remains.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Time has run out. Lisa sags against the mirror glass, her cheek pressed. She's overcome by defeat.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Olivia...

She closes her eyes, waiting for the Pale Man to come.

The sound of rain pattering...

Olivia's face reflects in the mirror.

Lisa pulls back, realizes. She made it back to Olivia.

BA-BOOM! A thunderclap, a violent storm raging outside.

OLIVIA'S FATHER'S VOICE
 OLIVIA!!!!

Lisa spins...

BAM! BAM! BAM! Olivia's bedroom door is pounding again, only now it's Olivia's Father shouting with rage.

OLIVIA'S FATHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 OLIVIA, OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW!

BAM! BAM! BAM! Only the dead-bolt is keeping it shut.

OLIVIA'S FATHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 OLIVIA!!!

BA-BAM! The dead-bolt *snaps off*...

Lisa dives under the bed just as...

Olivia's Father charges into the bedroom, his face in shadow, a silhouette in the darkness.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
 (furious)
 Where are you, Olivia?

UNDER THE BED: Lisa peers out with terror as Olivia's Father crosses the bedroom, searches, his voice seething.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
You can't hide from me!

LISA'S POV: Olivia's Father marches over to the bathroom.

Lisa slides out from under the bed, dashes to the hallway...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa races down the hall, reaches the next bedroom...

INT. OLIVIA'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts into the bedroom, sees Olivia's Mother asleep, runs over, kneels, shakes her with urgency.

LISA
(whispers)
Wake up! Wake up!

Olivia's Mother doesn't stir, breathes deep.

LISA (CONT'D)
(whispers louder)
We've gotta get everyone out now!

No response. Lisa sees a brown pharmacy vial on the nightstand. Olivia's Mother has already been drugged.

Footsteps from the hallway...

Lisa runs to the bedroom window, rain spattering against the glass outside. She tries to pull it up, but it's locked.

She finds a latch, slides it, yanks up the window...

WHOOSH! Howling wind and spraying rain blast into the bedroom. A hanging tree-branch swings violently a foot away.

Lisa eyes the branch, ready to jump out...

BA-BAM! The bedroom door swings open behind her...

Olivia's Father charges in. He stops, stares ahead...

Lisa is gone, the window opened. He rushes over, peers outside into the storm, tries to see where Lisa went.

BEHIND HIM: Lisa appears from behind the door. She never left. She darts out into the hallway before he sees her...

INT. KITCHEN - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa arrives down in the kitchen, snatches up the house phone, but the cord has been cut. She can't call the police.

INT. BASEMENT - TOP OF STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Lisa locks the basement door, runs down the stairs, reaches the bottom, crosses to a modern-day washer and dryer.

She grabs the dryer, pulls on it, strains, pulls harder.

LISA
ARRRGGGHHH!!!

The dryer slides out to the side. Lisa kneels, reacts...

Dry-wall covers the entire wall. It was installed at some point in the last 25 years.

Lisa frantically feels along the dry-wall surface, finds a crevice at the top, pries in her fingers, pulls...

RIIIPP!!! The dry-wall crumbles. Lisa steps back, kneels.

The red door is before her, its paint even more chipped and worn in the present day. She tries the knob. Locked.

She checks her pockets, realizes these are *Olivia's pockets*, not hers. She doesn't have the red key on her anymore.

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa finds a hatchet-axe hanging on the far wall, grabs it. She spots a flashlight, grabs it as well...

MOMENTS LATER: WHACK! Lisa swings the hatchet blade into the red door. The old wood cracks, weakened by age.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! She keeps swinging.

The wood splits more. She leans back, KICKS OPEN THE DOOR...

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa scrambles down the dark, rickety steps, the flashlight and hatchet both clutched. She enters the cavernous room.

She goes to the shelf, finds what she wants... the shoebox.

INT. FURNACE - MOMENTS LATER

SLAM! Lisa shuts the furnace door, goes to the middle of the coal ash, drops to her knees. She tips over the shoebox.

The 1950s objects spill out...

The charm bracelet. The hair-ribbon. The cross necklace. The lipstick tube. The make-up case. The earrings.

Lisa props the flashlight in the ash, keeps the beam aimed.

She runs her fingers over each object, touches each of them.

LISA
(desperate)
Please, hear me.

She keeps touching the objects, trying to make contact.

LISA (CONT'D)
I know you're in this house with
me. All of you. We can leave here
forever. We can be free.

She spots Frances' class ring, back in the ash where she found it the first time. She reaches down, touches it.

LISA (CONT'D)
Frances... Let's send that bastard
to Hell where he belongs.

Crunching from behind...

Hope fills her. She spins, freezes with horror...

Olivia's Father stands before her. Not Frances. The furnace door is opened behind him. He glares down at her with fury.

ON LISA, full of fear, as she now stares up at...

The Pale Man. More terrifying than ever.

PALE MAN
I'm not going anywhere, Lisa.

She panics, reaches for the hatchet...

The Pale Man snatches it first, swings it down at her...

Lisa SCREAMS... WHACK! He STRIKES HER with the blunt-end, not the blade...

Blackness.

INT. FORD EXPLORER - PRESENT DAY - LATER

A low hum...

ON LISA, slowly opening her eyes...

She's lying in the back seat of the Ford Explorer. A bruise swells above her eye, her mouth gagged with duct-tape.

She tries to sit up, can't, her hands tied back with more duct-tape. She looks ahead...

The engine is running, the key dangling from the ignition. The front seats are empty.

FLASH! BOOM! Lightning and thunder strike outside.

Lisa looks ahead...

The garage door is half-open, blowing in the night air, the rain still pouring down in sheets outside.

Terrified, Lisa looks right...

Olivia's twin brothers and little sister are lying in the back seat with her, all of them passed out.

Lisa tries to scream against her gag...

LISA
MMMMMPH!!!

Olivia's siblings don't stir, completely out.

Lisa's eyes dart around. She's trying not to panic. She looks at the door-latch next to her.

She shifts her body back, raises her leg, maneuvers her shoe over the latch, presses. Her shoe *slips*.

She inhales, refocuses. She raises her shoe again, catches the latch this time...

CLICK! The car door opens...

INT. GARAGE - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa slides out of the Explorer, struggles to stand, her hands taped-back.

She staggers across the garage, stops at the work-bench, desperately scans the array of tools scattered over it.

She spots a Philip's screwdriver, its tip pointed and sharp.

She edges back, lowers her face over the table, nudges the screwdriver with her nose...

It rolls, falls off the work-table, clanks against the floor.

Lisa drops to her butt, shifts, maneuvers her body, reaches back with her bounded hands...

BEHIND LISA: She grasps the screwdriver handle, turns it over in her palm, presses its sharp point against the duct tape.

She strains, starts to cut into the tape to free herself...

KA-THUNK!

She freezes, looks ahead with fear.

The kitchen door unlocks, opens...

Lisa edges back, slides under the work-table as...

The Pale Man enters the garage, carries Olivia's passed out Mother with both arms.

UNDER THE WORK-TABLE: Lisa holds her breath, quivers.

The Pale Man carries Olivia's Mother over to the passenger-side door, stops, sees that the rear-door is cracked open.

He doesn't move a moment, reaches down, opens the passenger front door, lays Olivia's Mother inside the car.

He goes to the back door to check on Olivia's siblings...

BACK TO LISA, frantically jamming the screwdriver tip against the duct tape, but she can't get the tape to break.

She strains, presses the screwdriver harder...

PALE MAN

Hello, Lisa.

She jolts, looks up.

The Pale Man smiles down at her.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

You just won't let go of her, will you?

Lisa is helpless, gagged and tied, nowhere to escape.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
You really are a Busy Betty.

He kneels before her, gently strokes her cheek with his finger. She flinches back with abhorrence.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
But it's time for you to leave.

RIIIP! He tears off the duct-tape from her mouth.

She SCREAMS OUT in pain.

He reaches down to grab her...

But Lisa raises back a clenched fist first, *her hands now freed...*

LISA
AHHHHHHHH!!!!

She stabs the screwdriver into the Pale Man's chest.

The Pale Man HOWLS in pain, flails back...

Lisa leaps to her feet, darts to the half-opened garage door, dives under the crack...

EXT. BACKYARD - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa charges into the pouring rain, arms pumping. She runs across the soaked grass, reaches the border to the driveway.

She stops herself, looks ahead at the next yard.

PALE MAN
Keep on going, Lisa.

She spins...

The Pale Man marches towards her in the downpour, blood soaking his chest, a cruel smile on his lips.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
You'll be saving me the trouble.

Lisa backs away, but she's cornered, nowhere to run.

PALE MAN(CONT'D)
The question is where exactly will you go? Your own house is gone. Your own time. There's only oblivion waiting for you.

He stops before her, victory in his eyes.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
A place worse than death.

Lisa panics, tries sprinting back to the house... But she *slips* on the wet grass, falls flat on her face.

The Pale Man laughs, reaches down, grabs her by the collar, lifts her up into the air. Lisa flails.

LISA
NOOOO!!!!

The Pale Man wraps both arms around her torso with brute strength. She fights and kicks, but he's too overpowering.

He grabs her by her hair, yanks back her head.

LISA (CONT'D)
AHHHHH!!!!

The Pale Man carries her towards the driveway's edge. Lisa keeps fighting, but can't break free from his grasp.

They stop before the edge. He whispers into her ear.

PALE MAN
I always do enjoy killing you.

Lisa SCREAMS.

He's about to throw her into oblivion...

FLASH! Lighting strikes first.

THREE TEEN GIRLS block his path.

The Pale Man drops Lisa, looks ahead stunned.

The girls are ghostly pale, their eyes filled with fury.

Lisa looks at their faces, recognizes them...

They are the girls from the scrapbook clippings.

MARY BROOKS wears the charm bracelet around her wrist...

PEGGY WALKER has the hair ribbon tied back...

SANDRA GARDNER wears the cross necklace around her neck...

They've each found their personal objects left by Lisa.

BOOM! Thunder rumbles...

Footsteps... The Pale Man looks over. So does Lisa.

A *FOURTH GIRL* appears out of the rain, her face illuminated as *LIGHTNING FLASHES* in the sky.

Frances. Vengeance and wrath coursing through her.

BACK TO LISA, astonished to see her again.

Frances keeps his gaze riveted upon the Pale Man. She lifts of her hand, points her finger at him with accusation.

Her class ring is on her finger...

She opens her mouth... SCREEEECCCCCHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

The Pale Man backs away. For the first time, he's scared.

The other girls close in, form a semi-circle around him at the border, pointing their fingers, opening their mouths...

SCREEEECCCCCHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

The Pale Man instinctively retreats more. And then he stops in his tracks, looks down, realizes with horror...

He is on the other side of the boundary.

He panics, races forward to return to the other side...

FWOMP! He jolts to a stop. His feet have sunk down into the mud. Something is *pulling him* from underneath the driveway.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Visceral, raw pain shoots through him. Whatever is grabbing him, it's devouring into him piece-by-agonizing-piece.

He makes a mad scramble forward, reaches out to the other side... WHAP! He grabs Lisa's wrist. She jolts, almost falls.

The Pale Man grabs her harder. He's trying to pull her to the other side with him. Lisa fights back with all her strength.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

You're coming with me!

Lisa peels off his fingers, screams right back.

LISA

GET OUT!!!!

The Pale Man *loses* his grip, flies back to the other side, gets sucked down more underneath the mud...

FWOOSH!!! Flames burst out of him. He's being incinerated from the inside. His face melts. He unleashes a final cry.

And then he's gone. Sent where he belongs.

ON LISA, not moving, shaking. She looks over at...

Frances. She's still standing with the other girls. She gazes back at Lisa. She gives Lisa a nod. A thank-you.

Lisa nods back at Frances. Returning the sentiment.

FLASH! Lightning strikes, a blinding, split-second flash.

Lisa shields her eyes, looks back ahead...

Frances and the girls are gone.

Lisa stands alone, the rain pouring down upon her.

Moaning. She looks down...

Olivia's Father lies half-conscious on the wet grass. He's now back to normal, the Pale Man exorcised from his body.

He gazes up bleary eyed at Lisa, no idea where he is.

OLIVIA'S FATHER

Olivia...?

Lisa doesn't move. He looks around, disoriented.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Why are we out here?

Lisa looks over at the garage. Olivia's Mom and siblings are still passed out in the Explorer. She makes a decision.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Olivia? Talk to me. Please.

Lisa kneels before him, peers into his eyes.

LISA

We have to get everyone back up to bed. They can't ever know this happened tonight.

He stares back at her with total confusion.

INT. FOYER - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Olivia's Father, dazed and soaking wet, clutches Olivia's sleeping mother in both arms, carries her upstairs.

Lisa follows behind, carries Olivia's sleeping sister.

INT. OLIVIA'S SISTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Olivia's sister sleeps peacefully. Lisa sits at her bedside, watches her with comfort. Olivia's Father appears behind.

OLIVIA'S FATHER

I'll go down and get the boys.

He's still in a state of shock, and now racked with guilt.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Olivia. I'll call the police. I'll tell them to lock me up forever. I promise.

LISA

That isn't necessary. You're never gonna do this again. Ever.

OLIVIA'S FATHER

(breaking down)

I swear to God, I don't know how any of this happened! I swear!

LISA

I know. It's okay. Really.

He looks at her, at her comforting face.

LISA (CONT'D)

There was a monster inside you. But that monster's gone. You're all better now. Things will change.

He trembles, wanting to believe her.

LISA (CONT'D)

We're going to be a happy family again, Dad.

INT. BATHROOM - OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON THE PHARMACY VIAL, as Lisa dumps out the ether into the bathroom sink, flushes it down.

She gazes ahead at her reflection in the mirror...

IN THE MIRROR: Olivia's face gazes back at her.

ON LISA, feeling a connection to Olivia, one that crosses over time and space. She reaches out, touches Olivia's face against the glass...

IN THE MIRROR: A tear slides down Olivia's cheek...

ON LISA: A tear slides down her cheek as well. She nods at Olivia with relief, but also sadness.

LISA
(whispers)
Have a good life, Olivia.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa slips into Olivia's bed, pulls the covers over her, lays her head back onto the pillow, peers up into the darkness.

She breathes in deep, ready for whatever fate awaits her.

She closes her eyes...

FADE TO:

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ROBBIE'S VOICE
LISA JOHNSON!!!

ON LISA, as she slowly opens her eyes, groggy.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Lisa! Wake up!

Lisa sits up, looks ahead...

She's back in her bedroom, in her own time.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Lisa, I found the pirate treasure!
It's a chest full of gems! We're
rich!

The toy-walkie is propped against her pillow, its green light flashing, Robbie's voice calling out over the speaker.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Come downstairs so I can give you
your share! Hurry!

Lisa stares at the walkie with profound despair. After all she's been through, she's back where she started?

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
It's your birthday present!

Lisa reacts. This part she wasn't expecting to hear.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LISA!!!!

The walkie cuts off.

Lisa scrambles to her window, peers outside, gasps with awe.

It's a beautiful, sunny morning. There is no fog.

The neighborhood of her own time is before her, and so are all the homes, sidewalks and streets. Lake Michigan glistens in the distance, the sunlight reflecting off the blue water.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa rushes downstairs, looks around, amazed.

The living room curtains are open. The morning sunlight streams in, imbuing the house with a golden radiance.

She is standing in a happy home, one full of life.

A shiny red bicycle is parked in the middle of the living room. It's brand new, a bow-ribbon tied to its handle-bars.

She walks over to the bike, gazes at it, touches it.

BRUCE'S VOICE
Happy "16", sweetheart.

She looks over. Bruce is next to her, a loving smile.

LISA
(overwhelmed)
Dad? ... Where are we?

BRUCE
We're home. We're finally home.

Emotion hits her...

EXT. LISA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Lisa walks her new bike out of the garage, the wheels clicking. She comes down the driveway, looks over...

Carol and Robbie are sitting in the front yard grass, playing with Robbie's action figure toys. Carol smiles warmly at her.

CAROL

Have a good ride sweetie.

Lisa smiles back.

ROBBIE

Are you coming back for cake and pirate treasure, Lisa?

LISA

Are you kidding, Captain Kidd? I wouldn't miss it for the world.

She hops onto her bike, begins to pedal...

EXT. LISA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - FARTHER AHEAD

Lisa pedals down her street, her hair wisping back. It's a lovely day for a ride, bright and clear and warm.

She pedals faster and faster, her confidence building. She steers down the next street, picks up her speed even more.

She lets go of her handlebars, raises her hands up into the air, feels the wind against her face as she rides.

She smiles and laughs. At last, she enjoys true freedom.

She rides away from us, slips out of our view. She's off to explore the new world that awaits her beyond.

FADE OUT:

THE END