

HAUNTER

Written by
Brian King

WGAw Registered

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

The family is a husband, wife, daughter and son, posed 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 down to 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.

SOFT WHISPERED VOICE

Lisa? ... Are you there?

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! I found Bluebeard's treasure!
It's a chest full of gold! Meet me
in his 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.

It's a gloomy, overcast day. A thick, white fog swirls in front of her house, borders the sidewalk. It blocks the view of her street, neighborhood and anything beyond.

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa stands under a hot shower spray, her eyes closed in contemplation as water pours down upon her.

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, a towel around her, brushes her teeth.

She spits, rinses her mouth, shuts off the faucet, pauses at her reflection in the mirror. She gazes at herself.

She reaches out, touches her face against the glass.

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
(eyes the TV)
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
Then you won't get any of
Bluebeard's treasure.

LISA

I'll live. Oh, and Bluebeard's not a pirate, by the way. You're thinking of Blackbeard, genius.

ROBBIE

Nuh-uh. He told me he was a pirate. He talks to me when I'm asleep.

Lisa pauses at this, troubled.

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...

(to Robbie)

Hey, Buster-Brown. Where are your glasses?

ROBBIE

Bluebeard stole 'em!

CAROL

Well tell Bluebeard you want 'em back, pronto... Lisa, have you decided where we're going for your birthday tomorrow?

LISA

Ask me tomorrow.

CAROL

Well 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

(sighs)

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 her a stern look, standing pat.

CAROL

Cold water.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

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

The basement is dark and musty. She peers up at the laundry chute opening above, at the black void.

A low creak...

She glances over. It came from behind the water furnace.

She creeps to the furnace, spies around it. There's cobwebs and dust. Nothing else.

FWOMP!! The furnace's gas flames ignite. Lisa jumps, bolts for the stairs like a scared rabbit.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts out of the basement, stops, rattled. Carol glances over, pours batter onto a hot griddle.

CAROL

What's up, hon?

LISA

Weren't you calling me?

CAROL

Nope. But while I've got you here, please go outside and--

LISA

Pick some raspberries so we can have raspberry pancakes.

CAROL

(surprised)

How'd you know that?

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

CAROL (CONT'D)

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

Lisa keeps listening, unnerved.

The static crackles and hisses.

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

Lisa stands in the middle of the backyard. She picks red-ripe raspberries from an overgrown bush, plops them into her bowl.

She eyes her finger-tips, stained crimson red.

She gazes across the backyard...

The white, thick fog swirls along the driveway's edge. It borders the yard, blocks the view of the neighbor's house.

Lisa makes a decision, crosses over to the driveway, stops a foot away from the fog. She peers into its hypnotic swirl.

She raises up her red-stained fingertip, inches it out forward, about to touch the fog's misty skin...

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 gazes up 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. He watches her confused.

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 in mid-note, listens.

The moan continues. Very faint. Reverberating behind her.

She slides across to a heat-duct in the wall. She puts her
 ear to its thin, metal slats, 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. Robbie stays exiled in the living room, plays "Super Mario Bros" on a Nintendo NES.

BRUCE
(to Lisa)
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.

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 tonight.
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 simply don't understand
what's going on. 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 looks at her parents, pauses.

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!
SHUT-UP!

Robbie drops his Nintendo, ERUPTS into a tantrum.

CAROL
Lisa! Enough's enough!
(rushes over to Robbie)
Shh. It's okay, sweetie. It's all
okay. Your sister was just playing
a silly game, that's all.

She 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, okay?

She leaves the kitchen.

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 drift in the night air, border the front yard, swirl in the darkness.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies in bed. She sobs softly to herself, tears streaming, 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 creaks open her door, peeks out into the hallway.

No one's there.

She tip-toes down the hall, arrives at her parents' bedroom door. A white light flickers. She cracks the door...

INSIDE: Bruce and Carol are asleep, "Johnny Carson" on TV.

Lisa continues down the hall, peers into the next bedroom.

INSIDE: Robbie is also asleep, his toy-walkie next to him.

Lisa takes another step, freezes.

The attic door is cracked open an inch.

Her breath quickens. She reaches down to the door's knob...

WHAM! The door slams shut on its own.

Lisa SHRIEKS, races back towards her bedroom...

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa dives under her blanket, trembles, 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! I found Bluebeard's treasure!
It's a chest full of silver! Climb
down to his secret hideout, and
don't let him find you!

Lisa sits up, peers outside with disappointment.

The fog is still there. It blocks out the rest of the world.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lisa watches Robbie lying 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
Bluebeard's got 'em!

CAROL
Well tell Bluebeard you want 'em back, lickety-split...
(to Lisa)
Sweetheart, 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, as it's clicked to "COLD"...

Lisa punches the button. Water flows.

She starts for the stairs, stops, looks back at the water heater: the spot where she had heard the low creak before.

She listens...

Today, there's only silence.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER

The cracked squeaks of Lisa's clarinet. She's playing "Peter and the Wolf" again, but not getting much better.

Ba-thump...

She stops playing, peers up. Something fell on the floor above.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Lisa eyes the attic door. It's shut.

She reaches down, grasps the knob, turns it.

This time, the door opens...

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Lisa walks up the creaky attic steps, arrives in the main room. It's filled with crates, boxes, toys and random junk.

It quiet up here. Dark. Spooky.

She steps in more, spots a box tipped over on its side. Thick leather photo albums have spilled out of it.

She walks over, kneels, turns the box back upward. She picks up one of the albums, opens it...

THE ALBUM PAGE: A collage of faded 1970's color photographs of Lisa's family from earlier times.

Carol holding Lisa as a baby in her arms.

An eight year old Lisa smiling with baby Robbie.

Lisa, eleven, grinning in front of a birthday cake, other kids smiling around her.

ON LISA, affected these images of her past, the captured happy moments that she and her family once enjoyed.

She shuts the album, puts it back with the others.

She eyes a pile of board games: Scrabble, Clue, Backgammon, Chutes and Ladders, Risk.

One game box catches her attention. She pulls it out...

A Parker Bros "Ouija Board", circa 1986.

INT. ATTIC - 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? ... Can anyone hear me?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)
Is someone here?

CAROL'S VOICE
(from below)
LISA!!!

Lisa flinches, looks back.

CAROL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
What are you doing up there?

LISA
... Nothing!

CAROL'S VOICE
Well come down! Lunch is ready! Mac
and cheese! Your favorite!

LISA
'Kay... Gimme a sec!

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

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

Before Lisa can react...

WHOMP! The lights go out. The attic is plunged 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. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

The hallway lights are flickering too.

CAROL
Lisa!

Carol runs over. The flickering stops. They wait a moment.

CAROL (CONT'D)
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. Another tray of meatloaf is on the table along with the mashed potatoes and salad.

Lisa chews her food, lost in the routine of it.

TSSK! She 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 at her Mom with disbelief. 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 doesn't answer, disturbed.

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 this
time of night. Wants to be on his
own.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

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

Lisa opens the door that connects the garage to the kitchen,
pokes her head inside.

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 him. An angry one. A can of Pabst Blue Ribbon is on the bench next to him.

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... He goes back to pounding the wrench.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

It's late. Lisa is back up in the attic, the box of photo albums opened, a single light on.

She opens another album: this one contains more recent photos, all of them taken within the last year.

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

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

She spots the half-silhouette in the image, reflecting 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 dinner.

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.

She reaches down, touches the silhouette...

SMASH! A box of toys falls over...

Lisa jolts, drops the album.

DA-DING! A jack-in-the-box pops out of its shell, its handle cranks around and around.

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

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

And then everything stops.

Lisa stays where she is, shakes with fear.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies under her covers, still scared. She listens for more noises. Footsteps. Voices. Anything.

There's only silence.

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

Shattered plates, bowls and glasses litter the kitchen floor, the cupboard doors pulled open.

CRASH!!! Bruce throws down another plate, shatters it with fury. He's 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 and now you're lying!

SMASH!!! Bruce shatters another bowl. Carol is hysterical.

LISA
Mom? Dad?

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

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

LISA
(looks across)
Dad...?

BRUCE
Lisa, do you know where the
sparkplugs are?

LISA
(confused)
What?

BRUCE
I was working on the engine for
over an hour this 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...

Carol wipes her tears, straightens up.

CAROL

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

She grasps the knob, 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 fog swirls behind him at the sidewalk, blocks off the
view of the street and neighborhood beyond.

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 shortages
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
smashed plates and glasses on the kitchen floor behind him.

PALE MAN

Looks like you folks have got a mess on your hands down here. I'll go upstairs and check the jack in the bedroom.

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, frightened and confused.

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.

A beat.

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 nods, 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 piercingly sharp, 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 at the bottom.

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. Gives you a chance to 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,
strolls down the walkway.

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

OUTSIDE: The Pale Man reaches the sidewalk, keeps walking,
slips into the thick fog, disappears from view.

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. There's no
Pabst Blue Ribbon for him tonight.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's gathered around the TV for "Murder She Wrote". The
family's normal, predictable routine is back in place.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - 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.

LISA
(whispers)
Leave me alone. Please leave me
alone.

The footsteps stop.

Lisa stays under the blanket, refuses to come out.

Breathing. Inches away. Just on the other side.

LISA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Go away... I can't talk to you.

The breathing turns louder. Deeper.

LISA (CONT'D)
Please go away.

A SOFT WHISPERED VOICE, only inches from her.

SOFT WHISPERED VOICE
Lisa? ... Are you there?

LISA
(jolting up)
GO AWAY! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!

Lisa RIPS OFF THE COVERS, glares ahead...

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

Running footsteps... BA-BAM! The door flies open, the lights switch on, Bruce in the doorway, Carol behind him.

BRUCE
Lisa? You okay?

Lisa trembles, stares at the empty space where the voice was.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(approaches)
Sweetheart? Did you have a
nightmare?

LISA
 (hesitates)
 I'm fine. Go back to bed.

CAROL
 But you screamed out and--

LISA
 I'm fine! Please... go to bed.

Bruce and Carol are taken aback, watch Lisa with worry.

BRUCE
 We're in our room if you need us,
 honey. We're always here for you.

Lisa looks at her parents. She isn't at all reassured.

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)
 I found Bluebeard's treasure! It's
 a chest full of rubies! We're rich!

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

Lisa stands under a hot shower, eyes shut, dread overwhelming her. She doesn't want to face the day that awaits her.

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa, a towel around her, gazes at her reflection in the mirror, at her face. She looks lost. Defeated.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Lisa watches Robbie watching "Road Runner" on TV.

CAROL
 (from the kitchen doorway)
 Hey, Mr. Magoo. Where are your
 glasses?

ROBBIE
Bluebeard's got 'em!

CAROL
Well tell ol' Bluebeard you want
'em back, on the double... Lisa, go
down to the basement and start the
laundry, please. Cold water only.
Hot will wear out the clothes. Oh,
and do you know where you want to
go for your--

LISA
(interrupts)
I'm sorry.

CAROL
What?

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

CAROL
(confused)
You can't do what anymore?

Lisa looks at her Mom with guilt, then Robbie.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Lisa? What's wrong?

LISA
... I'm sorry.

Lisa darts to the kitchen...

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! Lisa burst into the garage. Bruce looks over.

BRUCE
Hey, cupcake. What's up?

She ignores him, goes over to her bicycle in the corner.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Lise, there's some thick fog out
there today. Not a good idea to...

She climbs on her bike, pedals towards the opened door.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Lisa!

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa rides her bike down the driveway, picks up speed, steers straight towards the fog bordering the front sidewalk.

BRUCE
(from behind)
Lisa! Stop! Come back here!

She rides faster, doesn't look back.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Lisa! No!

She rides into the fog.

EXT. FOG REALM - MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOWING LISA, as she rides blind into the whiteness. Bruce's voice cries out to her from somewhere behind.

BRUCE'S VOICE
Lisa!!! Come back!!! Please!!!

She rides faster and faster.

BRUCE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Liiiiisssssaaaa!!!

Her Dad's voice fades.

She keeps riding, and riding...

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 the other--

She stops, 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 abruptly CLEARS AWAY...

She slams the brakes, looks ahead, confused.

Her house is before her, Bruce in the driveway, the fog bordering the property. She's gone in a circle.

BRUCE
(relieved)
Lisa! There you are!

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

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(approaching)
It's not a safe day 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 AWAY again...

Lisa slams the brakes, looks ahead, exasperated.

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, enters the kitchen from the garage. Carol looks over from the stove, smiles as if Lisa never left.

CAROL

Sweetheart, go down and do the
laundry, will you?

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

THE WASHING MACHINE DIAL, as Lisa clicks it to "COLD".

She gazes around the basement, listens with desperation.

No creaks today.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Lisa sits on the edge of her bed, her clarinet clutched. She stares at the heat-duct in the wall, waits.

No moans come out of it today.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Lisa and her family eat meatloaf for dinner. Another day is ending, another routine coming to its completion.

Lisa stares at her food. She feels more trapped than ever.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies awake in bed, gazes up into the dark, lost in her thoughts, having a debate in her mind.

She makes a decision, yanks back her blanket.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa marches down the upstairs hallway, stops at the attic door, eyes it. It's cracked open.

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, on her knees, pulls out the Ouija board from its box, sets it on the attic floor, grabs the planchette.

She gazes around the dark attic, listens, finally speaks.

LISA

Are you here?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)

I know you've been trying to contact me. I've heard you in the house. Felt you near me. I'm sorry I told you to go away last night. I was frightened. 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 just saying that feels weird.

More silence.

LISA (CONT'D)

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

She swallows, the fear palpable in her voice.

LISA (CONT'D)

There's someone else here too. He's dead like me, I think. He scares me. He doesn't want me to be awake or aware of anything.

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

He doesn't want me to contact you.
Maybe it's because you're the
reason I woke up in the first
place? I don't know.

She sets down the planchette on the Ouija 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. Lisa loses all patience.

LISA (CONT'D)

SAY SOMETHING!!!

Silence.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lisa comes out of the attic. Defeated.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa returns into her bedroom, shuts the door.

Breathing...

She freezes, looks ahead in the dark. Her chest clenches.

A LUMP is lying in her bed 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
(whispers)
Hello?

No response.

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

The breathing turns deeper. Heavier.

Lisa kneels, only a foot away, watches.

The blanket rises and falls. Rises and falls.

Trembling, Lisa reaches out, 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)
(frightened)
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...

The Girl begins to shake...

Lisa shakes too, both of them SHAKING TOGETHER as...

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

Lisa, disoriented, looks around her bedroom...

There's different wallpaper. Different posters she can't make out. A different desk. A different bookshelf.

MALE VOICE

OLIVIA!

Lisa looks ahead...

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 now staring ahead at the door with terror.

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, shaking, holding her breath.

She finally opens her eyes, looks down...

Olivia's hand no longer grabs her wrist.

Lisa looks next to her...

Olivia's gone. Lisa looks ahead...

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

Lisa, overwhelmed, starts to stand, but *wobbles*, turns 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! I found Bluebeard's treasure!
It's a chest full of emeralds!

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

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Lisa is down in the basement with the laundry basket, back in the routine. She's about to press "COLD" on the washer...

A creak.

She freezes, looks over.

This time, the creak didn't come from behind the water-heater. It came from behind the dryer.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

THUNK! Lisa slides the heavy dryer a foot away from the washing machine, widens the crack.

She kneels, peers ahead with surprise at...

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 grasps the door's knob, turns it...

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

A low moan...

She looks up.

It resonates above, somewhere within the laundry chute.

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

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts back into the kitchen, rushes over to the laundry chute door by the stove, opens it, listens.

The moan is louder up here, but still from higher above.

CAROL

(at the stove)

Lisa? What are you doing?

Lisa ignores her, dashes towards the foyer.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Hey! I want you to pick some raspberries for the pancakes!

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Lisa shuts her bedroom door, locks it, runs over to the heat-duct in the wall, listens.

The moan is even louder, changes in pitch and tone.

Lisa presses her ear right against the duct's metal slats, keeps listening...

The moan amplifies. Clarifies.

Lisa closes her eyes, concentrates on the sound.

The moan shifts...

For the first time, Lisa 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".

She keeps listening with disbelief...

The song abruptly stops.

She reacts, frantically presses her ear closer to the duct.

Silence.

LISA
(into the duct)
No! Don't stop!

She listens again. More silence.

LISA (CONT'D)
Come on! Where did you go?

EEEEERRRRKKKKK...

She jumps, looks back...

The sound of running water from her bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lisa enters her bathroom, stops.

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

She looks across at her shower: its yellow curtain is drawn over the tub.

She walks over to the tub, stops, listens.

Water drips...

She grasps the curtain's edge, waits, YANKS IT BACK...

Empty. No one's in the tub.

She's jittery, on edge.

She goes back to the running sink, turns off both faucets.

She tries to collect herself, looks up at the mirror...

Olivia stands right behind her.

LISA

AHHH!!!

Lisa spins...

Olivia remains before her, doesn't retreat, gazes at Lisa hauntingly, her face pale white.

Lisa stares back at her. Frozen.

OLIVIA

(whispers)

Lisa...

Lisa instinctively backs up against the sink.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(scared)

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

LISA

What's going to...?

Olivia grabs Lisa's wrist...

Lisa jolts...

FWOMP! The lights go out. The bathroom is plunged into TOTAL DARKNESS.

Lisa stumbles... SMASH! Knocks over a glass.

Lisa grabs the sink's edge, stops herself from falling. She can't see in the dark. She listens, scared.

LISA (CONT'D)
Olivia? ... Olivia, where are you?

No response. Just darkness.

LISA (CONT'D)
Olivia! Talk to me! Please!

More silence.

Lisa gropes her hand, bumps the wall, gropes more, finds the wall-switch in the dark...

CLICK! The lights come back on.

She looks ahead...

Olivia is gone.

Lisa looks across the bathroom, turns confused.

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

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

Lisa peers up 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.

She 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".

Freaked, Lisa steps in further, 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 this 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.

She reaches down, touches it, wipes the dust. The wood grain is old and faded.

FEMALE VOICE

Olivia?

Lisa spins...

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Olivia, are you in there?

The VOICE is coming from the other side of the door.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Olivia, answer me, please!

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

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

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

Lisa doesn't move, shakes.

FEMALE 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 playing your clarinet! You've practiced enough!

The door knob jiggles harder.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Olivia! Open this door!

Lisa stumbles backwards...

ON LISA'S FOOT, as she *trips* over a hole in the hardwood floor, falls...

WHAM! The back of Lisa's head SMACKS the floor.

FEMALE 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 bedroom floor.

She sits up, peers ahead...

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

She eyes the floor where she had tripped...

The white carpet of her room covers it.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Bruce lies under the Dodge Caravan, his legs sticking out.

Lisa tip-toes across the garage, stops at his work-table, surveys his tools, makes sure he doesn't see her.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RIIIPP!! Lisa, on her knees, cuts out the section of white carpet with an X-acto knife, exposes the hardwood floor of her bedroom underneath...

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

A HAMMER, its claw wedged into the crack of the loose board. Lisa pulls, strains, PRIES OUT the board...

CUT TO:

A HOLE IN THE FLOOR, the same one Lisa had tripped over in Olivia's time, and now exposed in Lisa's time as well.

Lisa crouches closer, peers into the hole to find...

The same wood chest. It was hidden here at some point in the house's past, before Lisa's time, never meant to be found.

CUT TO:

THE WOOD CHEST, now in Lisa's hands, dust coating it again. She wipes off the top, finds a hooked-latch, flips it.

She opens the chest's lid, sees what's 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 black-and-white photos of pretty, smiling TEENAGE GIRLS.

"Betty 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 each girl abducted: the same girls from the earlier articles. They were all 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 a sleeve pocket along the inner-side of 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, ignores her Mom, beelines to the basement door.

CAROL
(glancing over)
Sweetheart, lunch will be ready in
twenty min--

Lisa's gone into the basement...

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

THUNK! Lisa slides the dryer to the side, kneels before the red door built into the cement wall.

She takes out the red key she found in the scrapbook, inserts it. It fits perfectly into the lock slot.

She turns the key...

CLICK! The red door unlocks.

Nervous, she turns the knob, pushes...

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

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

It's too dark to see what's beyond.

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

CLICK! Lisa turns 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

Creaking...

Lisa navigates down the rickety steps, her flashlight clenched as she descends 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 falls upon a shelf, lined with opaque brown glass vials. She steps closer, aims her beam upon the 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 dusty lid, shines her beam into it...

Faded, old jewelry.

Necklaces, bracelets, earrings, rings. Also hair ribbons, make-up cases and lipstick tubes. Mementos.

Shuffling...

She drops the shoe-box, swings her beam upon...

An oblong iron door, built into the red bricks. A metal latch is attached. The shuffling came from the other side.

LISA
(scared)
Hello?

No response.

Lisa cautiously steps over, reaches the iron door, stops.

LISA (CONT'D)
Is someone in there?

Silence.

Hand shaking, she reaches down to the door's latch...

SCCCRRREEECCHH!!!

She jolts back, looks up...

SCCCRRREEECCHH!!!

A blood-curdling, monstrous shriek. It resonates from within the red brick walls.

Lisa steps back as...

SCCCRRREEECCHH!!!! The cry turns louder. Scarier. The brick walls vibrate, a powerful wave of energy rushing through.

Lisa loses her nerve, races back the way she came...

INT. WOODEN STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa sprints up the wood steps, almost at the top...

SCCCRRREEECCHH!!!! The shriek is chasing her...

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

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

SCCCRRREEECCHH!!!! The horrible cry is upon her.

WHAM! She SLAMS SHUT the door, reaches in her pocket, finds the red key, fumbles, drops it...

BA-BAM! The door POUNDS from the other side.

LISA

NO!!!

She snatches up the key, inserts it, locks the door.

BA-BAM! BA-BAM! BA-BAM! More pounding.

LISA (CONT'D)

STOP IT!

Silence...

She stays pressed against the door, waits.

She finally lets go, inches back...

No more pounding. It's quiet.

CAROL'S VOICE

Lisa?

Lisa SCREAMS, spins...

Carol stands across, a quizzical look.

CAROL

What on earth are you doing?

(looks behind her)

Why did you move the dryer?

Lisa shakes.

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 go and get cleaned up. 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 sit around the table for lunch, everyone with a bowl of mac-and-cheese in front of them.

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)
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 willful girl. And
I don't like willful girls.

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

*Stop exploring this house, Lisa.
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, walks back to the table. She sits in her seat,
still quivering, her bowl of mac-and-cheese before her.

BRUCE

(to Carol)
Mmm. This is really delicious,
sweetheart.

CAROL

Thank-you, hon. It's a new recipe I
wanted to try.

ROBBIE

It's yum-yum, Mom! I want more!

Lisa picks up her fork, gazes down at her bowl, flinches.

*A mound of thick, yellow maggots have replaced the mac-and
cheese. They squirm and crawl over her plate.*

Lisa drops the fork, revolted.

BRUCE

What's wrong, Lise?

She looks ahead at her Dad...

He's holding a forkful of maggots.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Thought mac-and-cheese was your
favorite?

He pops the fork in his mouth, chews, swallows the maggots
whole without missing a beat.

Lisa looks left...

Carol is also eating from a bowl-full of the maggots.

Lisa looks right...

Robbie is scooping out maggots for a second helping.

Lisa bolts out of the kitchen...

INT. BATHROOM - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

... WHAM! Lisa shuts the bathroom door, drops to the toilet, heaves, PUKES her guts out.

She coughs, gagging.

She wipes her mouth, gazes down into the bowl...

Squirming vomited-maggots swim in the water.

LISA

God!

She slams down the toilet handle, flushes the maggots with disgust, spins to the sink, yanks the faucet handles.

Water gushes out. She cups her hand, gulps, drinks, rinsing out her mouth, splashes her face.

She glances down, freezes.

Blood fills up the sink, not water.

She looks up at her reflection in the mirror...

Blood smears her face.

Before she can react...

FWOOSH!

She spins...

Blood gushes out of the shower and tub...

KA-THUNK! Lisa looks right...

The toilet vibrates, blood overflowing from its bowl, drenching the floor, spreading to her feet...

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! Lisa bursts out of the bathroom in a panic...

WHAM! And slams right into Bruce.

LISA
(hysterical)
It's all over me! Get it off me!

She frantically rubs her face and hands.

BRUCE
(grabbing her)
What's all over you? What's wrong?

She looks at her hands, her feet: the blood is gone.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Lisa! What's all over you? Tell me!

She looks at her Dad, at Carol and Robbie in the kitchen doorway. Everyone watches her with worry.

She doesn't speak, doesn't move.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lisa and her family sit around the Monopoly board. Robbie rolls the dice, pumps his fist with victory.

ROBBIE
Boardwalk! Yes!

As Robbie hops his game-piece around the board, Lisa glances around the living room, waits for something scary to happen.

Nothing does.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Lisa's family is gathered around the table for dinner. They scoop out their helpings of meatloaf.

Lisa sticks her fork into the mashed potatoes, checks it for maggots. None are there.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies under her covers in the dark, listens with fear.

It's quiet. No noises. No voices.
 Her eyes close, exhaustion taking over her.
 She drifts off to sleep...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning sunlight streams upon Lisa's sleeping face.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE
 OLIVIA!!!

Lisa opens her eyes, groggy.

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

Lisa looks ahead, blinks with confusion.

A CUTE 9 YEAR OLD GIRL stands at the foot of her bed, a wide, innocent grin on her face.

LITTLE GIRL
 You promised I could play "Dora The Explorer" today!

Lisa jolts up, looks around...

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

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
 Olivia, come on! I wanna play "Dora"! Pleeeeazze!!!

The Little Girl darts over to Olivia's iPad on the desk.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
 You said I can never, ever touch it 'til you do first!

Stunned, Lisa slides out of Olivia's bed, walks over, gazes down at the iPad, at its orange sunset display screen.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
 Come on, Olivia! Touch it!

Lisa sees the "Slide To Unlock" icon, still bewildered.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
 (points at icon)
 Touch it!

Lisa hesitates, touches the slide bar...

The iPad activates, pops into its most recent screen:

A Googled archived newspaper article. The Chicago Tribune, May 4, 1986.

Lisa eyes the article's headline:

"Family Of Four Found Dead In Home Garage."

Lisa reacts, scans the sentences...

"... Bruce and Carol Johnson..."

"... two children, Lisa and Robbie..."

"... found dead by police in garage..."

"... carbon monoxide poisoning..."

Lisa trembles as she reads about her own death. Devastated.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

Okay! You touched it!

The Little Girl hops onto a chair, taps the iPad with expertise, quits out of the article.

LISA

(eyes the screen)

Hey! Wait! Bring it back!

LITTLE GIRL

You said I could play "Dora"! You promised!

The Girl taps onto a "Dora The Explorer" game link.

WOMAN'S VOICE

OLIVIA!!!

Lisa looks over. The bedroom door is wide open.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(from downstairs)

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

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

Lisa comes 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
I'm making eggs and bacon for
everyone. It's your turn to set the
table.

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. The sound is coming from the other side of 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...

He pauses, turns around, looks right at Lisa.

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

OLIVIA'S FATHER
Need something, Olivia?

Lisa eyes a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon on the work table.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Go back inside. I'm busy working.

She doesn't move. He puts down his wrench, approaches her.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Olivia, hear what I said? I don't
want you and the other kids coming
in here so get out right now.

He stops before her. She looks at him, shudders.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
(erupting)
I said GET OUT!

He grabs her by the shoulders...

LISA
(screaming)
AHHHHHH!!!!!!

Lisa falls back, collapses to the ground, convulses.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
DAVID!!!

Olivia's Mother rushes in from the kitchen. Olivia's Father steps back, snaps out of his rage.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
(furious)
What did you do this time?

OLIVIA'S FATHER
Nothing... She just started
screaming and--

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
You son-of-a-bitch!

She kneels over Lisa.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Oh my God! She's sleepwalking
again! I couldn't tell when she was
in the kitchen!

Lisa SHAKES HARDER on the floor.

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

Lisa shuts her eyes...

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

Lisa keeps her eyes shut. And then the voice she's hearing changes.

CAROL'S VOICE
LISA, WAKE UP!

Lisa stops shaking.

She lies motionless a moment, not moving.

CAROL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Lisa, please wake up!

Lisa opens her eyes, peers up...

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

CAROL
Lisa? Can you hear me?

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
(to Lisa)
Sweetheart? You all right?

Lisa gazes at her parents, still in a state of shock.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(reaches down)
It's all right. Let's get you
upstairs so you can lie down, okay?

Lisa shakes.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa lies in bed. Bruce and Carol watch over her with worry.

CAROL
Maybe we should call the doctor?

BRUCE
The fog's knocked out the phones.

CAROL
Well we should do something.

LISA
(speaks up)
I'm fine, Mom. Go back to making
your raspberry pancakes.

CAROL
How did you know I was going to
make raspberry pancakes?

LISA
Just go, Mom. Please.

Carol gazes at Lisa with worry, turns and leaves.

BRUCE
(nods down at Lisa)
I'll be in the garage if you need
anything, 'kay?

He kisses her on the cheek, turns to go.

LISA
Dad...

He stops, looks back at her.

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

BRUCE
(confused)
The sparkplugs?

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

BRUCE
What? Oh no, sweetheart, I'm pretty
sure it's just an engine valve. But
don't worry, I'll get it fixed
before your birthday tomorrow. And
we'll all have a great time. You
can pick any restaurant you want to
go to, okay?

Lisa watches him, sadness overwhelming her

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You all right, Lise?

She pauses, nods.

He smiles, turns, leaves her bedroom.

The moment he's gone...

Lisa flips back her blanket, slides over to the heat-duct in
the wall, whispers urgently into its metal slats.

LISA
Olivia!
(listens)
Olivia, can you hear me?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)
(whispers louder)
You need to bring me back again,
Olivia! You need to show me
everything you know!

Silence.

ROBBIE'S VOICE
Lisa?

She jumps, spins. The toy-walkie flashes on her pillow.

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

She reaches over, snatches the walkie, clicks the button.

LISA
(into the walkie)
Robbie?

ROBBIE'S VOICE
Lisa! Bluebeard's here!

LISA
Robbie, I want you to stop playing
this stupid game, understand?

ROBBIE'S VOICE
But he says you need to be punished
for being bad! He says you're a
willful girl!

Lisa tenses.

LISA
Robbie... where are you?

ROBBIE'S VOICE
Downstairs with Bluebeard!

LISA
Stay where you are! Don't move!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lisa rushes downstairs, charges into the living room, looks around. The beanbag chair is empty. Robbie is gone.

LISA
(clicks the walkie)
Robbie? Where did you go?

ROBBIE'S VOICE
I told you! Downstairs!

LISA
I am downstairs! You're not here!

ROBBIE'S VOICE
I mean downstairs under the house!
I'm in Bluebeard's secret cave!

Fear strikes Lisa.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Come find me, Lisa!

Static crackles. He's gone.

LISA
Robbie? ... Robbie!

Just static.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Carol is reaching for a pot under the sink as...

Lisa dashes past her to the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa barrels down into the basement, looks across...

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

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - LATER

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

She reaches the bottom, steps into the cavernous room. She swings her beam. The room is empty. Quiet.

LISA

Robbie?

She stops her beam upon the iron, oblong door built into the red bricks. The door is cracked open. Her fear increases.

LISA (CONT'D)

Robbie? Are you in there?

INT. OTHER SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The iron door swings open...

Lisa enters, winces from a sharp, pungent smell. She shines her beam, sees the inside for the first time.

A small, circular chamber. The bricks in here are charred black. Burnt coal deposits litter the floor.

It's a furnace room, built during an earlier era of the house.

She steps in deeper, flashes around her beam.

LISA

Robbie?

Her voice echoes. She aims up her beam...

There's a chimney shaft above, the whistle of circulating air within the blackness.

LISA (CONT'D)

(shouting louder)

Robbie!

No response, just her echoing voice.

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

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

Half a human skull. Blackened.

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

(over the walkie)

Lisa? Can you hear me?

LISA
 (snatches up her walkie)
 Robbie!

ROBBIE'S VOICE
 Hi, Lisa!

LISA
 (into walkie)
 Where are you?

ROBBIE'S VOICE
 We tricked you!

LISA
 What?

ROBBIE'S VOICE
 Me and Bluebeard!

LISA
 What are you talking about?

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

LISA
 What game?

Static crackles.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (into the walkie)
 Robbie! Robbie!

No response, just the static again.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Damn it!

She spins to flee, raises up her beam...

The Pale Man stands on the other side of the door.

Lisa SCREAMS, jolts back...

The Pale Man smiles, grabs the latch on his side.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (rushing forward)
 NO!!!

WHAM! He SLAMS-SHUT the iron door...

Lisa grabs the latch on her side, pulls, can't budge it. She POUNDS her fists against the iron.

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

She keeps pounding away on the door, but to no avail.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - LATER

Lisa stands in the middle of the furnace room, SHOUTS UP the chimney shaft at the top of her lungs.

LISA
MOM! DAD! HELP ME!

Her shouts echo, fade.

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

No response.

She 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 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 upon it. An object is 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"

Rustling...

She swings up her beam. The chimney shaft is dark.

LISA
Hello...?

More rustling.

LISA (CONT'D)
Who's up there?

She pivots her beam...

The light catches a TWO EYES above, somewhere up in the chimney, peering down.

LISA (CONT'D)
(jolts back)
Oh God!

She drops her flashlight, recovers, snatches it up, aims up the beam again...

The eyes are gone. Only darkness.

LISA (CONT'D)
(listens)
Olivia? ... Is that you?

No response.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa searches the ash with her beam, finds a piece of burnt human bone, its edge broken and sharp.

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa wedges the bone-edge into the crevice of a brick, pushes, grunts, pushes harder until...

THUNK! The brick *pries out*, drops to the floor.

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa's right foot is wedged into the open brick space. She lifts her body off the ground...

She reaches above, wedges the sharp bone into another brick, pulls herself up just below the chimney-shaft.

Soot crumbles upon her face. She coughs, spits, hangs on,
PULLS HERSELF UP...

LISA
MMMMMMPH!!!

She pops her body up into the chimney-shaft, now wedged
between its narrow walls...

INT. CHIMNEY SHAFT - HIGHER UP

THUMPA... THUMPA... THUMPA... Lisa grunts, slides herself up
the chimney foot-by-foot, keeps her body wedged.

She goes up...

And up...

And up...

She finally arrives at the top, stops, fumbles for her
flashlight, clicks, shines up her beam...

A metal grate is a foot above, slid open.

She reaches up with her free hand, shoves away the grate.
There's an opening above, pitch-black.

LISA
(calling up)
Hello? Olivia?

No response.

She reaches up with her fingers, feels fresh air.

She breathes in, collects herself. This next part is going to
be hard.

She reaches up, crooks her arm, braces it against whatever
surface is on the other side.

She grunts, starts to pull herself up through the hole...

She slips, *loses her grip*...

LISA (CONT'D)
AHHHH!!!

She starts to fall...

WHAP! A hand grabs her wrist at the last second.

She dangles over the drop, looks up, can't see who's on the other side in the dark, doesn't have time to question it.

LISA (CONT'D)

Pull me up!

The hand pulls her up...

INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE GRATE - MOMENTS LATER

LISA

ARRRGGGHHH!!!!

Lisa sprouts out of the chimney, rolls over onto a floor in the dark, exhausted. She gulps in air.

WHISPERED VOICE

Did he kidnap you too?

Lisa SCREAMS, swings her beam upon...

The FACE OF A TEENAGE GIRL. Not Olivia. She has blonde hair tied back with a ribbon. A pink, cashmere sweater. A plaid skirt. Her face is pale white.

Lisa stares stunned at her, recognizes her face...

She's one of the Girls from the 1950's newspaper clippings in the scrapbook: "Frances Nichols".

FRANCES

(whispers urgently)

It's okay! Don't be scared! I'm gonna get us both out of here!

Frances hops to her feet, darts off into the darkness.

Lisa sits up, shines her beam, realizes where she is...

The garage.

The chimney shaft is connected into the floor: it's a hidden chute for dumping items down to the furnace room.

FRANCES'S VOICE

(whispers)

He's somewhere in the house!

Lisa swings back her beam on Frances, who's now listening against the kitchen door, her ear pressed.

FRANCES

(whispers)

... It's too risky for us to go out through the kitchen... We'll have to try the front.

She slides the dead-bolt, locks the kitchen door from the inside, dashes across the garage in the dark.

Lisa, confounded, shines around her beam...

The garage has a different layout: the tools, shelves, boxes and fixtures all from the post World War II era.

Lisa stops her beam upon a car...

A 1952 Packard. Emerald green. Four-doors. Jagged fins.

She's shifted back into an earlier time of the house.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(at the garage door)

Can't budge it! We're gonna have to force it open somehow!

(runs across the garage)

Hey! Shine your beam over here!

Lisa does...

Frances reaches a work-table, searches the tools frantically, snatches up a metal car-jack.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

This'll work!

Frances races back to the front garage door, sets down the jack, tries to jam it under the crack.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Thank-god my boyfriend taught me how to change a spare tire last summer!

Lisa approaches cautiously, kneels next to her, hesitates.

LISA

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

FRANCES

(glancing over)

Did we race against each other at state?

Lisa is overwhelmed. Frances goes back to jamming the jack.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Aim your beam lower, could you?
Can't see what I'm doing.

Lisa does. Frances presses against the jack harder.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
(grunting)
Just gotta get it under.

LISA
You were the third girl kidnapped.

FRANCES
Shh! Stay quiet and let me get this
open.

She presses harder. The jack *slips*, clanks to the floor.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Darn it!

LISA
What happened after he took you?

FRANCES
(looks at her)
Huh?

LISA
The man who kidnapped you. He
brought you back here?

FRANCES
We don't have time to--

LISA
(adamant)
Tell me what happened to you.

Frances shoots her an annoyed look, pries the jack under the crack again. Lisa watches her, softens her tone.

LISA (CONT'D)
Please... tell me.

FRANCES
(fiddling with the jack)
He snatched me when I was walking
home after the movies last night.

LISA
Last night?

FRANCES
He was closing Mullin's Pharmacy,
asked me if I needed a ride home.
When I came too close, 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 brute had the engine
running. I thought the exhaust was
gonna suffocate me.

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!

KA-THUNK! A noise from behind.

Frances spins. So does Lisa.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Oh no...

*THUNKA-THUNKA-THUNKA! The door knob jiggles violently, trying
to open from the other side.*

Frances, terrified, doesn't move a muscle. Neither does Lisa.

The jiggling stops.

Silence.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
(whispers)
We've gotta get out of here! He's
coming!

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)
 That man who kidnapped you... he
 can't hurt us.

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 with the exhaust
 running. You aren't alive anymore.

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. She glares back at Lisa.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
 Believe what you want! I'm getting
 out of here!

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

FRANCES
 Jesus! 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.
 (MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

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. Me and my family. We're from 1986. 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 sorry.

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

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

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 just like the other girls he kidnapped. He was a monster.

Frances stays riveted to the ring. Lisa holds it out to her.

LISA (CONT'D)

It's yours.

Frances hesitates, reaches out, *clasps the ring...*

ON FRANCES' FACE, as her eyes widen, her body shakes, her mouth opens. Horror overwhelms her. She can't speak.

LISA (CONT'D)

(watching her)

Frances?

FRANCES
 (whispers)
 I remember. Oh, God, I remember
 everything. You were right. I woke
 up in his car, and then he...

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

FRANCES (CONT'D)
 (screaming)
 AHHHHHH!!!!

LISA
 (reaching down)
 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...

Lisa tumbles back onto the floor, the garage pitch-black.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

She jolts up, spins...

BRUCE'S VOICE
 Lisa? You in there?

BAM! BAM! BAM! Pounding from the kitchen door.

Lisa stays frozen in the dark as...

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 the lit garage.

She's back in her own time. The shelves. The work-table. The 1985 Dodge Caravan.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(arriving before her)
I've been looking all over for you!
What happened? You're supposed to
be resting in bed!

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

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(eyes her)
Lisa? Were you sleepwalking again?

She shakes. Bruce sees she's covered in soot.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Talk to me, please.

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

LISA
It was you...

BRUCE
(confused)
What?

LISA
(losing it)
It was you!

She jumps up, darts over to the garage 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, confused.

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, looks down the hall.

Robbie sits in his room, his back to Lisa. He plays "Super Mario Bros" on his Nintendo NES.

INT. ROBBIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa steps into Robbie's room, stops, watches Robbie play his game.

LISA
Where did Bluebeard go?

ROBBIE
(tapping the controls)
Dunno. He left.

LISA
I thought he was just someone you
had made up in your head?

ROBBIE
He was. But today he was real. He
came over to me when I was watching
Road Runner.

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 Bluebeard told me.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Lisa shuts her bedroom door, locks it, rushes over to her bed.

She drops to the floor, clicks open her clarinet case.

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa sits on the edge of the bed, her clarinet clutched. She gazes around her room, listens.

Silence.

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

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

ON LISA'S FINGERS, moving up and down the clarinet's keys with precision.

ON LISA'S MOUTH, building a rhythm and flow with each note, playing in tune.

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

ON LISA'S FINGERS, tapping the clarinet's keys faster...

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

ON THE CLARINET'S HORN, 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 drops it, looks ahead...

She's sitting in Olivia's bedroom, not hers.

She's back in Olivia's body.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa stops before Olivia's desk. A thick book rests next to the iPad, a post-it note with a handwritten message:

"FOR LISA"

Stunned, Lisa picks up the book. It's heavy and worn, an old, out-of-print edition. She eyes its cover:

"ENCYCLOPEDIA DEMONICA"

She opens it, flips through the pages. The book is a categorical listing of demons, ghosts, ghouls and spirits.

She spies a middle section that's been book-marked. She flips to the marked page, 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, circled in red pen.

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

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
What are you doing?

Lisa startles, looks over...

Olivia's Mother stands in the doorway, eyeing her.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
I thought I told you not to stay in
your room the rest of the day?

Lisa stares back at her, doesn't speak.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
(eyes 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. I know 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...
(eyes her, softens)
Please, Olivia. No more of the
supernatural stuff, okay?

SMASH!!!! Lisa jumps. 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

Shattered plates, bowls and glasses litter the kitchen floor, the cupboard doors wide open.

CRASH!!! Olivia's Father throws down a plate, shatters it.

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!

SMASH!!! He shatters another bowl.

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

She pauses, looks over...

Lisa stands in the doorway, watches them.

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

Lisa stares at Olivia's Mother, can't speak.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Take your sister with you. Please!
Go!

Lisa doesn't move.

PALE MAN'S VOICE
You heard what your mother said...
Olivia.

Lisa looks over, gasps with horror...

It's the Pale Man's face now glaring at her, not Olivia's
Father.

PALE MAN
Go up to your room. You don't
belong here. You don't belong here
at all.

ON LISA, paralyzed with fear. The Pale Man is possessing
Olivia's Father just as she is possessing Olivia.

ON OLIVIA'S MOTHER, not seeing what Lisa sees.

ON THE PALE MAN, his eyes piercing into Lisa's. He steps
closer to her, stops, unleashes a MONSTROUS RAGE.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
I SAID GET OUT!!!

Lisa 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, leaps off the front
porch, looks ahead, stops with astonishment.

There is no fog.

The neighborhood street is beyond the sidewalk, a comfortable enclave of other Northshore homes. Kids play basketball next door. There's clouds above. Blue sky. The sun.

BACK TO LISA, overwhelmed by this sight. The real world is before her. The living world.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER'S VOICE
(rushing towards her)
Olivia!

Lisa looks back. Olivia's Mother rushes out of the house.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
Come back here!

Lisa runs ahead, reaches the sidewalk's edge. She's about to go into the street, into the world beyond...

But the moment her foot *steps off the sidewalk...*

LISA
(crying out)
AHHHH!!!

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

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
(racing over)
Olivia! Oh my God!

Lisa CONVULSES on the front lawn...

Olivia's Mother reaches her, kneels with panic.

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

Lisa convulses HARDER.

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

Lisa shuts her eyes tight, doesn't move.

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

Lisa stops shaking. The pain ebbs.

CAROL'S VOICE
*Lisa? ... Lisa, wake up,
 sweetheart.*

Lisa opens her eyes, peers up at...

Carol, smiling warmly down at her.

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

Lisa sits up, realizes...

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

CAROL (CONT'D)
 (touches her hand)
 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.
 (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 confused.

CAROL
 (nods down)
 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. Carol 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 had gotten too scared of
him. Scared of what he might do.

Carol's 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? How...?

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 eyes her with guilt.

CAROL
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 did it on purpose.

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

LISA
You tried hiding them from
yourself. You wanted to stop what
you were turning into.

He eyes her, turns quiet. 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 car key into the ignition, pauses.

LISA
Turn the key, Dad.

He swallows, turns it...

VROOM! The van STARTS UP...

The engine HUMS...

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

LISA (CONT'D)
(watching him)
Dad...?

He shudders, shock and horror taking over his face.

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, tears well up.

LISA
And then you did what?

He grips the key tighter, tears streaming.

LISA (CONT'D)
(persistent)
Dad! What did you do?

BRUCE
(jolts)
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!

CRASH! Garage shelves fall over, tools spill everywhere.

CAROL'S VOICE
(from the kitchen)
OH MY GOD!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa and Bruce rush back into the kitchen as...

BA-BAM! THE HOUSE SHAKES AGAIN.

Carol and Robbie are cowered under the kitchen table.

WHAM! All the kitchen cupboard doors FLY OPEN.

SMASH! Plates, bowls and glasses SHATTER on the floor.

WHAP! The refrigerator door SWINGS OPEN.

A milk carton EXPLODES.

Eggs COMBUST.

Bruce and Lisa dive under the table with Carol and Robbie.

The sink TURNS ON by itself...

The dishwasher SWINGS OPEN, sprays out water...

UNDER THE TABLE: Robbie stays clutched in Carol's arms. Lisa
Bruce both peer out at the mayhem.

CRACK! The kitchen walls SPLIT, plaster spilling out.

LISA
 (shouting over the noise)
 We don't belong in this house
 anymore! We're awake!

Bruce looks at her, at his family.

BRUCE
 EVERYONE OUT! NOW!

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! The front door flies open. Lisa and her family scramble outside, run across the porch...

CRASH! The porch swing collapses.

BRUCE
 GO!

Lisa and her family run off the porch steps, down the walkway, reach the sidewalk, stop.

They look ahead with awe...

The fog is lifted. Gone. Replaced by a pitch-black landscape.

There are no other houses. No street lamps. No cars or other people. There's only a desolate, dark realm beyond.

BACK TO LISA AND HER FAMILY, mesmerized by the wide open space before them, the endless, mysterious void.

SMASH!!!! The living room windows SHATTER from behind.

KA-CRUNCH!!!! The house's frame SPLINTERS.

ON LISA, watching as the house starts to DESTROY ITSELF.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 Keep going!

Bruce ushers his family towards the dark landscape past the street, but Lisa stays planted, stares at the house.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (looking back)
 Lisa! Let's go!

She doesn't move.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa!

LISA

I have to go back!

CAROL

What!!!

WHAM! More pieces of the house RIP APART.

Lisa faces her family, her decision made.

LISA

I love you! I love all of you!

She runs back to the house.

BRUCE

Lisa!!!

FOLLOWING LISA, as she scrambles up the front porch...

WHAM! The porch steps RIP APART.

Lisa dives forward, hits the front door...

BEHIND HER: Bruce is THROWN BACKWARDS onto the walkway. He gets back to his feet, but the porch steps are now gone.

Lisa yanks open the front door, goes inside...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

LISA! NO!

The entire porch COLLAPSES behind her.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa charges across the foyer, races up the stairs...

WHAM! The walls around her CRACK.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts into her bedroom...

CRASH! Her bookshelf topples over...

She dodges it, reaches her bed.

LISA
 (shouting out)
 Olivia! I know how to save you!

KA-THUNK! The bedroom ceiling splits above.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Take me, Olivia! Please take me!

SMASH! The bedroom windows shatter.

Lisa rips back the bed's blanket, jumps into it, pulls the blanket over her tight like a cocoon.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Olivia! I'm here! I'm lying here
 next to you!

FWOMP! Plaster dust crumbles down upon her.

Lisa coughs, shuts her eyes, concentrates.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Please, Olivia... Hear me... Hear
 me in your dreams...

WHAM! The bedroom SHAKES HARDER...

Lisa keeps her eyes shut, tries to block everything out.

CRACK! A RIFT appears in the wall next to her, a BLACK VOID on the other side, a rip in the space-time fabric.

WHOOSH! Lisa's books and record albums HURTLE towards the void, getting sucked into it like debris in a vacuum.

Lisa keeps her eyes shut, refusing to budge...

FWOMP! Lisa's desk chair FLIES INTO THE VOID, then her desk and bookshelf. Everything's going.

CRUNCH! The bedroom walls CRACK OPEN MORE, the black void EXPANDING, taking over the room.

Lisa's bed LIFTS off the floor. It's going to get sucked into the void next, and take Lisa with it.

ON LISA, eyes shut tight. She cries out a final time.

LISA (CONT'D)
 OLIVIA!!!!

BOOM! A crashing ROAR strikes...

MALE VOICE
OLIVIA!!!!

Lisa opens her eyes, jolts up...

She's lying in Olivia's bed, in the present day, the bedroom and house back in place.

FLASH! *Lightning fills the room. It's POURING RAIN outside.*

OLIVIA'S FATHER'S VOICE
OLIVIA, OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW!

BAM! BAM! BAM! The bedroom door is SHAKING VIOLENTLY, Olivia's Father pounding it with rage from the other side.

BOOM! A crack of THUNDER rumbles.

OLIVIA'S FATHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)
YOU CAN'T KEEP ME LOCKED OUT!

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door SHAKES HARDER, only the single dead-bolt keeping it shut.

Lisa jumps out of Olivia's bed, re-orienting herself.

OLIVIA'S FATHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)
OLIVIA!!!

BA-BAM! The dead-bolt SNAPS OFF...

Lisa dives under the bed...

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)
Stop hiding from me!

LISA'S POV: Olivia's Father marches over to the bathroom.

Lisa slides out from under the bed, darts 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 races back to the bedroom door, SLAMS IT SHUT...

WHAM! The door POUNDS from the other side.

CLICK! Lisa locks the door, backs away...

BAM! BAM! BAM! The bedroom door shakes.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
Olivia! Open this door!

Lisa runs to the bedroom window, rain spattering against the glass outside. She tries to pull it up, but it's locked.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Olivia's Father pounds harder against the door, his voice monstrous. Inhuman.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
Open this door and take your
medicine!

Lisa 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.

CRACK! The door SPLINTERS behind her...

Lisa leaps out the window...

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

WHAM! Lisa hits the side of the tree, falls...

WHAP! She hits a thick branch below...

Falls again...

SMACK! She strikes the muddy ground. She's bloodied, bruised and soaking wet. She peers up with fear.

LISA'S POV: The silhouette of Olivia's Father appears in the bedroom window, gazes down at her.

FLASH! BOOM! A crack of LIGHTNING floods the night sky, followed by a CRASH OF THUNDER.

Lisa shields her eyes, looks up again...

The silhouette is gone.

Lisa jumps to her feet, races to the front of the house.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa reaches the sidewalk, peers ahead in the downpour.

ACROSS THE STREET: A light is on in the living room of another house, a NEIGHBOR on a couch watching TV.

Lisa starts forward, but abruptly stops herself at the sidewalk's edge, remembers, glances left and right...

The sidewalk is her border. If she goes out farther, she'll be expelled from Olivia's body like last time.

She looks ahead again: the Neighbor still watches TV.

LISA
(shouting out)
HEY! HELP! HELP US!!!!

BOOM! Another THUNDER CRACK. The Neighbor can't hear her.

LISA (CONT'D)
(waving her arms)
CALL THE POLICE! CALL THE--

A light switches on from behind...

She spins...

The foyer lights shine downstairs. Olivia's Father is coming.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa sprints into the house's backyard, *slips* in the mud, scrambles back up, keeps running...

INT. KITCHEN - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! Lisa bursts into the kitchen from the back porch, looks ahead. The foyer is empty, the front door open.

She dashes to the basement door...

INT. BASEMENT - TOP OF STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Lisa shuts 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.

LISA
(pulling harder)
ARRRGGGHHH!!!

The dryer slides out to the side. Lisa kneels...

The red door is before her, its paint even more chipped and worn in the present day.

Lisa turns its 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 frantically searches, spots a small hatchet-axe hanging on the basement wall, grabs it.

She spots a flashlight on a table, grabs it as well...

MOMENTS LATER: THUNK! Lisa swings the hatchet blade into the red door. The old wood cracks, weakened by age.

THUNK! THUNK! THUNK!

She keeps swinging. The wood splits more. She finally drops the hatchet, leans back, KICKS OPEN the red door...

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa scrambles down the dark, rickety steps, the flashlight in one hand, the hatchet in the other.

She arrives into the cavernous room. It's pitch-black.

She goes to the shelf in the corner, shines the flashlight, finds what she's looking for... the shoebox.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Lisa slam shuts the furnace room door, hurries forward, stops in the middle of the ash, drops to her knees.

She shouts up into the chimney above.

LISA
Can you hear me?

Her voice echoes. Fades.

She tips over the shoebox...

The old jewelry spills out. The rings, necklaces, and earrings, as well as the hair ribbons, lipstick tubes and make-up cases: all the mementos of the 1950's victims.

Lisa props the flashlight in the ash, keeps the beam aimed.

She runs her fingers over each object, touches each of them.

LISA (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Please, hear me. Please.

No response.

She keeps touching the objects, caressing them, focusing.

LISA (CONT'D)
I know you girls are in this house
with me... all of you.

She touches the burnt pieces of human bone in the ash.

LISA (CONT'D)
Please, hear me...

Silence.

LISA (CONT'D)
Please, see me.

Crunching from behind...

Hope fills her. She turns, freezes with horror...

The Pale Man stands before her, the furnace door opened behind him. He's possessing Olivia's father.

PALE MAN

No one leaves this house, Lisa.

Lisa 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 coming 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

MMMMMPHHHH!!!!

Olivia's siblings don't stir, completely out.

Lisa's eyes dart around, 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 leans back again, raises up her shoe... This time her heel catches the latch...

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 a foot 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)
Thought I had knocked you out of Olivia already. But I guess you hung on tight to her.

Lisa is helpless, gagged and tied, nowhere to escape.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
You really are a willful girl, aren't you?

He kneels before her, gently strokes her cheek with his finger. She flinches back with abhorrence.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
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-open 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 nothing but a void waiting for you. Oblivion.

He stops before her, victory in his eyes.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
Another kind of death.

Lisa panics, tries to sprint back to the house...

But she *slips* on the wet grass, falls on her face.

The Pale Man reaches down, grabs her by the collar, lifts her up into the air.

LISA
(flailing)
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)
(crying out)
AHHHHH!!!!

The Pale Man carries her towards the driveway's edge. Lisa keeps fighting, but can't break free from him.

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 jolts back, 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 newspaper clippings.

MARY BROOKS is wearing a necklace...

BETTY WALKER has a hair ribbon tied back...

SANDRA GARDNER is showing two earrings....

They've each found their personal objects left by Lisa.

BOOM! Thunder rumbles...

Footsteps...

The Pale Man looks over, tenses.

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...

The Pale Man steps back. For the first time, there is true fear on his face. Terror.

Frances opens her mouth...

SCREEEECCCCCHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

A shriek erupts from her lungs...

The other Girls SHRIEK as well, the same blood-curdling cry that Lisa had heard down in the basement before.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
NOOOO!!!!!!

The Girls attack the Pale Man at once.

The Pale Man tries to flee, but each Girl grabs a piece of him: his arms, his legs, his head, his torso. He writhes.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

The Girls clutch him tight, carry him across the wet grass towards the driveway. The Pale Man panics.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
NO! NO! NO!

The Girls reach the driveway border, keep going, *step off the grass with the Pale Man.*

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
AHHHHHH!!!!!!

ON THE PALE MAN'S FACE, as his eyes bulge out, his skin bubbles, and his face deforms. A hellish, unimaginable pain.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
(gasping)
Help me... Please...

FWOMP! His face IMPLODES...

And then he's gone, into oblivion.

And so are the Frances and the other Girls.

Silence.

Lisa doesn't move, 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 his normal face, his old self. He's no longer possessed, the Pale Man exorcised from his body.

He gazes up at Lisa with confusion, no idea where he is.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
Olivia...?

She doesn't move. He looks around bleary-eyed.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 Why... 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?

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. Understand, Dad?

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 now sleeps peacefully in her bed. Lisa sits at her side, watches her with comfort.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
 (from behind)
 I'll go down and get the boys.

Lisa looks back at Olivia's Father in the hallway. He's still in a state of shock, guilt now consuming him.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, Olivia. I guess I should call the police. Have myself put away so I can never do this again.

LISA
 That isn't necessary, Dad. Because you're never gonna do this again. Ever.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
 (breaking down)
 I swear to God, sweetheart, I don't know how any of this happened! I swear, I don't!

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, wants to believe her.

LISA (CONT'D)

We're going to be a happy family again.

INT. BATHROOM - OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON THE PHARMACY VIAL, as Lisa dumps out the ether inside it into the bathroom sink.

She turns on the water, flushes it down.

She gazes up 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.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Lisa! Wake up!

Lisa sits up, looks ahead...

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

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Lisa, I found Blackbeard's
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.

Laughter...

She goes to the front windows, peers outside.

IN THE FRONT YARD: Carol and Robbie are lying together in the grass, playing with Robbie's action figure toys.

BRUCE'S VOICE
Happy birthday, sweetheart.

She looks back...

Bruce stands next to her, a loving smile.

LISA
(overwhelmed)
Dad? ... Where are we?

BRUCE
We crossed over, Lise. We're home.
We're finally home.

Emotion hits her...

EXT. LISA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Lisa walks her bike out of the garage, the wheels clicking.

She comes down the driveway, looks over at Carol and Robbie in the front yard grass. Carol smiles warmly at her, nods.

CAROL
Have a good ride sweetie.

Lisa smiles, nods 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 blowing back. It's a lovely day for a ride, bright and clear and warm.

She pedals faster, steers down the next street...

She rides away from us, and slips out of our view. She's off to explore the new world that awaits her beyond.

FADE OUT:

THE END