

HAUNTER

Written by
Brian King

FADE IN:

A lanyard necklace. Made of colored plastic strings. Woven at summer camp probably. The focus blurs, then sharpens.

FATHER'S VOICE

Okay, we're in focus!

The shot ZOOMS OUT wide. We're watching a washed-out video clip, shot by a Betamax camcorder on a tripod.

The father jogs around into frame, where he joins --

His family. A wife, daughter and son. They're smiling before a three-storey house, the kind of comfortable home seen in "Sixteen Candles" 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 is BRUCE. He's 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 5 years old, sports a Michael Jordan Chicago 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, and the wearer of the lanyard necklace. She's 14. Her auburn hair drapes her shoulders. She beams youthful energy, vitality and life.

FAINT WHISPER

Lisa ...

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, with a few strands of New Wave-punk.

ROBBIE'S VOICE

LISA JOHNSON!

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

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

She goes to her window, draws the curtain, frowns with disappointment.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, wearing a "Siouxsie And The Banshees" T-shirt and black jeans, stands in the living room, watches ahead.

Her brother Robbie, now 6, is sprawled on a beanbag before a TV and Atari 5200. He's playing "Pac-Man", steering the Pac through the game maze, gobbling up pac-dots along the way.

LISA

Watch out for "Clyde". He always traps you on the left.

ROBBIE

Shh! Don't --

BARRUP! Clyde devours Pac-Man from the left ... "GAME OVER".

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Lisa! You messed up my game!

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

LISA

Stop waking me up with it, brat.

ROBBIE

Edgar left it, not me.

LISA

Tell Edgar he's annoying.

ROBBIE

You tell him.

LISA

He's your imaginary friend.

ROBBIE

He's not imaginary!

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

Lisa looks over at her Mom whisking pancake batter.

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

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

ROBBIE
 I lost 'em.

CAROL
 Well find 'em pronto. Lisa? Have
 you decided where we're going for
 your birthday tomorrow?

LISA
 Ask me tomorrow.

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

LISA
 Yeah. He won't figure it out.

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

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

Carol gives Lisa a stern look, standing pat.

CAROL
 Cold water.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

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

She starts toward the stairs ...

A creak. She freezes, glances back. It came from the dryer.

She creeps over, spies around the dryer. There's cobwebs and dust. Nothing else. She listens. Waits a moment.

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

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

CAROL

It's been out all morning. Your father's gonna call the phone company from work tomorrow.

Lisa keeps listening to the static. Unsettled.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, could you please go outside and -- ?

LISA

Pick raspberries so we can have raspberry pancakes.

CAROL

(surprised)
How'd you know that?

Lisa hangs up the phone, doesn't answer.

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

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

She eyes her finger-tips, stained crimson red.

She peers ahead. There's nothing but clouded whiteness beyond the driveway. She makes a decision, steps forward ...

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

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

BRUCE

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

She stares up at her Dad, remains silent.

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.

She goes back to the house. Bruce watches her bewildered.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - LATER

The cracked squeaks of a clarinet ...

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

A low moan. She stops mid-note, listens.

The moan continues. Very faint. Reverberating behind her.

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

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

Carol appears from behind, a laundry basket in hand.

CAROL

Did you wash everything in this load? Some clothes are missing.

LISA

(still listening)
I know.

CAROL

You know? So where are they?

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

Lisa's focus remains on the heat vent. Carol eyes her.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lisa sits across from Bruce and Carol, twists a Rubik's Cube,
bored by her parents' interrogation.

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

LISA
Funny how?

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

LISA
Honestly, I have no idea where they
went.

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

LISA
Because they're gone everyday.

BRUCE
What do you mean "gone everyday"?

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

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 have mac and cheese for lunch. And meatloaf for dinner.

CAROL

Do you want me to change the menu, dear?

LISA

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

BRUCE

Lisa. Be respectful to your mother.

LISA

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

BRUCE

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

LISA

There is no school. There is no work.

CAROL

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

LISA

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

BRUCE

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

CAROL

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

LISA

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

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

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

BRUCE
 Believe what?

Lisa stops twisting the Rubik's Cube, eyes her parents.

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

BRUCE
 And why is that?

LISA
 Because all of us are --

ROBBIE
 (from the living room)
 SHUT-UP, LISA! SHUT-UP! SHUT-UP!

Robbie ERUPTS into a tantrum, drops his joystick.

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

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

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

Lisa eyes her brother, her parents.

BRUCE
 Lisa?

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

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

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

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

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

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

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

Lisa sits across, armed folded, not eating.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

Wisps of the fog swirl in the dark night air.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Footsteps ...

She stops crying, peers ahead from her pillow.

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

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

No one's there.

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

She continues down the hall, checks Robbie's room next. He's also conked out, his toy-walkie next to him.

She takes another step, freezes.

The attic door is cracked open an inch.

Her breath quickens. She swallows, reaches for the 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, shakes, lungs gasping.

Silence returns.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Morning sunlight streams upon Lisa's sleeping face.

ROBBIE'S VOICE
LISA JOHNSON!!!!

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

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

Lisa sits up, draws the curtain, peers outside.

The thick fog remains, blocking out the rest of the world.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lisa watches Robbie on his beanbag. He's enthralled by the same Pac-Man game as the day before.

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

ROBBIE
Edgar's got 'em!

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

Lisa simply nods, having no fight in her today.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

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

Lisa punches the button with defeat. Water flows.

She starts for the stairs, stops, eyes the dryer: the same spot where she heard the creak the previous morning.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

KA-THUNK! Lisa slides back the dryer. The wall behind it is revealed. Lisa kneels before it, reacts with surprise ...

A small red door.

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

Lisa grabs the knob, twists it. Locked. She twists harder, strains, but it's no use. The red door won't budge.

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 from above.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Lisa eyes the attic door. It's cracked open again.

She grasps the knob, turns it ... This time, it opens.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

The attic is cluttered with crates, boxes, and random junk. It's quiet up here. Spooky.

Lisa steps in more, sees what fell on the floor ...

A stack of Betamax tapes. They tumbled off a shelf. She eyes the tape on top: "MOVING DAY" is written across the label.

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

A BETAMAX VCR, wired to a dusty, stored-away TV. Lisa inserts the tape, presses "play," eyes the screen.

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

Lisa gazes at herself from a year ago: her auburn hair, her sweet innocence, and the lanyard necklace around her neck.

She touches her own neck: bare, just skin.

She then spots something else in the video image --

A half-silhouette. Reflecting off the house's front window.

Spooked, Lisa leans closer to the screen to study it.

It's very faint. Shadowy. Haunting. It seems to be watching her family from behind.

LISA
(whispers)
Who are you?

She reaches out her finger to touch it --

SSSSS!!! Static fills the screen.

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa eyes a shelf of board games: Scrabble, Clue, Backgammon, Risk. She pauses at a box, 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. Waits.

Nothing happens.

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

It doesn't.

She gazes around the attic, unsure, nervous.

LISA
Hello?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)
Is someone here?

CAROL'S VOICE
(from 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, freezes ...

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

MEEEOOWWW!!! Lisa jumps, spins ...

A Mattel "See 'N Say" blares out recorded cat cries, its plastic arrow spinning around by itself.

BOMP-BOMP-BOMP-BOMP! A "Simon" game flashes colors.

WHAAAAA! A 1970's baby-doll erupts into pre-recorded cries.

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

Lisa shivers, her breath froths. The air's turned cold.
BZZZ!! BZZZ!! The lights flicker. Faster and faster.
Lisa loses her nerve, darts for the stairs ...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

The hallway lights are flickering too. Carol is clutching the laundry basket, frozen. The flickering stops. A beat.

CAROL
What on earth was that?

EXT. KITCHEN - LATER

KA-THUNK! Bruce opens a fuse box, checks the wiring, flicks the switches. Lisa watches along with Carol and Robbie.

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, walks away.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Dinner is almost over. Meatloaf again. Lisa's mood has soured. Robbie finishes gobbling up his food, grins.

ROBBIE
Mommy! Edgar wants more!

CAROL
Oh my, Edgar has a big appetite!

Carol scoops out a second helping, plops it on Robbie's plate, then sees that Lisa hasn't eaten anything.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Sweetheart? You didn't touch your meatloaf.

LISA
Meat is murder.

KA-SHHH! A match strike. Lisa looks ahead, reacts ...

Bruce has just lit up a cigarette, inhales the nicotine deeply, exhales. He pauses, sees Lisa gawking at him.

BRUCE
What's wrong, Lise?

LISA
Since when did you smoke?

BRUCE
Sorry?

LISA
That's not part of the routine.

BRUCE
The routine?

CAROL
Your father always has a cigarette after dinner, honey. You know that.

Lisa looks astounded at her Mom. Carol smiles.

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

ROBBIE
I do! Double scoops!

BRUCE
Count me in!

CAROL
How about you, Lisa?

Lisa watches Bruce smoke. She's too disturbed to answer.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - EVENING - LATER

Lisa enters the living room, freezes.

Carol is reading a book on the couch. She's alone. The TV is off.

LISA
Where's Dad and Robbie?

CAROL

Your father's in the garage working on the car, and Robbie's upstairs saving the world on his video game.

LISA

What about "Murder She Wrote"?

CAROL

Oh, would you mind watching it upstairs, sweetie? I really want to finish this chapter.

Lisa is unnerved. She turns, steps out of the room.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

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

Lisa cracks the door from the kitchen, peers 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 himself. An angry one. A half-smoked cigarette smolders in an ash tray.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Just gotta get this thing working. Can't figure out why it won't --

A creak ... Lisa's bumped the door. Bruce spins, looks right at her. She doesn't move. A beat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa ... Go back inside. I've got work to do 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!
BANG! Bruce pounds away with the wrench.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

Footsteps ...

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

A shadow appears under the door crack, stops.

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

A creak. Her door slowly opens.

Lisa dives under her blanket, shrouded in darkness.

More footsteps, getting closer. Then stopping.

Lisa stays under the blanket, refuses to come out.

Breathing. Inches away. Just on the other side.

LISA
(whispers)
Who are you?

The breathing turns louder. Deeper.

LISA (CONT'D)
Why are you here? What do you -- ?

WHISPERED VOICE
Lisa ...

Lisa gasps at hearing her name. The whisper was only inches away. And then the air turns cold, her breath froths.

WHISPERED VOICE (CONT'D)
Lisa Johnson ...

The impression of a hand appears, pushes against her blanket.

LISA
NOO!!!

Lisa RIPS OFF THE COVERS, glares ahead ...

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

Lisa stays frozen, clenches her blanket, too scared to move.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

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

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa rushes downstairs. Robbie lies on his beanbag, plays Pac-Man transfixed, doesn't glance back at her.

LISA
(unsure)
Robbie?

SMASH!!! Lisa spins ...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kitchen drawers litter the floor, silverware discarded.

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

CAROL
JUST STOP IT!!!

Carol stands across in her morning robe, tears flowing.

BRUCE
Tell me where they are!

CAROL
I have no idea!

BRUCE
You stole them from me!

CAROL
Why would I do that?

BRUCE
You stole them! Stop lying!

WHAM! He punches the wall. Carol is hysterical.

LISA
Mom? Dad?

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

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

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

BRUCE
Do you know where the sparkplugs
are, Lisa?

LISA
(confused)
What?

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

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

He eyes her with suspicion, on edge.

DING-DONG!

Everyone jumps, looks over. The front doorbell.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

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

LISA
Robbie! No!

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

DING-DONG! No one moves.

DING-DONG! Carol finally walks over.

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

CAROL
Why not?

LISA
Please ... Don't.

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

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

Lisa looks ahead, eyes widening ...

A TALL, PALE MAN stands on the front porch.

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

His presence is strikingly creepy.

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

CAROL
Oh ... I see.

PALE MAN
Has your phone been out this
morning?

CAROL
In fact, yes, it has.

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

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

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

CAROL
Yes, of course. Thank-you.

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

PALE MAN

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

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

CAROL

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

Lisa stays frozen, confused and scared.

BRUCE

(from behind)

Lisa. Do what your mother says.

LISA

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

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa reaches the top of the stairs. The hallway is empty.

KA-SHHH! The sound of a match striking. From her bedroom.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa steps into her room, freezes.

The Pale Man is sitting on her bed. He smokes a cigarette, gazes at her from behind the glare of his sunglasses.

PALE MAN

How long have you been awake?

LISA

(frightened whisper)

... What?

PALE MAN

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

LISA

(hesitates)

I don't know ... A week maybe. I'm not sure.

He drags off his cigarette, his gaze riveted to her.

LISA (CONT'D)
Who are you?

He doesn't answer, exhales smoke.

LISA (CONT'D)
What's going on? What happened to
us? What are we -- ?

He stands up. She tenses. He walks towards her. She braces
herself. He stops right before her, flips up his sunglasses.

His eyes are sharp blue. Penetrating. Frightening.

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

Lisa is speechless.

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

A nerve-racking beat.

He flips his sunglasses back on, stubs out his cigarette on
the bedroom carpet, goes into the hallway.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

Bruce and Carol exchange an unsure glance.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
But if you ask me, it's good to
lose your phone every once in a
while. It lets you spend more time
with those you love.
(nods, smiles)
Have a good day, everyone.

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

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

The Pale Man slips into the thick white fog, disappears.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Carol sweeps up the broken glass into a broom pan, discards the glass into the trash bin under the sink.

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 at Bruce.

He eats quietly, not smoking like the night before.

LISA

What happened to your cigarette?

BRUCE

(looks across)

Sorry?

LISA

Aren't you going to smoke one?

BRUCE

What are you talking about, Lise?
You know I don't smoke.

CAROL

And don't you ever start either,
young lady. The Surgeon General
just came out with a new report
that said --

LISA

How can you two just sit here, and
pretend like nothing happened this
morning?

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

Lisa is exasperated, at the end of her rope.

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

ROBBIE
 I do! So does Edgar!

BRUCE
 Count me in!

CAROL
 Lisa?

LISA
 (whispers)
 I'm sorry ...

CAROL
 What?

LISA
 I just can't do this anymore.

CAROL
 Can't do what anymore?

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

BRUCE
 Lise? What's wrong?

LISA
 ... I'm sorry.

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

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

Lisa opens the garage door, saddles her bike.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Where are you going? It's not safe
to ...

She pedals away outside.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Lisa!

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

BRUCE'S VOICE
Lisa! Stop! Come back here!

She keeps pedaling. Her Dad's voice fades.

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

She rides faster and faster ...

EXT. FOG REALM - FARTHER AHEAD

SCREECH! Lisa hits the brakes, hops off her bike, breathless. The fog engulfs her. Enshrouds her.

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

LISA
(calling out)
Hello? Anyone 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 go, understand? I don't
 want to be stuck here anymore!

She keeps walking, and walking. Still no response.

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

She freezes, sees something ahead.

A large structure, faint and blurred in the fog.

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

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

She pedals faster and faster until ...

EERRK! She slams the brakes again, looks ahead with shock.

Her house is before her. Bruce is still in the driveway. The fog surrounds everything. She's gone in a circle.

BRUCE
 (relieved)
 Lisa! There you are!

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

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

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

EXT. FOG REALM - FARTHER AHEAD

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

EXT. FOG REALM - FARTHER AHEAD

EERRK! Lisa slams the brakes again, looks ahead incredulous. Her house is there again, and so is her Dad, now impatient.

BRUCE

Enough games, young lady. Bring
your bike into the garage.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

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

CAROL

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

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa sits up in bed next to the heat-vent. She listens for sounds or voices or moans. Tonight, there's nothing.

She makes a decision, yanks back her blanket ...

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Lisa sits in the dark attic before the Ouija board, touches the planchette, gazes around. She listens, whispers.

LISA

Are you here?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)

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

More silence.

LISA (CONT'D)

I don't know how I died, or why, or
how long I've been stuck in this
stupid routine with my family. All
I know is I must get out of this --

A creak.

Her eyes dart around the dark attic. She waits, listens.

LISA (CONT'D)
(frightened whisper)
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. He warned me
not to contact you. Maybe it's
because you're the reason I woke up
in the first place? I don't know.

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

LISA (CONT'D)
I don't belong here, but I don't
know how to leave either. I feel
like we're connected somehow. That
you're the answer. So please.
Talk to me if you can, okay?

She eyes the planchette, focuses.

LISA (CONT'D)
Who are you?

The planchette doesn't move.

LISA (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

Nothing.

LISA (CONT'D)
What is your name?

She slides the planchette under the letters.

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

The planchette stays put.

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

Nothing.

LISA (CONT'D)
Move the piece anywhere.

Nothing. Desperation overwhelms her.

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

Silence.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Breathing ...

She eyes her bed. Her chest clenches.

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

Lisa is petrified.

The lump doesn't stir, keeps breathing.

LISA
 Hello?

No response.

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

The breathing turns deeper. Heavier.

Lisa kneels, only a foot away, watches.

The blanket rises and falls. Rises and falls.

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

She peels away the blanket to reveal ...

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

Lisa stares dumbfounded at her.

The girl continues to sleep. Inhaling. Exhaling.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (voice shaking)
 Who are you?

The girl doesn't stir.

Lisa swallows, reaches out, *touches* the girl's shoulder ...

WHAP! The girl jolts awake, grabs Lisa's wrist.

Lisa jolts too ...

The girl stares right at Lisa. Lisa is numb with fright. The girl opens her mouth, lets out a gasp of air.

TEEN GIRL

Lisa ...

Lisa reacts to hearing her name.

TEEN GIRL (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Lisa Johnson ...

LISA

(whispers back)

How do you know my -- ?

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

TEEN GIRL

Help me, Lisa ... Please, help me.

The girl begins to shake ...

Lisa shakes too as ...

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

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

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

MALE VOICE

Olivia?

Lisa looks ahead ...

The girl's room is before her. Lisa has transported into it.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

What are you doing in there? Why are the lights flashing?

TAP! TAP! TAP! Knocking from the other side.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)
*Olivia? You're up past your
 bedtime. It's a school night.*

The lights flash faster, brighter.

OLIVIA
 HELP ME, LISA!

Lisa looks back at "OLIVIA", who is now glaring downward with visceral fear. Lisa follows her gaze to ...

A hole in the bedroom floor, the carpet ripped back.

Jiggling. The door knob shakes, locked from the inside.

MALE VOICE
 Olivia! What's happening? Are you
 okay? Open the door!

BAM! BAM! BAM! BA-BAM! ... The door FLIES OPEN ...

Olivia SHRIEKS ...

Lisa shuts her eyes tight ...

The lights stop flashing.

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

She finally opens her eyes, looks down ...

Olivia's hand is gone. So is Olivia.

Lisa looks ahead ...

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

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

Her eyes close ...

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Morning sunlight streams on Lisa's sleeping face.

ROBBIE'S VOICE
 LISA JOHNSON!!!

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

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Lisa! Me and Edgar found the
pirate treasure! It's a chest full
of emeralds!

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

She looks down at the floor: at the spot where she saw the
hole in Olivia's bedroom. Her bedroom carpet covers it.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

CUT TO:

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

THUNK! The board comes out. There's now a hole in the
floor: the same one she saw in Olivia's room.

Lisa reaches into the hole, feels something, pulls out ...

A wood box. Dust coats it. It was hidden here sometime in
the house's past, before Lisa's era, never meant to be found.

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

A thin, leather album. Worn and weathered.

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

She eyes the first page ...

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

Lisa reads from the top of the article:

The Lakeshore 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 Lakeshore News". All with 1950s photos of pretty, smiling TEENAGE GIRLS.

"Peggy Walker, Third Place, Chocolate Chip Cookie Bake-Off"

"Frances Nichols, Second Place, Swimming Invitational, 100 Meter Backstroke"

"Sandra Gardner, Third Place, Regional Debate Championship"

Lisa flips to the next page ...

More clippings, these from bigger city dailies.

She scans the articles, reacts ...

November, 1954: "Second Girl Reported Missing"

April, 1955: "Third Disappearance, Northshore Families Living In Terror"

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

Each article has a photo of the abducted girl, the same girls from the earlier articles. They were 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 an inner-sleeve in the scrapbook, slides her finger into it. An object slips out, clinks to the floor.

Her eyes widen ...

A red key.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Carol is whipping up pancake batter over the stove. Lisa rushes past her, beelines to the basement door.

CAROL

Sweetheart, please go down and start the laund --

Lisa's already gone into the basement ...

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

KA-THUNK! Lisa slides back the dryer, kneels before the red door. She inserts the key into the lock slot, twists it ...

CLICK! The red door unlocks.

She inhales a nervous breath. She turns the knob, pushes ...

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

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

CUT TO:

A BASEMENT SHELF, as Lisa grabs a flashlight ...

CUT TO:

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

Narrow wooden steps, descending deeper under the house.

INT. STAIRS - OTHER SIDE OF DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa's shoes *creak* down the rickety steps, her flashlight clenched as she sinks deeper into the blackness.

She reaches the last step.

Ka-plunk. Her shoe submerges in water, ankle deep. She shines around her flashlight to see where she is.

A small room, its walls made of shiny black brick. The floor has been flooded by water that's accumulated over the years.

Lisa's beam stops upon a rusted coal furnace built into the black bricks. It has an iron door with a slatted window.

Lisa shifts her beam to a dusty shelf: it's lined with glass display cases and jars. A hobbyist's collection.

She shines her beam upon one of the cases: gnarled, half preserved insect specimens are punctured on pins inside it.

Fear building, she sees another shelf, this one collapsed to the floor and half submerged.

Objects float nearby. Brown glass vials.

Lisa wades closer, both her pant cuffs soaked as she reaches down, picks up one of the vials, reads its smeared label:

Ethoxyethane.

Her gaze drops to its common name --

Ether.

She spies more objects below -- not floating, but resting underwater on the floor. She aims her beam down on them.

A watch. A hair ribbon. Earrings.

She reaches under the water, pulls out the watch to examine it. It's a classic girl's style, rusted, its hands frozen in time:

"1:14"

Ba-thump.

Lisa spins, swings her beam -- the sound came from the furnace.

Scared, she wades through the water, aims the flashlight through the furnace's window-grate.

Shuffling inside. A hand appears, reaching up -- and then it's gone.

Lisa leans in closer with the beam --

An eye appears. Inches away.

Lisa SCREAMS, jolts back --

A TEEN GIRL is on the other side, terror on her face. She opens her mouth to SCREAM OUT.

FWOMP!!! The coal furnace ROARS TO LIFE.

SCCCRREEECCHH!!! A bloodcurdling cry erupts as scorching flames engulf the furnace chamber.

Lisa turns and runs to the stairs. She sprints up the wood steps, her shoes dripping.

SCCCRREEECCHH!!! The Girl's SHRIEKS fill Lisa's head. The orange glow of the furnace flickers below her.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Silence. Lisa waits a moment. Everything stays quiet.

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

ON LISA as she reacts --

The stairwell is dark again. The furnace glow is gone. The Girl's awful cries have stopped.

CAROL'S VOICE
(from above)
Lisa!

Lisa flinches, keeps her gaze on the stairwell.

CAROL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Pancakes are ready! Come help set
the table!

Lisa can barely breathe.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING - LATER

Raspberry pancakes, butter and syrup are laid out on the table for breakfast. Robbie gobbles down his share, smiles.

ROBBIE
Mommy! Edgar wants more pancakes!

CAROL
Ask, and Edgar *shall* receive.

Carol forks two more pancakes, plops them onto Robbie's plate.

BRRRINNNGGG!

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

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

BRRRINNNGGG!

Bruce goes into the kitchen. Lisa watches with unease.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (answering)
 Hello...? Yes, may I ask who's
 calling...? One moment please.
 (looks ahead)
 Lisa, it's Mr. Woods. He says
 there's a change in the lab
 assignment, and he 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 stands, walks into the kitchen. Bruce hands her the
 phone, smiles, goes back to the dining room.

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

PALE MAN'S VOICE
 I thought I told you to mind your
 own business?

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

PALE MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 Clearly you are a Busy Betty. And
 I don't like Busy Betties.

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

LISA
 (whispers)
 What's down in that room under the
 basement...? *Who's* down there?
 That's your scrapbook under my
 bedroom floor, isn't it?

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

LISA
 (getting angry)
 Why? What can you do to me? I'm
 already --

CLICK! Static crackles.

Lisa clenches the phone.

CAROL
 (from the dining room)
 Lisa? Come back and finish your
 breakfast before it gets cold.

Lisa hangs up, nerves jangling. She returns to the dining room, looks ahead, freezes in her tracks --

A BOY is sitting in the chair next to Robbie.

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

He smiles malevolently at Lisa, his eyes sharp blue.

Lisa stares back at him. Stunned.

The Boy leans over, whispers into Robbie's ear. Robbie grins, laughs -- a secret shared between them.

ROBBIE
 Mommy, can I go play with Edgar?

CAROL
 Okay, but finish your pancakes first.

LISA
 (charging)
 Get away from him!

Lisa rushes at the Boy, but Robbie jumps up.

ROBBIE
 No, Lisa! He's my friend!

BRUCE
 Lisa! What on earth are you doing?

Lisa spins to her parents, points at the Boy.

LISA
 Don't you see him?

CAROL
 See who, dear?

LISA
 It's Edgar!

BRUCE
 Stop teasing your brother.

From their point of view, the chair next to Robbie is empty.

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

Lisa spins back. Edgar is now *speaking with the Pale Man's voice*. He and the Pale Man are one and the same.

EDGAR
(Pale Man's voice)
And so do you.

Lisa is paralyzed. Edgar's evil glare intensifies.

She looks up. *The overhead lights grow unbearably bright.*

Lisa turns back at Edgar. He's gone.

She looks across the table, gasps with horror --

Bruce and Carol are corpses in their chairs. Their lips blue, their faces bloated, their eyes half opened and glazed.

Lisa looks left --

Robbie, his back to her, is also slumped postmortem.

She panics, rushes over to him, frantic as she embraces her little brother in her arms, speaks desperately to him.

LISA
Robbie, wake up. Wake up!

His head lies limp against her chest.

LISA (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Come back, Robbie. No, no, please
come --

A crunching sound.

Lisa pulls away from Robbie with shock as --

Robbie's body shrivels within her embrace, like a balloon deflating.

Lisa, too traumatized to scream, looks across the room --

Bruce and Carol also crumple and decay, their bodies decomposing down to bones and dust within seconds.

Lisa staggers backwards, a raw, visceral panic taking over her. Her family's gone. She's all alone in the house.

LISA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Bring them back ... Please ...

She shuts her eyes, covers her face, shaking violently.

LISA (CONT'D)
I don't want to be alone here. I
don't want to be alone!!!

BRUCE'S VOICE
Lisa?

Lisa opens her eyes.

Bruce is before her, normal again. The lights are back on.

BRUCE
Sweetheart, what's wrong?

Lisa looks over. Carol and Robbie are both alive and in their chairs. They gaze at her with worry and confusion.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Lisa, honey, talk to me. Why are
you so upset?

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

BRUCE (CONT'D)
It's all right. Everything's okay.

He steps closer, gently embraces her. Lisa sinks into his arms. Bruce holds her with comfort as Carol watches, worried.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(to Lisa)
Shh, I've got you, pal. I won't
ever let you go.

Lisa clings tight to her Dad. Shaking.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

A low moan ...

She tenses, glares across her bedroom at ...

The heat-duct. The moan resonates from within the slat. The same moan she heard the morning before.

The moan grows louder, changes in pitch and tone.

Lisa shuts her eyes, trembles as ...

The moan amplifies. Clarifies. Pieces of it are taking shape.

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

Musical notes. From an instrument. A woodwind.

Lisa opens her eyes, stunned. She recognizes the music.

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

Lisa is flabbergasted.

"Peter And The Wolf" plays louder, faster, filling up the room. It's as if the clarinet were right next to Lisa's bed.

LISA
(whispers)
No ... Leave me alone ... Just
leave me alone ...

The music plays with more urgency. The halting notes cry out to her.

LISA (CONT'D)
(explodes)
LEAVE ME ALONE!

The music stops.

Lisa shakes ...

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lisa enters her bathroom, freezes.

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

She walks over, shuts off the faucets.

Water drips ...

She turns around. The yellow curtain of the shower is drawn over the tub.

She walks over, stops, waits. Listens.

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

Empty. No one's in the tub.

She's jittery, on edge.

She goes back to the sink, exhales, tries to collect herself.

She looks up at the mirror ...

Olivia stands in the reflection behind her.

LISA

AHHH!!!

Lisa spins ...

Olivia is not before her.

Lisa spins back to the mirror ...

IN THE REFLECTION: *Olivia is still there. She gazes hauntingly at Lisa, her face pale white.*

OLIVIA IN THE REFLECTION

(whispers)

Lisa ...

Lisa, speechless, gazes back at Olivia. They are sharing an intense, psychic connection to one another.

IN THE REFLECTION: *Olivia lifts up her hand to Lisa ...*

BACK TO LISA, lifting her hand as well, extending it out to the mirror until ...

Lisa's hand goes through the mirror. She freezes up, staggered by this outré experience.

IN THE REFLECTION: *Olivia gazes at Lisa's extended hand next to hers in the mirror. She reaches over ...*

Lisa and Olivia's hands touch ...

Lisa jolts, as if hit by an electric shock ...

LISA

AHHHH!!!!

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

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

She listens, scared, whispers out into the blackness.

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

No response. Just darkness.

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

More silence.

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

Lisa looks ahead, turns confused ...

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

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

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

Her jaw drops ...

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

Lisa doesn't move. Terrified. And also amazed.

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

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

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

Lisa is possessing Olivia's body.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

She is in Olivia's bedroom, not hers.

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

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

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

Lisa looks over at Olivia's desk ...

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

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

Next to the iPad is a printer. And next to the printer is a printed out page. She steps closer to read it.

The Lakeshore News, April 16, 1985.

Lisa's eyes drop to the headline:

"Family Of Four Found Dead"

Lisa tenses, scans the sentences in the article:

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

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

"... bodies found by police in garage ..."

"... carbon monoxide poisoning ..."

Lisa trembles. Devastated. The details of her death and her family's revealed in the stark words before her.

A shrieking laugh ...

She spins. It came from downstairs.

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

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

She enters the living room, stops.

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

Another *laugh*.

A cute-as-a-button LITTLE GIRL, 5 years old, stands in front of an HD flat-screen TV. She's playing an X-box video game with eye popping graphics.

Lisa watches, her senses overwhelmed by the modern-day visuals and sounds. The little girl keeps playing, giggles.

LITTLE GIRL
 (glances back)
 Olivia! Come over and play with
 me!

WOMAN'S VOICE
 Olivia?

Lisa looks over --

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

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

Lisa stares at her, doesn't move. Olivia's Mother heads to the dining room with a platter of food, sets it down on the table, returns to the kitchen.

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

Before Lisa can speak --

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

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 (sighs)
 Your father.

Olivia's Mother 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 working damnit.
 Can't figure out why it won't ...

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

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

OLIVIA'S FATHER
 Need something, Olivia?

Lisa eyes a half-smoked cigarette smoldering in an ash tray.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 Go back inside, okay? I'm working.

She doesn't move. He sets 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 please go.

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

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

LISA
 (screaming)
 AHHHHHH!!!!!!

Lisa falls back, collapses to the ground, convulses.

BA-BAM! The kitchen door flies open ...

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
 Oh my God!

Olivia's Mother rushes over to Lisa, kneels with panic.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 What happened?

Olivia's Father is now dazed and disoriented, as if coming out of a waking dream.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
 David! What happened?

OLIVIA'S FATHER

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

Lisa shakes harder. Olivia's Mother grabs hold of her.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER

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

Lisa shuts her eyes. Olivia's Mother pleads to her.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Olivia! Wake up! Please wake up!

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

CAROL'S VOICE

LISA, WAKE UP!

Lisa stops shaking.

CAROL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Lisa? Can you hear me?

Lisa opens her eyes, peers up ...

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

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

BRUCE

What happened?

CAROL

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

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

CAROL (CONT'D)

(to Bruce)

I was in the kitchen, and she walked right past me, came in here.

BRUCE

(to Lisa)

Sweetheart? You all right?

Lisa gazes at her parents. She's 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 trembles ...

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
 raspberry pancakes.

CAROL
 How did you know I was going to
 make -- ?

LISA
 Just go, Mom. Please.

Carol gazes at Lisa, turns and leaves.

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

He kisses Lisa 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, 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. It'll be your special day.

Lisa watches her Dad with profound sadness.

BRUCE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
You okay, Lise?

LISA
How about we go to Hackney's
tomorrow?

BRUCE
(knowing smile)
Craving onion rings?

LISA
I'll also get a strawberry
butterscotch sundae to share.

BRUCE
You know my weakness, don't you?

LISA
Remember when you'd pick me up from
school, and the two of us would go
there in secret without telling Mom
or Robbie?

BRUCE
I think they suspected something
when we came home with butterscotch
on our faces.

A smile between them. Memories shared.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Get some rest, Lise. Love you.

LISA
Love you too, Dad.

He kisses her on the cheek, leaves her bedroom.

The moment he's gone --

Lisa flips back her blanket, slides over to the heat vent, calls out urgently through its metal slats.

LISA (CONT'D)
Olivia! Olivia, can you hear me?

No response. She goes over to the bedroom mirror, taps the glass, gazes at her own reflection with desperation.

LISA (CONT'D)
Where are you, Olivia? You need to bring me back again! You need to show me everything you --

ROBBIE'S VOICE
(a squelch)
Lisa?

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

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

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

LISA
Robbie!

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

Fear strikes Lisa. Her voice cracks.

LISA
Robbie ... Where are you?

ROBBIE'S VOICE
The secret cave! Edgar's with me!

LISA
Where's the secret -- ?

SSSSSS Static takes over.

LISA (CONT'D)
Robbie!

More static. The signal's gone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

LISA
(clicks the walkie)
Robbie? Where'd you go?

ROBBIE'S VOICE
I told you! Downstairs!

LISA
I am downstairs! You're not here!

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

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 the basement stairs, looks across ...

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

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - LATER

Lisa, flashlight in hand, scrambles down the rickety steps, goes down and down into the darkness.

She reaches the bottom, steps into the cavernous room.

LISA
Robbie?

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

The coal furnace. Its door is half-opened.

INT. FURNACE - MOMENTS LATER

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

LISA
Robbie? Are you in here?

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

LISA (CONT'D)
ROBBIE!!!

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

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

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

Half a human skull. Blackened. Burnt.

She gasps with horror, swivels her beam.

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

ROBBIE'S VOICE
Lisa?

She jolts, fumbles for her walkie, clicks it.

LISA
(into the walkie)
Robbie!

ROBBIE'S VOICE
Hi, Lisa!

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

ROBBIE'S VOICE
We tricked you!

LISA
What?

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

Static crackles.

LISA
Robbie! ... Robbie!

No response, just the static.

LISA (CONT'D)
Damnit!

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

The Pale Man stands on the other side.

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

PALE MAN
You lose, Lisa.

He reaches down, grabs the door latch.

LISA
(rushing forward)
NO!!!

WHAM! He slams the furnace door shut, locks it. Lisa grabs the latch, can't budge it, pounds her fists.

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

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

INT. FURNACE ROOM - LATER

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

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

No response. BAM! BAM! BAM! She punches the flute-door.

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

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

She's a prisoner ...

INT. FURNACE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

A gold ring.

Old and faded, its metal twisted. It had deformed and half-melted during the incineration process.

Lisa wipes off the grime, finds an imprinted inscription on the base that's still readable. She holds it under her beam:

"EVANSTON HIGH, CLASS OF 1954"

She touches the inscription ...

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

The flue-door opens. FWOOSH! Coal ash rains down upon her.

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

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

LISA
(calling up)
Hello?

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

She looks back down at the gold ring, realizes ...

The ring is now shiny and perfect. It's brand new again.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LISA
MMMMMMPH!!!

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

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

She goes up ...

And up ...

And up ...

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

She freezes high up in the shaft, listens.

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

The noise is resonating above. Eerie sounding.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She slips ...

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

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

She grunts, pulls herself up again ...

INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE GRATE - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

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

The garage.

But the wall fixtures are different: the shelves, tools, boxes, table. They belong to an earlier era. The 1950's.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She's trying to wedge the jack under the garage's front door.

Lisa watches her a moment, hesitates.

LISA

Hello?

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

Lisa freezes up as well, equally scared.

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

TEEN GIRL
(whispers)
Did he kidnap you too?

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

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

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

Lisa is speechless.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Answer me!

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

Frances reacts. Lisa swallows.

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

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

TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK!

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

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

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

LISA
Who was he? Who kidnapped you?

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

LISA
Tell me who he was!

France stops pounding, glares at Lisa with trauma.

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

FRANCES
(whispers)
The pharmacist.

LISA
The pharmacist?

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

Lisa glances back at the Packard.

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

LISA
But it didn't?

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

WHAM! She SLAMS the jack, and this time, it slides under. She snatches up the jack-lever, inserts it into its slot.

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

Frances ignores her, pumps against the jack-lever ...

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

LISA (CONT'D)

That man who kidnapped you ... The pharmacist. He can't hurt us anymore.

FRANCES

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

LISA

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

FRANCES

(pumping the jack)
Quiet!

LISA

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

FRANCES

(pumps harder)
LEAVE ME ALONE!

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

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

LISA

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

FRANCES

I'm trying to save us!

LISA

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

Frances is furious, but stays where she is.

LISA (CONT'D)

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

FRANCES

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

LISA

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

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

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

LISA (CONT'D)

When I touched this, we connected.

Frances eyes the ring, recognizing it.

LISA (CONT'D)

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

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

Lisa holds out the ring to her, nods.

LISA (CONT'D)

Take it.

Frances hesitates, reaches to take the ring ...

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

FRANCES

(screaming)

AHHHHHH!!!!

The hand drags Frances under the crack.

Lisa drops the ring, tries to grab her foot, but it *kicks*
away the car-jack first, just as she's pulled all the way ...

LISA

FRANCES!!!!

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

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

Lisa tumbles back onto the floor. The garage is pitch-black.
BAM! BAM! BAM! Pounding against the kitchen door.

CAROL'S VOICE
Lisa? You in there?

The kitchen door swings open. Light shines in. Carol steps forward with a laundry basket, drops it.

CAROL
Lisa!!!

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

CAROL (CONT'D)
(kneeling before her)
What are you doing in here? You're supposed to be resting in bed.

Lisa looks at herself: her clothes are clean, the soot gone.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Did you pass out again?

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

CAROL (CONT'D)
Lisa?

Lisa gazes at her Mom. Mind racing.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Please, sweetheart, talk to me.

Lisa jumps up, darts over to the workbench.

CAROL (CONT'D)
What are you --?

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

CAROL (CONT'D)
Lisa! Stop it!

Lisa ignores her, keeps searching, pauses as she finds --
A brown pharmacy vial.

Lisa snatches it, turns it over to read the label --

"ETHER"

LISA
 (voice shaking)
 It was Dad ...

Carol eyes the bottle with confusion.

LISA (CONT'D)
 And you let him do it. You didn't
 do anything to save us.

CAROL
 What on earth are you talking
 about?

Lisa trembles, her shock turning to anger.

CAROL (CONT'D)
 Honey, tell me what's --

Lisa throws the bottle ... SMASH! It shatters across the
 garage.

LISA
 (erupting)
 WAKE UP, MOM! WAKE UP!

Carol is stunned. But also bewildered and clueless.

Lisa can't take it any more, shakes her head with defiance.

LISA (CONT'D)
 I won't let it happen again. Never
 again!

Lisa spins, rushes out of the garage.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. ROBBIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa steps inside, stops, watches Robbie play Pac-Man on his
 Atari. He's alone, his back facing her.

LISA
 Where's Edgar?

ROBBIE
 (thumbing the joystick)
 Dunno. He left.

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

ROBBIE
 (keeps playing)
 Uh huh.

LISA
 (tensing)
 When did you figure that out?

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

LISA
 Your glasses?

ROBBIE
 Uh huh.

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

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
 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 playing his game.

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

Lisa looks at the TV screen: at Pac Man eluding ghosts.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

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

Lisa feels more disturbed than ever.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

That's what Edgar told me.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

She finishes, looks again at the mirror. No Olivia. Only her.

Lisa thinks, blows into the clarinet again.

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

Her fingers slide up and down the keys, building a quick, frenetic rhythm with each note.

She closes her eyes, going into a deep trance as --

A second clarinet begins to play. Awkwardly at first. Out of sync with Lisa's notes. It's Olivia.

Lisa keeps her eyes shut, concentrates harder.

Lisa adjusts her playing to Olivia's, and Olivia adjusts hers to Lisa's. They gradually find the same notes, rhythm, and meter, their music matching closer and closer until --

They are playing together. Connected. A duet.

Lisa stays entranced within the song's melody until --

One clarinet ceases playing, the duet now a solo.

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

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

She looks ahead at the mirror --

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

Lisa is back in Olivia's body.

She refocuses with purpose, jumps to her feet, beelines to Olivia's dresser. She searches, finds what she wants --

An eyeliner tube.

She twists off the cap, dips the stick, writes out a message in dramatic red on her own forearm:

"GET OUT!"

She pauses in her writing, looks across at --

The iPad. A video paused. A handwritten post-it note taped next to the "play" icon:

"PRESS PLAY, LISA!"

Lisa steps closer, studies the iPad with no idea what it is or how it works. She reaches out her finger, instinctively presses "play" on the touch screen.

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

OLIVIA

Hi Lisa ... If you're watching this, it means you made it back. Or it means I'm crazy. Either way, I hope you find this.

Lisa is stunned.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

The one thing I do know is I'm scared. Scared of this house.

ON THE SCREEN: *Olivia's eyes dart around her bedroom. She lowers her voice to an urgent whisper.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

First I found the scrapbook about those poor girls ... and then I read about what happened to you and your family.

Lisa's eyes widen.

ON THE SCREEN: *Olivia nods with compassion.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, Lisa. It breaks my heart.

Lisa is affected.

ON THE SCREEN: *Olivia leans close with intensity.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
There's a haunter in this house.

Lisa reacts, unsure.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I read all about them in my research. Listen carefully, okay?

Lisa is riveted.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
A haunter can only be removed from a house one way. By finding an object that belonged to each of his murder victims. When you do that, his victims will wake up. His power will be gone. And he can be sent away where he belongs.

Lisa's mind races.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I've searched every corner of this house for objects, but I've only found one so far.

ON THE SCREEN: *Olivia reaches under the top of her shirt, pulls out a necklace that's been hanging there the whole time.*

It's Lisa's lanyard necklace. The one she wore in the video.

Lisa, stunned, touches her own neck: the necklace string is there.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
We connected for a reason, Lisa. So we can stop the haunter before it's too late.

ON THE SCREEN: *Olivia swallows, her fear building.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
*My Dad ... He's changed. My Mom's
 useless, totally in denial. And my
 sister's too young to understand.
 No one will believe a word I say.*

ON THE SCREEN: *Tears well up in Olivia's eyes. She reaches out, touches the camera, as if to touch Lisa herself.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
*Help me, Lisa. Help me save my
 family.*

The video ends.

Lisa is frozen, processes what she just watched.

SMASH!!! Lisa jolts, spins. The noise came from below.

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

Lisa comes downstairs. She stands in the foyer, hears someone crying softly, starts towards the living room.

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

OLIVIA'S MOTHER'S VOICE
 (from the kitchen)
 Just stop it, David! Stop it!!!

Lisa hears crying again, looks into the living room.

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

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

CRASH!!!

OLIVIA'S FATHER'S VOICE
 Where did you hide them?

Lisa comes around the corner, looks into the kitchen. Kitchen drawers litter the floor, silverware discarded.

CRASH!!! Olivia's Father rips out another drawer. He's searching while in the midst of a manic, frightening state.

Olivia's Mother stands across from him, upset and confused.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
I told you, David. I don't know
what you're talking about.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
Liar!

WHAM! He punches the wall.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
What's wrong with you? Why are you
acting this -- ?

She pauses, sees Lisa watching them in the doorway.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
(voice shaking)
Olivia ... Go back up to your
room. Take your sister with you.

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

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Olivia!

Lisa looks at Olivia's Mother, who's traumatized, helpless.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Please, sweetheart. Go upstairs.

Lisa gazes at her, doesn't move or speak.

PALE MAN'S VOICE
Do what your mother says, *Olivia*.

Lisa looks over, jolts with shock --

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

PALE MAN
You shouldn't be down here.

Lisa is frozen with horror. The Pale Man is possessing
Olivia's Father, just as Lisa is possessing Olivia.

The Pale Man's eyes twinkle at Lisa.

Lisa spins urgently to Olivia's Mother.

LISA
Listen to me. Get out of this
house right now. Take the children
with you, and never come back here
again, understand?

Olivia's Mother is taken aback, even more confused.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (points at the Pale Man)
 He's not your husband.

PALE MAN
 (to Olivia's Mother)
 Anne ... She's confused. I think
 she was sleepwalking again.

LISA
 (to Olivia's Mother)
 No! He's lying! He's taken over
 Olivia's father ... I mean my
 father ... I mean ...

Lisa's stumbling on her words, panicking.

Olivia's Mother sees the lipstick scrawl Lisa wrote on her own forearm, and then she sees her younger daughter watching from the doorway, scared.

Olivia's Mother turns frozen, a deer in the headlights.

The Pale Man takes control of the situation, nods at Olivia's Mother.

PALE MAN
 Go take care of Emily. I'll take
 Lisa up to her room.

Olivia's Mother hesitates, nods with acquiescence.

The Pale Man steps towards Lisa. Lisa backs away.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
 It's all right, Olivia. It's me.
 It's Dad.

He smiles, reaches out to her wrist.

LISA
 (defiant)
 NOOOO!!!

Lisa spins, runs. She races across the foyer, reaches the front door ...

INT. FOYER - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

There is no fog.

The neighbourhood street is before her, a comfortable enclave of upscale homes. There are clouds above. Blue sky. The sun.

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

BRRRRRRRAAAWWWWWW!!!!!!

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

LISA
HELP!!!

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

LISA (CONT'D)
CALL THE POLICE!

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

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

Her foot *steps onto the sidewalk.*

LISA (CONT'D)
AHHHH!!!

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

The neighbor is gone. He never saw her.

Lisa shakes harder, paralyzed on the ground. She opens her mouth, gasps, can't speak a single word.

PALE MAN'S VOICE
Silly, Lisa.

She peers up with horror --

The Pale Man smiles down at her. He's come outside alone to fetch her.

He licks his own fingers, wets his palm, then reaches down and picks up Lisa's trembling, immobilized arm.

PALE MAN

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

He strokes his wet palm on Lisa's forearm, *rubs out the eyeliner message* that Lisa had written for Olivia.

Lisa shakes harder, weakening. Her eyes close.

Everything goes black.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAROL'S VOICE

Lisa? Lisa, sweetheart, wake up.

Lisa opens her eyes. She's lying in her own bed, back inside her bedroom upstairs. Carol is next to her.

CAROL

(touches her hand)

Shh. Easy. You've been out a
while. A few hours.

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

CAROL (CONT'D)

You 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, baby, I know. I finally know.
I've woken up too.

LISA

But how ... ?

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

CAROL

It was in my bedroom closet the whole time. Hidden in the back. I just didn't want to remember.

Lisa eyes the suitcase, still unsure.

CAROL (CONT'D)

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

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

CAROL (CONT'D)

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

Lisa reacts. Carol touches the clothes gently.

CAROL (CONT'D)

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

Her voice trembles.

CAROL (CONT'D)

But we never left the house, did we?

LISA

Mom ... Have you talked to Dad?

CAROL

No. I can't face him. He's down in the garage working on the car, acting like everything's normal. As if he never ...

Carol pauses, looks at Lisa, can't finish her sentence.

LISA

I'll go talk to him.

CAROL

No way. I won't let you.

LISA

Mom, it's okay. All of us are safe.

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

The only thing that's left is for us to leave. And Dad's the last one who needs to understand.

CAROL

(with guilt)

You kept trying to tell me. Again, and again. I'm so sorry, Lisa.

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

CAROL (CONT'D)

I didn't want to listen to you.

LISA

Will you listen to me now?

Carol pulls back, gazes at her daughter. Lisa nods.

LISA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I know what to 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

Where are the sparkplugs, Dad?

He turns confused. She steps closer.

LISA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

No one stole them. You lost them on purpose.

BRUCE

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

LISA

You tried hiding them from yourself.

BRUCE

Why would I do that?

LISA
Because you knew what you were
turning into.

He eyes her. Her words have hit a nerve.

LISA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
So where did you hide them? 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) (CONT'D)
(from behind)
Pick them up.

BRUCE
What for?

She just stares at him. He swallows, reaches down, hand
shaking, picks them up, clasps them in his palm. Waits.

LISA
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)
The engine.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. DODGE CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce sticks the car key into the ignition, hesitates, not wanting to do it. Lisa nods with conviction.

LISA
Turn the key.

He does ... VROOM! The car STARTS UP. The engine HUMS ...

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

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

He shudders, shock and horror taking over him.

LISA (CONT'D)
Do you remember? Do you remember
what happened to us?

He opens his mouth, can barely speak.

BRUCE
I ... I used ether. You and your
Mom and Robbie. And then I carried
each of you down into here from
your rooms, and then I ...

His voice chokes. He starts to cry.

LISA
And then you did what?

He grips the key tighter, tears streaming.

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

BRUCE
(jolts back)
NO!!!!

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

LISA
It wasn't your fault.

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

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

He looks at her with disbelief.

LISA (CONT'D)
He took you over. Possessed you.
Made you become like him.

BRUCE
(confused)
Like *him*? Who?

BA-BAM! THE ENTIRE HOUSE SHAKES VIOLENTLY! As if struck by a
powerful earthquake. Lisa and Bruce both freeze up.

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

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce bursts into the kitchen, freezes, Lisa behind him.

The kitchen lights are flashing brighter. Faster. Strobing.

CAROL
(across the room)
Bruce!

She runs to him. He runs to her. They embrace. The lights
flash faster around them.

CAROL (cont'd) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
What's happening?

BRUCE
I don't know.

LISA
We're awake! All of us!

Carol looks at Bruce. He looks at her.

BRUCE
I'm so sorry. Sorry for
everything.

CAROL
(clutching him)
It's okay. We're going to be okay.

Lisa watches her parents with deep emotion.

BZZ! BZZ! The lights flash brighter.

ROBBIE'S VOICE
Mommy! Where are you?

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, Bruce and Carol race into the foyer. Robbie is standing by the stairs, scared. Carol scoops him up as --

BZZ! BZZ! The lights flash brighter, hotter.

The décor of the house changes. The curtains are pleated. The walls are painted red. The furniture is antique.

BZZ! BZZ! The lights flash again.

The house is back to normal.

BRUCE
What's going on?

Lisa's eyes dart around, trying to understand as --

BZZ! BZZ! Another flash.

The older décor is back. This time, Lisa sees a grandfather clock, its long pendulum swinging, a row of framed photographs on the wall next to it.

BZZ! BZZ! Another flash.

It's 1986 again.

Lisa steps closer to the spot where she saw the grandfather clock, eyes the wall where the photographs hung.

BZZ! BZZ! Another flash.

The grandfather clock is back, and so are the photographs.

Lisa gazes at one of the photos, her eyes widening.

A black-and-white image of Edgar, 8 years old, posed formally with his MOTHER and FATHER on the front porch of the house.

BZZ! BZZ! Another flash.

It's 1986.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa?

Lisa looks back at her family with horror, and urgency.

LISA

We have to get out of this house!

She races up to the front door, twists the knob, opens it ...

The fog is on the other side. Thick and impenetrable.

BZZ! BZZ! The house lights flash faster.

The older house starts appearing more frequently.

Lisa gazes out at the fog with dismay. And defeat. There's nowhere to go. Nowhere to escape.

ROBBIE

Look, Mommy! The sun's out!

Lisa, Bruce and Carol all look in the direction where Robbie is pointing.

A warm orb of light appears. High in the far distance. Its rays poking faintly through the thick fog.

Lisa is amazed.

It's the sun in the sky.

The fog begins to thin. The warm rays of the sun are burning it away. The fog is dissipating.

Robbie smiles with joy. He dashes out the door ...

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Robbie runs straight towards the welcoming sun.

CAROL

(from behind)

Robbie!

Carol runs out of the house after him.

Bruce goes next, stops on the front of the porch, peers ahead at what's beyond the fog. He sees something Lisa can't.

He turns around, smiles at Lisa with relief.

BRUCE

It's all right, sweetheart. It's beautiful. We can leave.

BZZ! BZZ! The lights in the house flash brighter, faster.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Lise?

She looks at him with tears in her eyes. A decision made.

LISA

I love you, Dad ... I love all of you.

She SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT ...

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The lights stop flashing. Lisa is now alone. Everything in the foyer has turned quiet except for --

Tick ... Tick ... Tick ...

The pendulum of the grandfather clock swings back and forth. The photographs hang next to it.

Lisa steps over to the foyer window, peers outside.

The house is surrounded on all sides by the impenetrable white fog. The sun of before is nowhere to be seen. Lisa's face in the window looks out at her new prison.

Tick ... Tick ... Tick --

The clock pendulum abruptly stops mid-motion.

Lisa turns around, looks at the clock face:

"1:14"

A jazz song like "Whispering" begins to play with a vinyl-needle hiss.

Lisa's eyes dart over to the stairs. Scared.

Finally, she goes to the stairs, creaks up the steps.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

The upstairs hallway is dim, the wallpaper and décor all 1920s.

The jazz song resonates from a phonograph at the end of the hallway. Next to it is the open door of the master bedroom.

Fear building, Lisa walks to the door, peers inside ...

She GASPS.

Edgar's Mother lies dead in a canopy bed. Facing Lisa. Her eyes opened and glazed. She was murdered in her sleep.

A crucifix hangs around her neck.

Lisa, horrified, shifts her gaze to --

Edgar's Father, rolled over, twitching in a last grisly spasm of death.

A Bible rests on the nightstand next to him.

Lisa steps in more, then stops in her tracks, realizes someone else is here who had been out of view before --

Edgar. Standing over the bedside. Smothering a rag against his Father's mouth and nose. Murdering without remorse.

Lisa shakes, too scared to move.

Edgar lifts the rag, glares at Lisa, pure evil in his eyes.

EDGAR

Get out of my house, LISA!

He moves towards her with purpose ...

Lisa stumbles back, looks ahead again. It's now the Pale Man who's marching towards her.

She spins, races down the hallway, glances back. The Pale Man is closing in after her.

Lisa runs into another bedroom. WHAM! Slams the door.

INT. EDGAR'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CRASH! Lisa knocks over a dresser and bookshelf, barricades the door as --

Laughing, from the other side of the door.

PALE MAN'S VOICE

Lisa, you cannot hide from me in this house. And certainly not in my own room.

Lisa looks ahead, fills with dread --

She's in Edgar's bedroom. Instead of toys, the shelves are filled with glass cases of collected dead insects.

Tapa ... Tapa ... Tapa ...

A monarch butterfly is fluttering inside a sealed mason jar, panicked, trying to escape a death of slow suffocation.

KA-THUNK! The bedroom door *shifts* behind her, the barricade loosening.

Lisa scans the bedroom, runs to the window, taps her fingers against the glass, peers frantically at her own reflection.

LISA
(whispers)
Olivia ... Where are you?

SMASH! The dresser topples behind her, the door almost open.

LISA (CONT'D)
(losing it)
OLIVIA!!!!

Nothing happens. Lisa sags against the window glass, her cheek pressed against it, overcome by defeat.

LISA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Olivia ...

She closes her eyes, waiting for the Pale Man to come.

Rain patters against the window.

Lisa pulls back, realizes --

Olivia's face reflects in the glass, not hers.

Lisa's back in Olivia's body.

BA-BOOM! A thunderclap, a violent storm raging outside.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
OLIVIA!!!!

Lisa spins.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Olivia's bedroom door is pounding again, only now it's Olivia's Father shouting with rage.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 (from the hallway)
 OLIVIA, OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW!

BAM! BAM! BAM! A door bolt is now keeping the door locked.

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

BA-BAM! The door bolt *snaps off*.

Lisa dives under the bed just as --

Olivia's Father charges into the bedroom, his face in shadow, a silhouette in the darkness.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 (furious)
 Where are you, Olivia?

UNDER THE BED: Lisa peers out with terror as Olivia's Father crosses the bedroom, searches, his voice seething.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 You can't hide from me!

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

Lisa slides out from under the bed, dashes to the hallway.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa races down the hall, reaches the next bedroom ...

INT. OLIVIA'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts into the bedroom, sees Olivia's Mother asleep, runs over, kneels, shakes her with urgency.

LISA
 (whispers)
 Wake up! Wake up!

Olivia's Mother doesn't stir, breathes deep.

LISA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 We've gotta get everyone out now!

No response. Lisa sees a brown pharmacy vial on the nightstand. Olivia's Mother has already been drugged.

Footsteps from the hallway ...

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

She finds a latch, slides it, yanks up the window ...

WHOOSH! Howling wind and spraying rain blast into the bedroom. A hanging tree-branch swings violently a foot away.

Lisa eyes the branch, ready to jump out ...

BA-BAM! The bedroom door swings open behind her ...

Olivia's Father charges in. He stops, stares ahead ...

Lisa is gone, the window opened. He rushes over, peers outside into the storm, tries to see where Lisa went.

BEHIND HIM: Lisa appears from behind the door. She never left. She darts out into the hallway before he sees her ...

INT. KITCHEN - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa arrives down in the kitchen, snatches up the house phone, but the cord has been cut. She can't call the police.

INT. BASEMENT - TOP OF STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Lisa locks the basement door, runs down the stairs, reaches the bottom, crosses to a modern-day washer and dryer.

She grabs the dryer, pulls on it, strains, pulls harder.

LISA
ARRRGGGHHH!!!

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

Dry-wall covers the entire wall. It was installed at some point in the last 25 years.

Lisa frantically feels along the dry-wall surface, finds a crevice at the top, pries in her fingers, pulls ...

RIIIPP!!! The dry-wall crumbles. Lisa steps back, kneels.

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

She checks her pockets, realizes these are *Olivia's pockets*, not hers. She doesn't have the red key on her anymore.

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa finds a hatchet-axe hanging on the far wall, grabs it. She spots a flashlight, grabs it as well ...

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

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! She keeps swinging.

The wood splits more. She leans back, KICKS OPEN THE DOOR ...

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa scrambles down the dark, rickety steps, the flashlight and hatchet both clutched. She enters the cavernous room.

She goes to the shelf, finds what she wants ... The shoebox.

INT. FURNACE - MOMENTS LATER

SLAM! Lisa shuts the furnace door, goes to the middle of the coal ash, drops to her knees. She tips over the shoebox.

The 1950s objects spill out ...

The charm bracelet. The hair-ribbon. The cross necklace. The lipstick tube. The make-up case. The earrings.

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

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

LISA
(desperate)
Please, hear me.

She keeps touching the objects, trying to make contact.

LISA (CONT'D)
I know you're in this house. All of
you. We can leave here forever.
But we have to do it together.

She spots Frances' class ring, back in the ash where she found it the first time. She reaches down, touches it.

LISA (CONT'D)
Frances ... Let's send that
bastard to Hell where he belongs.

Crunching from behind ...

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

Olivia's Father stands before her. Not Frances. The furnace door is opened behind him. He glares down at her with fury.

ON LISA, full of fear, as she now stares up at ...

The Pale Man. More terrifying than ever.

PALE MAN

I'm not going anywhere.

She panics, reaches for the hatchet ...

The Pale Man grabs her first, smothers her face with a damp rag, covering her mouth and nose. Lisa flails.

LISA

MMMMMMPPPHHHH!!!

PALE MAN

(whispers)

Shhhh. Time to sleep.

Lisa struggles more, but turns weak, her eyes closing ...

Blackness.

INT. FORD EXPLORER - PRESENT DAY - LATER

The patter of rain.

Lisa's eyes open to see --

A fogged windshield. She's sitting in the back seat of the SUV. The car is parked in the garage, the garage door shut, the rain coming down in sheets outside.

Lisa looks down. Her feet are bound together, duct tape wrapped around her ankles.

She looks across. Olivia's Mother lies passed out in the front seat. Lisa tries to scream.

LISA

MMMMMPHHH!!!!

Her mouth is gagged with more duct tape.

Her eyes dart around the inside of the car. She's trying not to panic. She lifts up her bound feet, tries to flip open the car door latch with her shoe, but can't budge it.

A moan.

She turns back, looks ahead. Olivia's Mother has stirred slightly in her seat, mumbles in her unconscious state.

Lisa swings her feet, kicks the front passenger seat hard, tries to wake up Olivia's Mother. Lisa kicks, and kicks.

Olivia's Mother rolls across the seat, her arm dangling over, but she remains passed out.

Lisa falls back, exhausted, breathing in through just her nose. And then she notices something next to Olivia's Mother's dangling arm, something on the floor between the two front seats ...

A cigarette pack and lighter, discarded earlier by Olivia's Father.

New energy surges into Lisa. She twists around her body, drops to her knees on the car floor, reaches out behind her with her fingers, straining.

She claws at the lighter, grunts, clutches it between her bound wrists. She flicks the flint ...

The flame doesn't catch.

Frantic, she flicks the lighter again, and again. No dice.

BA-THUMP.

Lisa's eyes dart to the passenger window -- the noise came from somewhere on the other side of the kitchen door.

Lisa is close to total panic. She flicks the lighter again, and again. She screams against her gag for it to light.

LISA (CONT'D)

MMMMMPHHHH!!!!

SSSSSS The lighter catches.

Crackling. The flame instantly sears away the duct tape, splits it apart until ...

SNAP! Lisa *breaks free* of the tape. Her hands are liberated at last.

KA-THUNK! The kitchen door swings open, a silhouette in the doorway -- the silhouette of the Pale Man.

Lisa dives back into her seat as --

Footsteps outside, walking around the car.

Lisa shoves her hands behind her back, shuts her eyes, tries to pretend she's still bound and passed out.

The Pale Man's silhouette appears in the back seat window across from Lisa.

Lisa turns motionless as --

THUNK! The passenger's side door swings open. The Pale Man is carrying Olivia's Sister. He deposits her in the back seat next to Lisa.

Lisa remains frozen, holding her breath.

WHAM! The Pale Man slams the door shut, walks around the car.

Lisa half opens her eyes, tries to see where he went.

THUNK! The driver's side door opens.

Lisa shuts her eyes again.

The Pale Man climbs into the driver's seat. WHAM! He shuts the door. Lisa does her best not to flinch.

The Pale Man reaches up, adjusts the rear-view mirror until he sees --

Olivia, sitting in the passenger seat behind him.

PALE MAN

Hello, Lisa.

Lisa swallows, knowing the gig is up. She opens her eyes, looks ahead.

The Pale Man gazes at her through the mirror, a blood-chilling smile.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

You just won't let go of Olivia, will you? Such a plucky girl.

Lisa is too scared to respond.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

When you were alive, you were the same way. Trying to save your family from me. Thinking you could fight the tide.

(MORE)

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

And yet here we are again. The two
of us. And it ends the same.

Lisa glares back at him, her fear flaring into anger.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

History doesn't repeat itself. It
rhymes.

The Pale Man picks up a ring of keys, sticks the car key into
the ignition, switches on the battery.

DING! The dashboard lights up.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

Time for you to go, Lisa.

Lisa sees the glowing time:

"1:14"

The Pale Man twists the key.

VROOM! The engine starts up.

Car exhaust plumes out of the SUV's tailpipe. The garage is
filling up with carbon monoxide.

The Pale Man gazes ahead through the windshield, a content
look in his eyes, the final piece of his plan complete.

He leans back to await the death of Olivia's family.

Lisa *lunges forward*, her freed hands reaching around the Pale
Man's seat, grabbing the seat belt, pulling back hard.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

(flailing)

AHHHHHHH!!!!

Lisa is choking the Pale Man with the seat belt. Rage in her
eyes.

The Pale Man fights, but can't get free. His face turns
blue. He's feeling the pain of suffocation in his mortal
body.

He thrashes about with all his strength, *breaks* Lisa's grip,
gulps for air, needing precious oxygen.

Lisa takes advantage of his momentary weakness, reaches
across, grabs the key ring, twists it out of the ignition.

The Pale Man recovers, spins to grab her.

But she's already out the rear door of the car.

Lisa dashes over to a door, heads outside.

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, knows she can't go any farther.

But she's got a plan. She raises back her clenched fist, *throws the car keys* as far as she can --

PLUNK! They land somewhere on the dark wet pavement on the other side of the driveway. Unreachable.

Footsteps.

She spins.

The Pale Man marches out of the garage, rain coming down on him, a cruel smile on his lips as he approaches.

Lisa backs away, but she's cornered against the boundary with nowhere to run. The Pale Man stops before her, nods.

PALE MAN

Go ahead. Step across.

She eyes the boundary, eyes him, doesn't move.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

Your own house is gone. Your own time. There's nothing but oblivion waiting for you.

He smiles, victory in his eyes.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)

A place worse than death.

LISA

(defiant)

Send me wherever you want. But you're not killing this family tonight.

The Pale Man chuckles, reaches into his pocket, pulls out another set of car keys.

Lisa gasps.

PALE MAN

Olivia's father keeps the spare on
his workbench.

Lisa panics, tries to dash back to the garage to save
Olivia's family --

But the Pale Man grabs her first, wraps both arms around her
with brute strength. She fights and kicks, but he's too
overpowering.

LISA

NOOOO!!!!

The Pale Man grabs her by her hair, yanks back her head.

LISA (CONT'D)

AHHHHH!!!!

PALE MAN

I always do enjoy killing you,
Lisa.

Lisa SCREAMS --

He spins her around, ready to throw her into oblivion --

FLASH! Lightning strikes first to reveal --

*A silhouette. Standing in the rain and darkness. Blocking
the Pale Man's path.*

The Pale Man freezes in his tracks, unsure.

The silhouette steps forward to reveal --

Frances. Wraith-like. Not getting wet from the rain.

The Pale Man is shocked. Lisa is awed.

*Frances lifts up her hand, points her finger at the Pale Man
with accusation. Her class ring is on her finger.*

The Pale Man trembles. For the first time, he shows fear.

Whispers. Faint and haunting. Resonating from all sides.

The Pale Man's eyes dart around. His dread builds.

Lisa looks at Frances. Frances looks back at her, nods with
confirmation, an understanding between the two of them.

Lisa looks back at the Pale Man. They are eye-to-eye. She's
no longer afraid of him. She glares at him with vindication.

LISA

Time for you to go.

The Pale Man looks back ahead --

Frances is right in front of him. Fury in her eyes.

The Pale Man SCREAMS --

FLASH!!! BLINDING WHITENESS --

The Pale Man is standing alone in white fog.

Lisa is gone. So is the house, lawn and driveway. The Pale Man has transported into the fog realm.

More whispers. Inaudible voices. Hair-raising.

The Pale Man backs away, disoriented. He can't see more than two feet in front of him.

The whispers grow louder. More threatening.

The Pale starts to flee, but stops as --

A face appears. A teen girl from the scrapbook. She wears the hair-ribbon Lisa had touched in the furnace room.

The Pale Man switches directions --

More teen girls appear. Some from the 1950s. Others from the 1960s. Others from the 1970s. All of them are wearing or carrying the objects Lisa used to conjure them.

The Pale Man keeps moving, desperate to find a way to escape this nightmare.

The girls' whispers close in.

The Pale Man staggers forward, then freezes with shock --

His mother and father are before him. His mother wears her crucifix. His Father clutches his Bible. They're both glaring at him with punishing eyes.

The Pale Man gazes back at them like a frightened child. He panics, spins away, freezes again --

Mary Brooks from the furnace is before him. She grabs his arm. Her watch is on her wrist.

The Pale Man jolts, as if stung by a scorpion. He gazes with horror at Mary's face --

She is wraith-like. Her eyes blood-chilling.

The other girls emerge from all sides, surrounding him.

PALE MAN
AHHHHHHHH!!!!

The girls attack. They force the Pale Man down to the ground.

The Pale Man fights back, but it's no use. The girls' grip completely paralyzes him.

A hand appears, reaches into the Pale Man's front shirt pocket, slides out his red rag.

The Pale Man peers up with terror to see --

Frances. Holding the red rag. Ablaze with wrath. She brings it down over his mouth and nose. Presses hard.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)
MMMMMMPPPHHHH!!!

The Pale Man gags and shakes, overcome by the pure terror of suffocation: the same terror he inflicted upon all of his victims over the years. He peers up helpless.

Frances smiles down at him. She is the last vision he sees.

FLASH!!! BLINDING WHITENESS --

Lisa is standing in the driveway. It's the real world again. She never left her spot. The rain has lightened.

She looks down. The red rag is on the lawn. It bursts into flames, incinerates into nothing before her eyes.

Lisa shifts her gaze down to --

Olivia's Father. Lying at her feet. Alive. The Pale Man has been exorcised from his body.

Olivia's Father opens his eyes, gazes up at Lisa, groggy.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
Olivia ... ?

Lisa is speechless. Olivia's Father sits up, shivering and disoriented. He looks around with total confusion.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)
What happened?

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. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olivia's mother and sister sleep peacefully. Lisa watches them with comfort. Olivia's Father is now racked with guilt.

OLIVIA'S FATHER

I'm so sorry, Olivia. I couldn't fight him.

LISA

I know.

He reacts with surprise.

LISA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You had a monster inside you, but now that monster is gone.

He looks at her comforting face. He wants to believe her.

LISA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

We're going to be a happy family again, Dad.

INT. BATHROOM - OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa dumps out the ether from the pharmacy vial into the bathroom sink, flushes it down.

She gazes ahead at her reflection in the mirror ...

Olivia gazes back at her.

ON LISA, feeling a connection to Olivia, a bond that crosses over time and space. She reaches out, touches Olivia's face against the glass ...

A tear slides down Olivia's cheek ...

A tear slides down Lisa's cheek as well. She nods at Olivia with relief, but also sadness.

LISA

(whispers)

Have a good life, Olivia.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa slips into Olivia's bed, pulls the covers over her, lays her head back onto the pillow, peers up into the darkness.

She breathes in deep, ready for whatever fate awaits her.

She closes her eyes ...

FADE TO:

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ROBBIE'S VOICE
LISA JOHNSON!!!

ON LISA, as she slowly opens her eyes, groggy.

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

Lisa sits up, looks ahead ...

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

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Lisa, I found the pirate treasure!
It's a chest full of gems! We're
rich!

The toy walkie-talkie is propped against her pillow, its green light flashing, Robbie's voice calling out.

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 is stunned. She looks over at her bedroom window. The curtain is drawn. Her shock turns to uncertainty. And fear.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa comes downstairs, freezes.

The living room curtains are also drawn. The house is shadowy and dim. Quiet. A red bicycle is parked across by the couch.

Lisa walks over to the bike, gazes at it. A bow-ribbon is tied to its handle-bars. She reaches down, touches the seat.

BRUCE'S VOICE

Happy "16", sweetheart.

She looks over. Bruce and Carol are smiling before her.

LISA

Dad? ... Mom? Where are we?

CAROL

We're home, honey. We're finally home.

Lisa is speechless. Bruce nods down at the bike.

BRUCE

Wanna take it for a spin?

ROBBIE

Will you come back for cake and pirate treasure, Lisa?

Lisa sees Robbie by the beanbag, an innocent grin.

She looks over at the front door. Overwhelmed. And nervous.

LISA

What's out there?

BRUCE

Whatever you want there to be.

Emotion hits her ...

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The front door swings open. Lisa steps out onto the porch with her bike, stops, gazes ahead amazed.

It's a radiant morning. Not a hint of fog. The neighborhood street of her own time is before her.

It's the world before she died. The one from her memories.

EXT. LISA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - FARTHER AHEAD

Lisa pedals down her street, her hair flowing back. The day is lovely for a ride, bright and clear and warm.

She pedals faster and faster, her confidence building. She steers down the next street, picks up her speed even more.

She lets go of her handlebars, raises her hands up into the air, feels the wind against her face as she rides.

She smiles and laughs. At last, she enjoys true freedom.

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

FADE OUT:

THE END