

AMITYVILLE 3-D

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FADE IN

1. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A dark threatening night, a fierce wind raging through the barren trees, savaging the clutching, claw-like branches. A weathered FOR SALE sign swings back and forth in spasmodic arcs, clattering against its rusted chains. Behind it, grimly aloof, defiant of the gale, sits the world's most famous haunted house. Several of the windows are ablaze with light including two high up under the gables that stare out at the night like two watching eyes.

A car pulls up in front of the house. A man emerges, JOHN BAXTER, 40. He glances cautiously up at the stark facade looming over him then hurries around the car to help a young woman get out on the passenger side. She is MELANIE, 25. She seems frightened, fragile. She clutches a large purse to her body. As she looks up at the house it is reflected eerily in the lenses of her dark tinted glasses.

JOHN wraps an arm around her, tries to shield her from the wind as he guides her toward the house.

The front door suddenly swings wide. A man stands silhouetted in the flaring white rectangle of light, waiting for them.

2 INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

The waiting figure is HAROLD CASWELL, 63, a shrunken nondescript little man with an anxious-to-please manner. He slams the door behind JOHN and MELANIE, shutting off the insistent howl of the wind.

JOHN and MELANIE look around them at the bare half-furnished house. CASWELL is conscious of their concern.

CASWELL

We only use the house for our sittings. We have a cottage of our own nearby. We've lived there for years.

MELANIE

Mr. Caswell, can you really help us?

CASWELL

I believe we can, Mrs. Baxter.

2. CONTD

He gestures toward an adjoining room. MELANIE walks unsteadily toward it. JOHN removes a sealed envelope from his jacket pocket, hands it to CASWELL who nods, places it in his own pocket. Then JOHN follows MELANIE.

3. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A round table encircled by chairs dominates the room, indeed, apart from two spindly floor lamps in opposite corners, provides its only furnishing. CASWELL indicates the chair MELANIE is to take.

CASWELL

Please....

MELANIE does as she's instructed. She immediately jumps back up again, startled by ...

EMMA CASWELL (O.S.)

Good evening.

EMMA CASWELL appears in another doorway, unnoticed till now. She is thin, pale with thick white hair pulled severely back from her face. She is dressed very plainly.

CASWELL

This is Emma, my wife. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter.

EMMA crosses the room in short quick strides to shake hands with them both. JOHN nods, attempts a half-hearted smile. EMMA responds with a surprisingly sweet, warm expression, an expression of reassurance and encouragement which she carries with her to MELANIE. It seems to work. MELANIE's tense agitation softens perceptibly. EMMA sits down next to MELANIE.

JOHN

You're sure there's no danger?
I mean ... after all that's
happened in this house ... people
driven out, that family murdered ...

CASWELL

The house itself is not an evil
place. But there is some ...
some power here, centered on this
piece of earth.

EMMA

Evil ... or good, lie in our
response to it.

3. CONTD

JOHN seems to accept this. He crosses to MELANIE places a hand on her shoulder. She covers it with her own hand. They're together in this. EMMA looks at MELANIE.

EMMA (contd)

Shall we begin?

MELANIE nods. JOHN sits down to MELANIE's left. CASWELL lights a candle and places it in the center of the table, then moves quickly, silently to a wall switch and turns out the lights. He returns to the table, takes his place on JOHN's left, EMMA's right.

The flickering candle casts long unsettling shadows. The only sound is the rumble and clatter of the wind against the window-panes.

EMMA places her hands on the table, the little finger of her right hand brushing against the little finger of her husband's left.

CASWELL

(To the BAXTERS)

Please place your hands in the same manner.

JOHN and MELANIE comply. There's a circle of hands lightly touching.

We must establish a chain.

EMMA closes her eyes. With a voice remote from her, a hoarse whisper, she begins ...

EMMA

Concentrate on your child.

MELANIE closes her eyes. CASWELL seems to do likewise, then JOHN. The touching fingers tremble on the table.

Call to him, Mrs. Baxter. Let him know that you're here.

MELANIE tries to speak, can't make a sound. She glances at JOHN. He meets her look, his eyes encourage her. She closes her eyes again.

MELANIE

Ricky ... it's mommy, Ricky ...
Can you hear me ... ?

3. CONTD

The silence is thick, interminable. Then there's a thin dry sound, almost a squeak, in a far corner. The wind, locked out till now, is suddenly here, in the room. A chilling gust sputters the candle, threatens the flame.

EMMA's head lolls back. She begins to sway rhythmically, moaning, a deep guttural sound. The moan becomes a wail, rising in pitch and intensity. And behind it there's another sound, imperceptible at first, then increasingly clear: it's a small voice crying, the voice of a child.

EMMA's head suddenly snaps forward. Her eyes open, stare blindly. She screams.

The sound fills the room. MELANIE, terrified, tries to pull away from the table but EMMA's left hand clamps down hard on her wrist, holds her.

EMMA's breathing is a heaving rattle, its pulse permeating the air until the room itself seems to be breathing, gasping for life. The whole house is sighing, throbbing, the pace quickening, racing, as if something were struggling to be born.

Both JOHN and MELANIE have their eyes wide open now.

The breathing is subsiding, transforming into something else: a ragged whisper having no source, no direction. It is simply there.

VOICE

Where ... Where ... ?

EMMA's head is thrown back, her mouth is moving but not in sync with the voice. It is not her speaking.

CASWELL

We're here ... We're all here ...

The disembodied voice drifts into a long diminishing sigh.

Come through to us ... We're
waiting for you ... Come through ...

EMMA's head begins to roll on her shoulders, her body remaining rigid. Her face is contorted by pain, fear. She begins to choke and cough. She speaks, in her own voice, her eyes unfocused, wild.

3. CONTD

EMMA

Can't breathe ... no air ... help,
help me ... smoke ... fire ...

Her face twists into an agonized mask, a death mask.
Then, suddenly, her head grows still, her features reform.
She is calm. Her voice is almost soothing.

The child has passed over ...
the child passed over in fire ...
Now he is at peace.

There's a moment of tense silence, then MELANIE lets
out a muffled sob. JOHN looks at her anxiously.

The candle suddenly flickers and dies. The room is
plunged into total darkness.

There's a terrifying bang ... once ... twice. The
table rises up from the floor. JOHN and MELANIE gasp,
half-rising with it.

CASWELL

Don't move! Whatever you do
don't move!

Now there's a man's voice, a deep growl, circling the
table, swirling around it, encompassing it. EMMA
writhes as if she were being pulled apart. CASWELL
yells out ...

Go! Leave us! Be gone!

The voice reacts angrily, spitting out its rage.
Then, as suddenly as it came, it's gone. EMMA's head
slumps forward. CASWELL speaks again, calm, level.

The child ... the child ...

And they hear it, as before, a child's voice crying.
But now it's here, with them, in the room. MELANIE
can't hold back.

MELANIE

Ricky!

She struggles to rise but EMMA holds her firmly.

CASWELL

Stay where you are! Keep still!

JOHN

Melanie, don't ...

3. CONTD

She surrenders.

MELANIE

(Whispering)

Ricky ...

CHILD'S VOICE OVER

Mommy, I'm here ... I'm here ...

MELANIE

Look!

She's staring at the far far corner, near the ceiling. JOHN looks. There's a patch of light hanging there, drifting, swaying.

CHILD'S VOICE

I'm here, mommy. I'm here ...

As they watch, the light begins to move, gliding slowly across the room, toward the table. It hovers, glimmering, overhead, then drops down until it's only a foot from MELANIE's face. Then it sweeps suddenly away, heading for the hall door. It stops in the doorway, remains still a moment, then begins to fade.

There's a soft moan of protest from MELANIE.

MELANIE

Stay ... please ...

CASWELL

It's only beginning.

There are footsteps in the hall, clearly heard. The short quick steps of a child running on a wooden floor. Then the patch of light reappears over the table. It drifts again to the doorway but this time it doesn't fade, it begins to transmogrify into a soft luminescent shape. It takes on form and features. It's a child, a translucent shimmering child.

JOHN

My God ...

With a swiftness and strength EMMA is unprepared for, MELANIE lunges to her feet, kicks back her chair.

CASWELL

(Screaming)

No! You mustn't!

EMMA screams.

CASWELL

You'll kill the medium!

He jumps up to grab MELANIE. But JOHN is right behind him, grabs him.

JOHN

No you don't ...

There's a blinding flash of light. It's chaotic, impossible to distinguish what's happening. Then there's another flash. And it comes clear.

MELANIE is crouched down in the stance of a Professional Photographer, a camera in her hands pointed at the doorway. The strobe Unit attached to the camera clicks off a rapid-fire burst of flashes, revealing an astonished and helpless figure, a Young Man in a hooded black jump suit standing in the hallway with a luminous cardboard figure of a child in his hands. In the moments of darkness between flashes, the effect still works -- the ghostly child that emerged from the ball of light.

JOHN gets to the wall, flicks the master light switch. EMMA is still wailing in her chair but her husband knows very well that the game is up. He yells at her.

CASWELL

Shut up!

He faces JOHN.

You have no right!

MELANIE keeps snapping away, getting shot after shot of the scene, exposed in all its sordid reality. The big purse where her camera gear had been concealed, hangs from her shoulder.

The Man in the jumpsuit makes a grab for MELANIE. JOHN gets in his way, stops him with a blow to the stomach that crumples him to the floor. Now EMMA jumps up.

EMMA

Stop it!

The second door bursts open -- it leads to the basement steps -- and a young skinny Girl of perhaps 20 makes a dash for the hallway. MELANIE swings around and gets a shot of her. It stops her in her tracks.

CASWELL

Who are you people? What the hell do you want?!

3. CONTD

JOHN turns to him, brandishing his card.

JOHN

Witness Magazine ... Congratulations
on making our next cover.

CASWELL

You have no right ... You can't
do that!

JOHN

Can't we? We've got pictures ...

He gestures toward MELANIE, busy reloading her camera.

... We've got sound ...

He pulls a mini tape recorder from his pocket. The
CASWELLS and their young assistants look on in a kind
of horrified fascination.

... and we've got you.

JOHN can't help flaunting a look of supreme satisfaction.

CASWELL

Get out of this house! You're
trespassing.

MELANIE

Actually we've taken care of that.

Her camera is again ready. JOHN moves to the window,
signals to someone outside then strides across the room,
heading for the front door.

And by the way, John is not my
husband and poor little Ricky ...

She shakes her head mock-sadly, begins firing away with
the camera again.

4. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

JOHN opens the door to let two men in out of the still-
raging gale. The first is ELLIOT WEST, early 30's,
who greets JOHN as an old friend and colleague. The
second man is CARL WUNCH from the District Attorney's
Office.

CASWELL comes out of the living room to confront them,
furious.

4. CONTD

CASWELL

Who's this? More trash from your
goddamn scandal sheet?

JOHN

Mr. Caswell, let me introduce
you to Dr. Elliot West of the
Institute of Psychic Research,
State University Long Island ...

CASWELL

I don't give a damn where he's
from. I'm gonna sue the ass off
you and every son of a bitch
connected with you!

JOHN

And this ...

He turns to WUNCH with evident satisfaction.

... is Mr. Carl Wunch of the
District Attorney's office. We
took the liberty of informing him
of our plans and he was good enough
to come along tonight. If you
have any questions regarding ...
the law ...

As he talks he approaches CASWELL and casually lifts
the envelope they had exchanged earlier from his coat
pocket. CASWELL makes a grab for it too late.

... I suggest you talk to him.

He hands the envelope to WUNCH who takes it, opens it,
finds ten fifty dollar bills inside.

CASWELL

Conducting a seance is not a
crime.

WUNCH looks up from counting the money.

WUNCH

We call it fraud.

JOHN

At least the way you do it.

He glances back at the cardboard cutout of the child
leaning against the living room doorway. CASWELL's
a beaten man.

4. CONTD

CASWELL
(Yelling!)
Emma!

5. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

EMMA CASWELL is still standing by her place at the round table. With the two assistants she starts now for the hallway. MELANIE moves in for a final shot. Without warning EMMA turns on her and spits in her face. MELANIE tries to avoid it but she's hit on the cheek. She recoils in disgust, quickly wipes it off. EMMA stalks out.

6. SCENE DELETED

6A. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

MELANIE, packing away her gear, comes out of the living room to join them.

JOHN
(To ELLIOT)
Quite a night. It'll be a great story. Thanks for the tip.

ELLIOT
Glad to be of service. A crude set-up like this is easy to spot. The only thing remotely interesting about it is ... the house ...

He looks around, clearly intrigued by the place.

In fact if you're not in too much of a hurry I'd love the chance to look around.

JOHN
Sure. We could use some shots of their equipment, the mikes and the amplifiers and the mysterious balls of light.

He looks at MELANIE. She doesn't look happy at all about the idea.

ELLIOT
The master control would probably be somewhere in the basement.

6A. CONTD

JOHN

After you, professor.

The lights suddenly go out. MELANIE gasps. Somebody bumps into something hard, like a wall. JOHN's voice is heard.

Damn!

A lighter flicks on, held up by ELLIOT. JOHN is revealed rubbing his forehead, checking for blood. There is none.

ELLIOT

Fusebox?

MELANIE

Or worse.

ELLIOT moves the tiny light to include her. She looks anxious.

The way the storm's been
blowing there could be lines
down.

ELLIOT

It's true. Perhaps we should ...

MELANIE

Leave?

It's more than a suggestion, it's a plea.

7. INT. HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR REAR BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's the second floor room with windows overlooking the water. One of the windows is open, its curtain billowing in the gusting wind. It's dark.

From outside voices are audible, the sound of a car door opening.

The CAMERA tracks across the room to the open window, peers through and down in a High-Angle POV.

8. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Far below ELLIOT can be seen by his car. He turns, calls to JOHN and MELANIE.

8. CONTD

ELLIOT

I'm at the Institute tomorrow.
If you need anything, call me!

JOHN

Right. Good night.

ELLIOT climbs into his car. JOHN and MELANIE reach theirs. Both cars are soon lurching down the rutted driveway. As their red tail-lights fade behind the plundered branches of the wind-whipped trees, the window frosts up in front of the CAMERA.

9. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A stationwagon sweeps up the driveway and stops in front of the house. A large bulky man struggles out from behind the wheel. He is MR. SANDERS, the house's owner.

10. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

SANDERS lets himself in with a key and looks nervously around. He calls out in a tentative voice.

MR. SANDERS

Anyone here ... ?

Silence.

11. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

SANDERS peers in. All seems exactly as it was last night. Then there's an agonized groan, an extended shudder, a man's strangled voice.

SANDERS stiffens, goes pale.

The round table in the center of the room suddenly jumps into the air -- as it did during the seance.

SANDERS leaps back, terrified. Then, when nothing further happens, he leans down to look under the table. What he sees is a long thin pole, a broom handle, pushing up through a hole in the floor. It moves. And the table rises again.

The man's voice resounds through the room.

MAN'S VOICE

Help me ... I'm a prisoner in
the house ...

11. CONTD

SANDERS whips around. There's no one there. Then ...

WOMAN'S VOICE

(Brightly)

Who would want you?

Now SANDERS sees something. An audio speaker hanging from a loose wire, half-emerged from behind one of the drapes.

Hey! Get your hand off my ass!

Pause.

MAN'S VOICE

That's not my hand.

Another pause. Then a sudden loud shriek, followed immediately by an attack of the giggles, male and female.

SANDERS sees a second audio speaker now, it's all coming clear. He mops his perspiring brow, shakes his head in amusement.

12. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - DAY

An overhead electric light supplements the pale sunlight filtering through the ground level barred windows. MELANIE, looking pretty in a work shirt and jeans, is snapping a picture of JOHN as he poses proudly with the broom handle, pushing it up and down through the hole in the floorboards above. Next to him is Master Control; a microphone and amplifier system with wires trailing off in all directions.

SANDERS comes down the stairs.

MR. SANDERS

Hello!

JOHN and MELANIE break off the horseplay to turn to him.

JOHN

Hello ... Mr. Sanders?

MR. SANDERS

That's right.

He finally arrives at the basement floor, surveys the scene. A large fly resting on the stair banister, seems to be observing him.

12. CONTD

MR. SANDERS (contd)

I'm the one that owns this ...
palace.

He sees the electronic gear, the trick props.

I'll tell you when I rented the
place to those ... people, I sure
had no idea they were up to
anything like this. When you
told me on the phone ... I was
really shocked.

JOHN looks dubious.

JOHN

I can imagine. Thanks for letting
us come over like this.

MR. SANDERS

No problem.

He picks up the broom handle, starts jiggling it up and
down himself.

They turned it into some box of
tricks, huh?

Suddenly there's a sharp cracking sound. SANDERS begins
to lose his balance.

Ooooooh!

A hole is opening up under him, revealed by a breaking
plank. Another plank snaps. He's falling into a dark
pit. JOHN leaps for him, clutches his arm. SANDERS
clings to him, tumbles forward, lunging, scrambling,
just as a third board breaks and gives way. He cries
out, terrified. JOHN's holding on but SANDERS' legs
are dangling down into the yawning hole.

Don't let me go ... Don't let
me go!

MELANIE runs over to help. Together she and JOHN
finally manage to haul SANDERS, flailing and clawing,
to safety. He lies sprawled on the basement floor,
breathless, overcome.

JOHN strips away the remaining planks and reveals the
gaping black hole in its entirety. He and MELANIE peer
down into it.

12. CONTD

JOHN

I guess this is what's supposed
to be the Gateway to Hell.

MELANIE

Looks pretty convincing.

JOHN

It's just an old well.

MELANIE looks at him with a if-you-say-so expression,
starts clicking off some pictures. JOHN turns back to
SANDERS who seems to be coming around.

You all right?

SANDERS nods, looks up to have a flashbulb pop in his
face. He blinks, turns away. MELANIE gets another shot
of him. It dawns on SANDERS what she's doing.

SANDERS

Hey, wait a minute. Don't do
that. That's not for your magazine,
is it?

JOHN

Don't you want it to be?

SANDERS

Not if it makes me look like I
was part of what was going on here!

He gets to his feet, his recovery accelerating now.
MELANIE snaps more pictures.

JOHN

But according to Caswell, you
were.

SANDERS

Is that what he said? He's a
liar.

He shields his face with his hands as MELANIE moves
around for another angle.

Let's uh ... let's go outside,
I need some air.

13. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JOHN and SANDERS are walking by the river bank. MR.
SANDERS seems angry.

13. CONTD

SANDERS

Where does that penny ante con
man get off accusing me ... ?

JOHN

I don't know about penny ante.
They must've pulled in quite a
bit over the last six months.

SANDERS pulls out his handkerchief to mop his brow.
He's sweating again.

SANDERS

It's nothing to do with me.
There's no way you can connect
me. There isn't a shred of
proof.

He looks at JOHN for a response. JOHN remains maddeningly
cool, unreadable. SANDERS sweats harder.

14. INT. HOUSE: STAIRCASE - DAY

MELANIE climbs the stairs, taking pictures as she goes
getting atmosphere shots. She moves cautiously, reacting
to every sound, every shadow. The place makes her
nervous.

15. INT. HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR REAR BEDROOM - DAY

MELANIE enters a bedroom, dark because the window shutters
are closed. She moves to the windows, opens the shutters.
Daylight floods in. The gauze curtain over the one window
that's open wafts up into her, fluttered by the mild
breeze.

A Fly is buzzing somewhere. It's an annoying sound, she
looks around for it, doesn't spot it. In fact it settles
on the window sash just above her head.

16. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

She looks out the open window, taking in the beautiful
view of the grounds, the river, the stately old homes of
the surrounding neighborhood. She can see JOHN and
MR. SANDERS by the river bank. She raises her camera
for a shot. She uses a small zoom lens.

17. EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

JOHN and MR. SANDERS are seen from the opposite side now,
so that the house looms up behind them, its two upper
windows staring.

17. CONTD

SANDERS is no longer concealing his worry.

SANDERS

Mr. Baxter, I'm a real estate agent. I do a lot of business in this area. I have a reputation to protect ... If I get somehow tied up with this ... thing, it could finish me.

He looks at JOHN. JOHN's listening.

I bought the house, cheap, because I figured it would be a good investment once all the panic was forgotten. Trouble is, it's never been forgotten. I can't even unload the houses around it!

He gestures broadly at the big old houses just along the bank. They all look empty.

18. EXT. HOUSE: 2ND FLOOR REAR BEDROOM - DAY

At the open window MELANIE continues to snap off pictures of the two men talking. Camera tilts up to the 3rd Floor, one of the "Eyes" of the house: it also seems to be watching the two men.

18A. INT. HOUSE: 3RD FLOOR - DAY

POV of the two men talking as seen through the "Eye."

19. EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

SANDERS continues his tale of woe.

SANDERS

It's an ordinary normal house, nice looking, relatively good condition, built the way they used to build them. It's a steal. And nobody wants it!

JOHN stops, looks back at the house, its whole demeanor softened and improved by the bright morning sunshine.

JOHN

What are you asking for it?

SANDERS

I'd take a third of its estimated value.

19. CONTD

He moves closer to JOHN, suddenly conspiratorial.

SANDERS

Leave me out of your story and
I'll give you almost any terms
you want.

JOHN seems interested.

20. INT. HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR REAR BEDROOM - DAY

MELANIE gets a final picture of the two men, then turns away from the open window. She hears the buzzing of the Fly again. And now she sees it, a Big Fly, perched in a patch of sunlight on the wall.

She turns back to the window. And freezes. Something's different. The window is now closed. Both windows are closed. No more breeze, no more billowing curtain. Did she close it? We know she didn't.

The Fly suddenly darts directly at her, almost into her face. She swipes at it. It backs off, hovers a moment, then swoops away.

She starts for the door, puzzled, disturbed. That window ...

21. INT. JOHN'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

JOHN, behind the wheel, seems very pleased with himself. MELANIE is darkly pensive, uneasy.

MELANIE

You're serious? You're really
going to buy it?

JOHN

If Nancy's lawyers leave me with
the price of a roof over my head.

MELANIE

When's the divorce final?

JOHN

Six weeks.

MELANIE

How's Susan taking it?

JOHN

Better. Kids are pretty resilient.

21. CONTD

JOHN and MELANIE have an intimacy between them that allows them to be direct and personal with each other. But it's the intimacy of friends, colleagues, not lovers.

MELANIE

What do you need with a house?

JOHN

Have you seen my apartment.

MELANIE

You never looked around, you can do much better.

JOHN

I can never do better than this. He's practically giving it away.

MELANIE

And why do you think that is?

JOHN

Because people are so damn superstitious.

He looks over at MELANIE, a secure and confident man. She doesn't share his confidence.

21A. EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE - DAY

JOHN's car is parked in the driveway.

22. INT. NANCY'S HOUSE - DAY

This is JOHN's former home, now occupied by his soon-to-be ex-wife NANCY and their daughter.

JOHN is collecting stacks of books and files from overcrowded shelves and stacking them in two large tea-chests. NANCY, an attractive woman in her late 30's, looks on. Much tension still remains to be dealt with between them, a lot of the wounds are still open.

JOHN

There's lots of room, fresh air, trees ... The house itself is a real Long Island antique, it's wonderful. I'll have a place to really work for the first time in my life ...

22. CONTD

NANCY

I know. All you need is some room ... All you need is peace and quiet ... Well, now you'll have it.

JOHN

That's right.

He's holding his temper under tight rein. She keeps digging.

NANCY

You'll be able to concentrate, work undisturbed, get started on The Great American Novel.

JOHN

Come on, Nancy. Don't make this any tougher than it has to be.

NANCY

I have to admit it: it saddens me to see you taking your things away.

JOHN

It saddens me, too ...

NANCY

Before, the word "divorce" was something abstract, a legal term ... now it's real.

JOHN

We made the right decision, Nancy. Neither of us was happy ... I spent ten years of my life working for that lousy magazine, to give you and Susan a good life ...

NANCY

I never asked you for anything except necessities.

The confrontation is interrupted by the sound of a door slamming in another part of the house.

There is a muffled voice growing louder. Then, into the room walks SUSAN, their 16 year old daughter. She stops, stands beaming in the doorway. JOHN beams back at her.

22. CONTD

JOHN

Susan ...

SUSAN

I didn't know you were coming over.

JOHN

You know now.

She leaps into her father's arms and they hug each other like two long lost soul-mates. The affection runs thick between JOHN and his daughter.

He looks up now to see yet another newcomer, lounging by the doorway, watching the happy reunion. It's LISA, SUSAN's girlfriend. Though, like SUSAN, she's 16, she seems older; she has about her a certain sexual awareness SUSAN completely lacks. There's a seductive quality to the way she looks at men, JOHN included.

JOHN

Hello, Lisa.

LISA

Hello, Mr. Baxter. I hear you've bought yourself a haunted house.

JOHN

I only bought the house, not the ghosts.

SUSAN

Can we come see it, daddy?

JOHN

Of course, whenever you want.

He grins, happy in the company of his daughter. LISA's still staring at him in that way she has. NANCY's staring at him too, in quite another way. If looks could kill ...

23. INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC DARKROOM - SAFETY LIGHT

Hanging on drying racks are black and white photo prints of the debacle at the seance including some general views of the house. MELANIE stands over a development dish watching another print emerge. Something's puzzling her.

The new print shows MR. SANDERS by the basement well-hole. But there is something wrong. A strange cloudy blotch obscures SANDERS' face.

23. CONTD

MELANIE transfers the print to a fixing solution and studies it more closely. She turns to one of the prints drying on the rack. It too is of SANDERS. It too features the blurred patch over his face.

She checks out still another print, one of the shots she took of JOHN and SANDERS by the river bank. The image of JOHN is flawless. Once more SANDERS' face is obscured. And this time the fault runs right down his body, rendering him almost unrecognizable.

MELANIE just stares. What does it mean?

24. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

SANDERS' stationwagon pulls up. He climbs out and, fishing a thick ring of keys from his pocket, lets himself into the house.

25. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

SANDERS closes the door behind him, crosses the entrance hall, checks his watch.

There's a sound upstairs. He listens, hears it again, a creaking in the overhead floorboards, as if someone were walking in one of the upper bedrooms. He moves to the foot of the stairs, calls up ...

SANDERS

Mr. Baxter? It's Sanders ...
I'm here!

There's no reply.

Mr. Baxter ... ?

He starts up the stairs.

26. INT. HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR - DAY

SANDERS stops, looks at the array of closed doors facing him. He hears the creak of a floorboard again, emanating from a room above him, on the top floor. He approaches the stairs to the top floor, passing a hall bathroom, where the door is open. We see a sink with a mirror above it. The mirror suddenly frosts over.

26A. INT. HOUSE: ATTIC FLOOR - DAY

SANDERS arrives out of breath at the room from which he heard the footsteps, the attic room with the "eyes,"

26A. CONTD

and reaches for the door-knob. Suddenly the knob turns and the door swings wide open.

26B. INT. HOUSE: ATTIC ROOM - DAY

SANDERS walks into the room expecting to find JOHN.

SANDERS

Mr. Baxter, Jesus, I ...

The door slams shut behind him. There's no one there. SANDERS is frozen in his tracks.

Then there's a buzzing sound. Flies. It's growing louder. SANDERS spins around, sees nothing. But the sound is becoming deafening, as if there were thousands, hundreds of thousands of Flies multiplying by the sound. He covers his ears. It does no good. The tumultuous buzzing fills the room, fills his brain. Then ... he sees them.

One of the "eyes" has dozens of Flies on it. He stares at the window. Now it has hundreds of Flies on it. As he watches, terrified, it becomes a living, vibrating mass of energy; a mass which is now disintegrating into its component parts -- Flies.

SANDERS

No ... No ... !

They come at him, swarm at him, engulf him. He grabs for the door, twists the knob. It won't turn. The door won't open. He screams, or tries to, for his mouth, his nostrils, his ears, his eyes are smothered by Flies. They cling to him like a second skin. He can't breathe, can't fight them off. He staggers, falls. They cover him like a living shroud.

He coughs, chokes, jams his fingers into his mouth to clear the way for air, just a breath. It's useless. He grabs at his heart. He's going into shock. He rolls over, twisting and turning, trying to crush the Flies under his weight. But for every one killed there's a hundred more. He's buried in Flies.

27. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JOHN drives up, parks his car next to SANDERS' station-wagon, heads for the house. He finds the front door unlocked.

28. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

JOHN comes in, looks around, listening.

JOHN

Mr. Sanders?

Silence. He moves to the living room door. There's no one there.

JOHN goes to the staircase, starts up. Then he hears something definite, a kind of ghastly choking rattle. He looks up.

JOHN

Sanders?

No reply. He climbs the stairs to the second floor.

28A. INT. HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

JOHN listens for a moment. Again the sound. This time from the attic floor. He starts up the stairs.

A limp hand falls suddenly into FRAME.

JOHN is so startled he has to grab the banister to keep from falling. Then, recovered from his shock, he starts upstairs, on the double. As he nears the attic floor SANDERS is gradually revealed to him, sprawled on the landing; his eyes wide with terror, staring, glassy, unseeing; his tongue swollen, distended, lolling out; his face bloated, red. His body releases a final shudder and dies.

JOHN stares at him, horrified.

29. SCENE DELETED

30. SCENE INCORPORATED INTO SCENE 28.

31. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Two Orderlies wheel SANDERS' body to a waiting ambulance, past JOHN, who stands a little apart from the house, still badly shaken by what's happened.

A car comes up the driveway, slides by the Ambulance and stops. MELANIE gets out, looks at the Ambulance, the covered body, the activity around the house. She sees JOHN, hurries over to him.

MELANIE

What happened?

31. CONTD

JOHN
Sanders. Heart attack. He died
just as I found him.

MELANIE looks shocked. She has a large yellow envelope
in her hand, a photo envelope.

MELANIE
I want you to see something.

She holds up the envelope. Behind her the Ambulance
starts to pull away.

32. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

MELANIE has spread her photos -- the ones in which
SANDERS is obscured by the strange marks -- on the
round table. She watches JOHN as he examines them.

JOHN
There must be something wrong
with the film.

MELANIE
Just those particular frames?
Just those areas of the frames
where Sanders happens to be?
John, please ...

JOHN
So what do you want me to say?

MELANIE
I don't want you to say anything.
Just acknowledge to me that
something is very strange here!

JOHN
Sanders had a heart attack.
Sanders was a sick man, you only
had to look at him to see it.

MELANIE is highly agitated.

MELANIE
You don't find all this a startling
coincidence?

she indicates the photos.

JOHN
That's exactly what I find it.
Nothing more.

32. CONTD

Upset, MELANIE starts to gather the photos together, put them away.

JOHN

Melanie, don't you see what you're doing? You're demonstrating exactly how superstition works.

MELANIE

I know, I know, I'm just an irrational female. Don't mind me, I'll probably be hysterical in a minute ...

JOHN

Now I don't mean that and you know it. I appreciate what you're trying to do but ... it's all academic anyway. I've already signed the papers, the house is mine. Sanders was only here to deliver the keys.

A horn honks outside, making MELANIE jump. JOHN was expecting it. He hurries to the window,

32A. EXT. HOUSE - DAY - POV

sees a Moving Van pulling up.

32. CONTD

JOHN (contd)

My stuff's arrived. Stick around and help me decorate, all the wine you can drink.

He smiles at her, trying to cheer her up. He half succeeds.

Maybe you can figure out where to put the piano.

MELANIE

How about over that hole in the basement.

JOHN

No, I think a few standard wood planks will do that job very nicely. C'mon ...

He's already heading for the door, excited.

33. EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE - DAY

SUSAN climbs into JOHN's car. NANCY stands on the sidewalk in front of the house making no effort to hide her displeasure.

NANCY

Fasten your seatbelt, Susan.

She glares at JOHN who's just closing the door on the passenger side.

Six o'clock. I mean it.

JOHN bows her way.

JOHN

It shall be done.

He heads around to his side of the car. His good mood is doing nothing for NANCY's bad one.

SUSAN

What if it's seven, Mom?

NANCY

Six.

JOHN looks at her.

JOHN

Don't worry.

He climbs into the driver's seat, revs the engine to life, and they're off.

34. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JOHN's car pulls into the driveway. He and SUSAN get out and look at the house.

34A. INT. HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR WINDOW - DAY

Through the window we see JOHN and SUSAN looking at the house. It is as though the house is looking at them too. JOHN leads SUSAN to the front door.

35. SCENE DELETED

36. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUSAN does a slow turn in the center of the room, checking it all out. It's furnished with JOHN's things now. The round table is gone. SUSAN's manner is very

36. CONTD

poised, cool, mature. JOHN watches her, pleased with her. She finally looks at him, smiles.

SUSAN

I like it.

JOHN

(With mock relief)

Thank God!

They both laugh.

37. INT. HOUSE: STAIRCASE - DAY

JOHN and SUSAN climb the stairs toward the second floor.

JOHN

We'll start at the top.

SUSAN

Why not?

She smiles. She's looking around at everything. And indeed JOHN has made a lot of improvements. The place almost looks livable.

38. INT. HOUSE: ATTIC BEDROOM - DAY

SUSAN wanders in ahead of her father. This room is relatively unchanged, still quite bare and bleak. The window is open. SUSAN feels the breeze, shivers, closes it.

SUSAN

Sure you haven't seen a ghost yet?

JOHN

Not yet. Did you read the article?

SUSAN

In Witness? Yeah ...

But Witness is not the sort of magazine young ladies should read. She catches herself.

Lisa had a copy.

JOHN lets it pass.

JOHN

Well just for the record, not
only have I never seen a ghost,
(MORE)

38. CONTD

JOHN (contd)

I've never met anyone who's claimed to have seen one who could last twenty seconds with a lie detector.

SUSAN

But how can you be so sure?

JOHN

Experience. Witness Magazine's had me in more haunted houses and seances and psychic confrontations than I can tell you about. And you know what? They've all had one thing in common, a unity of theme ... the exploitation of the fear of death.

SUSAN

Isn't it natural to fear death, to wonder ... what's beyond it?

JOHN

It's the most natural thing in the world. It's just ... there are no answers. Rationality doesn't apply, anything goes. And people like the Caswells use that, they prey on it. It's the grossest form of immorality I know ...

He hears himself getting a bit heavy-handed.

... Not that I'm some sort of paragon of virtue. I mean I work for Witness Magazine. I'm in there exploiting away with the best of them ...

SUSAN

But that's not the same thing, daddy.

JOHN

That's what I've been trying to tell myself ... Anyway, I find it ironic that this ... monument to paranoia and fraudulent fear ...

38. CONTD

He gestures broadly at the surrounding walls, the house.

JOHN (contd)
... has now become the catalyst
for my new, "serious" life.

He says this with perhaps too much self-mockery.

SUSAN
Arr you going to write your
book here?

He smiles, to her, to herself.

JOHN
I'm sure going to try.

A beat.

Time to move on, ma'am. Lot
of rooms to cover.

He gestures toward the doorway, the stairs beyond.
She leads the way out and down.

39. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

JOHN escorts SUSAN back downstairs to the entrance hall.

JOHN
So, you think there's enough
space?

SUSAN
It's terrific. Can I have the
big attic room? The one with
the funny windows?

SUSAN laughs, then stops, freezes. There was a noise,
something banging or falling.

SUSAN
Daddy, what was that?

JOHN heard it too.

JOHN
Stay here. I'll take a look.

He hurries off in the direction of the noise, the
basement steps.

40. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - DAY

JOHN creeps cautiously, silently down the basement steps. There's a lot of noise now. There's someone or something here. He can hear heavy breathing, bumping, footsteps. Then ...

CASWELL (O.S.)

(Hissing)

Careful ... Don't let it fall!

JOHN sees what's going on. It's the CASWELLS gathering together their gear; microphones, amplifiers, speakers, et al. A storm door on the other side of the basement has been propped open. They've sneaked in. They're hoping to sneak out. JOHN has other ideas.

JOHN

Can I give you a hand?

EMMA CASWELL almost drops a box of tapes she's carrying. Her husband, equally startled, whips around to confront JOHN.

CASWELL

It's our stuff. You got no right to it.

JOHN

And you have no right to be here.

CASWELL

We're even then.

He gestures EMMA toward the open storm door.

Go on. Take it out.

She looks at JOHN, then she goes. JOHN lets her go. He crosses the floor to where the equipment is piled, near the still-open well. It's quite a collection. CASWELL watches him apprehensively.

JOHN

What're you going to do with it, set up again somewhere else?

CASWELL

That's none of your damn business.

JOHN stops, glares at him, starts walking slowly toward him. CASWELL retreats, almost backs into the well, dodging it just in time, stumbling over the pile of planks JOHN has stacked up ready to cover the hole. The near-fall makes him furious.

40. CONTD

CASWELL (contd)

You think you're so bloody clever,
you and that rag you work for.
Well let me tell you something,
this business has been exposed
more times than a stripper's
fanny, and a month later, who
cares? People want it. They
want to believe. And if you
think you can change that you're
a bigger fool than you look!

JOHN looks like he'd like to throttle CASWELL. Instead
he glances down at his watch.

JOHN

I'll give you five minutes.
If you're not out of here by
then I'm going to personally
heave you and all your junk
into the river. And I can't
tell you how much pleasure that
would give me.

He turns, heads for the stairs.

Five minutes!

As he goes EMMA reappears through the storm door.
CASWELL waves her over frantically.

CASWELL

Hurry! Come on!

He starts piling things together, getting them ready to
move. EMMA joins him.

Placing an amplifier into a narrow case, CASWELL has
to detach a microphone on a long lead cord. He places
it on the floor beside the well.

CASWELL

Help me here ...

EMMA does as she's told. The amp in its case, he now
turns back for the microphone. It's not there.

Did you take the mike?

EMMA

No, you put it down.

40. CONTD

CASWELL

Well where the hell is it?

He begins searching through and around the other boxes. It's not to be found. He's growing angrier by the moment. It's not his day.

Damn!

As both he and his wife, on their knees, crawl around among the crates and stacked equipment, they begin to become aware of a sound: a kind of hollow hissing sound tinged with an echo, like a long exhalation of breath. EMMA stops.

EMMA

What's that?

CASWELL

Keep looking, Jesus!

EMMA glances over at the well. And what she sees makes her blood run cold.

There's something in the well, rising up out of it, out of the darkness. It's writhing, coiling, serpent-like. But it's not a serpent. It's the missing microphone, on its long cord.

EMMA stares, unbelieving, as the microphone wriggles higher and higher, like a cobra emerging from its basket.

Quivering, she reaches out with her hand and touches her husband on the shoulder. He's seen nothing yet, he's still angry:

CASWELL

What? You found it?

He looks at her.

What's wrong with you?

She manages to point toward the well. Her vocal cords are frozen solid. He looks. And he freezes too. They both watch, hypnotized, as the microphone-snake dances and weaves, stretching farther and farther into the air.

Suddenly, it attacks. Hissing, venomous, it gathers itself up, sweeps back, then stabs forward, its head for in instant becomes a real snake's head. Again and again, it strikes at CASWELL, at EMMA, at the CAMERA.

40. CONTD

CASWELL and his wife quickly snap out of their immobile state. Terrified, they tumble and push and stagger backwards, away from the well, away from the darting strikes of the microphone. Equipment is thrown aside, boxes are trampled and crushed, there is no thought but escape.

The microphone slithers out of the well and comes after them. CASWELL loses his balance, crashes to the floor and is immediately embraced by the writhing cord. He tears it from him, tries to get free, but the cord wraps itself around his legs, trips him up. He screams for help.

CASWELL

Emma! Help me!

But EMMA's already at the door and she's not going back.

CASWELL struggles and rips at the winding cord, its microphone-head gliding up his body now, snapping at his face. He's convulsed with fear.

41. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JOHN and SUSAN are outside now, the dog frolicking around them. Suddenly they see EMMA CASWELL charge out from behind the house, race across the yard and into the trees where the outline of their parked Cadillac can be seen.

SUSAN

Who's that, daddy?

JOHN stares, perplexed.

JOHN

That's ... Mrs. Caswell ...

42. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - DAY

CASWELL manages to pull himself free of the microphone cord. He stumbles to the storm doorway, turns back for an instant, sees the cord gathering itself up again for a final attack. He tries to scream but no sound comes out. The microphone strikes.

43. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JOHN and SUSAN now see CASWELL charge across the yard. EMMA already has the car started and is backing it out of the trees.

43. CONTD

SUSAN
It that Mr. Caswell?

JOHN nods, completely baffled by what he's seeing.

CASWELL leaps into the moving car as it skids through a complete 360 degree turn and roars away.

JOHN heads for the side of the house where the storm door is located, SUSAN right behind. Reaching the doorway, he peers through into the basement.

44. INT. BASEMENT - DAY
JOHN POV

The CASWELL's equipment is scattered across the basement floor. Closest to the doorway is a microphone lying in a heap of unravelled cord.

45. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JOHN
I guess they had an argument.

He closes the storm door, snaps the outside bolt firmly in place.

46. SCENE DELETED

47. INT. WITNESS MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY

JOHN has a small spartan office decorated for the most part with framed stories and clippings. Dominating the wall over his desk is his latest cover exposé: AMITYVILLE FRAUD! The photo under the headline shows the startled young Assistant holding the "ball of light." Beneath this lead story is an accompanying article written by DR. ELLIOT WEST, complete with his picture. WEST's article is entitled: I Still Believe!

JOHN is putting on his jacket, getting ready to leave as MELANIE enters.

MELANIE
Where are you going? We have an article to lay out.

JOHN
I'm sorry, Melanie. I've got to see this agent, it's the only time I could arrange.

47. CONTD

MELANIE

Agent?

JOHN

Clifton Sloane, he's an old friend. He's always said that if I was interested in doing something a bit more ... substantial, to come and see him.

MELANIE

And you are.

JOHN

And I am.

MELANIE

The much heralded book.

JOHN

Well ...

He's embarrassed. He's talked about it for so long it's almost a joke.

Anyway, listen, why don't you come over to my place at six? We can work there. If I'm late Dolores will let you in.

MELANIE

Who's Dolores?

JOHN

My cleaning lady. You'll love her.

MELANIE

I'll bet. Okay, that should give me time to get over to the Institute and see Elliot. He's quite intrigued by the Sanders photos.

She throws this out as a kind of challenge.

JOHN

You don't give up, do you.

47. CONTD

MELANIE

No.

She heads out the door, glances back as she goes out.

I don't.

48. INT. ELLIOT WEST'S LAB/OFFICE - DAY

ELLIOT is leaning over a light table, magnifying glass in hand, studying one of MELANIE's mysterious photos of SANDERS in details. MELANIE stands behind him, watching his reactions.

ELLIOT

I don't know what to say ... I
can't see anything here that
would account for it ...

He straightens up, looks at her.

... And you believe that the
camera was functioning properly.

MELANIE

It was.

ELLIOT

Well the only thing I can do is
send everything down to our main
lab, negatives, photo paper,
camera, all of it. If there's
a physical explanation, they'll
come up with it.

MELANIE

And if there isn't?

ELLIOT

Let's wait and see what they say.

MELANIE is not pleased.

MELANIE

But just look at those pictures,
knowing what happened to Sanders ...

ELLIOT

It seems fantastic, I know. It
seems ... inexplicable, a convergence
of events that can only be super-
natural in character. But, Melanie,

(MORE)

48. CONTD

ELLIOT (contd)

almost every day of the week this Institute is presented with some occurrence, some phenomenon that's just as fantastic, just as inexplicable as these photographs. And in 97% of the cases, there turns out to be a logical explanation, often something so obvious that you wonder why everyone didn't see it right away.

MELANIE listens to him, absorbs what he's saying.

MELANIE

What about the other 3%?

ELLIOT

The other 3% is why I'm here.

49. INT. OFFICE BUILDING: CORRIDOR - DUSK

JOHN comes out of an office, through a door marked CLIFTON SLOANE AGENCY. He looks fairly well satisfied. Until he checks his watch. Then he hot-foots it down the corridor to the elevator, presses the button, waits impatiently.

After a moment the elevator doors slide open. He enters.

50. INT. ELEVATOR - DUSK

JOHN presses the Ground Floor button. The elevator doors close. The car starts down. He watches the descending floor numbers -- 17, 16, 14, 12 -- with growing impatience. It's an old elevator, and a slow one.

The elevator suddenly lurches to a stop. Surprised and annoyed, JOHN presses the Ground Floor button again. Nothing happens. After a moment he presses the red Emergency button. Nothing seems to happen with that either. His anxiety is compounding.

Through the grill on the elevator roof, a large black Fly buzzes in.

51. INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DUSK

Looking down the long shaft from the top, a thick steel cable is seen stretching toward the roof of the elevator car far below. Suddenly the cables and wires all tighten. There is a sharp cracking noise. The car begins to rocket upwards at a fearsome speed.

52. INT. ELEVATOR - DUSK

JOHN is thrown to the floor of the car, pinned there by the elevator's hurtling ascent.

53. EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

MELANIE's car glides to a stop in front of the house. She sits there for a moment, engine idling, lights on. Then she turns the key, kills the power, climbs out.

JOHN's car is not in sight but the lights of the house are on. She walks towards the door. She is wearing a light topcoat.

The door is partially ajar. MELANIE pushes the doorbell but hears no result. It doesn't seem to be working. She nudges the door wider, goes in.

54. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - DUSK

Everything seems all right but the place makes MELANIE nervous. She takes a few cautious steps and stops, calls out.

MELANIE

Hello! Dolores ... ? Are you here?

Silence.

Then, overhead, there's the creak of floorboards, footsteps. It is what SANDERS heard the day he died.

She starts for the stairs, then stops, thinks better of it. The footsteps creak again. She turns and heads quietly for the front door.

The door is now closed. She tries to open it. She can't. It won't budge. She panics. She turns back to the stairs. The footsteps are louder, as if they're approaching the head of the staircase. That's all she has to hear. She runs.

55. INT. HOUSE: MELANIE'S RUN - DUSK

MELANIE races from room to room, hardly knowing where she's going, just going, somewhere. Dashing down a back corridor she's confronted by another door, the kitchen. She yanks it open ...

Standing directly in front of her, arms raised high over her head with a huge flashlight ready to strike, is a large dark woman of Hispanic extraction. It's DOLORES.

MELANIE screams.

DOLORES screams.

Both women, scared out of their wits, stand there a foot apart screaming at each other.

Both pairs of lungs give out at the same time. The screams taper off. They look at each other.

MELANIE

Dolores?

DOLORES

Yes.

MELANIE

I'm Melanie. I'm here to see Mr. Baxter.

DOLORES

He's not here.

MELANIE

I know ... I know.

Both women are still shaking. They're talking much louder than necessary.

56. INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DUSK

The elevator car is at the top of the shaft, silent and still.

56A. SCENE DELETED

57. INT. ELEVATOR - DUSK

JOHN picks himself up off the floor, badly frightened. He staggers, props himself against the wall, trying to regain his equilibrium. Directly over his head the Fly buzzes in a slow circle.

57. CONTD

JOHN reaches out to press the Emergency button again. In some remote part of the building a faint alarm bell starts ringing. He leans back, takes a deep breath. He sees the Fly.

58. INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DUSK

The elevator car suddenly falls away from the top of the shaft, plunges down a dizzying perspective of receding lines, pulling us with it into the chasm ...

58A. INT. ELEVATOR - DUSK

JOHN is pushed upward against the wall by the force of the descent. The door to the emergency phone opens and the phone flies out, pulled upward to the end of its cord.

59. INT. HOUSE: KITCHEN - DUSK

MELANIE sips at a cup of coffee watching DOLORES hurrying into her coat, getting ready to leave.

MELANIE

You're sure you have to go?

DOLORES

Oh yes ... I don't like to be late getting home. Mr. Baxter will be here soon ...

MELANIE looks at her watch.

MELANIE

I hope.

DOLORES starts out the kitchen door, then remembers something, comes back. She fishes a flashlight out of one of the cabinet drawers and hands it to MELANIE.

DOLORES

You better have this. Fuses been going out all day, electrical man couldn't come. You know where the fuse box is?

MELANIE

Downstairs, by the light switch.

DOLORES

That's it. Bye ...

She's on her way.

60. INT. HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

MELANIE stands by the back door watching DOLORES scurry off. She can't get away from the house fast enough. MELANIE knows how she feels. A breeze seems to catch MELANIE. She shivers and closes the door, automatically locking it. She walks away from the door, still chilled. She stops suddenly, looks back at the door then goes back to it. Unlocking the door she swings it open and closed a few times, making certain it, like the front door, isn't stuck.

She shivers. The phone suddenly rings behind her. She almost jumps a foot in the air. Catching her breath, heart pounding, she goes to the phone, answers it.

MELANIE

Hello ...

Her voice comes out as a choked whisper. She tries again.

Hello ...

60A. SCENE DELETED

61. INT. OFFICE BUILDING: LOBBY - DUSK

JOHN, looking shaken and dishevelled, speaks into a pay phone in the building lobby. Behind him a crowd can be seen gathered around the elevator including several Maintenance Men in uniforms. There's a lot of anxious talking going on.

JOHN

Melanie, it's me. I'm sorry. I ... I've been stuck in an elevator for half an hour here, the thing went crazy, I don't know ... I don't know what happened but ... Is Dolores there? Okay ... Well are you all right, do you mind waiting? ... Good. I'm on my way.

He hangs up, looks back at the elevator. A group of men, building officials by the look of them, are heading his way, armed, presumably, with apologies. He turns away from them, hurries toward the street door.

62. SCENE DELETED.

62A. INT. HOUSE: KITCHEN - DUSK

MELANIE is really feeling cold now. She looks through some cupboards until she finds where the liquor is

62A. CONTD

stored. She selects a bottle and pours herself a stiff drink. It doesn't help. She is still chilled. MELANIE puts on her topcoat, which she had previously discarded. Rubbing her hands she leaves the kitchen through the hall door.

62B. INT. HOUSE: BACK HALL - DUSK

MELANIE comes out of the kitchen and scans the walls. She spots what she's been looking for -- the heating thermostat.

62C. INT. HOUSE: CLOSE ON THE THERMOSTAT - DUSK

MELANIE approaches it and looks for the little lever to adjust it. In profile we can actually see her breath. Above the thermostat, on the wall, if we care to observe it, is a large Fly. MELANIE reaches out for the lever, moves it to the right. There is a click and a small flash from the thermostat and all the lights in the house go out.

MELANIE

Oh, shit!

She is left in the semi-darkness of dusk. She makes her way back to the kitchen. Through the open door we see her pick up the flashlight DOLORES left for her. MELANIE emerges, the flashlight in hand turned on, into the back hall. Facing her is the basement door. She hesitates a long moment deciding what to do, still shivering. Tentatively she reaches for the knob to the cellar door and cautiously opens it, shining the flashlight beam down the steps.

63. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - DUSK

MELANIE steps on the landing, flashes the beam around. The beam reveals the well, travels over the walls, comes to rest on the fuse box at the bottom of the steps.

MELANIE is not at all happy about descending into the cellar. Holding the flashlight in front of her at arm's length she descends a step or two. There is a sudden, very cold draft. We, but not MELANIE, see the lens of the flashlight frost over.

MELANIE, in close-up, shows complete fear. She turns and runs back up the steps and out of the cellar.

63A. INT. HOUSE: BACK HALLWAY - DUSK

MELANIE dashes out of the basement and slams the door behind her, leaning up against it to catch her breath. After a moment she leaves the door, going toward the kitchen.

63A. CONTD

The basement door flies open with a tremendous bang and a violent blast of air roars out, catching MELANIE, spinning her around and pins her against a window in the back wall opposite the door. The flashlight is swept from her grip and smashes against the wall.

The window starts to frost over. MELANIE cannot move against the awful force of the wind. Frost begins to appear on her hair, face and clothing.

64. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

JOHN's car swings up the driveway, stops behind MELANIE's. JOHN gets out, sees the house dark. He hurries toward it.

65. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

JOHN enters, flips the light switch. The lights go on immediately as if nothing was wrong.

Puzzled, he looks around, spots the huddled figure of MELANIE at the back of the hall. There is no sign of frost. The basement door is closed.

JOHN

Melanie!

No reply. He runs toward her. She is like a terrified child. Her arms and legs are drawn up to her body. She has made herself as small as possible. She stares back at JOHN with eyes that have seen a vision of hell. She's not hurt, just scared to death.

JOHN

Melanie ...

He starts toward her. But his sudden movement seems to galvanize her. She jumps to her feet, edges back, away from him. As if she were afraid of him. JOHN sees her reaction, stops, frightened now himself.

What happened?

She doesn't answer, doesn't move. She's quivering uncontrollably, her whole body. JOHN starts forward again, reaches out for her. She swats his hand away, kicks at him, screams ...

MELANIE

Leave me alone! Get away from me!

65. CONTD

JOHN
Melanie, for God's sake!

But she can't be reached. He moves for her again and she darts away from him, showing surprising agility. She scrambles down the hallway to the front entrance door, getting away, getting out.

JOHN watches her go, stunned, shaken. Then he goes after her.

66. SCENE DELETED.

67. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

JOHN hurries outside to see MELANIE already behind the wheel of her car. He runs toward her, trying to intercept her.

JOHN
Melanie ... Tell me what
happened ... ! Wait, Melanie!

But MELANIE's not waiting. She slams the car into gear and accelerates away in a cloud of gravel and dust just as JOHN reaches her. She wouldn't even look at him.

He stands helplessly watching her taillights diminish in the darkness.

68. INT. WITNESS MAGAZINE OFFICE: PHOTO ROOM - DAY

JOHN opens the door, looks in, enters quietly. It's a long room with shelves of photo equipment lining one wall and several work cubicles on the other. There's someone in the last of the cubicles. JOHN heads for it.

He stops outside the open cubicle door, watches MELANIE, her back to him, measuring out the dimensions of a photo spread.

JOHN
You want to talk about it now?

It seemed as if she hadn't heard him approaching. But she had. She's not surprised to hear his voice.

MELANIE
No.

She keeps working. She doesn't turn to him, doesn't look at him. He comes a few steps closer.

68. CONTD

JOHN

Well I'm sorry but I think you're going to have to.

She wheels around now, angry. Her eyes still wear the haunted look of last night.

MELANIE

The lights went out, fuses or something.

The memory is still so vivid, she can't come up with the words.

It was the most horrible thing that's ever happened to me ...
The worst nightmare, the worst ... doesn't come close ...

She's shaking again just talking about it. She turns away from him once more, fights to retain some vestige of composure.

I will never go near that house again. Never.

JOHN

The lights were working when I found you.

MELANIE

I don't care! I don't want to hear about it, John. I don't want one of your "rational" explanations. I know what I experienced. I'm not crazy!

JOHN moves around the side of her work table so he can confront her.

JOHN

Melanie, listen to me. That house is enveloped in its own mystique. People expect things to happen there, so they do. That was the basis of the Caswells' operation ...

MELANIE

Don't insult me, John!

68. CONTD

JOHN

I'm not insulting you! I'm
telling you something we both
know to be true.

MELANIE

I don't know what's true anymore!

She glares at him.

Now leave me alone, I have work
to do.

JOHN doesn't want to leave it at that.

JOHN

Why do you suppose whatever it
was that happened, happened
just to you? Why not to me
too?

MELANIE

I don't know. Maybe the house
has other plans for you.

JOHN

For Christ sake ...

MELANIE

Get out of here, John! Please ...

She means it. There's nothing he can say she wants to
hear. Reluctantly, he goes. She puts her head down
over her work table, tries to stifle the tears.

69. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

SUSAN and LISA come into the house, SUSAN pocketing a
key.

SUSAN

Look, I don't think we should be
here when Daddy's not home.

LISA

Why not? You've got your own
key and everything. I'm just
dying to check it out.

SUSAN

I don't know. It just doesn't
seem, you know, right.

69. CONTD

LISA

What are you really afraid of?

She's taunting SUSAN. And SUSAN is susceptible.

SUSAN

I just told you!

But LISA keeps giving her that look.

Oh, all right, God. I'll show
you how stupid you really are!

They head for the living room, SUSAN with obvious
trepidation.

69A. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

LISA continuing to taunt SUSAN as they inspect the room.

LISA

Did you know you can have sex
with a ghost?

SUSAN

Really?

Her tone is disinterested. She really doesn't want to
hear about it. LISA carries on regardless.

LISA

I've been reading about it.
It's happened to a lot of women.
They all say it's fantastic.
What do you think?

SUSAN

Come off it, Lisa.

LISA

Maybe that's why your father
bought the house. Maybe he's
got some sex-starved ghost up
there with boobs out to here ...

She demonstrates where "out to here" is.

SUSAN

Somehow it doesn't sound like
my dad.

70. SCENE DELETED

71. INT. HOUSE: FRONT HALL - DAY

The girls move to the entrance hall. The silence is unnerving, at least to SUSAN. LISA's revelling in the spookiness.

LISA

I've read all your dad's articles,
the whole story. I know exactly
where all the murders happened.

LISA turns up the staircase, reciting, in what she considers to be a ghostly voice, all the grisly details. She's not making SUSAN feel any better.

Ron De Feo murdered his father
and mother and four sisters and
brothers in this house ...

72. INT. HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR/JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

LISA looks through the bedroom door.

LISA

The master bedroom ... This is
where he began.

SUSAN shudders. LISA moves to the doorway of the adjoining room.

Then here ... He fired two
more shots, the sound muffled
by the crash of thunder out-
side ...

She turns, raises her eyes toward the top floor.

Then he went upstairs ... to
the children's rooms.

She widens her eyes, assumes a trance-like expression, starts up the staircase once more, walking like a somnambulist. SUSAN follows shakily.

73. INT. HOUSE: TOP FLOOR - DAY

LISA reaches the top of the stairs, pauses dramatically, turns her sepulcral gaze on SUSAN.

LISA

Ron De Feo, possessed by the
spirit of the devil, in this
house ...

73. CONTD

SUSAN
Cut it out, Lisa!

LISA turns away again, crosses to the garret bedroom, pushes open the door.

74. INT. HOUSE: ATTIC BEDROOM - DAY

LISA walks to the center of the room, keeping the act going. SUSAN waits by the doorway. LISA suddenly wheels around.

LISA
There is evil in this place!

But she can sustain it no longer. She breaks down laughing. SUSAN can't see the humor.

Let's go down to the basement.
Your dad wrote that there's
this dry well there that's
the entrance to hell.

SUSAN
You really are a lunatic.

75. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - DAY

SUSAN turns on the light, leads LISA downstairs to the basement floor. The well is boarded over.

SUSAN
This is it.

LISA heads right for the well, kneels down to peer under the planks.

LISA
Here it is ...

With some effort she lifts a couple of the planks aside, peers down into the dark hole.

Look.

75. CONTD

In spite of herself SUSAN comes over to do so. They both stare into the unbroken blackness.

LISA (contd)

It was burst open by some colossal supernatural power from the depths of the earth. This is supposed to have been an ancient Indian burial ground. Their tortured spirits are still down there, waiting to rise up and reclaim their land.

She leans over the rim of the well and makes a wailing banshee noise that echoes and resounds into the depths.

SUSAN

Stop it, Lisa! I don't like it!

LISA

What's the matter? Afraid they'll answer back?

There's a sudden loud noise upstairs, a slamming door. Both girls jump.

Overhead, heavy footsteps are heard, creaking the floorboards. The footsteps are approaching the basement doorway. The girls are frozen. They clutch at each other.

A huge dark shadow fills the doorway. The girls scream. JOHN leans down and looks at them.

JOHN

Hi.

The girls almost collapse into each other.

SUSAN

Oh, daddy ... you scared us.

LISA won't admit it.

LISA

(To SUSAN)

Scared you.

JOHN

How come you're not in school?

75. CONTD

SUSAN
Teachers' strike.

JOHN
Again? Okay, well ...

LISA
Great house, Mr. Baxter.

JOHN
Thank you.

He seems a little disconcerted by their presence.

76. SCENE DELETED.

77. INT. NANCY'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

NANCY and SUSAN are doing the dishes. SUSAN, doing the drying and putting away is being lectured to and she doesn't like it. NANCY, the lecturer, is doing the washing and looking anxious and upset.

NANCY
I'm trying not to be unreasonable,
Susan.

SUSAN
Mother, it was no big deal! Lisa's
been bugging me to see the house,
she's a complete fanatic about it,
so we went up there. It was broad
daylight, there was no danger.
Daddy knew nothing about it till
he came home.

NANCY
I'm sure.

SUSAN
He didn't.

NANCY
I don't care whether he did or
not! That's not the point!

She's trying to control her reaction. She knows the
real source of her anxiety here is quite irrational.

It's the place itself ...

77. CONTD.

SUSAN

You haven't even seen it.

NANCY

I don't have to see it. I know all about it! Who doesn't? The place is infamous. Only a man with your father's colossal ego would even consider living in it. I don't want you going near it, is that understood?

She's gotten very shrill. She's glaring at her daughter.

Is it?

SUSAN

Yes.

SUSAN looks petulant. NANCY softens, her tone now almost confessional.

NANCY

I'm afraid, Susan. It's as simple as that.

78. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house sits quietly, lights blazing, the two bright eyes under the gables staring out at the night.

79. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JOHN has set up a work area along one wall of the room; a desk, bookcases, a sideboard with bar, everything necessary to the writer. He sits at the desk, working, or rather trying to. In fact he's staring at a blank page in his typewriter, agonizing over his material. A half-finished drink of bourbon sits on the desk amid his papers, pencils, erasers, dictionaries, et al. As he thinks, he plays with a small soft rubber ball, squeezing it, moving it from hand to hand, using it as a kind of release from creative tension.

He sighs, stands up, puts down the ball, walks to the window to stare out, summoning inspiration. After a moment's respite he returns to the desk.

He sits down, faces the page, reaches for his drink. It's not there. He scans the table for it. It's nowhere to be seen. He stands up, returns to the window. Did he leave it on the sill? No. Then he sees it, on top of the bookcase, by a row of framed photos of younger

79. CONTD

JOHN BAXTERS. He goes and gets it, puzzled. Could he have put it there without remembering?

He sits down once more, types a few words, stops, reaches for his nerve tonic, the rubber ball. It's gone. What's going on here?

He gets up again, looks under the desk, under the chair. No sign of it.

He stands again, looks at the desk. Something's different, what is it? Then he sees it; there's no paper in his typewriter. But he just wrote a sentence, didn't he? And there it is, the page with the sentence, on top of a pile of fresh paper.

He steps back away from the desk, spooked. He stares at it, looks around the entire room. Has anything else changed? No. He goes back to the desk, reaches for his drink. It's gone again! He whirls around, and spots it. On the window sill. He knows he didn't put it there.

Then he freezes. He hears a noise; something bubbling, gushing, water running perhaps. He heads for the kitchen.

80. INT. HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

The taps are shut off. No water running here. He heads for the entrance hall.

81. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

He stops by the stairs, gazing up into the darkness. Nothing emanating from that direction. Yet he can still hear the gurgling water. He walks to the living room door. And finds the source of the sound. The basement. Its door is hanging open.

82. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - NIGHT

JOHN turns on the light, moves extra cautiously down the steps. The sound is much louder now and echoing, like water streaming through a narrow space. It's coming from the well.

JOHN edges toward it. Approaching it, he can see the covering planks vibrating, as if some tremendous force was trapped inside, forcing its way out. The sound is almost a roar.

He stops beside the well, gazing down at it, frightened, mystified.

82. CONTD

Suddenly the well explodes. The planks shatter, burst upward. JOHN is flattened. And shooting up out of the well is a gushing fountain of water, a geyser. JOHN stares in disbelief.

As suddenly as the water came, it ceases. The geyser pours back into the well.

He looks back at the well, now silent and still. He returns to it, gazes down into it. It's quiet, empty. As if nothing had happened. Only the shattered planks remain as evidence.

83. INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC DARKROOM - SAFETY LIGHT

MELANIE switches on the enlarger, switches it off, removes a large sheet of photographic paper, slips it into the developing bath.

84. INT. WITNESS MAGAZINE OFFICE: PHOTO ROOM - NIGHT

MELANIE emerges from the darkroom with a large wet blow-up print. She crosses to a work table and lays the print out on a pre-cut piece of cardboard. It's one of the SANDERS shots. Along the table beside it are others from the same set, all blown up as far as she can take them. The grain is golf ball size, the image are huge, blurred, indistinct. She's looking for a clue.

She backs off a moment, looks at the new print, cross-checks it with the one lying next to it. She has some strips of black paper which she uses to frame sections of the prints, allowing her to examine specific areas in detail.

There's a spot in this latest print that attracts her interest. It's one of the river bank sequence, SANDERS with JOHN. The strange milky patch obscuring SANDERS has shadow forms within it she hadn't seen before, or at least hadn't seen properly. She tries to isolate the spot. She slides her frame pieces over it, manipulating them so that different sections of the patch are revealed in different ways. She begins to see something emerging.

Excited, she adjusts the frame pieces precisely, inching them this way and that. Until she has it. She stares down at her discovery, horrified, justified.

85. C.U. PHOTOGRAPH

Within the black frame created by MELANIE, the shadows and blurred shapes of the photo reveal something startlingly unexpected: A face, demoniac, grotesque, with staring black eyes and a gaping, misshapen mouth. A face from the depths of hell.

86. SCENE DELETED

87. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

MELANIE's car driving down a long dark city street accelerates away.

88. INT. MELANIE'S CAR - NIGHT

MELANIE's hands fidget anxiously on the wheel. She speeds up. The streets are deserted, there's no worry about traffic. The portfolio is lying on the passenger seat beside her.

She swings around a corner onto another street of darkened buildings. She takes it a bit too fast. The car lurches, the tires squeal.

She flips on the radio, a comforting sound to fill the awful silence, the void of her fears. A wave of static emerges. She twists the dial, trying to find something else, anything. Static everywhere. Irritated, she turns it off. The windshield, on the driver's side, begins to frost up.

And now she hears something else. The low drone of an insect. A Fly. She looks around desperately. She can't see it. She looks back at the road. The street is still clear but she'd better slow down!

Then the Fly buzzes right in front of her. She slaps at it, misses. The car weaves dangerously. Keeping one hand firmly locked on the wheel she turns to hit at the Fly once more.

She sees something else. A wisp of smoke is curling up from the center of her portfolio. At the heart of the smoke is a tiny blue flame, growing larger, brighter.

MELANIE

My God!

She grabs the portfolio with her free hand, jabs at the flame, trying to smother the fire before it can really get going. Another flame suddenly erupts on the sleeve of her jacket. She screams, slaps at it, jams on the brakes of her car.

89. EXT. STREET/CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The car goes into a high-speed skid, angling across the road toward a construction site.

The site is lit up with floodlights, safety lights, reflectors, et al. And parked on a kind of approachway just outside its wooden gates is a detached trailer loaded down with steel girders, all red flagged and hung with red reflector lamps. The car is moving directly at it.

90. INT. MELANIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Swiping desperately at her burning sleeve -- the portfolio now a mass of flames -- MELANIE looks up just in time to see the impending crash. One of the girders is much longer than the others, overhanging them by several feet. The car's going to hit it straight on. Pinned to her seat by the safety-belt she can't duck or dodge away. Windshield frosts over.

The steel pipe hurtles toward her, its monstrous shaft -- red light blinking -- looming up like a gigantic ramrod. It's going to crush her!

The car hits the trailer. The huge pipe smashes through the windshield aimed right for her ... and misses by inches. It skewers the car like a piece of raw meat.

91. EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The crash is tremendous, shattering. A dim huddled figure is jolted awake in his cubby hole under a pile of stacked boards by the construction site fence. He's a young Derelict, long dirty hair, beard, ragged coat. He crawls out to see what's happening.

92. INT. MELANIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Stunned by the near miss of the girder, trapped in the wreck of her car, MELANIE still has to face the fire. More blue flames are sprouting: on her leg, from her abdomen, her breasts, in her hair. Only one hand is free to struggle. And it's hopeless. Little by little the flames engulf her. She shrieks out her agony.

93. EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

The Derelict hobbles over to the wrecked car. He can see MELANIE trapped inside, can see the flames and smoke. For an instant she turns his way, their eyes lock. She's screaming. Then the flames overwhelm her.

He stares, horrified. He just stands frozen to the spot, watching. Then he sees something happening in the car. The flames are less visible. Instead of growing, the fire seems to be going out.

He hurries forward, peers through the cracked side window of the car. He can only see thick dark smoke. He feels gingerly for the door handle. It's not hot. He yanks it, the door swings open. He looks in.

What he sees terrifies him.

93. CONTD

DERELICT

Jesus ...

The fire is completely gone, the smoke drifts away on the night air. The car shows no signs of the flames, it's not burnt in any way. Yet strapped into the driver's seat is MELANIE's corpse, charred and blackened from head to toe, mummified by fire. The eye sockets are gaping. The mouth is locked open in a silent scream.

The Derelict backs away from the sight, trembling, almost out of control. He falls down, gets up, starts running. And runs right into another man, the Night Watchman of the site.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Hey, watch out ... What happened here ... ?

He sees the wreck. As he takes a step toward it it suddenly explodes into flames, the car, the trailer, everything, a gigantic bonfire.

Look out ... get back ...

He pulls the Derelict away. They both stare at the fire. The Derelict is shaking so badly he can hardly stand.

Someone still in there?

He looks at the Derelict. The man can't answer.

I said is someone still in there?

There's another explosion. The car is consumed in an inferno.

94. EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The ceremony is over. The small crowd of mourners moves slowly away from the grave site, scattering sadly. JOHN offers condolences to an elderly couple, presumably MELANIE's Parents. They look overcome.

JOHN leaves them to their grief, pauses a moment by the grave, then turns to leave. He sees NANCY ahead of him. He hurries to catch up with her.

95. EXT. CEMETERY PATH - DAY

JOHN and NANCY walk toward the cemetery roadway where the cars are waiting.

95. CONTD

JOHN

She'd been working late. She
wasn't coming to the house. She
was nowhere near the house ...

NANCY

So you see nothing strange ...
The fact that two people ...

He's perhaps too quick with his denial. The idea angers
him. He's unsure himself.

JOHN

Sanders had a heart attack, for
God's sake. You sound like ...

He stops himself.

NANCY

Like Melanie?

They walk in grim silence for several paces.

My daughter is not going to
that house again. I've told
her.

JOHN

She's my daughter too, Nancy.
You tend to forget that.

NANCY

I'm not arguing with you. I've
told you the way it's going to be.

JOHN

And I'm telling you that I've
got some say in this.

She glares at him.

NANCY

Then say it to my lawyer.

She walks away from him. He watches her go, makes no
attempt to follow.

96. EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The doors of the courthouse swing open, people begin to
emerge, reporters, city officials, lawyers.

JOHN and ELLIOT WEST have emerged from the doorway. JOHN
appears shaken. ELLIOT is intrigued.

96. CONTD

JOHN

I can't understand the eye-witness sticking to his story. He really seems convinced.

ELLIOT

The coroner wasn't.

They start along the path.

JOHN

Insisting that only Melanie had been burned, that the car itself was untouched by the flames ... before the "real" fire, that is.

He tries to speak in a mocking tone. He's unconvincing.

ELLIOT

It's not a completely unknown phenomenon. I've encountered it in the literature.

JOHN

I hate to admit it, but this whole thing is beginning to get to me.

ELLIOT

In what way?

JOHN

I just can't accept the idea that the damned house is responsible but ... well, there's Melanie's pictures of Sanders. Even you say they're inexplicable.

ELLIOT

There's no technical reason we can find. That's true.

JOHN

Sanders dies in the house ... Melanie insisting she had some sort of weird experience that night. Anyhow, I feel guilty as hell about Melanie. She was a terrific girl.

ELLIOT

There's no reason to feel guilty. You can't blame yourself for that.

96. CONTD

JOHN

I just have the terrible feeling that if I hadn't involved her in my story about the house ... she'd still be here.

ELLIOT studies JOHN, who is looking quite troubled at the moment.

97. INT. SENSORY DEPRIVATION LAB - INSTITUTE - DAY

A Woman in a white clinical gown, her eyes encased in dark goggles, her ears covered by padded phones, her hands swathed in cotton gloves, electrodes attached to her forehead, chest, neck, wrists, suddenly sits up into CAMERA and shrieks.

Am amplified voice is heard behind her.

ELLIOT (O.S.)

All right, get her out of there, that's it ... hurry!

98. INT. LAB CONTROL ROOM - DAY

ELLIOT stands in a complex control room looking through a glass wall at the screaming Woman, sitting up on a cot in a darkened studio. Two Lab Assistants are now seen running into the studio, freeing the Woman from her cocoon-like state.

ELLIOT turns to NANCY BAXTER, behind him.

ELLIOT

She's been in there for 52 hours. That's about the limit for sensory deprivation. When you deprive the mind of all external stimulation it starts improvising ...

He glances again at the badly shaken Woman, sobbing now uncontrollably as the Lab Assistants work over her.

NANCY

So she's been in ... in a kind of limbo.

98. CONTD

ELLIOT

Right. No sight, sound, nothing to touch or taste or smell. Under those conditions reality has no objective meaning. As a great writer once said, "'Reality' is the only word in the language that should always be used in quotes."

He smiles. He likes that one. NANCY looks at the distraught Woman in the studio.

99. INT. ELLIOT WEST'S OFFICE - DAY

ELLIOT is behind his desk now, NANCY across from him. It's time for her problem.

NANCY

I have to know. The thought of the children going to that house terrifies me.

ELLIOT

I understand, believe me. All I can say is that there's no evidence whatsoever that anyone has ever been directly harmed by the ... kinds of manifestations we're talking about. When there's been an injury it's always been from a secondary cause, falling down stairs, running away in a panic ...

NANCY

That's not exactly reassuring.

ELLIOT

No, I'm afraid it isn't, I just can't give you the kind of answer you want. We're not dealing in certainties here. When we speak of something called ghosts, what are we talking about? They may well be ... things people carry around with them, not things that hide in houses. On the other hand certain houses have an affinity for ... what we might call supernatural activity. The Amityville house is one of those.

99. CONTD

NANCY

So many terrible things have happened there. There must be a reason.

ELLIOT

Perhaps there is. We simply don't know.

NANCY

What do I do?

He looks at her, concerned but ultimately helpless. There's nothing he can say.

100. INT. SODA FOUNTAIN - DAY

SUSAN and LISA are with a couple of boys, JEFF and ROGER, a little older than themselves. They're in a booth in what is obviously a local teenage hang-out.

SUSAN seems uncomfortable. The usual subject has come up again.

JEFF

(To SUSAN)

Listen, I think your father's got a lot of guts living in a haunted house.

SUSAN

It's not haunted.

ROGER

All those people killed there, you don't think there might be one tiny little ghost?

SUSAN

Let's change the subject, okay?

JEFF

What're you bothered about?

SUSAN

Nothing. I'd just like to talk about something else!

LISA

Susan, don't be a drag.

(MORE)

100. CONTD

LISA (contd)
Listen, why don't we get a
seance together? It'd be the
perfect place for it.

ROGER
Fantastic. And your dad's not
at home today, you told us.

SUSAN flashes LISA a filthy look.

JEFF
Let's do it.

He's already starting out of the booth.

SUSAN
No. No way. Absolutely not!

101. SCENE DELETED

102. EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE - DAY

NANCY is heading for the house next door. She rings
her neighbor's doorbell. After a few seconds the door
swings open. A blonde suburban lady in her 40's
appears. She's LISA's mother, MRS. WRIGHT.

NANCY
Hi, Carla, have you heard
from Lisa? I think she and
Susan are together.

MRS. WRIGHT
No, I haven't. Something
wrong?

NANCY
No, not really. I wanted her
to come right home today and
she said she was going to ...

NANCY looks like her mind is racing ahead.

MRS. WRIGHT
Well, if I hear from them ...

NANCY
I think I know where she might
be.

102. CONTD

MRS. WRIGHT

Where?

But NANCY's already on her way.

103. SCENE DELETED

104. SCENE DELETED

105. INT. HOUSE: ATTIC BEDROOM - DAY

The two windows have been shut. A space has been cleared in the center of the floor and SUSAN, LISA, JEFF and ROGER sit cross-legged in a circle around it. LISA is cutting out the last of the letters of the alphabet she has written on a piece of paper. She places them randomly on the floor, surrounding an overturned glass.

LISA

All right now ... A Ouija
Board only works if everyone
cooperates and believes ...

She looks around the circle.

Now put a finger on the
glass.

Three fingers touch the glass. The fourth hesitates.
It's SUSAN's.

Everybody.

SUSAN joins the game.

We have to agree on a question
and then concentrate, very
hard. The spirits will answer
us.

Everyone concentrates though JEFF seems to be having
difficulty suppressing a smile.

I'm going to ask the first one.

She closes her eyes, serious.

Is there a supernatural
presence in this room?

105. CONTD

Absolute silence, stillness for a few seconds. Then, slowly, the glass begins to move beneath their lightly resting fingers.

JEFF

(Whispers)

Hey ...

LISA

Ssshhh.

The glass gradually edges toward a piece of paper marked YES.

ROGER

How 'bout that?

SUSAN

You're pushing it! Somebody's pushing it!

She's tense. It's really bothering her.

LISA

Nobody's pushing it. It's moving by itself, can't you feel it?

They all stare at the glass. Then JEFF breaks the spell.

JEFF

I've got a good question. Can it tell us what color panties Lisa's wearing?

ROGER

Come on, Jeff. Everyone knows that.

JEFF cracks up.

LISA

Up yours, darling ... There's something I want to ask. Is there anyone here who's still a virgin?

Everyone watches the glass in self-conscious silence. The glass doesn't move.

ROGER

Hell, they're all dead. What do they know about sex?

105. CONTD

LISA

Probably a lot more than you,
honey chil'.

She gets hers back at ROGER.

JEFF

All right, here's one. This is
a great one ...

He goes silent a moment, mock-dramatically.

Is anyone around this table
going to be dead before next
year?

SUSAN reacts immediately, alarmed.

SUSAN

No!

She pulls her finger back from the glass.

Don't ask things like that.

ROGER

Hey, she's really scared.

With his free hand ROGER makes a swoop at the back of
SUSAN's neck. She slaps his hand, angrily.

SUSAN

Stop it!

She struggles to her feet.

JEFF

Come on, Susan, don't wreck
everything.

LISA

No, Susan's right. No more
dumb questions. It's you guys
who're wrecking things. We
just ask the spirit who it is
and what it wants.

JEFF

And how to get rich.

ROGER

And laid.

105. CONTD

LISA glares at him, then looks up at SUSAN, placating.

LISA

Come on, Susan, sit down.

Reluctantly, SUSAN sits, puts her finger back on the glass. Everyone gets serious again. LISA closes her eyes.

Is there anyone here in danger?

SUSAN protests.

SUSAN

That's not what you said ...

But the glass is moving, it's spelling out something ...
S..U..S ... SUSAN is frightened.

One of you is pushing it.

ROGER

No ...

As if they're of one mind, ROGER, JEFF, and LISA remove their fingers from the glass. Only SUSAN is left touching it. The glass stops, stays still.

Then, without warning, the glass zips out from under SUSAN's finger, flies across the room, and shatters against the wall.

Everyone sits in stunned silence, looking at the glass fragments settling on the floor.

LISA

(To SUSAN)

It was you.

SUSAN

It wasn't. I didn't do anything.

Silence. No one knows what to do.

Let's get out of here.

She gets up. The others follow.

106. EXT. HOUSE: RIVER BANK - DAY

SUSAN stands staring into the water, highly disturbed by what's happening. JEFF is heard from along the bank.

106. CONTD

JEFF (O.S.)
Hey, look what's here!

SUSAN looks. JEFF is on the short pier that extends tentatively out into the river. The others are hurrying toward him.

Let's go for a ride!

107. EXT. PIER - DAY

JEFF is untying a small, fragile looking outboard motor-boat. LISA and ROGER are already in it, switching seats and rocking the thing outrageously, when SUSAN comes up. JEFF, finished his job, smiles at SUSAN, reaches out to help her aboard.

JEFF
Here ...

She accepts his gracious offer, steps into the unsteady little craft, sits by LISA. The boat is already drifting out as ROGER starts up the motor, getting it on the second pull.

The boat speeds out into open water, riding low. Behind it, in its wake, we see ice forming in the water.

108. SCENE DELETED

109. SCENE DELETED

110. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

NANCY's car pulls up in front of the house. NANCY climbs out, angry, agitated. She stares up at the building's gloomy facade. It chills her.

She walks to the door, knocks. No response, no sound from inside. She tries the knob. It won't turn, it's locked. She heads around back.

111. EXT. RIVER - DAY

The outboard is speeding along, doing some fancy maneuvering.

112. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

NANCY comes through from the kitchen, moving cautiously, looking around, her senses on the alert.

112. CONTD

NANCY
Susan ... ? Are you here,
Susan?

113. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JOHN's car pulls up behind NANCY's car. He gets out quickly, starts for the house, then hears something from the river, shouting voices. He stops, looks.

114. JOHN'S POV OF RIVER

Two other small boats are out in the river by the outboard. Someone is being pulled out of the water into one of the boats. The someone is SUSAN. She looks unconscious as waiting hands of neighbors, rescuers, pull her up.

JOHN runs to the river.

115. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

NANCY stands by JOHN's desk, skimming through some of the pages he's been writing. She seems fascinated.

116. EXT. PIER - DAY

The rescue boats have reached the pier, people scramble up onto it, including a thoroughly frightened LISA, JEFF and ROGER. But all eyes are on SUSAN as she's lifted up by one of the Neighbors into the waiting arms of JOHN. She looks blue, waterlogged, lifeless. JOHN is frantic.

JOHN
Susan, my God, baby ...

He looks wildly around.

Call the paramedics somebody ...

NEIGHBOR #1
It's being done.

Someone comes up with a blanket to wrap her in. JOHN sets her down on the pier as people crowd around. JOHN crouches over her.

JOHN
Susan ... Susan ... come on,
honey, it's all right, you're
all right now ... it's Dad ...
I'm with you.

116. CONTD

One of the Neighbors moves in.

NEIGHBOR #2

Let me try ...

JOHN looks at him, doesn't understand. Then he does. He helps the man turn SUSAN on to her stomach. The man starts applying artificial respiration.

117. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

NANCY is still reading JOHN's stuff, oblivious to the tragedy taking place by the river bank. She hears a noise, the front door opening and closing. She looks up.

NANCY

Susan?

She walks to the doorway to the entrance hall. Walking through the hall, right past her, to the stairs is SUSAN. She's wringing wet, dripping water as she moves.

NANCY

Why are you wet? What happened?

SUSAN turns, smiles at NANCY, says nothing.

Susan, I'm talking to you!

SUSAN turns away, climbs the stairs.

Susan, answer me!

NANCY hurries up the stairs after her daughter.

118. INT. HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR - DAY

NANCY arrives at the second floor. SUSAN is climbing the stairs to the top floor. NANCY follows her.

NANCY

Susan, what is wrong with you?

118A. INT. HOUSE: TOP FLOOR - DAY

NANCY comes up the stairs and goes to the closed door of the attic bedroom.

She tries the door. It's locked.

118A. CONTD

NANCY

I'm not leaving this place
until you come out of there.
You hear me?

She turns and starts back down the stairs.

119. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Descending the stairs NANCY hears a wailing siren somewhere outside, growing louder, closer. Curious, she goes to the front door, opens it.

120. EXT. HOUSE - DAY

NANCY walks outside, sees the ambulance wheel up and pass the house, heading for the river bank. Then she sees the crowd down there, by the pier. She moves toward it, first walking then, somehow frightened, breaking into a run.

121. EXT. PIER - DAY

SUSAN's body is covered with the blanket. She's dead.

JOHN kneels beside her, head bowed, sobbing. The crowd is silent, somber. As the ambulance pulls up they begin to scatter, to make way for the Attendants.

NANCY arrives, a strange uncomprehending look on her face. She walks straight to JOHN, seeming to ignore the covered body beside him.

NANCY

John ... What's happened?

JOHN looks up tearfully, stands up to embrace her. And to shield her from the horror of their daughter's body.

JOHN

Nancy ... Susan ...

She doesn't understand.

NANCY

Susan what? What about Susan?

JOHN looks at her. She seems genuinely puzzled. Holding her, afraid to release her, he steps back to reveal the covered body.

121. CONTD

NANCY (contd)

What are you saying, that ... ?

She looks at the body.

... that's Susan? John, Susan's
in the house, I just left her
... John ...

He's staring at her. She seems so sincere in what she's saying. She struggles to get away from him now. He holds her.

John, let me go. What're you
doing?

She looks around at the faces of the onlookers. Everyone is staring at her.

You cannot tell me that that's
Susan! I saw her ... I was with
her ... She's in the house. She
was soaking wet, she's changing ...

All she sees are incredulous faces.

See for yourself then, come
on ...

She starts for the house, pulling JOHN with her. He goes. He's too overcome by grief to resist anything.

122. INT. HOUSE: NANCY'S SEARCH - DAY/NIGHT

NANCY races up the stairs to the attic bedroom. SUSAN's room, the room that was closed and locked before. Now it is open and unlocked. There are no wet clothes -- NANCY goes through her closet -- no sign she has recently been there.

NANCY

Why are you hiding from me,
Susan?

122A. INT. HOUSE: 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY & ROOMS - DAY

NANCY, frenzied, races down from the attic floor. She looks in all the rooms.

NANCY

Susan! Susan, where are you?
I know you're here, Susan ...
Where are you?

123. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JOHN is sitting slumped by his desk when NANCY comes in breathless, worked up to a fever pitch, on the verge of collapse. She stands by the far wall, too agitated to sit down, be still.

NANCY
Why is she hiding?

JOHN looks at her, gets up, crosses to her, tries to embrace her.

JOHN
Nancy ...

She pushes him away, breaks free.

NANCY
She's here somewhere! I should
be with her ... Why won't she
let me be with her?!

JOHN goes after her.

JOHN
Will you stop for just a minute
and listen to me ... ?

NANCY avoids him, crosses the room away from him.

NANCY
No ... Leave me alone ... You
don't even care where she is
... I'm going up to her room ...

She heads for the doorway to the entrance hall.

NANCY
I'll wait for her there.

She goes out, climbs the stairs. JOHN watches her, in despair.

124. INT. HOUSE: SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

NANCY is lying on the bed, her eyes open, staring.

JOHN pushes the door partially open, comes in with a glass of water and two small white pills. He crouches down beside her.

JOHN
Take these ... They'll help you
to rest.

124. CONTD

NANCY

I don't need them, John.

She turns away from him. JOHN remains there a moment, then stands up. He sets the glass and the pills down on the night table.

JOHN

If you need anything ... I'm downstairs.

He goes out, closes the door softly. NANCY stares into the darkness.

125. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Only the lights downstairs in the front are on. The rest of the house is dark.

126. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JOHN is stretched out on the couch, asleep. On the floor nearby sits an empty glass and a half-empty bottle of bourbon.

Suddenly he opens his eyes, looks around the room, as if he has heard something or sensed something. He gets unsteadily to his feet and goes out into the entrance hall.

127. SCENE DELETED

128. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

JOHN hears something ominous. He stops to confirm it. It's the sound he heard the other night, bubbling, gushing water. He knows where it's coming from.

129. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - NIGHT

JOHN comes halfway down the steps and stops, stunned by what he sees.

Hovering over the well is a ball of light, pulsing, radiant, giving off an ethereal white glow. The well itself is shimmering in its aura. The covering planks have been removed. The well is open. Seated at its edge is NANCY. She sees JOHN. Smiling, she points down into the well.

JOHN comes down the final steps, crosses to the well. He looks where NANCY is pointing. There's water in

129. CONTD

there, lapping at the well's crumbling walls. The water is luminous. And there's something in it, just beneath its surface.

JOHN stares down. The thing in the water is rising, drawing closer, taking shape. It's a body ... a young girl ... SUSAN!

JOHN stretches out his arms to grab her, pull her up.

JOHN

Susan ...

Suddenly there's a terrifying scream. SUSAN's body explodes up out of the water, straight at him. Her face is horribly bloated, twisted, ravaged. She reaches out to him with claw-like hands, grabs him ...

130. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JOHN wakes up with a start, gasping for breath, petrified. He blinks at the light, disoriented, and sits up. He's covered with sweat. He looks down at the empty glass, the bottle. He checks his watch. He refills the glass.

131. SCENE DELETED

132. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - MORNING

JOHN pulls back the drapes on the living room windows, lets the morning light pour in. Still half-asleep, rubbing his eyes awake, he heads for the kitchen.

133. INT. HOUSE: KITCHEN - MORNING

JOHN enters the kitchen, stops dead.

NANCY stands in the center of the floor, surrounded by a chaos of smashed dishes, emptied drawers, scattered food, overturned furniture.

JOHN

What happened?

NANCY turns to him, a strange beatific smile on her face, recalling the way she looked in his nightmare.

NANCY

Susan ... She wants to show us she's here.

133. CONTD

JOHN stares at her, not knowing what to say. She seems insane.

JOHN
Dolores will be arriving soon.
We can ...

NANCY
You do what you want, John. I'm
fine here with my baby.

JOHN looks like he wants to say something, but he can't summon the words or the will. He turns, walks out.

NANCY looks around at the destruction. She's happy.

134. EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The doors open. A few mourners slip out and make way for SUSAN's coffin, borne up by a pallbearing squad of six of her fellow students including ROGER and JEFF. JOHN, ELLIOT, and several others follow the coffin, MRS. WRIGHT among them.

Everyone stops, looks on, as two Drivers help the boys load the coffin into the waiting hearse.

A tearful MRS. WRIGHT embraces JOHN.

MRS. WRIGHT
I'm so sorry, John.

JOHN
Thank you.

She goes. JOHN slips on a pair of dark glasses to cover his eyes as more people approach him with condolences, doleful nods.

ELLIOT finally helps him get away, steers him toward the limousine.

JOHN
If only Nancy had come ... She has to confront this, she has to ... face the fact. But she won't. She won't accept that Susan's lost to us ... I don't know what to do.

ELLIOT opens the limo door for him.

134. CONTD

ELLIOT
Perhaps I could talk to her.

JOHN
Please ...

It's a heartfelt plea. ELLIOT nods, JOHN enters the limo. The procession begins.

135. INT. HOUSE: KITCHEN - DAY

NANCY, at the ironing board, is ironing one of SUSAN's blouses. Across the room JOHN and ELLIOT look on.

NANCY
It's her favorite blouse.
Remember, John ... ? She got
it two years ago for her birth-
day ... It's the color. I'd
like to find her something this
year, a cashmere sweater perhaps,
she needs sweaters. Dusty rose ...

She finishes the blouse, folds it neatly, lays it carefully on a pile of other pressed clothes.

ELLIOT
Nancy ...

NANCY gazes at him. There's a look in her eyes, a kind of serenity, contentment. She's completely at peace with herself.

... You must try to ... grasp
what's happened.

NANCY
You mean what you say has happened.

She includes JOHN in her look.

JOHN
You're fantasizing, Nancy ...
None of this ...

He gestures at the clothes.

... is real anymore. You've
got to come to terms with that.

135. CONTD

NANCY

Oh? I wonder if Dr. West recalls a conversation we had about the nature of "reality" ... in quotes ...

ELLIOT

Yes, of course I do. That's not the point, Nancy.

NANCY

Isn't it? I'd say it is. For me, what I saw in this house, with my own eyes, is what's real. Fantasy is what you saw. Fantasy is Susan ... drowned ... Is what you believe more certain, more "real" than what I believe? Who's to say? You?

Now she's looking directly at ELLIOT. She's making him very uncomfortable.

136. EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

JOHN and ELLIOT walk away from the house. JOHN is disturbed, ELLIOT reflective.

JOHN

I don't know what to do. Nancy needs psychiatric help -- but I don't know how to handle it. She won't leave the house -- and she won't see a doctor. I'm worried sick about her.

ELLIOT

There's always the possibility she doesn't need any help.

This stops JOHN in his tracks.

JOHN

I don't follow you.

ELLIOT

What if she really did see something? Not Susan maybe, but ... something.

136. CONTD

JOHN looks at him. He has his own doubts and fears that he's trying to suppress. He'd rather not hear this.

JOHN

After what's happened, I don't know what the hell to believe!

ELLIOT

If you'd go along with me I'd like to try something. It could be very helpful to you, to me and to Nancy.

JOHN

What have you got in mind?

ELLIOT

A scientific investigation of the house for psychic phenomena.

JOHN stares at him, disturbed but intrigued.

I've got a trained team and all the equipment. We've investigated places a lot less qualified than this one.

JOHN

What would be the point?

ELLIOT

Well, the chances are we'll come up empty-handed. If we do it might make it easier for you to reason with Nancy.

JOHN

Possibly, but not likely.

ELLIOT

Still, if we do turn up something ... if there were some indication, no matter how ephemeral, that Nancy is right ... we might be saving her sanity.

JOHN is really torn now, between his own sense of logic and some growing, basic fear. He lashes out at ELLIOT.

136. CONTD

JOHN

This is all nonsense! Nancy
didn't see anything in that
house!

ELLIOT lashes back.

ELLIOT

How can you be so God-damned
sure!

The two men glare at each other.

137. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

All the lights are on. Several cars and trucks are
parked by the house. People move in and out through the
open front door.

138. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

In the entrance hall two Technicians are setting up a
video camera. Another camera is being carried upstairs
to the second floor.

Halfway up the stairs a young Woman is fixing a micro-
phone to the banister. A Sound Engineer listens through
his earphones, monitors the dials of his recording unit.

Other specialized equipment is being put in place:
Laser Cameras, a Thermal Camera, Sensitizers, et al.

A thick cable, split off three ways, disappears down the
basement steps.

139. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - NIGHT

An Electrician is attaching the ends of the cable to the
power main of the house. He nods okay to a man at the
top of the stairs, then throws the switch.

140. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Instantly, a bank of TV monitors comes alive. Nearby
ELLIOT and JOHN stand over a control panel featuring a
maze of dials, buttons, colored lights.

ELLIOT

Thermovision ... Laser Camera ...
Spectrophoto Fluorometer ...

(MORE)

140. CONTD

ELLIOT (contd)
everything feeding through the
main computer. If there's any-
thing, any kind of ... manifesta-
tion, we'll pick it up.

141. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Everywhere, on all three floors and in the basement,
young men and women Technicians apply finishing touches
to their equipment. They all seem completely absorbed
in what they're doing.

142. INT. HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

NANCY is at the stove making coffee when JOHN and ELLIOT
enter.

NANCY
Coffee?

ELLIOT
Thanks.

She pours out two cups, sets them on the table, walks
back across the room.

JOHN
It's funny, all this equipment,
the technicians ... I'm nervous.

NANCY
I'm not.

She turns to face them. She has that same beatific look.

I know what's going to happen.

ELLIOT sips at his coffee, looks at her.

143. INT. HOUSE: STAIRCASE - NIGHT

NANCY comes through from the kitchen, climbs the stairs
to the second floor, moving through the Technicians
as if they weren't there, then on to the top floor.

144. INT. HOUSE: ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT

NANCY enters to find a young Man still busy rigging up
a microphone lead.

144. CONTD

NANCY

I'm going to be in here, waiting
for my daughter. It's her room.

The Man looks at her. He's been told about the crazy
lady.

TECHNICIAN

Yes, ma'am.

He goes out. NANCY sits down on the edge of the bed,
completely composed.

145. INT. HOUSE: STAIRCASE - NIGHT

JOHN climbs the stairs. The Technicians are scattering
now, moving to their assigned monitoring positions.

The lighting in the house has been reduced to a minimal
level and heavily muted. The result is a curiously
unreal ambience, not inappropriate to a large scale
seance.

146. INT. HOUSE: ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT

JOHN knocks lightly, opens the door, looks in. NANCY
is lying on the bed, eyes closed. Sleeping?

JOHN

Nancy?

No response. He moves to the bed, kneels down beside
her, stares at her with sad affection, concern. She
opens her eyes, meets his gaze.

NANCY

You've never believed in this
house, John ... Take care ...

JOHN

Nancy, I ...

But he can't finish. Under the circumstances he
doesn't know what to say, how to express what he's
feeling. NANCY's eyes slowly close. He straightens
up, moves to a chair by the foot of the bed, sits
down. He'll wait with his wife.

146A. INT. HOUSE: VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

The technicians are at their posts, waiting.

146B. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A group of technicians are staring at various instruments scattered around the room.

146C. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM WINDOW SILL - NIGHT

A large Fly lands on the sill.

Huge close-up of the Fly, featuring its multi-faceted eyes. In each facet we see an image of what's happening in the living room.

146D. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM WINDOW SILL - NIGHT

The Fly takes off.

147. INT. HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

One of the Technician-Observers, crouching in a corner by the head of the stairs, suddenly shudders. A light breeze slaps at his hair. The experience startles him. He speaks into a small two-way radio.

OBSERVER

Location 3. We've experienced
a marked temperature drop ...

148. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ELLIOT is in charge at the control center. Receiving the report from his man upstairs he goes into action, scanning dials, pressing buttons, speaking into a head-set microphone.

ELLIOT

Thermo and Video unit one to
Location 3.

149. INT. HOUSE: STAIRCASE/SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

A video Cameraman climbs the stairs to the second floor landing. Another Technician with a ray-gun like Thermo-vision Unit hurries up after him. Both men are placed in position by the Observer.

150. INT. HOUSE: ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT

NANCY lies very still on the bed, eyes shut. JOHN watches her from the chair.

There's a noise, the door creaking open. A strange metallic object peers around the corner into the room.

150. CONTD

JOHN sits up. Then a head and upper body follow the object. It's the Thermovision Unit. The Operator slips in and scans the room with it. JOHN stays put.

151. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ELLIOT and a young Female Assistant watch the bank of monitors. Some of the screens show video pictures of various areas of the house -- including the Top Floor Landing where attention is currently centered -- and some give computer read-outs. One of the read-out monitors is very active, numbers flashing, changing, resetting ...

THERMO-OPERATOR (Voice)
It's definitely registering ...

ELLIOT
We're reading you.

ASSISTANT
The epicenter is sub-zero!

THERMO-OPERATOR (Voice)
It's moving.

ELLIOT
Track it. Video One, stand by.

152. INT. HOUSE: ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Thermovision Operator follows scanner across the room to the door. JOHN is on his feet now, transfixed by what's happening. He looks at NANCY. She hasn't moved. Her sleep is almost trance-like.

153. INT. HOUSE: TOP FLOOR/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The Thermovision Operator tracks the cold manifestation out of SUSAN's room onto the landing where the Video Unit picks him up.

154. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tension is mounting at the control center. Dials are flashing, the panel is alive with read-outs.

ELLIOT
Go with him, Video ...

155. INT. HOUSE: STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The Video Cameraman follows the Thermovision Operator down the staircase.

THERMO-OPERATOR

We're coming downstairs ...

156. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ELLIOT is poised between video monitors, one showing the picture from the staircase, the other picking up the same action from a vantage point in the entrance hall.

ELLIOT

Be alert, everybody.

157. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

At their stations all around the house the young Technicians wait, listen, watch, anticipate.

158. INT. HOUSE: STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The Thermovision Operator and Video Cameraman edge downstairs to the entrance hall. The second Video Unit, across the hall, stays on them. A Sound Woman extends a high-powered atmospheric microphone on a long boom toward them.

159. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ELLIOT is checking the read-out monitors, making quick calculations based on the surge of data coming in. His Female Assistant is watching the video monitors. Suddenly ...

ASSISTANT

What's that ... ?

ELLIOT looks. There's a strange glow emanating from somewhere above the frame line of Video 2's shot -- the wide view -- and affecting the upper half of its image.

ELLIOT

Video 2, pan up ...

160. INT. HOUSE: ENTRNACE HALL - NIGHT

The Video 2 Cameraman pans up. Light fills his lens. He has to blink, look away.

160. CONTD

VIDEO 2
Jesus Christ!

The Thermovision Operator looks up, the Sound Woman looks out from her post in the corridor. What they see startles them. It's a radiant ball of light, shimmering, pulsing, growing brighter. It hovers in the air overhead, bathing everyone in its cold white glow.

ELLIOT (Voice)
Keep it steady, Video 2. Keep
the picture steady!

The Video 2 Cameraman aims his lens back up into the blinding light.

161. INT. HOUSE: TOP FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

JOHN crosses the landing from SUSAN's bedroom, stops at the head of the stairs, gazes down at the floating light. He's seen the light before ... in a nightmare. The light starts to move!

162. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ELLIOT and his Assistant stare at the monitors, at the pulsing light.

ASSISTANT
I don't believe it.

Suddenly the living room explodes with light. ELLIOT and his Assistant have to shield their eyes, turn away. The glowing ball is in the entrance hall doorway, the tempo of its pulses growing faster.

The dials and switches are going crazy. Computer read-outs spin up at a dizzying rate. ELLIOT mans the controls.

ELLIOT
Stay with it, everybody ...
Stay with it!

The light is moving again, across the living room toward the basement door. The two Video Cameramen, the Sound Woman, and the Thermovision Operator trail it. ELLIOT gives up his dial-watching to simply stare, awed.

162. CONTD

The light disappears through the basement door.

One of the Video monitors scans the basement. It picks up the descending ball of light.

ELLIOT

Video 3 ...

VIDEO 3

Got it.

163. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Video 3 Cameraman crouches against the wall near the storm door, his camera fixed on the radiating light. On the stairs now, moving after the light, is the parade of other Cameramen and Technicians.

164. INT. HOUSE: STAIRCASE/ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

JOHN walks slowly, deliberately down the stairs, in a curious reprise of his nightmare journey. He can hear the activity in the living room.

165. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ELLIOT and his Assistant are staring at the monitors. The light is being followed now by three different cameras.

166. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - NIGHT

The crowd of Cameramen and Technicians encircles the light which now hovers over the well -- as JOHN had seen it in his vision!

Suddenly the light vanishes.

167. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ELLIOT reacts immediately.

ELLIOT

What happened?

VIDEO 3

It's gone! It just disappeared!

The Assistant is watching the read-out monitors.

ASSISTANT

We're getting nothing.

167. CONTD

ELLIOT leaves the controls and dashes to the basement door. One of the monitors picks him up hurrying down the basement steps.

In the entrance hall doorway JOHN stands watching.

168. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - NIGHT

ELLIOT joins the crowd of mystified young Technicians.

VIDEO 2

It was here and then ... it wasn't.

ELLIOT is excited, upset, anxious, he scans the basement as if he expected to see the light hiding in some corner. Then he takes the Thermovision Unit from its Operator, speaks to all of the Technicians.

ELLIOT

Go back up.

There's some hesitation.

Go on!

They go.

169. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JOHN moves in behind the control panel where the Assistant is watching her compatriots trooping back upstairs.

JOHN

You lost it?

The Assistant glares at him, as if he'd accused her of negligence.

ASSISTANT

Yes.

The Technicians come through the basement door, all looking crestfallen.

JOHN

Is that Elliot down there?

He's watching the basement monitor. His question is ignored.

He shouldn't be alone there.

169. CONTD

One of the Cameramen shivers.

VIDEO 3

God, it's cold.

170. INT. HOUSE - ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wind rattling against the windowpanes, flutters the drapes. NANCY's eyes open. She stares up into the darkness. She looks terrified.

171. INT. HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

A breeze sweeps across the upper landing, ruffling the papers in a clip-board left there by one of the Technicians. A piece of tape is tossed across the floor. A large portrait, hanging above the staircase, is jostled, rocks on its wire support.

A glaze of frost appears on the top of the long banister. It moves downward, as if the wind were freezing everything in its path, everything it touched.

172. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

A large wall mirror hangs near the bottom of the staircase. The wind nudges it. Instantly a layer of frost covers it. A young Technical Assistant emerging from the back corridor sees it, stops. He pulls his jacket around him, chilled to the bone.

The light wind spins around him, ruffling his hair. He shudders, looks at his hands, his arms. He's covered with ice crystals. He looks again at the mirror.

The mirror explodes, shatters. Shards of splintered glass fly at the man. He tries to shield himself but he's hit in a dozen places. He falls screaming.

173. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone reacts to the explosion. But they don't have long to think about it. The wind is coursing through this room now, freezing the control panels and the monitors, covering everything with ice.

The video monitors one by one frost over and explode, a machine-gun like series of detonations.

The wind blows stronger, howling now, moaning, like a living entity. Computer modules and control panel banks are

173. CONTD

blown over, sent spinning through the air to crash into ice-covered walls.

Everyone's screaming, running, ducking for cover. A Cameraman is caught in a gust of wind and hurled through the front window. The young Assistant is crushed under a computer bank, her face transforming instantly into a frozen death mask.

Everything's collapsing, careening around the room. Frozen equipment snaps in two, shatters into a thousand pieces.

JOHN gets out just as the entrance hall door is blown from its hinges, whipped around the room like a paper kite, smashing full force into the desk and bookshelves.

174. INT. HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Electric cables whip the air, flailing like writhing serpents striking at random, searching out victims. JOHN dodges through them, gets to the stairs. Behind him a crystal chandelier crashes to the floor and fragments. He's hit by the flying glass, cut on the hand and neck.

He struggles up the staircase, in the teeth of what is now a raging gale.

175. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - NIGHT

ELLIOT has been searching the basement with the Thermo-vision Unit. untouched by the chaos upstairs. Now, hearing a commotion, he moves to the stairs.

Suddenly, behind him, the planks covering the well are blown apart, the force of the explosion knocking him over. There's a churning, grinding noise emanating from the well. It's generating energy, snaking rays of light, slipping up and out of the black pit, entangling ELLIOT in a kind of luminous web, holding him fast, dragging him slowly, inexorably back toward the well.

He struggles against the pull. It's useless.

176. INT. HOUSE: TOP FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

JOHN reaches the top of the stairs to see NANCY slumped in the doorway of SUSAN's room, covered with a glaze of frost, unmoving. JOHN panics.

176. CONTD

JOHN

Nancy!

He goes to her, starts to break the ice from her face and chest.

There's a loud cracking sound, as if boards and plaster and bricks were being wrenched apart, torn from their foundations. The whole house shudders and sighs, an almost human wail.

The wall directly behind JOHN and NANCY begins to open up. A long spidering crack becomes a fissure, then a gaping hole. The landing floor begins to tremble and shake. JOHN works on NANCY desperately.

Part of the upper balustrade collapses, comes careening down the stairwell. A young Technician follows it, tumbling into the void.

The house is disintegrating.

JOHN clutches NANCY to him, tries to lift her, mobilize her. He slaps her face, rubs her hands, trying to get circulation going.

JOHN

Nancy! Nancy! Come on! It's
me, John! For God's sake, Nancy!
Move!

177. INT. HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The former control center is a scene of total devastation. The Technicians not killed or trapped are scrambling out the broken front windows, still buffeted by the winds, the icy cold.

Loose cables snap at them like dragons.

178. INT. HOUSE: BASEMENT - NIGHT

ELLIOT has been dragged to the well's edge. He can hear the bubbling churning noise echoing from its pitch-dark depths. He's still fighting to break free of the terrifying force.

Now he looks into the well. He sees the darkness transforming, draining away into a kind of spectral light, pulsating, shimmering white cold. There's water in the well, lapping at its crumbling walls. In the water, just beneath the surface -- backlit by the ethereal glow -- is a figure, -a body.

178. CONTD

The water in the well is rising. The body is rising with it, directly at ELLIOT who stares at it, stupefied.

The body in the water is not SUSAN. It is the DEMON. The evil force that infects the house.

As in JOHN's nightmare, the water surges upward. The DEMON stretches out its arms ...

ELLIOT tries to draw back. He's held fast.

There's a shrill scream. The water explodes. The reaching body sweeps up at ELLIOT, grabs him in a horrifying embrace.

The DEMON turns its face to ELLIOT. It's only inches from him. It's a swollen, putrified monster. ELLIOT shrieks out his terror.

ELLIOT

No ... ! God, no!

The two of them twist and struggle in a death lock. Slowly, with grim certainty, it draws him down, into the water, into the well.

178AA. INT. WELL - NIGHT

Under the water the two figures slowly revolve as they sink to the bottom.

178A. INT. HOUSE: ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT

JOHN has brought NANCY around. He is getting her to her feet. Half carrying, half dragging -- he gets her through the door.

178B. INT. HOUSE: STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The house is covered in ice and thick frost. The stairway is almost a toboggan chute. JOHN and NANCY slide and stumble down the icy steps, trying to keep from tumbling out of control. They finally reach the bottom and make for the front door, but the opening where the door used to be is completely blocked up with frosty ice. JOHN pushes at it. Pieces break off, but it doesn't give. He puts NANCY to one side, backs off and takes a run at it, using his shoulder as a battering ram. The mass bends, but doesn't break. JOHN takes another try at it. This time he bursts through.

178C. EXT. HOUSE: FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

JOHN comes hurtling out in a shower of ice splinters. Once out, he turns back and rescues NANCY, dragging her through the fast-filling gap. They start to run from the house.

179. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

JOHN looks back. The others there are in shock, looking on in silence as if it were all some sort of massive hallucination.

JOHN doesn't see ELLIOT in the crowd. He turns to one of the battered young Technicians.

JOHN
Where's Elliot?

TECHNICIAN
He was in the basement.

JOHN sets NANCY down in the shelter of a tree.

JOHN
You'll be all right here.
Just stay here.

She doesn't respond. JOHN goes back toward the house.

179A. EXT. HOUSE: FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Once again it is filled with ice. JOHN runs up, pushes on it. It is solid. No entrance here. JOHN looks off toward a basement window, then runs towards it.

179B EXT. HOUSE: BASEMENT WINDOW - NIGHT

JOHN arrives, bends down to look through. From here he can see the well. There is no sign of ELLIOT.

Suddenly a long tongue of flame slithers up and over the well's edge, hangs a moment in the air, then strikes at JOHN, breaking the window. He tumbles backward to avoid it.

Other serpentine flames dance up from the well, uncoiling in the air, sweeping the basement in search of their prey.

180. SCENE DELETED

181. SCENE DELETED

182. SCENE DELETED

183. SCENE DELETED

184. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The crowd has grown considerably now, swelled by neighbors and other onlookers. But there's little noise or excitement. People seem overwhelmed at what they're seeing.

JOHN staggers out, looks back. The flames fill the downstairs floor now, snaking out the windows, licking at the outer walls of the house. Like fiery vines, the flames spread outward and upward, enveloping everything. The two upper windows blaze with light for a final time, then explode.

JOHN moves through the people.

JOHN

Nancy ... Nancy!

He sees her, standing now, watching the spectacle with everyone else. He rushes to her. She turns to him, her eyes receptive now, as if the spell -- whatever it was -- had been broken.

NANCY

John ... She's gone ... Susan's gone. She's not there anymore.

He embraces her. She responds. Together, both of them turn to watch the final revelation.

184A. EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The flames now reach up and over the house, smothering it. The fire has split off into two sections, as if it were two gigantic flaming hands holding the house in its grasp.

That grasp begins to close, to squeeze. The fiery hands press down upon the house from above, pressing it, crushing it. Like a monstrous red-hot vise, the fire crumbles the house, disintegrates it, reduces it to charred rubble.

Hell is reclaiming its own.

Silhouetted against a moonlit sky of scudding clouds the scene is awesome in its desolation: a large soot-blackened, smoldering area, with two broken chimneys, where the Amityville house once stood.

184A. CONTD

Suddenly there is a violent eruption from the well area. A huge shower of fiery sparks gushes into the sky and out of the frame at the top of the picture.

After a few moments they start to descend, coming back into picture in the close foreground. A gust of wind blows them toward us until we are surrounded by fiery sparks.

THE END