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GHOST STORY

First Draft Screenplay

by

LAWRENCE D. COHEN

Based on the Novel

by

PETER STRAUB

#02141

"Fact leaves its ghost."

Francis Bacon

GHOST STORY

OVER BLACK

Church bells ringing...one at a time until they strike six o'clock as we

FADE IN

1 EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

1

We are circling slowly through mist -- past huge shapes which loom up out of the ground like apparitions. Stone angels -- their arms spread wide -- and granite cherubs. Tilted slabs with pitted markings. Weeds sprout up, wildly spiraling around tombstones with names on them, dating back centuries. We are moving through an empty graveyard at sundown...eerie, beautiful. And then, in the distance, muffled, there's a faint sound...crying. At first it's just barely audible. Yes, someone's here after all. A mourner, perhaps -- some poor inconsolable wretch.

As we crane toward the area where the sound is coming from, it gets louder and louder. Only for us to zero in on one last headstone to find...no one. Nothing. The crying has stopped -- absolute silence now. But surely someone was here, someone was weeping. There's no one on this spot, though -- just the signs of a freshly-dug grave, a large wooden cross at its head. Suddenly we hear dull thudding, scraping. It's coming from

2 UNDERGROUND - PROCESS SHOT

2

And we pursue it, moving down and dissolving through porous earth, deeper down and right into the ground. Our eyes begin to adjust to the dark, infra-reddish glow, and just as we least expect it, a scream explodes! We're in a wooden box, a coffin, where a Man frantically shrieks to make himself heard. Out of his incoherent gibberish, we can pick out a word or two:

MAN

Alive! I am alive!!!

Indeed he is, and with renewed desperation, he struggles convulsively, battering his arms against the narrow confines of his premature burial (the same shape as the frame). Trying to budge the lid, scraping his bleeding nails against the sides of the coffin. His breathing becomes more labored -- hoarse, barely distinct gasps:

CONTINUED

2

CONTINUED

2

MAN
Still...alive! A-live!

But it's no use. Almost prenatally now -- like a fetus -- he curls his body inward, starts sobbing again. We begin to pull back out into

3

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

3

Pitch-dark now, and as we track back the way we came, the crying is quieter: exhausted now, hopeless. Just a ghost of the sound we heard before. It is at this point that the deep, sonorous, full-throated voice of a master storyteller resumes:

SEARS (v.o.)
...It grew late. A little after midnight, the old caretaker was awakened by a terrible sound. An injured animal, perhaps, whimpering pitifully.

4

INT. JAMES LIBRARY - NIGHT

4

Four men in evening clothes are seated in a circle in the dark -- the remains of a fire crackling behind them. Sears James, the host and speaker, sits with his back to us -- his distinguished countenance silhouetted by the glowing embers. As he continues telling the story, we get our first look at his friends, tracking in a circle, as he stares from one to the next, commanding their attention:

SEARS
He opened the door to his hut and peered out into the black night. The crying came again -- faintly -- and this time he was certain it was human.

On his left is Edward Wanderley -- at 68, the youngest of the quartet, his face boyish but lined from years of self-control. Steely glasses; still virile, a sportsman.

SEARS
The graveyard was silent except for the steady padding sound of his feet as he made his way around the tombstones. 'Hello --
(a beat)
-- is someone there?

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED

4

Directly across from him, John Jaffrey swallows deeply. He's the oldest by just a year, but his face has been so ravaged by the effects of illness, he could be a hundred....

SEARS

But there was nothing. No one. And as he stood there, scratching his head and feeling a damn fool, he happened to glance down. There, at his feet, a man had been buried that very afternoon.

Finally, in the coveted seat to Sears' right, is his partner and oldest friend in the world, Frederick "Ricky" Hawthorne. His mouth open with the unfeigned curiosity of a schoolboy, he unconsciously touches his tie. What women or money are to other men, bow-ties are to Ricky: his passion.

SEARS

The grave had been disturbed. The soil had been upset, and the cross lay on its side. He bent to his knees.

At last we track full circle to Sears -- bearded, magisterial, ironic; at 73, the town's richest if not most distinguished citizen. As he speaks, we move in closer and closer.

SEARS

'Respect!,' he muttered, sure now he was the butt of a practical joke. He smoothed out the soil and placed the cross upright again at its head. Then he returned to his bed where he slept tranquilly until morning. And in the graveyard, in the wind, you could just make out the wisp of a sound... almost a song --

(whispering;
we're on his
piercing eyes
now)

'Alive...still alive!'

He leans back in his worn leather chair, finished now, his face flushed from the telling.

5

WIDE SHOT - THE FOURSOME

5

The others dare to breathe for the first time, shifting in their seats -- it's almost as if they've been physically

CONTINUED

5

CONTINUED

5

released. They are lightheaded, juiced by the story, drunk with excitement as they overlap almost in a litany:

JOHN

Oh, Sears!

EDWARD

Damn near scared the pants off me.

RICKY

You know, I...I don't think you've told a story this good in ten years!

JOHN AND EDWARD

Yes. Yes.

Just a flicker of a smile betrays Sears' pleasure. He rises -- a huge head and sharp antlers of a buck deer mounted on the wall above and behind him -- and lifts his snifter of brandy:

SEARS

My friends, a toast....

They each rise and lift their glasses with him -- a ritual they've performed dozens, hundreds of times.

SEARS

...to the Chowder Society!

EDWARD

The Chowder Society!

RICKY

The Chowder Society!

JOHN

The Chowder Society!

ALL

(at once)

The Chowder Society!

They giddily clink their glasses together, drink.

6

EXT. JAMES HOUSE - NIGHT

6

Larger, grander, far more imposing than most of the homes in town. The Chowder Society stand together in the driveway. Edward pats Ricky's tie with fondness.

CONTINUED

EDWARD

Mark my words -- ten years from now,
eighty per cent of the men in this
country will be wearing ties only to
weddings and funerals.

RICKY

I...I'd feel like I was naked.

SEARS

(wryly)

You heard it here first.

A moment. They all stand there, reluctant to say goodnight
but just as wary about admitting it. Then Sears coughs
impatiently.

EDWARD

Well...it's time we were all...in bed.

JOHN

Yes.

EDWARD

We better be off --

(winking at John)

-- Milly'll be waiting up to ---

JOHN

-- pour some hot chocolate down me.

(a beat; almost

unwillingly)

'Night, everyone.

RICKEY

G'night, Doc.

SEARS

Doc.

John goes over to the passenger side of Edward's station
wagon, and with one little furtive look like he might be
missing something, gets in. Edward climbs into the
driver's seat, looks out at Rickey:

EDWARD

Sure you won't change your mind?

RICKY

A walk'll do me good -- put some blood
in my cheeks.

CONTINUED

6

CONTINUED - 2

6

JOHN

(from inside
the car)

'Night, Ricky. Sears.

SEARS

For God's sake already!

Edward and Ricky laugh at his exasperation. Edward starts ignition, and with one final wave, drives off.

7

TWO SHOT - RICKY AND SEARS

7

A brief silence as they stand there -- lost in their separate reveries. Ricky stares up at the trees -- leafless, their branches skeletal against the sky.

RICKY

It hardly seems like there's an autumn anymore. If it's this cold already, we could find ourselves....

He turns to find Sears haggard, not really listening.

RICKY

You look terrible. Are you sleeping all right?

SEARS

Damnit to hell....

RICKY

Are you?

SEARS

(hesitates; then
averting his eyes)

It's going to be a hell of a winter.

He lumbers back into the house, closing the heavy door behind him without so much as another word. Ricky is left standing there: a spruce little figure with his umbrella, tweed topcoat, cashmere muffler and gray, no-nonsense hat. He is about to say something only to be distracted by something overhead. He turns, surprised -- there, in the light of the lantern hanging above the front door, a little shower of white flurries. It's snowing.

8 MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE - A SERIES OF SHOTS 8

Credits begin as Ricky passes Sears' Rolls Royce -- vintage Forties -- in the driveway. He goes out through the stone walls that separate the house from the street like a small fortress, talking to himself, playing both parts:

RICKY

'See you in the morning, then.'
Of course, Sears -- see you at
the office.

8-A EXT. HAVEN LANE 8-A

still chattering, Ricky ambles down this quiet residential block, the rustle of his freshly polished shoes kicking through the thick carpet of leaves.

RICKY

'Give my regards to Stella.'
Oh, I will, I will ---

8-B INT. JAMES LIBRARY 8-B

alone now, dimly reflected in the glass-fronted bookcases, Sears surveys the aftermath of the get-together. Ashtrays full of cigar butts, dirty drink glasses on little round tables.

8-C EXT. TOWN SQUARE 8-C

Ricky enters the heart of this small New England town with its shops and offices and movie theater (the Rialto) and historic landmarks. A sign proclaims we're in Milburn -- officially settled in 1729. Light snow falling.

8-D EXT. MONTGOMERY STREET 8-D

Edward watches from his car as John makes his way up the front walk to his Victorian house. Milly Sheehan, his housekeeper-nurse, hurries from her front-window watch to open the front door, already fussing. John turns; he shrugs and grins sheepishly at Edward, waves goodnight.

8-E EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY 8-E

Ricky pauses in front of a bronze Revolutionary War soldier which has stood here brandishing its sword for the past 200 years. As the church bells begin to toll midnight, an icy wind bites into the back of his neck. He shudders, pulls his muffler tighter around his throat, and picks up his pace. Maybe he shouldn't have walked after all.

8-F INT. JAMES KITCHEN

8-F

The faint sounds of the bells continues in this cavernous room as Sears washes up the last of the dirty glasses in the sink, turns off the faucet.

8-G EXT. WANDERLEY HOUSE

8-G

dark like it always is on Chowder Society nights as Edward removes the key from under the doormat, lets himself in. He gropes his way to a hall table, turns on the lamp. The house feels cluttered, frozen in aspic -- it hasn't changed all that much in the ten years since Margaret Wanderley died. Just a glimpse in the living room of an oil portrait of the family that must be fifteen years old -- an attractive woman; two little boys -- twins.

8-H EXT. MELROSE AVENUE

8-H

Ricky walks briskly under the huge oak and smaller maple trees which line both sides of the block. From above, ancient street lamps illuminate their bare branches, tinting them orange with their lights as the flurries continue.

8-I EXT. HAWTHORNE HOUSE

8-I

Ricky unlatches a white picket fence, carefully closes it behind him, and with one last look at the snow falling from the black sky, enters his old high-frame white house -- reassuring in its old-fashionedness. A light shines in the third floor bedroom window.

8-J EXT. TOWN OUTSKIRTS

8-J

Milburn nestles in the distance, a few lights still twinkling. Serene, inviting, somehow inviolate as the snow lightly dusts it.

Credits end.

9 INT. JAFFREY BEDROOM - NIGHT

9

John -- plain-faced Milly asleep in the separate bed beside him -- mumbles in his sleep. He is having a bad dream -- his babble just an incoherent sing-song.

10 INT. JAMES LIBRARY - NIGHT

10

Wide awake, unable to sleep after telling the story, Sears sits in front of the fire, a blanket drawn over him in a chair as a cold wind batters the trees outside the window. His eyes are open -- tired, uneasy, fearful.

11 INT. HAWTHORNE BEDROOM - NIGHT 11

Ricky lies in bed, his wife Stella -- silver-haired, beautiful, strong cheek bones -- sleeping soundly beside him. Ricky, though, is having a nightmare -- little moans, little sounds of terror.

12 INT. WANDERLEY BEDROOM - NIGHT 12

Alone in a large bed, his face wet with perspiration, Edward groans. His arms thrash, get tangled in the sheets in his efforts to escape whatever's in his dreams.

13 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - EARLY MORNING 13

Just before dawn. We are moving in on a group of modern skyscrapers -- one taller than the next, as severe a contrast to Currier & Ives Milburn as possible. A steel and glass graveyard at this hour of the morning -- well before rush hour.

We glide in, singling out one particular high-rise with a modern sculpture and pool out front -- its water glistening brightly. This is one of those brand-new apartment buildings on the East Side which boast fantastic views and even more fantastic rents.

We move in on the 29th floor, and then over a terraced railing until we're inside.

14 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAWN 14

In the bathroom, water is flowing out of a faucet and into a bathtub...perfectly normal except for the fact that the tub is is full and the water in turn is overflowing onto the tiles. At first there's just the disconcerting sound of it as we move out into the hallway until we come to a piece of clothing strewn on the carpet -- a blouse. And then a man's tie...and a sock...and another. A trail of clothing: images of urgent lovemaking.

We continue moving until we find ourselves in the bedroom where a beautiful young woman lies asleep on the bed, a sheet barely covering her naked backside. She's lying face-down, her features concealed from us. And next to her, his back to the wall, sits a young man in his late twenties -- nice-looking, short-haired, very much the New York lawyer who plays raquetball three times a week. This is David Wanderley, and in what follows, he talks and behaves strangely -- as if he's in the middle of a dream, underwater, in the grip of a hypnotic stupor.

He lightly fingers the curve of the woman's long white spine. And then it's as if his fingers touched something inhuman. He snatches them back, stares at them, groans. Then:

CONTINUED

Who are you? DAVID

(muffled by
the pillows)
...Sleeping. SHE

Who are you? DAVID

...woke me up. SHE

Tell me. DAVID

David. SHE

Strange beats, strange exchanges: an utterly weird conversation that will only get weirder -- more and more the rhythms of a dream. In the bathroom, the water is flowing onto the floor.

Who are you? DAVID

You know. SHE

Someone starts knocking at the door. Neither of them pays it any attention.

I know? Who are you? DAVID

I am you. SHE

The knocking intensifies: harder, louder, more urgent. Whoever's there -- a neighbor downstairs, a building employee -- calls his name now -- Mr. Wanderley?

No... DAVID

(staring at
his fingers)

Cold. SHE

You heard me. DAVID

No. I am me. Who are you?

The knocking continues -- pounding now. Mr. Wanderley -- is everything okay?

(anguished, pleading)
What are you? DAVID

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED - 2

14

She begins to lift her face to turn around. Slowly, ever so slowly. We catch just the merest glimpse of blurred features, so fast it's almost subliminal, and then we no longer see what he sees. Instead, we watch his face: trying to concentrate, looking intently, deeply, with wonder at what's before him. Until whatever he sees scares him absolutely shitless.

15 EXT. DAVID'S BUILDING - DAWN

15

Like a human cannonball, David flies through the glass windows and white curtains, screaming once as he goes over the balcony railing and through the air. A dizzying, terrifying sensation of falling...falling...sure to be impaled on the spiky sculpture directly below. Down...down...only for him to miss it and land instead with a fatal, horrific splash in its pool, the water turning a horrifying and unmistakable red.

QUICK CUT TO

16 INT. DON'S ROOM - CALIFORNIA - DAWN

16

Another young man jolts awake with a scream, perspiring terribly. He looks enough like David to be his identical twin -- which is exactly what he is: Don Wanderley. Scruffier than David, his hair longer, less concerned about his appearance. Unshaven, red-eyed -- a quick glimpse around the room should tell us that it hasn't been cleaned in a week. A glass and a half-empty bottle of whiskey on the table; countless cigarette butts in an ashtray beside the bed as he reaches for his pack of cigarettes. He lights one as the phone rings. He just stares at it -- as if it's part of a dream. It rings insistently, but he makes no move to answer it. None. As if he knows who or what is on the other end. As if he's afraid of it. And then the ringing stops.

17 INT. TRAILWAYS BUS - DAY

17

His eyes closed, half-asleep, Don moans -- so loud that several passengers have turned in their seats and are staring at him.

VOICE (o.s.)

Are you all right, young man?

In the seat across the aisle, an old nun peers out from her owlsh glasses, a huge cross dangling from her neck. Next to her, her traveling companion -- a younger nun. Don nods, rubs his eyes.

DON

Where are we?

CONTINUED

17

CONTINUED

17

NUN

Just a few miles outside Milburn.

He turns, stares out the window.

18

DON'S POINT OF VIEW - THE LANDSCAPE

18

Light, steady snow coming down as the bus crosses a bleak landscape. Spartan, modest hills -- melancholy, the slate-gray sky almost merging with the land. Little pockets of flurries delineate the hillocks -- mild swells of brown earth peering out from underneath. And over by one white weatherbeaten farmhouse, a bony old woman sweeps the snow off her driveway with a heavy barn broom -- a singular sight in the middle of nowhere.

NUN (o.s.)

You cried out in your sleep.

19

BACK IN THE BUS

19

DON

Did I say anything?

(a beat)

What did I say?

She looks at him like he's potentially violent.

NUN

Is your family meeting you?

DON

My father.

Silence; she goes back to her rosary.

NUN

We didn't want you to sleep through your stop.

20

EXT. TRAILWAYS BUS STATION - DAY

20

The bus pulls into the station where Edward Wanderley waits with Howard Hummel, the uniformed Trailways attendant. As the doors hiss open, Don bounds out with his duffle bag. He

CONTINUED

20

CONTINUED

20

goes over to Edward, and after a slight hesitation, they hug very briefly. It's anything but warm or easy -- stiffly, awkwardly, a lot of old wounds between them. The bus pulls out behind them -- the younger, silent Nun watching this reunion, her face pressed against the window.

21

EXT. EDWARD'S STATION WAGON - DAY

21

As Edward unlocks the rear door for Don's gear. Don glances up at the falling snow.

DON

Looks like I brought some bad weather with me.

EDWARD

(a hint of criticism)

Is this all you have?

DON

I'm fine.

EDWARD

Look at you -- you ---

DON

I'm okay, Dad.

(a little gentler)

It was warm in California.

Edward slams the rear door shut and goes over to his side of the car. Both of them get in the front seat.

22

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - DAY

22

Edward starts the ignition, the windshield wipers. He glances over at Don:

EDWARD

Put your belt on.

Don is staring out the window -- over by the station.

23

DON'S POINT OF VIEW - TWO FIGURES

23

Raw material for nightmares -- like harbingers of death. A pale man with a shaven head, ivory cheeks, powerful, muscular

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED

23

arms. Dressed in old work overalls -- his chest bare even in this temperature. Both handsome and feral -- something unmistakably dangerous about him...the ferocity in his gaze, it's perversity. Slumped at his feet, twitching as though he fears to be kicked, is an albino boy. Eight, maybe nine, in tattered clothes and more savage than child. An utter oddity of nature with his pink-lidded eyes. Both of them are staring at Don.

24

BACK IN THE STATION WAGON

24

DON

Nothing changes here, does it?

EDWARD

(spitting it out)

Scum!

25

EXT. WANDERLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

25

The snow has stopped for now -- the house and the lawn dusted with it. Through the window from the street lamp, through the glass, we see Don and Edward seated at the dining room table.

26

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

26

No talk at all. Edward eats his dinner, neatly leaving the bones from the whole trout on his plate. Don has barely picked at his plate -- just sits smoking, drinking a beer, looking bedraggled. Finally:

DON

Talking about it might help.

Edward says nothing; carefully picks a small bone from what he's chewing, puts it on the plate.

DON

(expecting this;
almost to himself)

Right.

More silence; then Edward neatly wipes his mouth with his cloth napkin, places it beside his plate.

EDWARD

How's the writing coming?

CONTINUED

DON

I've had other priorities.

EDWARD

The teaching?

DON

I didn't finish out the term.

EDWARD

Oh, Don.

DON

What do you think happened to him,
Dad?

No reply.

DON

Look -- I don't give a damn what the
police said! Something happened in
New York!

EDWARD

You're shouting.

DON

Jesus, I'm telling you I think he
was murdered, and you want me to
lower my voice!

EDWARD

Stop it.

DON

Dad -- I knew the girl he was going
to marry ---

This gets Edward's attention -- it's news to him.

DON

I slept with her!

(a beat)

Do you hear me. I slept ---

Edward throws the glass of beer in Don's face. In a cold
white rage now, his voice very low -- barely able to conceal
his disgust.

EDWARD

You come back here looking like God
knows what...your bother isn't even

CONTINUED

26

CONTINUED - 2

26

EDWARD (Cont'd)
in his grave yet...now your going on
about having had sex with his fiancée.

DON
Please, Dad -- please.

27

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - DAY

27

Under its snow-capped gargoyles, five men -- pallbearers --
carry a coffin down the steps toward the waiting hearse.
Edward and Don (in an ill-fitting suit now) with Ricky, Sears
and John. Church bells tolling.

28

EXT. DEDHAM STABLES - DAY

28

Outside a weatherbeaten stable sits an ancient Buick and
Nettie Dedham, the same woman Don saw sweeping snow with a
barn broom on his way into Milburn. Now she's dressed in a
little black hat and coat; she toots the horn impatiently.

28-A

INT. DEDHAM STABLES - DAY

28-A

Nettie's sister Rea, a birdlike woman in a black shawl, goes
up and down the stalls, calming the skittish animals.

REA
Easy, Seabiscuit, easy there.
(feeding him a
lump of sugar)
That's a good boy, ye-eh-ss.

Outside, the insistent toot of the car horn.

REA
Coming, coming.

29

INT. DEDHAM BUICK - DAY

29

As Rea appears, securing the stable doors. These are the
Dedham "girls" as they're known by everyone in town in
spite of the fact that they're well into their seventies.
Rea, slightly arthritic, climbs in, closes her door.

REA
Oh, I'm getting old.

CONTINUED

29

CONTINUED

29

NETTIE

We're going to be late.

REA

Nonsense -- Reverend Wilkinson hasn't started anything on time for the past twenty years. Why, when Viola Frederickson 'went West' ---

Nettie's already driving a reckless two miles an hour up the wet, snowy drive.

NETTIE

Where did you get that from?

REA

It's what Papa used to say -- don't tell me you've forgotten.

30

EXT. THE BUICK - DAY

30

As it creeps along, we see that this is what remains of a horse farm -- weatherbeaten stables and house, everything in a pretty bad state of disrepair. Fifty years ago, a show-place -- today rundown and dilapidated.

REA (v.o.)

Old Gene Archer 'went West' last week
...Mrs. Wintergarten 'went West' this morning....

Only for the car to lurch into a patch of muddy snow; as Nettie applies the accelerator, the wheels start spinning. Stuck.

31

INT. BUICK - DAY

31

Tears come into Nettie's eyes -- tears of frustration.

REA

Edward'll understand, dear.

32

EXT. PLEASANT HILL CEMETERY - DAY

32

David Wanderley's funeral is in progress. As Reverend Neil Wilkinson drones on with his rendition of Psalm 23, Don looks around. At the other tombstones -- some dating back

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED

32

as far as the Revolutionary War, others as recent as Vietnam with American flags draped over them. Some even have oval pictures -- likenesses -- of the person buried below....

REVEREND WILKINSON

Though I walk through the Valley of
the Shadow of Death, I will fear no
Evil, for Thou art with me....

33

INT. DEDHAM KITCHEN - DAY

33

Rea pours tea; Nettie sits at the kitchen table, still wearing her little black hat and coat.

REA

Poor Edward. Such a terrible thing,
outliving your own children. I
remember when you had a crush on him,
and Poppa ---

She puts down the tea to find Nettie shivering.

REA

What is it?

Nettie looks up at her with large frightened brown eyes.

REA

Nettie, what's the matter?

NETTIE

Just a feeling.

REA

What?

NETTIE

Goose over my grave.

And almost on cue, out by the stables, there's the sound of a horse neighing in terror. Rea goes over to the window, stares out.

REA

Something's bothering Chocolate.

She's about to go check when there's the sound of something falling -- a small explosion as it shatters -- in the sitting room. Both sisters wheel around now, terrified.

34

EXT. PLEASANT HILL CEMETERY - DAY

34

David's funeral continues. Don looks up -- at Sears, like a gruff bear in a black fur-collared coat. At Ricky, who gives him a friendly nod of sympathy. Next to Ricky, her arm in his, stands his wife Stella. Then John, like a mortician. And Edward sealed off, stony in his grief. Just a very few others -- one or two friends and Sheriff Walt Hardesty, not unlike a frontier lawman with his ragged mustache, Stetson in his hand, and his badge pinned on his sheepskin jacket.

As the coffin begins to be lowered into the ground....

35

INT. DEDHAM SITTING ROOM - DAY

35

Rea kneels, in her hand a framed photo of the "girls" when they were the belles of Milburn, circa 1929, with their father. It has fallen to the floor -- its glass shattered. Nettie, nervous, appears in the doorway.

NETTIE

Papa's picture.

As she rushes to Rea's side, we get a look at the room: a virtual memorial to their father, the late Colonel T. Dedham. Horse trophies, photo after framed photo, a huge portrait of him above the mantle.

REA

It's all right -- just the glass is broken.

NETTIE

But how -- ?

The question is interrupted as another silver-framed photo, all by itself, topples over on one of the little antique tables. A little grunting laugh -- it comes from neither of the now very scared Dedham women. And then, as if gravity suddenly went haywire, the room goes crazy.

A furious crescendo of shots. Photo after framed photo overturned, their glass shattering, the frames being smashed. Paintings are swinging on walls, turning over, falling. As Nettie moves toward the doorway, the doorstop flies up in her face and the door swings shut, preventing her exiting. Little glass figurines, many of them precious little horses, are being flung at the sisters. They are being bombarded, tyrannized -- only too clearly the victims of this parahormal event -- the work of a poltergeist on a gleeful, vicious spree. The women are screaming, Rea doing her best to protect her hysterical sister as objects are rained down upon them. She spots the phone -- moves toward it.

- 36 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 36
David's coffin is creakingly sinking into the ground.
- 37 EXT. DEDHAM FARM - DAY 37
Now the stable doors are flung open by themselves. Four horses come barreling out, whinnying in absolute unabridged panic. Inside the house, the sound of glass shattering, of more things breaking, of a strange laughter mixing with the women's screams.
- 38 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 38
Dirt is being thrown on top of David's coffin as a police car with its siren quietly flashing pulls up to the site. Deputy Leon Churchill rushes through the black ironwork gate and over to Hardesty. He whispers frantically in his ear, and Hardesty rushes off. All of which disrupts the proceedings as the Reverend zips through the closing prayer, trying to maintain decorum and keep the mourners' attention.
- 39 EXT. DEDHAM FARM - DAY 39
Hardesty and Churchill arrive, passing a mailbox which has been freshly repainted Colonel T. Dedham, Esquire. Up ahead, a bizarre sight: the horses running wildly around the farmhouse, neighing in terror.
- 40 HARDESTY AND CHURCHILL 40
Their guns drawn, carefully approach the house. Silence inside now, not a sound. Hardesty opens the screened storm door.
HARDESTY
Miss Rea? Miss Nettie?
(raps firmly on
the door)
Miss Dedham -- it's Walt Hardesty.
No reply. He tries the knob. It's open.
- 41 INT. DEDHAM HOUSE - DAY 41
Hardesty, Churchill right on his heels, walks in. The living room to the left; behind it, little bedrooms with single beds. The effect of room leading to room -- each only partially glimpsed, corners behind which anything can jump out.

42 DOWN THE CORRIDOR

42

Dark here. They make their way down it -- nothing. At the end, the door to the sitting room. Slowly, Hardesty pushes it open.

43 THE SITTING ROOM

43

As the door swings open. Like a cyclone has been through the room: like it's been imploded. Not a photo is standing, not a figurine unbroken.

CHURCHILL

Jesus wept.

At first no sign of the Dedham sisters. Then there's the slightest whimpering coming from the closet. Hardesty slowly open the door to find Rea and Nettie, huddled together and almost shrunken in fear in this coffin-like space that houses the ironing board.

44 INT. WANDERLEY HOUSE - DAY

44

Orderly and subdued after so much explosive destruction. A roomful of townspeople have come to pay their respects. Tables of food and drink; little clusters of friends talking in hushed tones. Don has been cornered by Irmengard Draeger, wife of the town druggist and local gossip.

IRMENGARD

Well of course it's a tragedy, a terrible tragedy. So young and such a success after so little time. I said to Rollo that boy would have gone far. Like Jane's husband -- he just got a vice-presidency.

DON

(polite)
Vice-presidency of what?

IRMENGARD

Safety.

DON

Oh.

IRMENGARD

How long are you here for, Donald?

CONTINUED

44

CONTINUED

44

DON

Just a little while.

He looks around desperately -- no way to escape her.

IRMENGARD

I know Penny is just dying to see you.
That child -- thinks every day here's
another day in jail. Maybe while
you're home you can drop by ---

At which point Stella comes over with Ricky to the rescue.

STELLA

Rollo's hunting all over for you,
dear.

IRMENGARD

Oh, that man -- five minutes on his
own and he's helpless. Hello, Ricky.

-RICKY

Irmengard.

IRMENGARD

Well, I better go.
(beat; no one
contradicts her)
Bye, all.

She departs. Stella has her hands on her hips, her eyes
blazing.

STELLA

That woman could chew the ear off an
elephant. How're you holding up, Don?

DON

Okay, Mrs. Hawthorne. Thanks for com-
ing to my rescue.

RICKY

We just had to say again how sorry we
are. If there's anything we can do...
really.

DON

Thanks.

STELLA

How does it feel to be back? Still
the same old place?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED - 2

44

DON

Exactly.

STELLA

Well, I know your father's glad to have you home. Is he any happier about you living out West?

DON

I don't think so.

RICKY

You'll just have to give him time. Ned's like me -- wouldn't live anywhere else. You know, I don't think there's a house in this whole town I haven't been in at least once...to see a client or to eat a dinner....

45 DON'S POINT OF VIEW - DAY - WANDERLEY FRONT PORCH

45

Edward is talking angrily with Hardesty.

EDWARD

You're a disgrace, man.

HARDESTY

Sorry, Mayor, but ---

EDWARD

First you and your deputy disrupt the ceremony; now you come here....

HARDESTY

I need to speak with you and the others for a minute. In private?

46 BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

46

Don turns back as Ricky continues reminiscing about Milburn.

RICKY

What's in New York, I argued -- a hundred thousand lawyers? Milburn only has five or six big fish....

CONTINUED

46

CONTINUED

46

Sears appears in the doorway, trying to get Ricky's attention. But it's hopeless.

RICKY

No, if you stay here as I have, you
can see the century at work. In
New York, well ---

SEARS

Good lord, Ricky!

RICKY

Coming, Sears!
(flustered)
Pardon me, Don; darling.

He trots off after Sears.

STELLA

(as much to
herself as
to Don)
Mutt and Jeff -- what're they up to
now?

On Don's curious face, we go to

47

INT. WANDERLEY KITCHEN - DAY

47

Edward, Sears and Ricky sit around the kitchen table with Hardesty.

EDWARD

It's plain as day to me. It was
that Bate boy -- and that albino
brother of his.

HARDESTY

Rea Dedham says the same thing.

RICKY

She's been saying it for years --
ever since she caught him playing
near the horse barn with matches
and shooed him away. Remember?

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED

47

SEARS

(snorts)

Wanted us to sue a ten-year-old boy.

EDWARD

Well, then -- there's no mystery.
Arrest them.

Don enters; everyone looks up. A beat as Hardesty acknowledges him, gets a sign from Edward it's okay to resume. A little welcoming smile from Ricky as he stations himself in the corner.

HARDESTY

Gregory Bate may be full of the devil,
Ned, but it wasn't him.

(mysteriously)

Nope, it wasn't him.

RICKY

But if she saw him ---

HARDESTY

She didn't. She just thinks it was
him.

(ace now)

It wasn't anybody.

Sears and Ricky exchange a glance. Sears gets up:

SEARS

That's exactly the sort of feeble nonsense I'd expect from you.

HARDESTY

'Scuse me, Mr. James, but it's not.

(beat)

Damndest thing. Neither of them saw
anything, and there weren't any tracks.
Nosir -- lots of fresh snow, but no
footprints.

RICKY

Are you sure?

HARDESTY

Yep. No footprints.

(to Sears;

defiantly)

Explain that.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED - 2

47

SEARS

You're the law --- you explain it.

HARDESTY

I say it's a damn funny world --
gettin' to be a damn funny world.

48 EXT. JAFFREY HOUSE - NIGHT

48

A few lights on inside as the wind tears around the corner of the house. Snow coming down, starting to pile up as it lands.

49 INT. JAFFREY LABORATORY - NIGHT

49

Dressed in an old gray cardigan sweater, John hunches over a table working methodically on his hobby -- mounting a rare purple foreign stamp in its proper place in a book. A fire rages warmly in the fireplace. And then the doorbell rings. John looks up, wondering who could be calling at this hour. Then, a few seconds later, it rings again. And again -- insistently.

JOHN

Milly?

No answer. He puts down the tweezer and the stamp and goes out past the patient waiting room into the hallway and then to the foyer. He opens the front door, but there's no one there. Sure he heard the bell, he steps

50 EXT. JAFFREY HOUSE - NIGHT

50

Outside now -- a few steps down the walk. No sign of anyone. It's really freezing out, and the sweater doesn't offer much in the way of protection. And then the front door swings shut behind him. He turns at the sound -- obviously the wind's closed it. Exasperated, he rings the bell. No answer. He bangs away at the brass door knocker -- but to no avail. And then he happens to glance down at the ground.

50-A JOHN'S POINT OF VIEW - THE WALKWAY

50-A

As his eyes scan it, revealing just his own footprints which stop where he stopped. No one else's.

51 CLOSER ON JOHN

51

suddenly frightened -- and not only because he's been locked out. A snowy branch above him groans -- like arms, fingers against the black sky. The wind is breathing harder now -- almost like it's breathing his name. His teeth chattering, he clutches the little sweater around him and rushes.

52 AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE

52

hurrying along the walkway leading to the back of the house, Past the laboratory -- the fire raging warmly, safely inside, And then over to the kitchen -- feeling something behind him, following him, eyes. He moves over to the window -- having to step into the wet snow up to his ankles in the process. He raps on the glass.

JOHN

Milly? Milly, for God's sake!

But there's no sign of her.

52-A EVEN CLOSER ON JOHN

52-A

really panicking now -- cold, scared, moving back to the pathway while he looks over his shoulder behind him. And then he slips on the ice and goes sprawling, crying out as he falls. He scrambles to pick himself up -- not badly hurt, just terribly frightened, his clothes white with snow. And now he's certain something's there. Watching.

52-B JOHN'S POINT OF VIEW - THE BUSHES

52-B

The hedges separating the house from the dark property next door look a bit like animals with snow on them, menacing.

52-C CLOSE ON JOHN

52-C

He takes a step back in terror, feeling in mortal danger. And out of nowhere, a hand touches his shoulder, unnerving him. He turns to find Milly, her coat draped around her nurse's uniform.

JOHN

Oh, Milly ---

MILLY

What're you doing out here?

CONTINUED

52-C CONTINUED

52-C

JOHN

-- You half-scared me to death!

Both of them talking at once, overlapping....

MILLY

I was so worried, I couldn't find
you ---

JOHN

I couldn't find you -- didn't you
hear me?

MILLY

No, I called your name, and....

JOHN

Someone rang the doorbell, but no
one was there, and then the door
shut on me, and I got so confused.
Oh, Milly!She takes him under her wing like he's her child, gently
leading him toward the kitchen door.

MILLY

Now, now -- you're fine. It's all
right, I'm here.

53

INT. JAMES HOUSE - NIGHT

53

Sears switches off the downstairs hall light. He slowly
starts to climb the massive staircase leading to his bedroom.
Huge paintings of his ancestors -- the James gentry, dating
back five generations -- line the walls with little lights
over each of them. He is just about to reach the landing
when a door clicks shut. Sears stops in his tracks, frown-
ing.

SEARS

Hello?

Nothing. He moves forward.

54

SEARS' POINT OF VIEW - THE HALLWAY

54

Dark, deep, shadowy and vast. Absolute silence now -- too
quiet.

55

SEARS

55

angry that he's frightened. He moves toward his room -- approaching the heavy brass knob. Then he forces himself to turn it -- pushes.

56

IN THE BEDROOM

56

A large room -- everything in place. The fourposter bed empty. His robe hanging over a chair. He glances around -- no one is here. Goes over to the bed -- an indentation where someone has been lying on the spread. Touches it -- it's cold, moist.

57

CLOSE ON SEARS

57

panicky, breathing heavily as he moves down the stairs.

58

INTO THE LIBRARY

58

where he pulls the sliding doors shut. He'll sleep here tonight.

59

EXT. WANDERLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

59

A few lights on as Don approaches the house. He tramps his snowy feet on the doormat. From inside, the faint sound of a young woman laughing flirtatiously.

60

INT. WANDERLEY HALLWAY, DEN - NIGHT

60

The sound is coming from the den -- a room whose walls are full of fishing gear, fish trophies mounted on the walls. Don finds Edward sprawled in front of the television in an armchair -- in repose, smaller somehow; frailer. He's breathing hard, his sleep full of pain, fear. Don gently shakes his arm.

DON

Dad.

EDWARD

Mnn...

(eyes open;
dazed; afraid)

Don?

(voice thick
with sleep)

Didn't know where I was for a second
there. Music.

CONTINUED

DON

You were having a bad dream.

EDWARD

God was I ever.

He rubs his eyes -- looks up to see an old movie on television starring Louise Brooks. Grainy, black-and-white and altogether extraordinary. He puts his glasses back on.

EDWARD

That movie's older than you.

DON

Think I'll turn in.

Edward rises; we're close on him as he gives Don a look of unexpected clarity.

EDWARD

Funny, I just saw it for the first time.

(a beat)

You take after your mother. She had hair some color between brown and auburn. Beautiful. Her hair... Lucky -- you could've looked like me.

(half-hearted laugh)

Don says nothing.

EDWARD

Maybe -- if the weather lets up -- we could go fishing together. I'd likd that.

Don looks at Edward -- his face lined, pouchy, old.

DON

Me, too.

EDWARD

Stay a few days, then -- give your old man a hand with things.

This is difficult for both of them, all this emotion. Their faces close together.

DON

(nodding; close to tears)

Whatever you say. Sure.

CONTINUED

60

CONTINUED - 2

60

Edward grins sheepishly, and with a pat on Don's arm, turns and goes to the door. He turns back -- as if about to add something. But he decides against it. Instead, he says:

EDWARD

Don't forget to lock up, will you scout?

And then he's gone. Don turns off the television. He goes to turn off the desk lamp -- next to it, a small framed photo of the Wanderleys years ago. Don and David as boys -- one dressed like a cowboy, one an Indian; it's impossible to say which is which. Behind them, Edward and Margaret. Don turns off the light. A beat in the dark.

61

INT. HAWTHORNE BEDROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING

61

The clock on the nightstand, ticking very loudly, reads after five in the morning. On her side of the bed, Stella breathes deeply, evenly. Ricky, too, is asleep -- but not well; in the grip of his recurrent bad dream. We move in closer, the ticking growing louder -- almost as if we could move right through his head into his nightmare.

61-A

CLOSE ON RICKY - THE DREAM

61-A

The ticking suddenly stops. Ricky opens his clenched eyes to find himself in a deserted bedroom -- just a dusty mirror-fronted dresser in the corner and a window looking out into gray clouds. The walls and floors are bare planks; hard, clear, crisp images. Everything seems a little distorted -- a little bigger than it is in real life -- with the result that the bed on which Ricky finds himself lying is way larger than he is, only increasing his terror. And as he looks around, we hear the faint sound of music -- a male falsetto singing an old period song. We catch a lyric here and there -- it's "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" -- only for it to float away, to fade out.

And then, from deep down in what now feels like an abandoned, echoing house comes a crashing sound of something or someone dragging itself up the stairs. It's an especially hellish combination of noises -- at one second like chalk squealing on a blackboard, at another thudding, the sound of wood splintering. It suggest something that's weighted down -- that's been underground -- that's now dragging itself up the flight of stairs only for things to fall off it, bouncing down the stairs. What's more,

CONTINUED

61-A CONTINUED

61-A

whatever it is is heading right for Ricky who lies paralyzed on the bed, unable to move, feeling tiny. And then it's on the landing and coming right for him -- making strange choking, drowning sounds as it hurls itself at the wood, the door starting to strain from the superhuman pressure. Ricky stares at it in horror -- if he could exert any kind of psychic pressure back at it, he would. But it's no use. The knob turns slowly by itself, and out of the shadows, something is coming.

RICKY

No!

Out of the plane of blackness, coming toward him, we see the edge of a blurred figure's naked shoulder -- fleshy yet strangely bony, too. No other features, nothing else distinct ...a spectre.

RICKY

No!

VOICE (o.s.)

Wake up! Wake up!

Ricky, screaming now, opens his eyes wide to find himself in

61-B INT. HAWTHORNE BEDROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING

61-B

Back in his own bed with Stella beside him, her hand firmly gripping his shoulder.

STELLA

Ricky, for God's sake ---

RICKY

Oh, oh -- Stella. Thank God! Thank God!

She pours him a glass of water -- frightened, too.

STELLA

Here.

He downs it like a man drowning of thirst. Then puts his head back, rests. Stella wipes his forehead gently, lovingly, all the while determining how to phrase her worry.

STELLA

Better?

RICKY

Much.

CONTINUED

61-B CONTINUED

61-B

STELLA

Do you want to talk about it?

He shakes his head.

STELLA

Do you have dreams like that every night?

RICKY

No. That was the champ.
(seeing the concern
on her face)
I'm just a dotty old poop.

STELLA

You are not. Though if it weren't
for me, you'd be too dignified to
ever take your clothes off.

He laughs; as always, she's made him feel better, and he
presses her hand against his cheek, kissing it. She starts
to rub his back.

STELLA

You should have said something.

RICKY

I thought they'd go away.
(a beat)
You know where all that rubbing
is going to lead, don't you?

STELLA

Don't try to get me off the track.

RICKY

I'm all right.

STELLA

No, you're not. I want you to ---

RICKY

(overriding her)
My mind is in perfectly good working
order.

STELLA

Then will you please stop those
meetings?

RICKY

Not that again.

CONTINUED

61-B CONTINUED - 2

61-B

STELLA

Those gruesome stories you tell each other -- it's a wonder you can sleep at all. What are you old fools up to, anyway?

RICKY

(straightfaced,
teasing)

Black magic.

STELLA

I wouldn't be at all surprised.

RICKY

Go on, now -- it's nothing.

STELLA

When you wake us up with your screaming, it is very definitely something.

(a beat;
continuing)

If you won't tell me, at least talk to Sears. Although if I know you and that precious partner of yours, you can go for weeks at a time without saying anything personal to each other.

RICKY

That's not true.

STELLA

What in the world do you talk about, anyway?

RICKY

We talk about law.

STELLA

Oh, that.

She marches off to the bathroom, leaving Ricky sitting in bed looking confused. The clock reads 5:30 A.M.

62

INT. DON'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

62

It's the same time on the digital alarm clock by Don's bed. He's awakened by what sounds like music -- a little snatch of

CONTINUED

62

CONTINUED

62

"The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" -- and then heartrendering moans coming from Edward's room. He jumps out of bed and goes to the door and out into the hallway. Silence now as he goes to Edward's closed door.

DON

Dad? Dad -- are you okay?

From inside, his father manages to slur out:

EDWARD'S VOICE

Fine, fine.

DON

You sure?

EDWARD'S VOICE

Just a dream.

Don hesitates, then goes back to his room, leaving the door open a crack. Gets in bed and goes back to sleep. A long beat.

63

EXT. WANDERLEY HOUSE - DAWN

63

A short time later. Out the door and down the walk comes a very strange sight: Edward in his fishing hat, dinner jacket, trousers to another suit, carpet slippers. His coat unbuttoned to reveal his pajama top. It's snowing -- the wind blowing fiercely.

64

EXT. NEW MILBURN HOTEL - LOBBY - DAWN

64

Eleanor Hardie, up early vacuuming the lobby, glances out the large picture window and spots Edward going by. A strange apparition in his mixed-up set of clothes -- gesturing, talking to himself.

65

EXT. THE SQUARE - DAWN

65

Edward stumbles along. The streets are empty. He passes the Rialto. One of his slippers falls off -- he doesn't even seem to notice.

66

EXT. BENJAMIN HARRIS OVAL - DAWN

66

Like he's sleepwalking, Edward struggles along. It's so windy that his hat sails off his head. He chases it in a circle. Harlan Bautz, opening the Exxon station, comes over.

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED

66

BAUTZ

Mayor?

Edward turns, stares at him like he's never seen him before.
Almost like a small boy without his glasses:

EDWARD

Hat. Lost my hat.

Bautz picks up the fishing hat, hands it to him.

BAUTZ

Is everything okay?

Edward ignores him -- grabs his hat, pushes it back on his head.

BAUTZ

The wife and I were sorry 'bout
your loss, Mayor. Terrible thing....

But Edward is paying him no attention -- looking away.

66-A EDWARD'S POINT OF VIEW - WHAT HE SEES

66-A

Just a glimmer of a figure disappearing in the swirling,
blowing snow.

66-B EDWARD

66-B

Yells at this presence:

EDWARD

Wait!

He rushes off, leaving a perplexed and open-mouthed Bautz
behind. The latter sees nothing and now hears Edward yell:

EDWARD

David -- wait!

67 EXT. BRIDGE APPROACH LANE - DAWN

67

Edward limps along, ambles onto the the two-lane steel
bridge -- lots of metal, cross-hatched by girders -- over
the Milburn River. The wind is scattering the loose snow
in the air.

68 EXT. MUNICIPAL SNOW PLOW - DAWN 68

Clearing away the snow just down the road, Omar Norris pauses from work to take a swig of bourbon from a bottle in a brown paper bag. He chances to look out the metal-encased window.

69 OMAR'S POINT OF VIEW - EDWARD 69

Alone on the bridge, the wind buffeting his coat as he climbs the rungs of the steel girder on his way to the flat rail above.

70 OMAR 70

His mouth drops open in astonishment at the sight.

OMAR

What the -- ?

71 ON THE FLAT RAIL 71

Breathing hard and exhausted, Edward grabs for the girder to steady his balance -- the ice-coated black river glistening far below. He suddenly looks confused and disoriented up here. And then behind him, on the rail, he hears:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Dance with me, you little toad.

He turns -- his face terrified as he takes a step back.

72 WIDE SHOT - OMAR'S POINT OF VIEW - EDWARD 72

As Edward screams and goes plummeting off the bridge, falling through the air. He lands with a terrible smack on the ice below. There's a slight cracking sound.

73 OMAR 73

Watches in disbelief, rushing out of the plow and over to the bridge, the bottle still in his hand. He looks down:

73-A OMAR'S POINT OF VIEW - EDWARD 73-A

Lies motionless, his body crumpled and broken on the ice below. Little spiderweb-cracks arch out around him.

74

CLOSE ON OMAR

74

OMAR

Holy shit!

He closes his eyes as he takes a deep swig of bourbon; when he opens them again, he sees the same thing.

75

EXT. MILBURN BRIDGE - MORNING

75

Later now, and the red siren atop Hardesty's Dodge is screaming trouble. A small crowd has gathered on one side of the bridge, a hum of murmurs, rumors coming from them as they watch the police and helpers try to recover Edward's body from the ice. It's difficult, though -- every time they get near to it, the ice begins cracking, and the rescuers start falling into the freezing water.

Omar, meanwhile, waving his arms and babbling, tells his story to Hardesty, Sears and Ricky. Don's down with the rescuers -- also John.

OMAR

So then...

(gulping air)

So then he walked right off, Walt.

Probably dead as a mackerel as soon as he hit the ice.

SEARS

Be careful, Omar. You mean he fell, don't you?

RICKY

He doesn't know what he's saying.

Sears tries to intimidate him like he's on the witness stand just as Don climbs up the hill, joining them.

SEARS

If you are assuming that the Mayor committed suicide, then you are on shaky ground indeed, and you'd be well advised ---

OMAR

I tell you -- he was a leaper.

Don enraged, moves in and cracks him in the mouth.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED

75

DON

What did you say?

He starts shaking him. A small melee develops -- Don throttling Omar, Hardesty trying to referee, Ricky and Sears in the middle. Everyone talking at once.

OMAR

Leggo of me!!!

SEARS

Listen to me, you drunk ninny ---

DON

What the fuck did you say?

Omar frees himself, Hardesty still holding onto Don.

HARDESTY

Easy, son. - Take it easy.

Don stops struggling and Hardesty releases him. Ricky tries to fix his crooked tie only for Omar to lurch drunkenly into his full dignity to assert:

OMAR

Whole family's leapers....

Don lunges at him, and the brawl resumes. Only to be interrupted by cries from the crowd as John scrambles up the embankment:

JOHN

Ricky, Sears -- they've got him!

76

ON THE ICE BELOW

76

The men have successfully managed to use a crane to hook Edward's body off the ice.

77

CLOSE ON DON - RICKY AND SEARS NEXT TO HIM

77

Their horrified faces as they watch the body creakingly yanked up.

78

EDWARD'S BODY

78

Like a giant fish dangling on a hook. Stiff as a board, frozen blue, his skin looking like you could push a pencil through it and draw no blood. A terrible look of horror on his face.

79

CLOSE ON DON

79

The image sobers him completely.

DON

Get him down from there.

80

AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

80

Unseen, partially concealed by the trees, stand Gregory Bate and his albino brother. Watching this spectacle with a look of amusement on their faces, of satisfaction.

CUT TO

81

INT. SEARS' ROLLS - DAY

81

Sears drives, tight-lipped. John next to him, Ricky by the window -- the three of them packed tightly in the front seat like sardines.

RICKY

We've got to help the boy.

SEARS

You make him sound like he's twelve.
Edward left him well provided for.

JOHN

(finding this
insensitive)

Well provided -- why don't you tell
him how grateful he should be?

He bites his lower lip, his eyes flooding with tears.

82

EXT. SEARS' ROLLS - DAY

82

A substantial luxury model -- perhaps only four or five from this particular year remain in the whole country. Right now it matches the mood of its owner -- heavily and recklessly bouncing down the icy town streets, spraying through the slush. Only to almost collide with another car which has the right of way at a corner -- both drivers loudly blaring their horns.

83

BACK IN THE ROLLS - DAY

83

Ricky nervously realizes how close they just came to being totalled.

CONTINUED

83

CONTINUED

83

RICKY

Watch the road!

SEARS

As you well know, I can talk and drive at the same time.

No one says anything for a moment. Then John pipes up -- it comes out like a wail:

JOHN

My God -- he went off the bridge!

RICK

Take it easy, Doc.

JOHN

You know someone -- over fifty years. You think you know what they're capable of.

SEARS

You're not doing your blood pressure any good.

JOHN

(petulantly)

My blood.

Sears brings the car to a teeth-grinding jolt against the pavement in front of a severe white office building. Barely able to restrain himself from exploding, he gets out and slams the door.

84

EXT. WHEAT ROW OFFICES - DAY

84

On the door of a building that looks like it's been here forever, a nameplate reads HAWTHORNE, JAMES -- ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Sears strides up the narrow steps, Ricky right behind him with John.

RICKY

Sears -- suppose Edward might have actually ---

SEARS

Forget it.

JOHN

But Omar Norris saw him ---

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

84

SEARS

Omas Norris is a ninny.

He walks into .

85 INT. LAW OFFICES - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

85

Audobon prints on the wall. The receptionist/secretary, Florence Quast, rises animatedly from behind the switchboard, still plugged in and frantic as the board in front of her lights up.

FLORENCE

Everyone's been calling about poor Mayor Wanderley! Thank God you're back!

RICKY

(to Sears)

And Harlan Bautz? And El ---

SEARS

A ninny, that's right. And Eleanor Hardie's a ninny, too, and so are both of you if you keep supposing this twaddle. I don't know what Edward was doing on that bridge. He was doing something. I don't know what, and I can't imagine what, but something!

FLORENCE

Mr. James -- it's Joel Brenner at The Urbanite. Wants to know if you'll write something about the Mayor for the paper.

SEARS

Deal with it, Ricky.

RICKY

But what shall I say?

SEARS

Say anything you goddamn please.

He slams the door to his suite, leaving Ricky, John and the about-to-burst-into-tears Mrs. Quast standing there. We follow him into

86 INT. SEARS' SUITE - DAY

86

The room is dark, but Sears doesn't even bother opening the blinds. He goes right for the bar. His hands trembling badly, he pours himself a drink -- the decanter tapping against the side of the glass as he holds it. In the other office, the sound of John having a coughing fit and Ricky comforting him.

JOHN (o.s.)
I just can't believe it.

RICKY (o.s.)
You'd better go home.
(a beat)
I'll call you later.

As Sears brings the glass to his lips, his hand still shaking, Ricky barges in without his customary knock.

SEARS
Not now, Ricky.

RICKY
(with all the
audacity he
can summon)
Yes now. Right now.

87 CLOSE ON EDWARD'S CORPSE

87

Cold, stiff, waxy -- laid out horizontally. As a hand reaches out slowly to touch it, you could swear that the body itself just might move -- more and more intense.

A VOICE (o.s.)
You okay?

We're in:

88 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

88

Edward's corpse lies on a stretcher in this small back cell. Sitting with him, reaching out to touch him, Don starts in mid-motion to find Hardesty in the doorway. He rises.

DON
I was just...I had to make sure.
Hardesty hands him a small manila envelope.

HARDESTY
Stuff from his pockets.

CONTINUED

DON

Well? Don't you want to ask me a few questions? Isn't that what happens now?

HARDESTY

Take it easy, son.

(a beat)

I suppose a note's too much to hope for.

DON

He didn't kill himself, Sheriff.

HARDESTY

Did he say anything last night -- seem unusual in any way?

DON

He said he'd take me fishing.

(a beat)

You knew him -- what do you think?

HARDESTY

(shrugs)

I ain't no Freud.

DON

Look -- my...my father was a fastidious man. Doesn't it strike you as a little peculiar that he went out dressed like this?

HARDESTY

His mind must've been jumbled.

DON

Yeah. Like my brother's.

Deputy Churchill sticks his big head in the doorway.

CHURCHILL

It's the Coroner, Walt.

HARDESTY

Tell him I'll be right there.

(a beat;

to Don)

Need any help with the funeral arrangements?

CONTINUED

88

CONTINUED - 2

88

DON

Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. James -- they
said they'd take care of everything.

HARDESTY

They and your dad -- and the doc,
a'course -- they're the town's
memory.

And on this thought, he leaves Don alone to resume his
vigil next to Edward. As he hears Hardesty in the back-
ground referring to the death as a "probable suicide,"
his eyes become brighter, more driven-looking. His face
hardens with resolve.

89

INT. SEARS' SUITE - AFTERNOON

89

We rejoin Ricky and an unglued Sears.

RICKY

Stella thinks we ought to talk about
it.

SEARS

Why -- is she having bad dreams
too?

RICKY

My God, Sears -- why didn't you
say something?

SEARS

Talking just opens wounds. Not
talking helps to heal them.

RICKY

The same room...the same place...
the same....

SEARS

So what?

RICKY

So what if we're having the
identical dream?

SEARS

You can be persistent, can't you?

CONTINUED

89

CONTINUED

89

RICKY

Don't try to bamboozle me. It means something ---

SEARS

(overriding)

Persistent without being a bully.
It's a nice quality, Ricky.
(a rare smile;
then)

Do you realize that Edward will soon be lying in Mulligan's Funeral Parlor, and you and I are sitting here talking mumbo-jumbo?

RICKY

'The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi' -- is that a coincidence, too?

SEARS

There's no connection.

RICKY

Isn't there?

SEARS

No -- now there's work to be done.

RICKY

You're dissembling and it's beneath you.

SEARS

All right.

(looking him in
the eye as best
he can)

What do you advise?

RICKY

(taken aback)

I...I don't know. But we've got to do something. Tell someone.

90

EXT. WHEAT ROW OFFICES - LATE AFTERNOON

90

Locking up early for the day; as they walk to the Rolls.

CONTINUED

90

CONTINUED

90

SEARS

You're getting as bad as John.

RICKY

I thought he looked worse than ever today.

SEARS

John is dying, Ricky. All this rubbish will only upset him.

He gets into the car. Ricky makes no move to join him.

SEARS

Aren't you coming?

Ricky shakes his head.

RICKY

The snow's let up. Besides ---

SEARS

Not another word. Not to John, not to anyone. I forbid it.

He drives off, leaving Ricky in front of the office, fretting.

91

INT. WANDERLEY STUDY - AFTERNOON

91

Don rifles through Edward's desk, looking for anything that might say his father didn't kill himself. But it's just neatly ordered papers, files, bills.

92

INT. WANDERLEY ATTIC - AFTERNOON

92

Shining a flashlight, Don's figure comes up the stairs. Again nothing unusual. A dress dummy in a corner, a child's hobby horse. Out the dirty, smudgy window, it's begun snowing again.

93

INT. STAIRWAY - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

93

Don flicks the switch and a bulb overhead goes on, harshly revealing only the steps and a cold concrete floor at the bottom -- not very far into the cellar. Clutching the guard-rail with one hand, Don goes down the wooden steps. He peers into the dark murk beyond -- shines the flashlight to reveal a hot-water heater, two iron sinks, and in the corner,

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

93

an Octopus-Armed Furnace, casting a weird shadow. He is about to go back upstairs when he spots something behind the furnace. It's a trunk. He drags it out into the light.

94 ANOTHER ANGLE

94

Sitting on the stairs now, Don jimmies open the lock on the old trunk. He lifts its cover: it's full of old papers. Dozens of old photographs; a stereoscopic viewer and slides; newspaper clippings yellowing at the edges.

95 CLOSER ON THE PHOTOS

95

Picture after picture of The Chowder Society as young men. Four young jocks clowning with each other. The four of them in evening clothes, huge cigars dangling from their mouths, standing in Sears' study under the giant buck with antlers. With the young women of Milburn -- Stella, Margaret, the Dedham girls -- in swimsuits and costume party clothes. Playing baseball; on skis, etc. Four men who in many ways have been closer to each other than almost anyone else. Inseparable -- all for one and one for all.

96 CLOSE ON DON

96

Amused, touched by seeing Edward and the others in this light. Not four stiff old men, but young -- like himself.

97 IN THE COVER OF THE TRUNK

97

Floral-designed paper, little roses. But in one of the corners, something sticking out -- at first it appears to be just the lining of the trunk. Don lifts it back to find something else -- something's been hidden here. Another photo.

98 CLOSE ON THE PHOTO

98

Torn, a bit tattered at the edges -- yet another photo of the Chowders as young men, this one posed in front of a house. They stand grouped around a young woman -- a white parasol shading her from the hot summer sun.

99 CLOSER ON DON

99

He stares at the photo with a shock of recognition.

100 CLOSER ON THE PHOTO

100

His fingers isolate the young woman -- pretty, half-smiling, her features somewhat indistinct and blurred from having moved while the shutter was being snapped.

101 THE PHOTO - LARGER NOW

101

Framing the four young men and the woman on the steps of this three-story clapboard house.

DISSOLVE TO

102 EXT. GALLI HOUSE - AFTERNOON

102

The same house only weathered by fifty years. No other houses around -- a dead, craggy tree its only companion. Derelict, in a state of disrepair, looking purified of any recent human contact. Right out of Wyeth down to its chipped clapboards and broken windows -- and our disembodied, floating perspective. No one has lived here for a good ten years, hence its reputation as "the old Galli place." The town's proverbial haunted house -- where boys come to sneak cigarettes; where more than one teenage girl has lost her virginity. The fence surrounding it is rickety and full of gaping holes -- its pickets like sharp knives, threatening. We pull back to find:

103 RICKY

103

He stands across the street, staring up at the house with intense concentration. It exerts a peculiar pull on him -- almost as if he's frightened but yet drawn to this isolated spot.

104 RICKY'S POINT OF VIEW - CLOSER ON THE HOUSE

104

Perfectly still, and then, all of a sudden, at a second floor window, something -- someone -- seems to move. Just a half-glimpse of it behind the dirty window.

105 CLOSER ON RICKY

105

moving a step closer.

RICKY

(under his
breath)

Curious.....

106 RICKY'S POINT OF VIEW - AT THE WINDOW 106
Nothing now. Perfectly still.

107 RICKY 107
Moves forward toward the house to investigate. In the front yard, he passes a plaster birdbath -- its basin covered with snow. It's reassuringly commonplace -- he manages a smile. Then he strides bravely up to the front with his umbrella.

108 AT THE FRONT DOOR 108
A hole has been knocked in the glass next to the door. Ricky peers inside: a bare room, dust everywhere, the reflection of his own face looking out from the glass. Then he tries the knob. It turns, and he enters -- cautiously.

109 INT. GALLI HOUSE - DAY 109
As Ricky goes to close the door behind him, he is startled by a sound of something falling right behind him. It's just plaster, but it's scared him silly.

RICKY
Stupid old fart....

And then, from deeper inside, he hears the distorted sound of voices. Upstairs somewhere, three people are talking, laughing. A man, a woman's lilting voice, a child squeaking mirthlessly. As Ricky makes his way up the stairs, the voices stop.

110 ON THE SECOND-FLOOR LANDING 110
Nervously, he's about to keep going to the third floor when he hears whispering...then the sound of giggling, very near. He opens one of the doors which leads to

111 A BEDROOM 111
Empty except -- crouched in a corner, cowering -- the albino.

RICKY
You -- what're you doing here?

He goes over to the boy who seems utterly terrified. Ricky gently tries to help him to his feet.

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

RICKY

What's your name? I won't hurt
you -- answer me.

From another part of the room comes the source of the boy's
fear:

VOICE (o.s.)

Answer the man, boy.

Gregory Bate steps out from behind the door -- all the more
menacing up close as he blocks the way to the landing.

GREGORY

His name's Fenny. Fenny Bate.

RICKY

What do you want here?

GREGORY

We want to play -- isn't that
so, little brother.

Fenny gives a stupid little cackle now, revealing a mouthful
of chipped and rotting teeth. Little squeals coming from
him.

RICKY

You...you're breaking the law.

GREGORY

(amused)

Is that so?

RICKY

You're squatting here illegally.

GREGORY

Maybe 'Ricky' would like to play,
too, Fenny. Maybe he'd like to
join our little game.

Fenny nods up and down; he starts pawing Ricky, touching
him with filthy little hands.

RICKY

Get away from me.

He backs up -- right into Gregory, causing him to shriek
involuntarily as Gregory grips him.

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED - 2

111

GREGORY

Now that isn't very nice, is it?
You and your friends, you're going
to have to learn a few new rules.

Ricky swings his umbrella at Gregory, pulls free. He manages to get to the doorway and then to the hall. Gregory and Fenny follow.

GREGORY

By the time we're through, you and
your friends won't know up from down,
Ricky -- if you're reaping or sowing.

And as he laughs mockingly, Ricky hurries down the stairs as fast as his seventy-year-plus knees will carry him.

112 EXT. GALLI HOUSE - RICKY'S POINT OF VIEW - MOVING - SUNDOWN 112

Ricky makes his way to the safety of the street. A last glance at the facade of the house -- still now, a dirty rag stuffed in one of the windows waving a ghostly goodbye in the wind.

113 INT. HAWTHORNE BEDROOM - NIGHT

113

Ricky and Stella are in bed, propped up in front of the television as the Weatherman -- some grinning asshole in a checkered sportscoat -- blathers on and on:

WEATHERMAN

Break out the snowmobiles, boys and girls! Three inches are already on the ground and still falling, and at least eight more are predicted for the weekend. An incredibly early winter and no end in sight!

Stella, worried, turns to look at him.

STELLA

What do you say we go away for a few weeks? Someplace warm.

He doesn't even hear her -- sits staring, without expression.

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

113

STELLA

Ricky?

RICKY

I just wish I knew what happened
out at the Dedham farm.

114 INT. JAFFREY LABORATORY - NIGHT

114

Lots of biological specimen under glass; anatomy charts; a huge dangling skeleton; framed diplomas on the walls. John sits, his sleeve rolled up, his face contorted in pain, perspiring. Milly stands behind him, worried.

JOHN

Another.

She doesn't make a move -- just stands there, biting her lip.

JOHN

Milly.

Wordlessly, she takes a second vial of morphine and a disposable hypodermic from the open drug cabinet. She pushes the needle through the rubber cap and pulls back the barrel. As she administers it to him, he smiles up at her:

JOHN

There's a good girl.

115 EXT. JAMES LIBRARY - NIGHT

115

Well after midnight, and the snow falls steadily, thick flurries that pile up. Inside, the lights burn brightly in the library.

116 EXT. THE SQUARE - NIGHT

116

The streets are empty, the wind blowing gauzy-thin sheets of snow across the deserted square. A red light turns green -- no traffic out at all. The lone bronze Revolutionary War soldier stands silent sentry.

117 EXT. GALLIE HOUSE - NIGHT

117

There's just the faintest flicker of light at one of the third-floor windows -- someone moving in it, through the house. And mixed in with the blowing wind, a lilting, floating sound of music.

118 EXT. MILBURN - NIGHT

118

In the distance now as the snow continues blanketing the town and the farms around it, starting to cut off the highway.

119 INT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

119

The Coroner stands, delivering the findings of his report:

CORONER

In conclusion, I regret to say that the deceased, Edward Charles Wanderley, took his own life. His mind was evidently in a state of ---

Sears stands up -- a stormcloud in human form.

SEARS

You're not going to take the word of that ponderous oaf -- too boiled to drive a plow straight ---

Ricky tries to restrain him.

RICKY

Sears.

And the Judge bangs the gavel for order.

119-A EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

119-A

Ricky and John, Don just behind them, come out on the steps.

JOHN

Coroner for twenty-seven years....

RICKY

It's no use, John. It's official.

JOHN

Well, I don't believe it.

RICKY

I don't think I do either.

He turns to see:

120 RICKY'S POINT OF VIEW - COURTHOUSE HALLWAY

120

where a lobster-faced Sears is flaying Walt Hardesty alive:

CONTINUED

120

CONTINUED

120

SEARS

I want them out of there today, do you hear me?

HARDESTY

I'm sure everybody has by now.

SEARS

Don't smartass me -- just get them out of that house.

HARDESTY

Sears James -- I don't suppose any man alive ever got in the last word with you.

SEARS

I should hope to hell not.

121

EXT. COURTHOUSE STAIRS - DAY

121

Ricky turns back to Don -- quietly, quickly, as if he's committing an act of utter disloyalty to Sears.

RICKY

Please meet me in a half hour at the Village Pump.

Don gives Ricky a puzzled nod just as Sears joins them. Ricky's looking guilty -- he's not great at concealing things. Sears gives him a quick stare -- then rubs his hands together.

SEARS

Cold.

(a beat)

Too damned cold.

122

INT. VILLAGE PUMP RESTAURANT - DAY

122

Ricky sits in one of the front booths with Don, having yet one more refill of coffee. Just gray, swirling snow outside.

RICKY

The strangest things pop into my head. I was just thinking that sidewalks changed the world. One of my earliest memories is of the time they put them in along this whole stretch here. Hauling those big blocks up with horses.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

122

DON

Mr. Hawthorne.

RICKY

Call me Ricky -- everybody does.

DON

You didn't ask me here to talk
about sidewalks, did you?

RICKY

No. I mean...well --

(leaning in

closely,

conspiratorially)

Sears'll kill me for saying this,
but I think we're in danger. All
of us -- Milburn...the Chowder
Society. Yes, especially the
Chowder Society.

123 EXT. GALLI HOUSE - AFTERNOON

123

Hardesty goes up the walk, lets himself in.

124 INT. GALLI HOUSE - AFTERNOON

124

Hardesty tramps in -- silence in the house. He shuts the
door and looks around. Nothing suspicious. He starts up
the stairs.

125 ON THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING

125

No sign of Gregory or Fenny -- or for that matter, of anyone.
He tries a door to one of the rooms -- empty to judge from
his reaction. He tries another -- the one where Ricky had
his encounter. It, too, is empty. He turns and moves toward

126 THE STAIRWELL

126

Leading to the third, top floor. He runs smack into the
flapping of wings in his face. A bird has gotten inside.
Hardesty recuperates from having his stomach in his mouth,
laughing now as he opens a partly-open window wider so the
bird can escape.

127 INT. VILLAGE PUMP GRILL - AFTERNOON

127

We rejoin Ricky and Don.

CONTINUED

127

CONTINUED

127

RICKY

Oh, I know we must look foolish --
all dressed up in dinner jackets.
A hundred years ago, Sears rather
liked the idea of evening clothes,
and it stuck -- a certain elegance
in a world of Burger Kings and Piggly
Wiggles. We never drink too much,
of course, and no women are permitted
-- much to my wife's dis...

(a beat)

I'm rambling, forgive me.

DON

You were talking about danger.

RICKY

It'll sound crazy.

DON

Don't think I won't believe you --
I will.

RICKY

(tiptoeing in)

Little things. Feelings.

(almost a
question)

Dreams...

(another
beat)

If only we could put all the pieces
together....

DON

Here's one more.

He pulls out the photo he found hidden in the trunk.

DON

Who's this?

As Ricky begins to examine the photo, we

QUICK CUT TO

128

INT. SCALES SAWMILL - DAY

128

The sharp blades of electric teeth neatly divide a tree into
fireplace-sized logs. A skinny man in a red-plaid jacket with
his ears sticking out redly from beneath the tied-up flaps of
his cap is hard at work -- this is Elmer Scales. Finishing
for the moment, he switches off the electric saw, quieting
its high-pitched shrieking jaws. They shudder to a halt and
are still.

- 129 INT. SCALES KITCHEN - DAY 129
- Elmer's wife is watching an afternoon soap on a small television while she prepares soup for that evening's supper on a pot-bellied stove. She's using one of those gadgets you see advertised all the time -- peeling, scraping, chopping vegetables -- when something heavy bangs against the side of the house. She looks out to find Elmer stacking cordwood in a pile, waves to him. In the window, a single bright red geranium in a pot gives the drab room its only color.
- 130 ELMER 130
- Trudges back across the snowy yard on his way to the sawmill. Snow-covered fields behind -- a forest of fir trees in the distance. And then as he nears the mill, he hears something -- the high-pitched screeching of the saw. It scares a flock of crows into flight.
- 131 IN THE MILL 131
- Sure enough, the saw is going at full-throttle. Confused, positive he turned it off, Elmer stares down at it. The teeth zipping, whirring back and forth at the highest speed possible. He looks around the room -- sharp objects on the walls (hooks, scythes, farm tools) but no one there.
- 132 CLOSE ON THE SAW 132
- The jagged edges of its teeth fill the frame. Louder, more hypnotic, faster and faster, sharper and sharper. The silver flashing -- we can almost see Elmer's reflection in them.
- 133 CLOSE ON ELMER 133
- Perplexed, he tries to switch it off. But it won't turn off; it's going with a will of its own. And then open-mouthed, perspiring, his eyes becoming glassy, Elmer behaves like he's in a dream -- he extends his hand as the sound becomes unbearably loud.
- CUT TO
- 134 INT. VILLAGE PUMP - DAY 134
- Ricky, still huddled over the photo, explodes with a sneeze.
- DON
- God bless you.

CONTINUED

134

CONTINUED

134

RICKY

Thank you. I'm very susceptible to colds.

(a beat;
agitated)

Just look at us, will you. Four young cubs -- couldn't have been much older than you.

DON

You're not going to answer my question, are you?

RICKY

Gosh, it's been so many years. I just don't know, Don. It's not very clear, is it?

Don just stares at him; none of this is fooling him.

RICKY

Where did you say you dug it up?

DON

I didn't.

RICKY

(sneezing
again)

Excuse me -- I really ought to be home.

At which point a green pickup truck careens into the icy streets of the square, the driver honking the horn for all it's worth.

135

EXT. VILLAGE PUMP - DAY

135

Don and Ricky hurry out to find the green truck skidding all over the ice, a frantic Mrs. Scales behind the wheel, trying to stop it. Utter pandemonium as she crashes it into a lamp post, screaming all the while.

Don and Ricky hurry over to find Elmer doubled over in the front seat in agony. Blood everywhere -- all over the seat, all over Mrs. Scales' hands, all over Elmer's red-and-white checkered jacket. He's out of his mind, babbling incoherently, in shock and in danger of bleeding to death.

RICKY

(to Don)

Find Hardesty.

136 INT. HARDESTY'S DODGE - AFTERNOON

136

Don drives with Hardesty on the snowy back roads -- major drifts by the side of the road, huge tracks where Omar has cleared. It's slow going, the windshield wipers working steadily. Hardesty keeps his eyes glued on the road.

HARDESTY

Ask me, we're never goin' to find out who or what's doin' this. A few years back, I went to Kansas City on one of those police conventions. Well, one night I got to talkin' to a bunch of local sheriffs -- Kansas City, Missouri, Minnesota. At least two or three of these guys had run into strange happenings like these. Horses goin' wild, people goin' crazy; somethin's idea of a joke.

(a beat; turns to Don)

Damn funny world, all right.

137 EXT. SCALES PLACE - AFTERNOON

137

As they get out of the car, they're greeted by strange sounds still coming from the sawmill: the saw is louder than ever, almost as if it's screaming its guts out; and mixed with it, disconcertingly, the sound of laughter.

138 DON'S POINT OF VIEW - IN THE YARD

138

A trail of furniture. Strange sights: chairs with their legs sawed off, tables which are mere tops now. Other pieces of furniture from inside the house which have been systematically dismembered by the saw and then just thrown into the yard. A trail of blood in the snow from Elmer's accident.

139 DON AND HARDESTY

139

Unable to imagine what's caused this or why. Hardesty draws his gun, and they move toward the mill -- where the saw continues its grunting, chewing, devouring rampage.

140 INSIDE THE MILL

140

As they enter, the noises suddenly stop -- the saw has switched itself off. There's no one else here. Silence; then an almost sawed-off end of a chair leg plops on the ground. A beat, then:

HARDESTY

See if you can find his hand.

141 INSIDE THE HOUSE

141

Don and Hardesty come in -- a trail of clothing lies on the floor, leading to the couple's bedroom. The doors to the closet are open; drawers from the bureau have been flung out; clothes are everywhere. Just Elmer's stuff, though. His wife's dresses haven't been disturbed at all.

Don lifts a man's shirt; like all of Elmer's things, it has been horribly slashed to ribbons. But it isn't simply a horrifying image to Don -- it means something to him.

CUT TO

142 EXT. JAFFREY HOUSE - NIGHT

142

Lights on inside -- Sears' Rolls parked out front. A slow, steady snowfall as the drifts begin to accumulate.

143 INT. JAFFREY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

143

Outside the doors leading to the dining room, Milly -- in her robe and curlers -- hovers, eavesdropping. What she hears:

JOHN'S VOICE

Isn't anyone else seeing things?
Hearing things?

144 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

144

Around the long Victorian table -- a huge chandelier above, reflecting them in the windows -- sit an exhausted John, Ricky and Sears in their dinner jackets. One chair, usually Edward's, sits empty.

JOHN

Am I the only one who has night-
mares every night?

He turns to Sears who closes his eyes and ignores him; then to Ricky, whose eyes are bleary, his nose red and running.

JOHN

Ricky? You're an honest man.

RICKY

(a deep
breath)

You're not the only one, Doc.

John turns back to Sears who, after a beat, shakes his head. There's a sound by the door.

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED

144

SEARS

...like a summer fly bumping into
a window.

JOHN

Go to bed, Milly.

A beat as they wait for the sound of her slippers padding
down the hallway before they resume.

JOHN

She can hardly stand having us here
anymore. We weren't always like
this -- used to talk about all
sorts of things. Everything was
simple -- sitting beside a girl,
listening to a band. Benny Goodman.
Noble Sissle. We used to have fun
-- there used to be fun....

Another beat, all of them drifting into silence, and then:

JOHN

(continuing)

And now Edward's dead, and what
are we doing about it?

SEARS

(repressively)

That's enough.

JOHN

Nothing -- just trying to pretend
some old poop kicked the bucket.

At which point the lights in the chandelier overhead begin to
flicker and then dim and go out, pitching the room into dark-
ness. John sucks in his breath, terrified.

SEARS

It's only that spot on the highway
where the lines blow down every
winter.

JOHN

Milly!

RICKY

Everything explicable.

CONTINUED

144

CONTINUED - 2

144

SEARS

That's right.

She enters, carrying a handful of candles. Ricky, always the gentleman, rises when she comes in and doesn't sit down again until she departs. They are silent as she lights the candelabra, the molten light now illuminating their faces.

MILLY

You should see yourselves. You look like three owls.

SEARS

Just leave the candles, Milly.

MILLY

You're giving each other the willies with these meetings.

She leaves, and Ricky sits again. A long beat; then:

RICKY

Maybe she's right. Maybe now that Edward's gone, it's a good time to stop.

Sears says nothing; nor does John.

RICKY

Doc?

John looks up -- raises his eyebrows inquiringly.

JOHN

Hmm? Sorry -- I was thinking about something else.

SEARS

Ricky is suggesting we retire the Chowder Society. Put it to rest.

The prospect clearly terrifies John; he starts to unravel.

JOHN

Didn't we used to vote on things?

Well, I vote no. No.

(silence;

then)

I wish Edward were here.

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED - 3

144

No one says anything. Then hesitating but too late to stop:

RICKY
He's found a picture of her.

SEARS
Who?

RICKY
Don.

JOHN
How is that possible? I thought ---

RICKY
I'm afraid Edward kept one.

SEARS
What did you tell him?

RICKY
Nothing. But I wanted to -- I
like him.
(a beat)
Maybe he can help.

SEARS
The circle has held this long....

RICKY
You'd rather have us go on stewing
in our own juices?

SEARS
Change is always change for the
worse.

Far away and dim, the sound of a doorbell.

JOHN
Spoken like a true lawyer.

SEARS
He'll poke around in our lives ---

RICKY
I wish he would....

SEARS
Drag things up....

CONTINUED

RICKY

We feel things -- watching us,
following us -- but we dismiss them
as fantasies. We dream the same
nightmares and try to forget them.
And now Edward is gone and Elmer
Scales has been hurt, and I fear,
I very much fear, that more people
are going to die.

SEARS

After a long and rational life,
you're turning psychic on me.

A VOICE

I think he's right.

Don stands in the doorway, a frantic Milly beside him.

MILLY

I told him you weren't to be
disturbed.

SEARS

That'll be all, Milly.

She ignores his command, bustling around, rearranging coffee
cups, liquor glasses. Anything not to be sent away.

JOHN

(softly)

Milly.

She looks up, sees it's no use to protest.

MILLY

Well, then, I'll just leave you
'gentlemen' to your private
business.

She withdraws.

SEARS

All right, young man. You have
something to say.

DON

I want to buy my way into the
Chowder Society.

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED - 5

144

SEARS

Buy? What're you saying?

DON

With a story. Isn't that the price
of admission?

145 EXT. JAFFREY HOUSE - NIGHT

145

The snow falling even harder now, thicker. Burying the station wagon Don drove here in. The candles shine inside -- the only house on the whole of Montgomery Street not dark.

146 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

146

The wind rattling the shutters, the storm windows. Don has taken Edward's chair in the circle.

DON

I'm sorry, Mr. Hawthorne ---

RICKY

(softly)

Ricky....

DON

-- but it's worse than you know.
At least two people have already
died. My brother was the first of
them.

(a beat)

I think this is a ghost story.

DISSOLVE TO

147 EXT. SCHOOL BUILDINGS - DAY

147

As far away from snowy historic Milburn as possible -- now in warm, sunny, Northern California with its neatly manicured green lawns. Old (by California standards) gothic buildings -- the facade of a private boys school where parents send their children who'll never get in to Choate.

DON (v.o.)

I had landed a year's teaching job
at a small private boys' school just
north of San Francisco. Pretty un-
romantic stuff, really -- two courses
in geography, a home room in the

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED

147

DON (v.o.) (Cont'd)
morning, and some athletic coaching.
I was also sort of seeing one of
the other teachers -- a girl named
Helen Kayon.

148 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

148

Books under his arm, Don comes down the hallway with Helen -- big glasses, loose dark hair, smart looking, pretty without being especially striking. As they come down the corridor, they pass in front of the headmaster's office. Just a glimpse through the open door as they walk by -- a young woman sits behind the secretary's desk. Pale, light hair; almost wan, ethereal in this light. A half-smile directed at Don.

YOUNG WOMAN

Mr. Wanderley.

He nods, thrown a bit that she knows his name.

DON

Hello.

He and Helen keep walking.

DON

Who was that?

HELEN

Headmaster's new girl. Just started today.

DON

How did she know my name?

HELEN

You're pleased.

DON

I am not.
(but he is;
a beat)
Okay, okay.

HELEN

See you tonight?

A boy's face in glasses peers out from a classroom -- sees Don coming and vanishes.

149 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

149

Utter pandemonium as the boys -- all above eleven or so -- scramble for their seats as Don comes in. A little amused, he says good morning and proceeds to his desk, deposits his books, and pulls down a map over the chalkboard.

DON

All right, today we're going to talk about the annual rainfall in the countries around the Equator. Johnston? Russell?

Johnston jerks guiltily to his feet; next to him, Russell tries to hide something in his desk.

JOHNSTON

Sir?

RUSSELL

Yessir?

He drops the magazine to the floor, spilling a Playboy centerfold into plain sight.

DON

Do you guys think you can manage to stop drooling over Miss September until you get to Mrs. Meredith's science class?

The two boys blush -- the others laughing. A good feeling; they like Don, he them. He points to a spot on the map:

DON

All right -- who can tell me what Beliz used to be called?

150 INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

150

Mad dash down the hallways as the boys race to beat the bell which rings. Don passes by the Headmaster's office, but now the door is closed. Through the thick mottled glass window, he can just make out a figure behind the desk, typing. He continues walking.

151 EXT. CHAPEL - AFTERNOON

151

As Don crosses the lawn and approaches, the sound of Handel -- the boys choir rehearsing a bit of the Dixit Dominus.

152 DON'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH THE CHAPEL WINDOW 152

Helen is conducting the boys in their practice. Her glasses on, her hair a bit unruly -- completely lost in her work, patient and good at it.

153 CLOSE ON DON 153

Watching her, making a decision.

154 INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON 154

Don opens the door, strides in to find the new secretary -- about twenty-seven, a sweater around her shoulders -- at the desk, still typing. At first she doesn't look up at him.

DON

Working late?

SHE

Mr. Wanderley.

DON

That's hardly fair, is it?

(a beat)

You know my name, but I don't know yours.

She looks up -- this is our first good look at her.

SHE

Mobley. Alma Mobley.

(a beat)

Shall I tell the Headmaster you're here?

DON

Not right away -- I really stopped by to see you.

She says nothing -- just stares now.

DON

If you're not doing anything special tonight...

Still staring, expressionless.

DON

...maybe you'd like to join me.
For dinner, I mean.

Not a clue to what she's thinking behind those provocative eyes. The door to the Headmaster's inner office bursts open, and Peterson bounds out.

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED

154

PETERSON

Ah, Wanderley -- you must've been
reading my mind.

Don looks back to Alma for a sign -- yes, no, whatever. But she just keeps staring enigmatically, that half-smile of passivity on her face. Peterson puts his paternal arm around Don and starts to lead him into his office.

PETERSON

Donald, I don't know what your
plans are, but I was thinking we
might extend your stay here an-
other year.

Don looks back for a sign from Alma. Still nothing.

155 INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

155

A rather extraordinary spot in Sauselito -- an elegant ice cream parlor. We cut back and forth between Don and Alma in the frame -- mostly on her as the camera luxuriates over her face. She lifts a silver spoon of mint-green ice cream to her mouth, licks it provocatively, laughs. Her face seems to change every few seconds. Cool, steady blue eyes contrast dramatically to the glow of her face...Don finding her more ravishingly beautiful every second. Strawberry ice cream runs down his fingers; he licks it off. Mint green on hers, and suddenly there's something altogether lascivious about her -- not the proper and demure young woman with a sweater Don first saw in the office, but someone else -- someone sensual, exotic, bare-shouldered in a flowered dress. They both start laughing -- the ice cream being licked, savored, played with.

156 EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

156

It's raining as they come running down the street together, Don holding his corduroy jacket over their heads. Laughing as they enter

157 INT. ALMA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

157

She races up the stairway ahead of him. He watches her devastating legs, stopping for a moment at the bottom of the stairs to admire them. She turns, smiles at him:

ALMA

If you want to make love to me,
you better hurry.

On Don's disbelieving swallow, not at all sure if she's
joking....

158 INT. ALMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

158

The room is unexpected in its antiquity. Fine old things -- decorated in a manner that would have felt utterly appropriate back in the Twenties. Rich old pieces -- rugs, a painted firescreen, tables, lamps. Overall, the effect is tasteful, subtle. Don's building a fire. Alma sits -- her knees drawn up -- drying her hair. Don examines a particular piece: an antique music box with little shells on it.

ALMA

Do you like it?

DON

It's beautiful.

A peal of thunder; it's pouring out now.

DON

I better be getting back.

ALMA

(moving closer
to him; wide-
eyed with
just a flicker
of humor)

I'm frightened of thunder.

DON

Well, then, I'd better stay here.

ALMA

Yes.

159 A SERIES OF SHOTS

159

Against the sound of the rain outside, they make love in this room which feels like it could have stepped out of another decade. But there is nothing subdued or restrained about their lovemaking. On the contrary, in a series of more and more urgent cuts, we watch an intensely physical encounter as Don aggressively tries to possess her, tries to seize her passivity and overwhelm her. They are all over the apartment -- on the furniture; on the floor; against the rain-drenched windows; against the painted firescreen. Groping each other in various stages of undress until first Alma is naked and then Don. An incredibly physical sequence -- its eroticism in its insatiability -- as Alma clings to him, her legs straining against his back. Grunting, groaning, hungrily biting his shoulder, her fists grabbing his hair.

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED

159

ALMA

Oh, oh -- I -- I want you!

And it continues, an almost frightening quality to it as Don urgently tries to bring her to orgasm -- the two of them almost violent together as they turn over and over, their faces blurring, at times becoming indistinct, changing. Hers at one second seeming androgynous, then deeply feminine, then being replaced by his face. In and out until it's almost impossible to tell who is who.

160 ON THE COUCH - MORNING

160

Both of them lying there. Alma begins to rise; he pulls her back so her head rests on his bare chest.

DON

Don't go.

ALMA

It's almost eight.

DON

I don't care. I want another kiss.

ALMA

We're going to be late.

But she relents, kissing him.

DON

I don't know anything about you, you know.

ALMA

There's not much to know.

(a beat)

I'm an old-fashioned girl.

DON

I'll say.

ALMA

I want to hear about you -- tell me where you live.

DON

It's nowhere near as nice as this. Just a couple of rooms ---

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED

160

ALMA

No. Where you grew up.

DON

Milburn? It's just a grave of a town in New England. Nothing's changed there for 200 years.

ALMA

It sounds lovely.

DON

It's not -- it's boring.

ALMA

Will you take me there sometime?

161 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

161

They stand outside the Headmaster's office, the floor jammed with boys rushing to classrooms before the bell. Don can barely keep his hands off her.

DON

Will I see you tonight?

ALMA

If you want to.

DON

No, I guess not. Thanks anyway.

(a beat;
dropping
a joke)

You know I do.

She looks up, and so does Don -- to find Helen staring at them from down the hall. She gives him a tight little smile, turns -- without a word knowing everything. The bell rings. Don turns back, a flash of guilt on his face.

ALMA

I better go in.

He touches her arm -- ever so slightly, all the more erotically charged for its restraint, for his inability to kiss her. The same little boy in glasses who peered out the classroom window the day before is staring at them knowingly; when Don sees him watching, he hurries into the classroom.

162 INT. DON'S CLASSROOM - DAY

162

Madness now -- the word having spread like wildfire. The boys can barely control themselves -- giddy, innuendo in their looks at him. Don blushes slightly, then addresses the boy in glasses:

DON

Reed -- would you shut the door, please.

He looks up -- smiles at them.

163 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY

163

Don gets a cup of coffee -- he hasn't had a chance to change clothes or shave yet. He sees Helen with another teacher -- gray-haired science maven Mrs. Meredith -- at one of the tables. As he moves toward them, they rise to leave -- Helen deliberately avoiding him.

DON

Helen -- wait a minute.

She shields her eyes from him -- it's obvious she's been crying.

DON

Hey, c'mon -- please.

HELEN

(to Mrs. Meredith)

I'll see you later.

Mrs. Meredith leaves reluctantly, a dirty look for Don.
A beat:

DON

I meant to call.

HELEN

You're so full of shit your eyes are brown.

DON

I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm sorry ---

HELEN

For what? You don't love me.
You're making a fool of yourself.
(a beat)

I feel sorry for you.

And off she goes, leaving him standing there.

164 INT. SCHOOL - LABORATORY - DAY

164

Alma's on the sink, her hand on Don's crotch, his head buried in her neck.

DON
You're going to get us in trouble.

ALMA
Now.

DON
Here?

ALMA
Here or never again.

As he starts to grope her, to lose himself in passion, a figure appears at the door. Turns the knob with no success. Then knocks.

VOICE (o.s.)
This door is never to be locked.

DON
(whispering)
It's Mrs. Meredith.

MRS. MEREDITH (o.s.)
Unlock the door this instant. Do you hear me?

ALMA
Don't stop.

She's not kidding, but it scarcely matters -- they've already progressed too far to stop.

MRS. MEREDITH (o.s.)
. What's going on in there?

165 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

165

A chic spot in town -- baroque music, the whole place candlelit and just a little bit reserved, pissy. Don and Alma are sitting next to each other on one side of the banquette. Beneath the table, Alma's got her hand in his pants -- Don trying to look sober-faced, cool.

DON
Here?

166 INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

166

Dark now, and we hear heavy breathing as silhouetted, on the desk, Don's fucking Alma. Only to think he hears little sounds by the door -- seeing little shadows flickering on the thick glass.

ALMA

Hmmmm...?

DON

Shh -- someone's there.

ALMA

Everyone's gone.

DON

I'm sure of it.

She pulls him back to their lovemaking, but the sounds resume. Little giggles, whispers...someone's spying on them.

167 INT. ALMA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

167

They are both getting dressed.

ALMA

You're tenacious, aren't you?

(a beat)

All right, no.

DON

So you're not in love.

ALMA

No, there was a man back East,
but that was a long time ago.

DON

You were in love with him?

(a beat)

Was he married?

ALMA

No. It wasn't anything like what
you're thinking. Are you determined
to know about this?

DON

No. Just a little curious.

(a beat)

How do you want to spend the weekend?

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED

167

ALMA

I can't. I promised my aunt I'd visit her in San Francisco.

DON

I'll come along.

ALMA

No. You're not getting any work done. I'm a bad influence.

DON

Oh, yes -- you're bad. You're terrible.

He starts tickling her; she starts laughing.

ALMA

Stop it!

The tickling becomes something sexual.

168 INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

168

He sits grading geography papers. Going back and forth over the same map tests again and again -- uninterested, unable to think of anything but Alma.

169 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

169

A pink cartoon outline of a sexy young woman flashes on and off in pink letters on the window of this restaurant bar as Don emerges from eating alone. Lots of people out, couples. A fireeater entertains a small crowd across the street.

170 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

170

Don inside, the light above his head flashing a bit as he speaks long-distance to his brother.

DON

If it's all right, I'd like to use it for the weekend.

DAVID'S VOICE

All right? Of course it's all right! That's what the place is there for.

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED

170

DON

I've been pretty busy.

DAVID'S VOICE

Not too busy for women, I see.

DON

No -- in fact, I think I'm engaged.

DAVID'S VOICE

You don't sound so sure about it.

DON

I'm engaged -- we're getting married at Christmas.

DAVID'S VOICE

Well, when do I get to meet this gorgeous creature?

DON

David, I haven't told anyone yet.
When you speak to Dad ---

He glances out the glass booth. Across the street:

171 DON'S POINT OF VIEW - ALMA

171

Just a quick glimpse of her, but she's not alone. She's with an older man -- easily a mature 45, exuding something both sexual and slightly cruel. He pulls her toward a car.

172 BACK IN THE PHONE BOOTH

172

Don stares in surprise.

DAVID'S VOICE

You might call him, you know. He'd really ---

DON

Sorry, Dave -- I gotta go.

He hangs up and rushes out of the booth -- just in time to see the car pull off. He stands there -- shaken by seeing her. Applause as the fire-eater exhales a breath of flame.

173 INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

173

The phone in front of him, Don deliberates -- then dials her number. It rings once, twice, then:

ALMA'S VOICE

Hello.

DON

I thought you were away

ALMA'S VOICE

I came back early. I got bored -- missed you, I guess.

DON

When did you get back?

ALMA'S VOICE

Just a little while ago.

DON

How was your aunt?

ALMA'S VOICE

Fine. Did you get much done?

DON

What's her name?

ALMA'S VOICE

(mocking; he's
being silly)My aunt's name is Florence de Peyser.
She lives at 2 Maplewood Drive. Her
phone number is ---

DON

I saw you with him.

ALMA

Who?

DON

That's what I'd like to know.

174 INT. DON'S CAR - NIGHT

174

Zooming along the streets carelessly, much like Don feels.

CONTINUED

174 CONTINUED

174

DON

Why don't you just tell me the truth?

ALMA

I have. You're the one who doesn't believe it.

DON

I saw you.

ALMA

You were mistaken.

She stares at him blank-faced, not a sign that she's lying. Or, for that matter, telling the truth.

DON

Who is he?

ALMA

Stop the car. I said stop the car.

He does, pulling over with a screeching of brakes.

ALMA

I think we're seeing too much of each other.

She opens the door and starts to get out.

DON

No. Please.

But she's already out of the car, walking away. He gets out.

175 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

175

He hurries to catch up with her, calling her name as he grabs her arm. She turns around.

ALMA

Hadn't you better hurry back to all your nice little students?

DON

I'm an asshole.
(a beat)
Forgive me.

CONTINUED

175

CONTINUED

175

She stares at him, her anger defused. Then she smiles.

ALMA

You're not going to be suspicious
like this when we're married, are
you?

DON

(a long
beat)

God, you're beautiful.

He moves to kiss her.

176

INT. ALMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

176

Lying in bed together, sleeping. And then Alma rolls out of
the covers, waking Don in the process. As if sleepwalking,
she moves naked to the window.

DON

Alma?

She says nothing at all, stands there perfectly still as if
in a trance, staring out -- out at nothing at all.

ALMA

Soon...soon.

He comes up behind her. Quietly, not wanting to scare her.

DON

What is it? Alma?

She laughs, and it's a cold sound -- dry, mechanical. Then
she turns very slightly around toward him, looking almost like
white marble. She lightly caresses his face with her hand:

ALMA

Ghost.

And without another word, she returns to bed.

177

CLOSE ON DON

177

In bed, on his back, Alma asleep next to him again. Mysti-
fied, spooked.

178 INT. DON'S SPORTSCAR - DAY

178

Alma at the wheel, Don beside her as they whizz up the breathtaking California coastline -- a dizzying view of the Pacific just over the side of the road below them. He stares at her -- she turns, gives him a dazzling smile. He smiles back.

179 EXT. DAVID'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

179

A two-story structure overlooking the Pacific, right on the cliffs in an area called Sea Ranch. The lights inside are on, the surf pounding.

180 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

180

Over coffee now.

DON

What would you say about honeymooning on the Greek islands?

ALMA

Oh, Don, I'd love it. But ---

DON

But what?

ALMA

It's just that I'd rather ---

DON

What?

ALMA

No, you'll laugh.

DON

I promise. Anything.

ALMA

I'd rather visit Milburn.

DON

Oh, Alma.

ALMA

Don't you want to show your bride off to your home town?

CONTINUED

180 CONTINUED

180

DON

You're not serious.

ALMA

I'd like to meet your family.

DON

My mother died years ago.

ALMA

But your father -- he's still alive?

DON

We don't get along all that well.

ALMA

Oh, but surely this is different.
Our wedding and all.

DON

You want to be married there?

She shakes her head; full determination in her eyes.

ALMA

I want to be married in the house
you grew up in. I want to walk
slowly down the stairway in my long
white dress in front of everyone:
your father, his friends, all of
Milburn.

DON

You sound like you've been there.

She stares back at him -- that enigmatic, provocative smile.

181 INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

181

The drapes are open, the sound of the waves slapping the beach below quite audible. Deep, impenetrable fog just outside the window. Don awakens to find Alma's not in bed. She's over by the window again -- naked, staring out at the surging gray. Whispering.

ALMA

I will take you places where you
have never been....

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED

181

DON

Alma?

ALMA

...show you things you have never seen.

Don's hair is standing on end -- it's as if he's not in the room at all. But the kicker is last:

ALMA

...and I will see the life run out of you.

Then she turns, returns to bed, and gets back in as if absolutely nothing had just happened.

182 CLOSE ON DON

182

Sitting in bed, staring at her. Then he reaches over, lightly touches her bare, rounded arm. And for a distended second, she blurs -- something fleshy, strange about her. It's as if his fingers touched some crawling thing under a rock, and he snatches back his hand. She turns over -- quite in focus now -- and mumbles in her sleep:

ALMA

All right, darling?

183 EXT. THE BALCONY - NIGHT

183

Don sits alone, unable to sleep, staring out into the darkness, lost in his own thoughts. The sounds of the surf -- of baby seals leaping in and out of the black water.

184 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

184

Sitting very still, Alma slowly combs her long hair in the mirror. Beautiful, pale, white. She looks up, sees Don staring at her, smiles.

DON

You were talking in your sleep again.

At first she says nothing, just sits there like a statue.

DON

Alma.

CONTINUED

184 CONTINUED

184

ALMA

What did I say?

DON

I don't know -- I didn't understand it. I still don't.

ALMA

Oh.

DON

Do you remember any of it? Out at the window?

ALMA

You must've been dreaming.

She resumes combing her hair. He comes up behind her, grabbing her by the shoulders.

DON

What kind of game is this?

ALMA

I don't know what you're talking about..

DON

You said things...strange things.

ALMA

You must've heard wrong.

DON

Goddamnit -- stop fucking with my head!

ALMA

I love you.

DON

What're you trying to do to me?

She looks up, and the strangeness in the way she stares him in the eye is enough to make him release her.

ALMA

I told you -- I don't know what you're talking about.

185 EXT. SPORTSCAR - NIGHT

185

Whizzing back down the Pacific coastline again, through the maze of sharp turns on the way back home.

186 INT. ALMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

186

The sound of rain coming down on the roof; lightening. A bit wet from the rain, Don deposits Alma's things from the weekend.

ALMA

Do you remember?

DON

What?

ALMA

The first night you were here. It rained then, too.

A beat; he doesn't answer, and in that instant, she sees it in his face.

ALMA

You're not staying?

He shakes his head.

ALMA

What is it?

DON

Let's talk tomorrow.

ALMA

No. Now.

DON

I want to put off getting married for a while.

(a beat)

Until the term is over at least.

(another beat)

I don't know.

ALMA

You don't love me, is that it?

DON

There's no answer to that. I just don't want to get married now.

CONTINUED

186

CONTINUED

186

Now?

ALMA

DON

Maybe not at all.

(a beat)

No.

ALMA

You have to.

DON

I'm sorry.

187

CLOSER ON ALMA

187

Quiet but determined, something rising in her:

ALMA

You have to.

188

CLOSE ON DON

188

No less determined now that it's out. Quieter, steady:

DON

No.

189

VERY CLOSE ON ALMA

189

A flicker that she's lost, and with it, hatred coming from way back inside her. Real, ugly rage as she swipes the music box to the floor where it shatters. She smiles at him contemptuously, dismissively:

ALMA

You don't know anything.

190

EXT. ALMA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

190

Don stands by his car. A last look up at her apartment windows -- the lights are turned off, but she's standing there in the dark, watching. Don gets in the car, pulls the door shut.

191 INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 191

The middle of the night. Don lies on the bed, his hands behind his back. Wide awake.

192 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY 192

Don comes down it, passing the Headmaster's office. The door is closed, someone behind it at the desk typing. He moves past quickly, avoiding an encounter.

193 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY 193

Don's boys -- in gray gym suits -- collide with each other on the playing field. Don is oblivious to them in another world.

REED

Mr. Wanderley?

He's silent.

REED

Mr. Wanderley?

He looks up -- they've stopped playing and are staring at him, laughing nervously. He's starting to cry.

194 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY 194

He barges down the hallway and into the Headmaster's outer office.

DON

Alma, listen ---

Only it's not her; it's disapproving Mrs. Meredith, Helen's friend.

MRS. MEREDITH

May I help you, Mr. Wanderley?

DON

Alma, Miss ---

MRS. MEREDITH

(icily)
Shouldn't you be in class?

DON

Where is she?

CONTINUED

- 194 CONTINUED 194
- MRS. MEREDITH
Miss Mobley did not show up for work this morning. Nor did she phone to say she'd be absent.
• The Headmaster's very upset.
- 195 EXT. ALMA'S BUILDING - NIGHT 195
- The drapes are drawn over the windows to her apartment. Dark inside.
- 196 INT. ALMA'S BUILDING - NIGHT 196
- Don comes up the stairs with an envelope in his hand. The glass window to her door is also covered, dark. Don deliberates -- stares at the bell, about to ring it only to think better of it. He puts the envelope between the window and the frame.
- 197 EXT. STREETS - DAY 197
- Ambling around, lost in his own thoughts. Don walks through a public square. By a fountain, he looks up to see the Man he glimpsed with Alma. And with him, walking, is Alma. Don rushes after them.
- 198 DON'S POINT OF VIEW - MAN AND ALMA 198
- Just ahead of him.
- 199 DON 199
- Catches up with them. Only for them to turn; it's not Alma at all -- it's just someone who looks like her.
- MAN
Yeah -- what is it, fella?
- 200 EXT. ALMA'S BUILDING - DAY 200
- Don comes racing down the street now, staring up at her building, increasing his speed -- the drapes on the windows are gone.
- 201 INT. ALMA'S BUILDING - DAY 201
- He runs up the stairs to find that the window to her door is curtainless. He looks through it -- then turns the knob to reveal:

202 DON'S POINT OF VIEW - ALMA'S APARTMENT

202

As his eyes scan it: everything is gone. The place has been completely stripped. On the bare floorboards is Don's envelope. He picks it up to find it hasn't been opened; turns it over and touches the inscription on the front. It reads her name, and he says it aloud at the same time:

DON

Alma.

203 INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

203

He returns home, opens the door: the place is a wreck. Clothes, belongings everywhere. He picks up a piece of clothing -- a shirt. It has been cut to shreds -- just like Elmer Scales'.

204 INT. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY - DAY

204

Looking in from the street, we see Don arguing with a Young Woman about Alma.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm sorry, but no one by that name was ever registered with us.

DON

But you sent her to the school!

205 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

205

Ringling, ringing; someone picks up at the other end. An old woman's Voice.

VOICE (o.s.)

Yes?

DON

Is this Mrs. de Peyser?

VOICE (o.s.)

Yes. Who is this?

DON

Mrs. de Peyser, this is Don Wanderley. I'm sorry to be calling so late, but I've got to speak to your niece.

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED

205

VOICE (o.s.)

My what? Young man, you must
have the wrong number.

DON

No, I'm sure I ---

But she hangs up, leaving Don holding the dead receiver.

206 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

206

Don looks like he hasn't slept in days. As he's picking up
his mail, he is stopped by the Headmaster.

PETERSON

Step into my office for a moment,
Wanderley.

207 INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

207

The sounds of a temporary girl typing in the outer office.

DON

I'm sorry, sir. I know I've dis-
appointed you.

PETERSON

You're lax, you're lazy, you're
slipshod -- you disappear for days
without a word. You flaunt your...
lust with that woman in front of
the boys...disappointed?

(a beat;
wistfully)

I thought you made a good start.

208 INT. BAR - NIGHT

208

Through the window and the flashing pink neon cartoon of the
sexy girl, we see Don at the bar. He's drinking like a fish.
Unshaven, looking awful.

209 INT. DON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

209

He lies on his bed in a stupor. In the grip of a nightmare
about Alma -- sweat-drenched, dripping. The room's a mess --
like no one has cleaned up in here for weeks. The phone
rings. Don lies there, listless, without energy. When it
keeps ringing, he picks it up.

CONTINUED

209

CONTINUED

209

Yeah?

DON

Did I wake you?

DAVID'S VOICE

David....

DON

You sleep too much, kiddo.

DAVID'S VOICE

No, I'm up.

DON

(shaking himself
to get out of
his stupor)
You sound great.

I am. I have amazing news.
Astounding news.

DAVID'S VOICE

Robert Redford just bought your
life story ---

DON

I'm serious. I just don't know
how to tell you.

DAVID'S VOICE

Try starting at the top.

DON

Okay, kingpin -- that's just what
I'll do. A little over a month
ago, I was up on Columbus Circle
on business....

DAVID'S VOICE

As he talks, Don balances the phone, ferrets out a cigarette from his rumpled jacket, and manages to light it while half-listening to David. On the wall, a print of a woman by Munch or Modigliani.

...and it was raining unbelievably,
right? Well, I was racing for a
cab and somebody calls out your
name. For a change, right? Only

DAVID'S VOICE

CONTINUED

209

CONTINUED - 2

209

DAVID'S VOICE (Cont'd)

I turn around and there's the most
beautiful woman I'd ever seen in
my whole life -- and she thinks
I'm you, right?

DON

(a small joke)

I hope you got around to telling
her.

And as he says it, we move in. Like a sudden jab to the ribs,
Don knows.

DON

What's her name, Dave?

DAVID'S VOICE

(realizing
he knows)

Donny....

DON

Oh shit.

DAVID'S VOICE

She's worried you have the wrong
idea of her.

DON

Everything about her is wrong.

DAVID'S VOICE

I want to straighten this out,
Donny.

DON

Stay away from her.

DAVID'S VOICE

Look, if Alma had walked out on me,
I'd resent ---

DON

Shut the hell up and listen. Some-
times, maybe only once, haven't
you looked at her or touched her
and just felt -- something...wrong?

DAVID'S VOICE

I'm going to marry her, kiddo.

CONTINUED

209 CONTINUED - 3

209

DAVID'S VOICE (Cont'd)

(a beat)

Now I've sent you a ticket. I want
you to hop on a plane tonight so we
can all sit down and talk....

DON

Not on your life.

(more urgent;

his last pitch)

David -- she's destructive -- she's
some kind of witch. You've got to
be careful ---

David hangs up on him. Trembling, he tries to light a
cigarette.

210 INT. DON'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

210

An exact repeat of Scene 16 -- our first look at Don as the
phone begins ringing insistently -- with news of David's death.
As his v.o. begins, we

DISSOLVE BACK TO

211 INT. JAFFREY DINING ROOM - THE PRESENT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON DON 211

As we return: perspiring, his face haunted.

DON

When they broke down the door to
the apartment, no one was there.
She had simply vanished. There
had never been an Alma Mobley.

None of them speak for a moment. Ricky looks over to Sears,
the latter deeply shaken, his fingers steeped before his
face. Ricky's eyes meet his, pleading to tell Don every-
thing. Instead, Sears removes the cigar from the inside
pocket of his jacket and extends the open case to Don:

SEARS

I can vouch for their merit. Havana.

DON

(ignoring
the cigars)

What about the story?

CONTINUED

211 CONTINUED

211

SEARS

Quite a tale, young man.
(forcing
a laugh)

Real Chowder Society stuff, all
right. A h'ant as they say in
our neck of the woods.

DON

Why is she here?

At which point the lights flicker and then suddenly come on,
violently bright after so long a time of candlelight.

SEARS

Looks like she heard you.

DON

I know you're frightened, but so
am I. If we help each other ---

SEARS

(interrupting)

He sounds like Knute Rockne before
the big game -- doesn't he, Ricky?

Don places the photograph squarely on the table.

DON

That's Alma Mobley.

SEARS

Impossible.

JOHN

I knew this was going to happen.

SEARS

Coincidence.

DON

I don't think so.

RICKY

(quietly
but firmly)

Neither do I.

A long beat. Then, with a deep breath, Sears lets something
in himself go.

CONTINUED

211 CONTINUED - 2

211

SEARS

No.

(to Don)

I am an old man, and sometimes I
fear I am rude. We will be grate-
ful for any help you can give us.

JOHN

I knew it -- I just knew it!

Ricky shoots Sears a concerned glance; Sears nods, rises.

SEARS

That's enough for one night.

John's crying and coughing all at once -- unhinged, hysteric.

RICKY

Milly!

(patting John's
shoulder)

Take it easy, John.

Milly appears almost at once, taking charge immediately.

MILLY

Get out, all of you. This instant!
All this talk of graves and ghouls
...Out -- do you hear me?

212 INT. MILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

212

Milly is awakened by the sound of strange humming, singing.
She gets up, puts on her robe, and goes through the inter-
connecting door which leads to

213 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

213

John thrashes in bed like a man possessed. In a sing-song,
he's loudly humming in his sleep -- the melody line and what
he remembers of the words to "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."
Eerie -- all the more so when he begins to mumble:

JOHN

Moved...no...can't move. No, no.

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED

213

Milly tries to shake him awake. His eyes snap open, but they show no recognition -- they're glazed, delirious, still in the nightmare. Her figure is a blur to him, strangely featureless. In utter terror, he attacks her: his hands going around her neck, strangling her.

JOHN

Moved -- you can't move -- you're dead.

MILLY

John -- no!

She struggles desperately -- it's as if he doesn't even hear her; he's too far under. She uses every ounce of strength she has to push him back against the pillows, almost having to deck him in the process. He lies back, asleep again.

She stands there, rubbing her neck, terrified.

214 INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

214

Ricky sits up in bed: exhausted, unable to sleep, tears welled up in his eyes. Stella is asleep beside him -- deeply, thickly, snoring heavily. Ricky can't stand it any longer. He gets up and goes into

215 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

215

Leaning against the mirrored front of his armoire, he starts sobbing uncontrollably. Weeping profusely.

216 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

216

Stella wakes up, hears the sound of crying coming from the dressing room. Listens, realizes it's Ricky. Sits there, frightened, not knowing what to do.

217 RICKY

217

He dries his eyes. He returns to the bedroom. Stella is snoring again -- evenly, deeply, steadily. He gets back into bed, and she turns in her "sleep" -- throwing a protective arm over him.

218 INT. JAMES STUDY - NIGHT

218

One of the Verdi's Vespri Siciliani blasts noisily from the

CONTINUED

218 CONTINUED

218

record player. Sears, like a sodden whale, is in a huge arm-chair, drunk as a skunk, a glass in his hand and an empty bottle of liquor next to him. His eyes are closed; he's asleep. The music ends, and he twitches in reflex, dropping the glass on the floor; it shatters, causing him to wake. And then, in the hallway, there's the echo of the sound -- perhaps just loose snow falling from the roof.

Sears lumbers over to the double doors, unlocks them, and peers out into the darkness.

SEARS

Who's there?

(clearing
his throat)

Who's there?

Silence. And then upstairs, he hears the wind blowing -- a window open, perhaps -- and somewhere else, hard to pinpoint just exactly where, a Voice whispering:

VOICE

Alive...still alive....

Sears slowly makes his way into the hall and looks up fearfully at the top of the staircase. Then he slowly starts to climb up, his hand clutching the bannister.

219 SEARS' POINT OF VIEW - THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

219

Darkness, looking like something could jump out at him at any moment. The wind is blowing ferociously.

220 CLOSER ON SEARS

220

He continues to climb, the paintings of his ancestors on his right. And then, just as he's about to reach the top, something tugs at his sleeve -- from behind him. He turns to find Fenny there, giggling mischievously.

SEARS

Not so fast!

He grabs the boy by his tattered collar -- the albino wriggling desperately to get away.

SEARS

No -- not until you tell me how
you got in.

CONTINUED

220 CONTINUED

220

At which point the massive front door downstairs swings open and Gregory pops his face in:

GREGORY

Alive...still alive!

Sears yelps in pain as Fenny opens his mouth of ruined teeth and chomps down hard -- right into Sears' hand. He releases the boy who scampers down the stairs and out the front door after his brother.

Sears looks at his hand: a trickle of blood flows like a crimson ribbon where Fenny's teeth sank in.

221 EXT. JAFFREY HOUSE - MORNING

221

The snow's stopped, and with it, the night's horrors.

222 INT. JAFFREY KITCHEN - MORNING

222

Where a tea kettle is waiting to boil and unnerve us with its whistle. Milly pours the hot water into a pot, then places it on a tray of breakfast. She goes out into the hallway, past the laboratory and

222-A THE PATIENT WAITING ROOM

222-A

A glimpse of a woman's figure standing by the window as Milly continues

223 UP THE STAIRS

223

And to the landing. Maneuvering the tray, she opens the door to

224 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

224

She hesitantly enters only to find John asleep in his bed, his mouth open, breathing with the soft rattling inhalations of an infant. He begins to stir as she puts down the tray.

JOHN

Milly?

She opens the blinds, daylight flooding into the room.

CONTINUED

224 CONTINUED

224

MILLY

Rise and shine now.

JOHN

What time?

MILLY

Half-past eleven -- you needed to rest. Sit up, now -- I've brought you some nice tea. Although you hardly deserve it after last night.

JOHN

What do you mean?

She goes into the bathroom, turns on the taps in the tub.

MILLY

You know very well.

(a beat)

You attacked me.

JOHN

I what?

She reappears at the doorway. Her hands around her throat.

MILLY

You stared at me like you'd never seen me before.

JOHN

Oh, Milly...

(a beat;

remembering)

Forgive me.

MILLY

Too many of those darned stories and too much of that Mr. High and Mighty Sears James ---

But it's as if he didn't hear her.

JOHN

So tired.

225 TWO SHOT - JOHN AND MILLY

225

She sits down on the bed next to him.

CONTINUED

225

CONTINUED

225

MILLY

Tell me -- you can tell me.

JOHN

Bad dream. Night ---

MILLY

-- mare, yes.

JOHN

Yes.

MILLY

All over. It's daylight now, John.
Tell me.

JOHN

Can't remember.

MILLY

(prompting)
She moved....

JOHN

Yes. She moved.

MILLY

Who moved?

JOHN

Couldn't...couldn't have.

MILLY

Who? For God's sake, John -- who?

He realizes she's there -- listening. He snaps out of his reverie.

JOHN

Just a case of the jim-jams.

MILLY

No. Tell me.

JOHN

(swallowing)
Go on, now, stop fussing.

She rises, realizing he won't say any more.

CONTINUED

225 CONTINUED - 2

225

MILLY

You're a stubborn old mule, John Jaffrey, but I love you. Now go take your bath.

JOHN

(smiling)

Bossy.

MILLY

Oh, I almost forgot. There's a patient in the waiting room.

JOHN

A patient...?

MILLY

I told her you didn't practice anymore, but she insisted.

JOHN

I can't see anyone.

MILLY

No, of course not. Now take your bath and don't worry about a blessed thing.

226 MILLY

226

We follow her back downstairs and into the waiting room where a few straight-backed chairs sit against the walls.

MILLY

I'm sorry, miss, but the doctor ---

The room's empty; whoever was there has left. Milly shrugs.

227 INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM - DAY

227

In his bath now, his eyes closed, resting peacefully. He gets up, the towel around him, and starts to dry himself off only to be struck by a fierce pain. He doubles over.

JOHN

Milly.

228 INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY 228

Milly's cleaning up the breakfast things -- the dishwasher going. She doesn't hear him.

229 DOWN THE STAIRS 229

John struggles down the stairs, clutching his side where the pain is at its worst. He makes it into the waiting room, knocking over one of the chairs with a crash.

230 MILLY 230

Hearing a noise, comes out of the kitchen to investigate, drying her hands on her apron.

MILLY

John?

She hurries past the overturned chair in the waiting room into:

231 THE LABORATORY 231

His face contorted with agony, John desperately opens one cabinet after another -- flinging bottles to the floor.

JOHN

Where is it?

MILLY

What do you mean?

The cabinets are empty -- the morphine is gone.

JOHN

What have you done with it?

MILLY

It should -- here, let me. I was in here before, and everything was ---

Only it's not -- it's gone. Like a balloon deflating, John sinks into a chair, his head leaning against the aquarium. The pain is terrible.

JOHN

Ambulance.

Milly, starting to panic now, rushes for the phone. As she dials:

CONTINUED

231

CONTINUED

231

MILLY

It must have been that woman.
(into the
phone)
Emergency.

John lifts his head -- what the devil is she talking about?

MILLY

Galli -- said her name was Eva Galli.
Odd sort of clothes.

A little moan escapes his lips -- very scared now.

MILLY

(frantic now)
Oh, can't you hurry!
(as they
come on)
Yes -- I need an ambulance --
Montgomery Street -- oh yes,
Doctor Jaffrey's house -- and mor-
phine sulphate, we need --
(a beat)
But you've got to!

JOHN

Eva.

MILLY

(to John)
They say the road's blocked solid.

232 INT. RICKY'S OFFICE SUITE - DAY

232

The phone buzzer on his desk sounds. He picks up the receiver.

RICKY

Frederick Hawthorne here.

MILLY'S VOICE

(trembling,
cloudy)
It's...it's...Mr. Hawthorne...?

RICKY

Yes, it's me, Milly. What's hap-
pened?

He pushes the buzzer which communicates to Sears' office.

RICKY

Sears -- switch on the telephone
speaker.

233 INT. SEARS' SUITE - DAY

233

His hand bandaged where Fenny bit him, Sears switches on the intercom speaker; Ricky's voice comes booming out of it, unnaturally loud.

RICKY'S VOICE

What is it, Milly?

SEARS

You're breaking my eardrums.

234 BACK TO RICKY

234

He lowers his voice.

RICKY

Sorry. Milly, are you there? It's
Milly, Sears.

235 INT. JOHN'S LABORATORY - DAY

235

Milly, paralyzed with fright, holds the phone to her ear.

SEARS' VOICE

So I gathered. Milly, how can we
help you?

She wails.

236 MILLY'S POINT OF VIEW - JOHN

236

His eyes glassy in death, an empty hypodermic full of air
injected and now dangling from his arm.

RICKY'S VOICE

Milly?

237 INT. EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH - DAY

237

John's body has been laid out in a coffin in the front. The
mourners sit in square, box-like pews. Just a few people
have ventured out -- Stella with Ricky, Don, Sears. Milly,
dropping Kleenex like little clouds, says aloud -- as much
to Stella as to herself:

CONTINUED

237 CONTINUED

237

MILLY

...the kindest man I ever knew.
When he put his hands on you, you
just felt the kindness flowing out.

Sears, looking particularly bad, turns to Ricky as they
approach the coffin:

SEARS

God help us.

Only for Milly to look up to see him coming down the center
aisle, nearing John's corpse.

MILLY

Get away from him!

SEARS

Jesus Christ.

MILLY

I heard that, Sears James. You'll
burn in hell for that.

SEARS

Probably, but I meant no disrespect.
Shouldn't you ---

MILLY

No -- you can't bully me now. Do
you think I don't know what's going
on? John was killed and I know who
killed him!

STELLA

Milly.

MILLY

No. It was you. You -- you Chowder
Society. You killed him with your
terrible stories. You made him sick.
They ought to call you the Murder
Society! They ought to call you
Murder Incorporated!

237-A EXT. MILBURN - DAY - LONG SHOT

237-A

The town in the distance as the snow falls in thick flur-
ries, accumulating in massive drifts. Paralyzing any
movement.

238

INT. SEARS' LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON

238

A fire blazing; just the three men -- Ricky, Sears and Don -- a bottle of Old Parr and glasses in front of the fire. Ricky and Sears alternate in the telling of the story -- partners in law, now partners in memory. They finish each other's thoughts, weaving in a strange duet: almost in a litany.

RICKY

This is the worst story we know....

SEARS

...the worst thing that ever happened to us....

RICKY

The most dreadful thing.

SEARS

We never meant for anyone to know about it.

RICKY

Should have known better.

He sneezes violently, his throat ragged, his nose red and dripping. He looks like a cold in a mustache and spotted necktie as he downs some of his drink.

SEARS

Guilt....

RICKY

After all this time....

SEARS

Thought it couldn't possibly have anything to do with our problems....

RICKY

Thought it would muddy the waters.

SEARS

And now John's dead, too. If I hadn't....

RICKY

Don't blame yourself.

CONTINUED

238

CONTINUED

238

SEARS

I used to malign him terribly. But
I did love him.

(a beat; a
deep breath)

Eva Galli There -- I've said it.

They drift off into silences. Sears looks out the window.

SEARS

It's snowing again....

RICKY

Yes....

Another few seconds of silence which Don finally breaks:

DON

Well -- what happened to her?

SEARS

Surely that's obvious.

RICKY

We killed her.

DON

The two of you?

SEARS

All of us.

RICKY

The Chowder Society.

SEARS

That was the start of it all....

RICKY

The beginning.

(a beat)

People didn't grow up so fast in
those days. Everything was dif-
ferent then -- including us.

DISSOLVE TO

239

THE FOUR OF THEM - 1929

239

They come zooming right toward us in a topless Studebaker
flivver, careening down Main Street and Candlemaker Drive

CONTINUED

239

CONTINUED

239

on this bright sunny day fifty years ago. Gangly young men -- neither children nor adults yet; right in between with all of life's possibilities ahead of them. They're coming back from swimming, still in their bathing suits, their hat wet. Virtually bathed in the sun's glow, they're singing at the top of their lungs. The best and brightest Milburn has to offer.

Edward, the youngest, is boyish and athletic with a full shock of hair; this is his car, and he drives it a bit wildly. Sears, unmistakably the leader even then, sits beside him. In the back seat sits John, thin as a rail and plain, and Ricky, nervously clutching the seat.

They pull through the Square. Past the Village Pump Restaurant, already a local favorite. Past the Milburn Hotel -- no "New" in its sign yet, that's all to come later -- much later. Past a store -- the huge lettering OYSTERS above it, and below, ICE CREAM & LEMONADE. And past the Rialto -- its rococco facade newer now, "Broadway Melody" on its marquee.

And finally, around a corner and down a residential block where a van is parked and moving men are busy unloading furniture into the house. Our foursome pile out of the roadster.

240

EXT. GALLI HOUSE - DAY

240

Exactly the way it looked in the photo: a white picket fence around it, every picket freshly painted and intact; the birdbath with birds drinking from it; the tree in bloom; the green lawn almost too green and beautiful to be true.

In part, a town and a house of memory -- slightly stylized and perfect.

Two thick-necked moving men struggle with heavy furniture as our foursome arrive.

SEARS

What's going on?

RICKY

Somebody's moving in.

SEARS

I can see that.

CONTINUED

240 CONTINUED

240

EDWARD

Must have money.

MOVING MAN #1

Filthy rich.

MOVING MAN #2

Bet she's an actress.

MOVING MAN #1

You got it wrong: she's a widow.

JOHN

Picked here to settle down.

RICKY.

And why not?

At which point a taxi pulls up.

241 OUR BOYS' POINT OF VIEW - OUT OF THE TAXI

241

Steps a young woman several years their senior. She emerges like a dream -- covered from head to toe in white, shaded by a creamy white parasol. We can't see her that well yet -- the sun is very bright.

MOVING MAN #1

Name of Galli. Something Galli.

242 SEARS AND RICKY

242

Already young Mutt and Jeff. Ricky stands on his tiptoes and jumps up a little to see beyond Sears' bulk.

243 JOHN AND EDWARD

243

John, perspiring, pushes his hair back off his forehead. Edward -- a little greasy from the car -- shades his eyes with his hand to see her better.

MOVING MAN #2 (o.s.)

Eva.

244 MOVING MAN #2

244

Straining terribly under the weight of the mirror-fronted dresser:

CONTINUED

244 CONTINUED 244
MOVING MAN #2
(grunting)
Eva Galli.

245 EVA 245
Aware that the four boys are watching her every move as she
pays the cab driver.

246 CLOSER ON EDWARD 246
Utterly smitten at first sight, awed:
EDWARD
She's beautiful!

247 EVA 247
She turns, hearing his remark. She stares quite brazenly,
assessing these four young men with her eyes.

248 EDWARD 248
Impetuously gives her a deep welcoming bow -- admiring,
very sincere and theatrical.

249 EVA 249
She smiles now, just a little intrigued.

250 THE FOUR YOUNG MEN 250
They've never seen anything like her; all of them are
instantly captivated with this woman who's a few years
older and more worldly. They stand there like clunks,
Edward backing up into John, almost tripping. A few notes
of chamber Mozart begin, taking us to:

251 OMITTED 251

252 INT. HAWTHORNE LIVING ROOM - DAY 252
An extremely dressy afternoon social event in the home of
Ricky's parents. About thirty of Milburn's finest have

CONTINUED

252

CONTINUED

252

gathered and are politely sitting, listening as a classical trio is being rather badly performed. But no one really pays attention -- their interest rivetted on Eva. She sits enjoying it all -- a little flag of self-possession, pretending to ignore all the clamor.

No one watches her every move more eagerly than our four-some -- each of them dressed up now, looking a little silly and uncomfortable. Ordinarily they wouldn't be caught dead at one of these socials; now they wouldn't miss a minute of it for the world. They sit next to each other, and one by one, like dominoes, their faces pop into the frame: Ricky, Edward, Sears and John. As the music ends, everyone applauds. A few seconds late, so do the boys -- clapping violently -- for Eva if not for Mozart.

253

EXT. YOUNG BROTHERS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

253

The swinging door begins to turn, and out first comes Edward; then Eva whom he graciously lends a hand; then John; and finally, Ricky, who is carrying an uncommon amount of packages piled skyhigh.

254

EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY

254

Like four puppies rivalling each other for their master's favor, they accompany Eva down the street. Each one trying to get her ear, get nearer to her -- fuelling the gossips' wagging tongues.

255

A MOVIE SCREEN FILLS THE FRAME

255

And on it, the larger-than-life faces of Charles King and Bessie Love singing "You Were Meant For Me" in one of 1929's biggest successes, "Broadway Melody." We're in

256

INT. RIALTO THEATER - NIGHT

256

Eva is sandwiched in between Sears and Ricky, Edward and John in the row. Ricky whispers something to her, and the others respond accordingly -- Edward trying to hear what he said, John leaning closer to see what he might be missing, Sears plainly annoyed.

257

INT. VILLAGE PUMP AND GRILL - NIGHT

257

In another permutation, the five of them sit around a table having sundaes. Eva very much the center of attention as she questions each of them in the circle. Drawing them out, focusing on each of them.

JOHN

One more year of med school and I'll
come back home.

(a beat;

explaining)

Milburn needs another good G.P.

EVA

Ricky -- what about you?

RICKY

Oh, well...Miss Galli....

She smoothes out his spotted bow-tie; he almost turns scarlet as she touches him, redder every moment.

EVA

Miss Galli -- is that the best you
can do?

RICKY

(sputtering)

Uh...Eva...uh...what was the ques-
tion?

A snort of laughter from the others.

EVA

Shh. Your plans after graduation?

RICKY

Oh...uh...my father's got his
heart set on taking me into the
firm.

SEARS

(sarcastic)

Hawthorne and Hawthorne forever.

RICKY

And why not? What's wrong with
that?

CONTINUED

257

INT. VILLAGE PUMP AND GRILL - NIGHT

257

In another permutation, the five of them sit around a table having sundaes. Eva very much the center of attention as she questions each of them in the circle. Drawing them out, focusing on each of them.

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(sarcastic)

Hawthorne and Hawthorne forever.

RICKY

And why not? What's wrong with
that?

CONTINUED

257

CONTINUED

257

JOHN

That's telling him, Ricky -- don't take any guff from him.

SEARS

Old pencil stubs and out-of-date lawbooks....

EVA

Well, Sears -- what's your life ambition?

SEARS

Oh, I don't know. I suppose it's immoral for a man not to have a profession.

EVA

And you, Edward -- are you going to stay here, too?

EDWARD

In this old town? Not on your life.

JOHN

Ned's going to be a famous politician. State Senator, even.

EDWARD

I thought I'd like to be President.

258

EXT. JAMES HOUSE - NIGHT

258

We follow guests from their cars through the front door and then through another door, depositing their wraps -- the live music getting progressively louder and louder until we're inside.

259

INT. JAMES HOUSE - NIGHT

259

The first large party of the season is in progress. The music is playing, but no one is dancing. The men are off on one side of the room, talking business; the women are grouped on the other, talking to each other. Our foursome are in a huddle together when a Voice calls out:

VOICE (o.s.)

Ah, there you are -- the Chowder Society!

CONTINUED

259 CONTINUED

259

It's Eva, and she heads right for them. She looks extraordinary: not simply beautiful, but almost magical as she breaks their ranks.

EVA

Just look at you standing here gabbing. This is a dance!

And with that, she extends her hand to Edward, claiming him for the waltz.

260 EDWARD AND EVA

260

As they move out onto the dance floor, all eyes are on them -- few of them approving. Rea and Nettie Dedham and their father, Colonel T. Dedham. Edward's parents. Young Stella Garrett -- later to be Stella Hawthorne. Town gossips, etc.

Edward swallows a deep gulp. She whispers to him:

EVA

Don't worry -- I won't eat you.

And then they're dancing.

261 RICKY, JOHN AND SEARS

261

They stands on the sidelines, watching, nervous, too. But they are also envious as Edward successfully negotiates the steps. Giddy from all the talk around them, flourishing in this little buzz of small-town scandal. Just a few feet away stand

261-A THE DEDHAM GIRLS

261-A

The reigning belles of Milburn -- two little overdressed Gish sisters who are simply no match for the competition. Nettie has already set her cap for Edward and is sulking.

NETTIE

I don't think she's so...so...
much.

SEARS

Shush up, Nettie.

Rea giggles.

- 262 EVA 262
She knows they're all talking about her. A mischievous glint in her eyes, she whispers something in Edward's ear, and he laughs. She leaves him and starts coming toward the boys.
- 263 RICKY, JOHN AND SEARS 263
Their reactions -- she's coming right for them, no mistake about it. She grabs Ricky's hand, and before he can spit out more than a stutter of protest, she leads him off.
- 264 RICKY AND EVA 264
He's doing his best to dance with her, awfully excited.
- 265 EDWARD 265
His face flushed scarlet from dancing, stands between Sears and John.
EDWARD
Isn't she fantastic?
- 266 EXT. GALLI HOUSE - DAY 266
Ricky, Sears and John are posed around Eva in front of her house. Edward, who's set up the camera on a time device, hurriedly runs into place, and if we haven't realized it already, we do now. This, of course, is the same photo Edward hid away in the top of the trunk. Just as the flash goes off, Eva moves, blurring the picture. They all start laughing.
- 267 EXT. DEDHAM POND - DAY 267
Just through the woods, by the side of the water, the boys and Eva are having a picnic. An idyllic scene as the warm afternoon sun ripples the water in its amber glow -- the boys in various stages of undress have been swimming, and Eva is wearing a lovely floral-patterned dress. Edward lies with his head in her lap. John dozes. Ricky is reading from a book of poetry. And Sears skips stones on the pond's surface -- a strange, high-pitched whistling sound.

CONTINUED

267

CONTINUED

267

Then Eva begins to touch Edward lightly with a weed she's been chewing on -- something unmistakably sexual about the way she's doing it. More and more erotic. Ricky and Sears notice it simultaneously -- a look between them, and Sears nudges John awake. Edward, meanwhile, is grinning and then laughing only to hear a throat being cleared. He looks up to find the others on their feet.

EDWARD

Where's everybody going?

SEARS

Just for a walk....

RICKY

Stretch our legs a little.

JOHN

Yes.

EDWARD

I'll come, too.

RICKY

No, no ---

SEARS

We'll be back soon.

EVA

Stay here and keep me company,
Ned.

He scrambles frantically after them.

EDWARD

No -- a walk's a...wonderful
idea.

The others find his nervousness at the prospect of being left alone with her funny. Eva smiles, but she's annoyed.

DISSOLVE TO

268

EXT. DEDHAM POND - DAY

268

A different day, and more has changed than just clothes. All of them are picnicking again, but with a difference. Oblivious to the others, Edward is kissing Eva.

CONTINUED

268

CONTINUED

268

EVA

Ned!

(she's loving
it)

You're being awfully bad.

EDWARD

You're beautiful.

EVA

What will the others think?

EDWARD

They don't mind -- do you,
fellas?

He looks up -- Sears, Ricky and John are retreating into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO

269

EXT. DEDHAM POND - SUNDOWN

269

Later that same day -- a bird cawing mournfully over the pond. Eva and Edward are still alone. Eva is sitting up, buttoning her blouse. Edward lies still, his face taut, bloodless.

EVA

Do you want to try again?
(silence)

Ned?

EDWARD

(tight;
murderous)What?

EVA

It's not the end of the world,
you know.

She continues lacing up her bodice -- bored, a little frustrated. And then there's the strange high-pitched whistling sound we heard before -- the sound of a stone skipping over the surface of the water. Edward wheels around to find them all standing there -- Sears, Ricky and John.

EDWARD

(a huge
fake smile)

Well -- it's about time!

270 EXT. HUMPHREYS - NIGHT

270

A roadside tavern -- thirties jazz coming from inside, cars parked outside.

271 INT. HUMPHREYS - NIGHT

271

Our foursome are in a booth, in the process of getting drunk. Edward is by far the most inebriated -- really out of hand, sloshed. Ricky's the quietest, the most thoughtful.

EDWARD

(singing)

'The blue of her eyes and the gold
of her hair are a blend of the
Western sky; / And the moonlight
beams on the girl of my dreams --- '

THE OTHERS

(joining in)

'She's the Sweetheart of Sigma
Chi. The Chi!'

EDWARD

My dear friends....

SEARS

You're drunk.

EDWARD

You're damn right, I'm drunk. So
are you.

Sears pounds on the table with one hand, flashing a wad of
bills in the other:

SEARS

Humphrey! Bring us some champagne
-- we're celebrating!

271-A THE SAME - LATER

271-A

A few bottle later now. The place is ready to close --
just a plump and shapeless Humphrey Stalladge cleaning up.

SEARS

A toast!

(they each lift
their glasses)

To the mysteries of women!

CONTINUED

271-A CONTINUED

271-A

ALL OF THEM

(out of
kilter)To women!

A beat; they all drink. Then:

JOHN

(to himself)

All women are mysteries to me....

SEARS

So tell us, Ned.

JOHN

Yes, come on.

RICKY

(a little dormouse
giggle)

Please.

Edward's silent, very nervous now -- they don't know. A
beat.

SEARS

Don't hold out -- no secrets.

JOHN

What was it like?

Edward hesitates -- looks at the expectant faces on his
circle of friends -- and can't resist.

EDWARD

It...it was...fantastic.

RICKY

Really?

JOHN

I knew it.

EDWARD

(revving up
now; bragging)You have no idea. She's a goddess
-- a goddamn goddess.On their flushed, enthralled faces -- wanting to hear more
-- we

CUT TO

272

EXT. GALLI HOUSE - NIGHT

272

Really falling-down drunk now and more than a little hot from Edward's recital about Eva, they gather outside her house. Edward rings the bell, drunkenly leaning on it.

RICKY

(nervously)

Maybe no...nobody's home.

SEARS

Such a little old man. Ring it again, Ned.

RICKY

I tell you -- it's too late.

At which point the door opens -- Eva stands there in her robe.

EVA

Too late for what? Hello, Ned.

EDWARD

(a big smile
but a little
peculiarly)

Eva.

The others stand there frozen -- staring at her -- almost panting this close to her.

EVA

You've brought everyone, I see.
Hello, boys.

SEARS

Hi, Eva.

JOHN AND RICKY

(overlapping)

Eva.

No one can think of anything else to say. Eva picks up a peculiar vibe but just assumes they're drunk.

EVA

Well -- are you just going to stand
there or are you coming up for a
drink?

They all grin -- randy, excited, and a little nervous.
Virgins in the face of their goddess.

272-A EXT. GALLI HOUSE - NIGHT

272-A

The lights shining brightly in the third-floor bedroom window. Music wafting out into the night -- "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" on the gramophone. Later now; the bells chime midnight off in the square.

273 INT. EVA'S ROOM - NIGHT

273

Eva, too, has had a bit to drink, and is now dancing with John who's got his eyes closed like he's in heaven. Ricky and Sears are off in the corner -- looking at the room. Sears nudges Ricky -- look at her bed. At the woman's things on the dresser. And Ricky giggles -- pink with embarrassment. Edward, meanwhile, stands with his arms folded -- watching smugly, knowingly.

SEARS

Come on, John -- let someone else have a chance. John!

John opens his eyes -- sleepily, dreamily:

JOHN

I'm dancing with a goddess.

This breaks them all up. Eva laughs, too, but she's picking up weird vibes now. They all stand staring at her.

EVA

I think it's time Romeo here went to bed.

SEARS

Oh, come on, it's early. What about my dance?

EDWARD

You heard the lady. Let's go.

SEARS

You just want her to yourself, that's all.

(insinuating)

I suppose you're going to stay the night.

Edward doesn't know what to say; for him it's as if a bomb has gone off in the room. He looks up to see Eva staring at him, realizing everything. He smiles crookedly and croaks:

CONTINUED

EDWARD

Don't think so.
(clearing
his throat)

No.

SEARS

No? Why not?

EDWARD

(putting his
hand on Sears'
arm)
Sears, please.

SEARS

(knocking off
his hand)
I want to dance with her, too.

EDWARD

(to Sears)
Get your things -- we're leaving.

Eva, her rage coming up from some place deep inside her,
turns around.

EVA

(steely;
a command)
Sit down.
(beat; then
she smiles)
What's the matter, Sears? Can't you
wait your turn? You'll get your dance
-- you too, Ricky. You all will.
Can't you wait for it?

RICKY

Please, Miss Galli.

EVA

Miss Galli, Miss Galli -- can't you
call me anything else? How do you
stand it in this dead little town?
(beat)
Oh -- that's right. You like it
here, don't you? Going to work for
your daddy.

CONTINUED

273

CONTINUED - 2

273

EDWARD

We're leaving.

She floats over to Ricky and buries her face in his neck, kissing him. He jumps back as if she burned him. Edward calls out her name, but she just laughs at him with particular pointed anger -- he's made her public property; now she's paying him back.

EVA

What's the matter, Neddie? Aren't you having a good time?

EDWARD

I've had enough.

EVA

Well, I haven't. You boys have had your fun, and now I'm going to have mine. Come on, dance with me you little toad.

She snakes her arms around him again and kisses him. When she draws back, his face is smeared with lipstick -- almost like blood. Her robe has fallen open, her breasts pushing tightly against the fabric of her slip. She sees their look of shock.

EVA

What's the matter? Afraid to see what I look like? You little so and sos. Your friend wasn't afraid -- were you, Ned?

EDWARD

(begging)
Please, Eva.

EVA

Shut the hell up.

She discards the robe, then the top of her slip -- her breasts falling freely into sight.

EVA

No -- not afraid to see me. Or to talk about me.

(almost

hissing it)

No. Did you tell the boys all about it, Ned? Did you?

CONTINUED

273

CONTINUED - 3

273

She moves toward Sears:

EVA

I think I'll take a bite out of you.

He slaps her; she slaps him right back -- harder, defiant, on the verge of tears.

EVA

Afraid to see what a real woman looks like, Sears? Why don't we see what you can do? Or are you like Neddie ---

From the corner of the room, Edward yells out:

EDWARD

Stop it!

She just laughs at him -- an ugly, angry sound mixed with choking tears at this point. As she wriggles out of her slip, standing naked before them:

EVA

Little hypocrites -- all talk and no ---

Edward snaps, and from the corner, he lunges for her -- flying across the room, sobbing as he tackles her. The others stand there -- dumbstruck -- as he collides with her smack into the fireplace. It's not over yet -- he gets up, kneeling over her with his fists, still sobbing.

EDWARD

Stop it, do you hear me! Stop it!

And that's when he sees the blood trickling from her mouth.

EDWARD

Eva?

274

EXT. GALLI HOUSE - NIGHT

274

An incredibly loud silence. Inside, the lights burn in the third floor bedroom window.

275

INT. EVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

275

Sears and Ricky stand there, dumbstruck. Edward has his head in his hands. John kneels over her, feeling her pulse.

CONTINUED

275

CONTINUED

275

JOHN

She's dead....

EDWARD

I've murdered her.

SEARS

No, no -- it was an accident.

RICKY

We've got to call the police.

EDWARD

I'll go to jail.

JOHN

Ruined.

SEARS

Scandal...we're sunk.

EDWARD

I'm a murderer, I'm a goddamn murderer!

RICKY

We're all in the same fix.

(beat)

We've got to call the police.

SEARS

No.

RICKY

But Sears ---

SEARS

We'll have to hide the body.

On Ricky's anguished face, we

CUT TO

276

EXT. GALLI HOUSE - NIGHT

276

Like thieves in the night, they carry her body -- wrapped
in a sheet -- toward Edward's waiting roadster.

277

EXT. BACKROADS - NIGHT

277

The four of them in the car -- Sears driving now, Ricky be-
side him; John and Edward in back with the body. Sears

CONTINUED

277 CONTINUED

277

determined, his face set, not bridging any protest. Ricky terribly worried. Edward is almost in a trance, unable to stop blubbering.

SEARS

Shut the hell up -- just shut up!

At which point the car swerves to the left and there's an enormous bang as a tire blows out.

278 EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

278

The door opens to reveal a farmer, Warren Scales, and his several children behind a screendoor. He cuffs one of the kids -- a little boy of five who wipes his sleepy eyes, one hand in his mouth:

SCALES

Git back inside, Elmer -- you'll catch cold.

He looks out to find Sears and Ricky standing there nervously.

SEARS

Mr. Scales -- can we borrow your automobile?

279 ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

279

The four boys transfer Eva's sheet-covered body from Edward's roadster to the Scales car. Frightened out of their minds and having difficulty with the body.

SEARS

Put her feet in first.

RICKY

Hurry up, John!

JOHN

Not that way!

Her arm falls limply out of the sheet; John jams his fist in his mouth to stifle his scream.

280 INT. SCALES' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

280

The headlights shine a nightmarish path through the woods on a dirt road. It should look familiar to us, especially as we pass a mailbox marked Colonel T. Dedham, Esquire. Horses are neighing in the distance, whinying in their stables.

281 EXT. DEDHAM POND - NIGHT

281

Ricky is crying openly, John drinking from his pocket flask.

RICKY

Do we have to do this?

SEARS

We have no choice.

Locking all the doors, Edward gets behind the wheel. The car is fifteen or so yards from the black pond. He switches on the ignition, and as Sears cranks it up, he retards the spark, puts the car into first and pops the clutch. He jumps out as the car crawls into the water. It begins to sink down, then suddenly just stops. A weird, gurgling sound -- then silence.

282 THE FOUR OF THEM

282

Staring open-mouthed in disbelief as the car refuses to sink. They look unbelievably young right now. Ricky fiddling with his unraveled polka-dot tie; John holding his pocket flask; Sears mopping his greasy hands with his handkerchief; Edward biting his lower lip. And then:

283 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH THE CAR'S BACK WINDOW

283

Half in the shimmering, moonlit water and half out -- something moves in the back seat.

284 THE FOURSOME

284

Ricky seeing it first, then the others.

RICKY

Jesus.....

EDWARD

She moved.....

SEARS

She can't.....

JOHN

I tell you -- she's dead!

285 IN THE REAR WINDOW

285

Suddenly, behind the opaque green glass, out of the dark void, Eva's face suddenly stares out at them, her eyes open.

286 EDWARD 286
Rushes into the pond, trying to get a look through the windows only for the car to suddenly go plunging into the dark recesses of the water. It almost pulls Edward under with it. But the others manage to help him out just in the nick of time before it can suck him down.

287 THE CAR 287
Vanishes with a horrible sucking sound -- disappearing into the void. Quieting...bubbles...until the surface of the water is still.

288 THE FOUR OF THEM 288
Gasping, groaning, crying.

289 THE DEDHAM POND 289
Quieting now...not a trace of the car. Over which:
SEARS (v.o.)
We agreed never to talk about it again....

DISSOLVE BACK TO

290 INT. JAMES LIBRARY - AFTERNOON 290
Ricky and Sears, reliving that horrible moment, breathing hard -- panting as if it were all happening all over again.
RICKY
Not even between ourselves.
SEARS
We went back to work and school and got on with the rest of our lives.
DON
Wasn't she missed?
SEARS
The town assumed she's gotten tired of it and moved on. There was a bit of talk, but it died down..
RICKY
You could almost feel a sigh of relief she had gone.

CONTINUED

290

CONTINUED

290

DON

No one ever showed up asking about her?

SEARS

(shaking his head)

It was as if she had never been here at all...as if it had never happened....

RICKY

As if we'd dreamed the whole affair.

DON

And the car?

SEARS

It went down and never came back up.

RICKY

We told Warren Scales we'd ruined it -- bought him a better one.

SEARS

We paid him off -- he never said a thing.

290-A TWO-SHOT - DON AND RICKY

290-A

DON

Then it's still at the bottom of the Dedham pond.

RICKY

Yes.

290-B BACK TO WIDE SHOT

290-B

DON

And you stayed here -- you never left?

SEARS

We couldn't -- not for long, anyway.

CONTINUED

290-B CONTINUED

290-B

RICKY

No -- the time for leaving is long gone.

DON

And now she's back -- back in Milburn for the second time.

SEARS

What does she want?

DON

Revenge for what you did to her fifty years ago. For having denied her existence. To make us pay.

RICKY

(nervous
little laugh)

She's doing a pretty good job of it already.

SEARS

Amen.

(beat)

Why hasn't she killed us already?

DON

I think she was waiting for the moment when we knew exactly what we were up against.

RICKY

You mean now.

DON

Exactly.

291 INT. HARDESTY'S OFFICE - DAY

291

Looking like he hasn't slept in days, Hardesty skeptically stares up from behind his desk at Sears, Ricky and Don.

HARDESTY

You're plumb out of your heads.

CONTINUED

291 CONTINUED

291

SEARS

If you will stop insulting us, we'll tell you what's been happening around here and who killed Edward and John.

HARDESTY

(after a beat)

Well -- I'm still here.

DON

It was a woman who calls herself Alma Mobley.

HARDESTY

All by herself?

RICKY

No -- the Bate brothers are doing her bidding. The difficult part is that Alma Mobley is ---

He looks to Don for help.

HARDESTY

--'s a cousin of the Loch Ness monster, don't tell me.

SEARS

We're wasting our time.

RICKY

(a last try)

She died fifty years ago.

HARDESTY

(barely
tolerant)

Uh-huh. And Elmer Scales -- what's he got to do with all this?

RICKY

We once borrowed his father's car. I know it doesn't make sense, Walt, but ---

HARDESTY

Okay -- now let me tell you something. Schools are closed, phone lines are down. I got six corpses -- all six dead of natural causes -- stacked up back there cause the morgue wagon can't get through. You and these hundred-year-old lawyers wanta spend the rest of the winter ghost-hunting? Fine!

292 INT. HAWTHORNE KITCHEN - DAY

292

Stella, worried but powerless to stop him, helps Ricky on with layer after layer of clothing.

STELLA

You're determined to go out again with that wretched cold?

RICKY

I have to.

STELLA

You'll be lucky not to die of pneumonia.

RICKY

Oh, you'd be fine. You'll slap a box together, dump me in it. Then you'll run off with an athletic 40-year-old smelling of salt water and rum.

She embraces him tightly.

STELLA

Tell me.

RICKY

This summer -- when we get out of Milburn.

(nodding to
her astonished
look)

I'm going to take you to the South of France. And anywhere else you want to go. We'll be a pair of funny-looking old tourists together.

He gives her a quick little kiss -- just like the one he gives her to say he'll be back from the store in a half hour.

293 EXT. SEARS' ROLLS - DAY

293

Like a small and insignificant toy from above, it inches its way down the streets. The snow is everywhere now, cars buried under immense drifts.

293-A INT. SEARS' ROLLS - DAY

293-A

Sears behind the wheel, Ricky fiddling with the radio -- a noisy burst of rock music which causes Sears to give him a

CONTINUED

293-A CONTINUED

293-A

dirty look; then monotonous news of disasters, accidents. Don in the back seat. As they come to the intersection, Sears blasts the horn.

RICKY

You didn't have to blow the horn --
that was a green light.

Sears expels a grunt, says nothing -- just keeps going, hunched over the wheel. In the back, Don holds his breath.

294 EXT. GALLI HOUSE - DAY

294

The car parked out front. Don, already up on the drift, gives Ricky a helping hand up. Then the two of them reach down to Sears who stands with his arms extended like a small boy. They pull him forward -- hoisting him up to join them. A beat -- they look up to stare:

295 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - THE HOUSE

295

Looming up in front of them: ominous, threatening, the feeling of something waiting for them inside.

296 CLOSE ON THE THREE OF THEM

296

Plainly scared, not knowing what they're going to find. The two older men look to Don for a sign of what to do.

RICKY

Do you think they're here?

DON

Only one way to find out.

(a beat)

Let's go.

297 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE THREESOME

297

With difficulty, they plow their way up the walk -- first Don, then Ricky in the depressions Don leaves, and finally Sears -- the bottom of his black coat sweeping along after him in the nearly wasit-high snow like a train.

298

INT. GALLI HOUSE - AFTERNOON

298

A wide shot of the downstairs -- dark, shadowy, little signs of the Bates here and there. Discolorations on the walls; crayon-scrawled obscenities, religious insanities. Sears and Ricky survey the main room -- almost in a trance.

SEARS

What idiots we were.

RICKY

Had we only been thirty instead of twenty....

SEARS

I never thought I'd set foot in here again.

Another beat as they trail off into silence. Then:

RICKY

Are you armed?

SEARS

No. Are you?

Ricky nods; pulls out a large kitchen knife from his coat.

RICKY

Foolish, I know, but ---

At which point Don tramps in from the kitchen.

DON

Deserted.

Sears brushes snow off his coat impatiently.

SEARS

Let's try upstairs, shall we?

Together, they start for the stairs -- unpainted; the banister peeling. Ricky, nervously chirping away, takes the lead a few steps ahead; then Don; and finally Sears.

RICKY

It didn't use to be like this. Not at all. It was so beautiful then. The rooms downstairs, and her room ---

He sucks in his breath, turns around, stopping them in their tracks. And then Sears and Don see what Ricky's run into:

299 SEARS' AND DON'S POINT OF VIEW - WHAT THEY SEE 299

Something has been left to welcome them. Elmer Scales' hand hanging on a string.

300 ON THE THREE OF THEM 300

Sears spits it out:

SEARS

Filth.

They turn to go down the stairs, and just at that moment, the stairboard splinters with a sickening crash and Don cries out as he plummets through the stairs and lands below with a thud.

300-A RICKY AND SEARS' POINT OF VIEW - DON 300-A

Through the stairs, on the floor below, Don lies where he has fallen -- his leg crumpled, broken beneath him.

301 IN THE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER 301

They've wrapped up Don's leg in one of Ricky's many jackets. In the foreground, Sears bundles himself up in preparation to go back outside.

RICKY

We'll all go.

SEARS

He can't be moved.

RICKY

Please. Sears.

SEARS

Don't argue with me, Ricky. I'm too old, too tired and too scared. You can't make me stay.

RICKY

I could never make you do anything you didn't want to.

SEARS

I'll be back by four with help -- earlier if I can.

And throwing his scarf around him, he's gone.

302 ON THE WALKWAY TO THE STREET 302

Ricky rushes out after him.

RICKY

Sears!

But he doesn't even turn around -- just keeps marching down the walk toward the car.

303 INSIDE AT THE WINDOW 303

Ricky watches as Sears gets to the Rolls, climbs in.

304 SEARS 304

Turns the key to the ignition; it catches. He gets out with the ice scraper, clears a circle in front of the steering wheel. He gets back in and electrically locks all four doors.

305 THE ROLLS - DAY - MOVING 305

Sears peers over the wheel of this immense car. Out ahead, little except wind and blowing snow. The drifts have reached the eaves of the houses -- drapes are drawn, the feeling of people closed in on themselves. A ghost town.

306 INT. GALLI HOUSE - MAIN ROOM 306

Don, sweating and shivering at the same time, hears Ricky as he rummages around on the second floor.

DON

Are you okay?

RICKY'S VOICE

Fine!

307 ON THE SECOND LANDING 307

As Ricky comes out of the bedroom where he encountered Gregory and Fenny. He calls down to Don:

RICKY

All clear so far!

He passes Elmer's disembodied hand. Then he turns to face the stairwell leading to the third floor.

CONTINUED

307 CONTINUED

307

RICKY

I'm going up to the third floor now.
Can you hear me?

DON'S VOICE

Yes. Be careful!

At the top of the flight, a closed door. Ricky carefully makes his way up, takes a deep breath, and on the count of three, opens the door.

308 EVA'S BOUDOIR - DAY

308

A bare, cold, bleak room -- the site of Ricky's nightmares, of course. An old mirror-fronted dresser -- grimy and covered with years of dust. It dully reflects Ricky as he enters -- an old man with a bad cold, holding the knife in front of him like he's giving it away. A bed with a bare mattress; a tatty gray blanket thrown over it. Little else -- a lantern on the windowsill, burnt matches on the floor. Otherwise, utterly empty. Don is calling his name faintly in the background, but Ricky doesn't even hear it. He stares at himself in the dresser mirror -- slowly putting his hand to the back of his neck.

309 DOWNSTAIRS - THE MAIN ROOM

309

Don hears the sound of the beams buckling from the weight of too much snow. Then the sound of footsteps.

DON

Ricky?

No answer. Then louder as the footsteps come down the stairs.

DON

Ricky!

Ricky comes in, holding the lantern, smiling faintly at him.

DON

Anything?

RICKY

(shakes his
head; then)
Just an empty room.

DON

Are you okay?

CONTINUED

309

CONTINUED

309

RICKY

I was just thinking....

DON

About sidewalks again?

RICKY

No, you scamp. About Sears. I know people think I take too much guff from him -- sort of a permanent junior partner, I guess. Clients always look to him, wait for his opinion. But I've been married to him just as surely as I've been married to Stella all these years.

DON

He'll be all right.

310

BACK IN THE ROLLS

310

Sears fiddles with the dials to try to get some company on the radio. Only static, however. It's torturously slow -- going down a maze of streets -- then he sees another way to go where Omar has already been with the plow. He swings the wheel and turns down

311

EXT. HAVEN LANE - DAY

311

Following the tracks of the plow now, the Rolls comes down it. Moving in its grooves, it continues and climbs up

312

UNDERHILL ROAD

312

Sears inches the car to the top only to hear monstrously noisy grinding. He looks down the slope.

313

SEARS' POINT OF VIEW - BELOW

313

The municipal snow plow -- moving slowly, maddeningly slowly, weaving a bit. A substantial amount of additional plowing remains to connect to a through street.

314

SEARS

314

pushes his hand down hard on the horn.

315 OMAR 315
Leans out the plow window, gaping under his ski mask. Half-dead of exhaustion, drunk.

OMAR
Sonovabitch!
He gives Sears the finger.

316 SEARS 316
Enraged, starts moving down the hill, blasting the horn.

317 OMAR 317
Yells at him to come no farther. He gets out of the cab, and like a traffic cop, holds up his hand -- meaning stop at all costs. Then another motion -- turn around, go back.

318 THE ROLLS 318
The wheels spin as Sears applies the brakes. The car slips six inches. Then another six. The hill a solid sheet of ice.

319 SEARS 319
Reacts with a jolt, grabs the emergency brake to stop the car.

320 THE ROLLS 320
Skids forward on the ice, its rear tires screaming as it goes plummeting down the hill like a roller coaster.

321 OMAR 321
Unbelieving, waving his hands frantically for Sears to stop.

322 CLOSE ON SEARS 322
The car is moving faster down the freshly plowed, icy hill. Through the windshield, he sees Omar jumping off the snow-plow to escape the car's murderous movement. He turns the wheel sharply.

323 THE ROLLS 323

Misses Omar, side-swiping the plow and continuing right into

324 THE SNOWBANK 324

Plunging into it -- the car thudding as it stops to rest in semi-darkness. It's as if it hit a wall -- five feet of solid snow holding it firm like cement.

325 OMAR 325

Picks himself up, more angry than injured.

OMAR

Sonovabitch, sonovabitch!

326 IN THE ROLLS 326

Sears puts his hand to his temple. A slight ribbon of blood. Hearing Omar faintly outside the snowbank, he leans back in his seat -- at least he's alive.

WOMAN'S VOICE

It's been a long time, Sears.

He turns to find Eva sitting in the back seat, staring at him. She smiles at him contemptuously.

EVA

Now, boy.

A hand comes out of the darkness -- a small, dirty little hand with earth embedded under its nails. Fenny's been hiding back here all along, waiting for his chance. He grabs at Sears' throat.

327 INT. GALLI HOUSE - DUSK 327

Ricky sits glued to the windowseat -- no sign of anyone coming down the street at all. The lantern has been lit -- the room's only illumination. Don looks at his watch -- it's going on six, and it's starting to get dark out.

DON

Maybe he's just gotten stuck in the snow.

CONTINUED

327 CONTINUED

327

RICKY

(shaking
his head)

He would've come back if he was all
right.

(crying)

He was my best friend, and I'll miss
him as long as I live.

(a beat)

My God -- I'm the only one left.

DON

We'll end it, Ricky. We'll lay her
to rest.

RICKY

An old man and a pup...?

DON

We're the Chowder Society now.

RICKY

Sears was right -- you do sound like
Knute Rockne.

(blowing
his nose)

We've got to get you to a doctor.

328 EXT. GALLI HOUSE - DUSK

328

Hobbling on one leg, Don braces himself at the open front
door. Ricky, like a little polar explorer, is almost out
by the street now. He turns to Don and waves:

RICKY

I'll be right back!

329 CLOSER ON RICKY

329

He looks around him -- in either direction, all is a gray
blur. And then out of it comes a stream of yellow light and
a big blue car. He waves frantically, yelling for it to
stop. Perhaps thirty or forty yards ahead of him, the car
brakes and stops. The driver opens the passenger door.
Ricky scrambles as fast as he can for the car.

330 INT. BLUE CAR - DUSK

330

Ricky climbs in:

CONTINUED

330

CONTINUED

330

RICKY

Thank God you've come along ---

Only to find himself staring into the grinning face of Gregory Bate who quickly reaches out and grips him tightly by the throat.

GREGORY

A lucky break for both of us, Ricky.

331

EXT. GALLI HOUSE - DUSK

331

Confused, Don watches the car pull away. He turns and limps back into the house. It's beginning to snow again.

332

INT. BLUE CAR - NIGHT

332

A terrified Ricky struggles under Gregory's one-armed hold as the car moves farther away from the residential area.

GREGORY

Wouldn't you like to live forever,
Ricky? Even if you must die first?

RICKY

Go to hell.

GREGORY

Imagine the peace of lying down with
your hands crossed on your chest.
Imagine sleeping under ice ---

RICKY

Imagine it yourself, you filth!

He plunges the kitchen knife deep into Gregory's chest.

333

THE BLUE CAR

333

Its rear end spins sideways as Gregory's startled foot hits the accelerator, strikes a metal fence and a mailbox. It's moving astraddle to the road now -- then it falls into one of the already unevenly plowed terraces and rolls up on its side, wheels spinning, only to drop onto the metal fence.

330 CONTINUED

330

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334 RICKY

334

Gregory's horrible empty dead eyes stare at him. He swings the door open and looks down -- three or four feet to the ground. He edges off the seat, and letting his legs hang out of the open door, takes a deep breath and pushes himself off the seat. He lands hard but on his feet. Breathing hard, he looks around -- white everywhere, the roads impassable except on foot.

335 INT. GALLI HOUSE - NIGHT

335

Don listens to the wooden beams above, creaking, weighted down with too much snow. There are other noises now, too. Doors closing, opening. It's as if the old house is coming alive as the weather outside whips it unmercifully -- an unequivocal blizzard now. Don feverish, his leg killing him.

And then, from upstairs, comes the sound of footsteps. Someone is walking. Someone is coming down the stairs.

Don clutches the rusty fireplace poker. Managing to stand, he moves out into the hallway, the lantern in his other hand.

336 DOWN THE STAIRS

336

Someone's coming down them, all right. We can see a man's shoes, then his pant legs.

337 DON

337

Waits to see who's in the house with him. Sure it's Gregory, he clutches the poker.

338 THE FIGURE

338

Slowly comes into view. Waist, chest, and finally the face.

339 DON

339

Swallows unbelievably as he sees his enemy. Out pops a small stomach-knotted ohh.

340 DON'S POINT OF VIEW - HIMSELF

340

Or more precisely, David. Looking just fine -- better than ever. He smiles at him:

DAVID

Aren't you even going to say hello?

341 CLOSER ON DON 341
Terrified, unable to speak. He raises the poker in defense.

342 CLOSER ON DAVID 342
He smiles even more broadly now, coming toward him.

DAVID
Now, now -- is that any kind of
greeting?

343 CLOSER ON DON 343
DON
You're dead.

344 EVEN CLOSER ON DAVID 344
DAVID
Then you must be, too. But it's not
so bad. Not really.

345 DON AND DAVID 345
As David reaches out to touch him, Don swings the poker at
him. Then again, at his head, connecting. David falls to
the ground, motionless. Don sinks to the stairs, dropping
the poker at his feet. His head in his hands, feverish.

DON
Trick. Just a trick.

DAVID'S VOICE
It's funny about that.

Don looks up to find David standing there again: unmarked,
fine.

DAVID
You won't even feel pain, Donny.
It almost feels good.

DON
Get away from me.

Don grabs the poker, raises it threateningly.

CONTINUED

345

CONTINUED

345

DAVID

And of course there's nothing left
to worry about.

Don smashes the poker down hard on David's head; he falls to the ground again. Only to begin to stir. Don backs up the stairs in horror as David raises his head and grins grotesquely at him.

LON

What are you?

DAVID

Why, I am you, Donny.

He struggles to his feet -- unkillable, unstoppable.

DAVID

I am you.

DON

The hell you are.

He hurls the poker at him -- it bounces off and he keeps coming. Don backs up the stairs...up to the second landing. Only to hear footsteps coming this way, too, now -- and out of the dark -- mechanically, eerily ticking his face from side to side -- comes David:

DAVID

(sing-song)

I am you, Donny; I am you, Donny;
I am you, Donny....

Don groans and lurches up the stairwell leading to the third floor. He drags himself up it as David pursues him. The door leading to the bedroom is open, and Don -- in excruciating pain -- falls in.

346

IN THE BEDROOM

346

Don manages to get in and slam the door, latches it. David starts pounding on it.

DAVID

For God's sake, Don -- can't you
help me?

DON

Go away.

CONTINUED

346

CONTINUED

346

DAVID

Jesus, Donny -- let me in.

The pounding becomes harder now, almost superhuman. The latch is starting to give, the wood splintering. Don spots the mirror-fronted dresser, and with every bit of strength he possesses, drags the heavy piece over to the door to barricade it. And it holds. The pounding stops, David's voice ceases. Don exhales in relief -- only to hear a grunting laugh behind him. He wheels around as something comes down hard on his head, knocking him out.

347

EXT. HARDESTY'S DODGE - NIGHT

347

Following Omar and the plow as it clears the road ahead of them, Ricky, Hardesty and Deputy Churchill sit in the front seat.

HARDESTY

You're out of your skull -- you know that, Mr. Hawthorne?

Rickey doesn't reply -- staring, determined, straight ahead -- almost not in the car at all. And then he feels something -- a premonition. His hand to the back of his neck -- his hair standing on end the way it did in Eva's room.

RICKY

(to himself)

The pond...

(to Hardesty)

Turn around.

HARDESTY

What? First you got me to agree to this wild ---

RICKY

(cutting
him off)

I'm going to show you where a murder's been committed.

HARDESTY

(under his
breath)

Crazy old buzzard.

RICKY

(barking it;
a command)

Now!

348 DARKNESS

348

As Don begins to regain consciousness. Breathing -- deep, even; at first we think it's him. And then the sound of music floating in the air -- faintly, lilting, then getting louder as the thin, reedy male voice joins in to sing "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." And the breathing is louder now, too. Don opens his eyes -- next to him on a table, the shell-covered music box from Alma's apartment. He finds himself naked and

349 IN BED

349

The room is exactly the way it was fifty years ago.

VOICE

I will take you places where you have never been....

Don turns to find

350 DON'S POINT OF VIEW - EVA

350

In bed, next to him, smiling. Naked, her flesh only too real.

EVA

...show you things you have never seen....

351 CLOSE ON DON

351

On his terror-stricken face.

352 CLOSER ON EVA

352

Her eyes burning, triumphant.

EVA

...and I will see the life run out of you.

353 CLOSER ON DON

353

On his insanely high-pitched scream of absolute fucking terror, we

CUT TO

354 EXT. THE DEDHAM POND - DAWN

354

Where Don's scream merges with the grinding sound of the plow. With Omar at the controls and the help of Leon Churchill and a few other recruits, the top of the pond has already been cleared away. They have broken through the ice and are searching through the black water. And then Omar signals to Ricky and Hardesty -- who stand at the edge of the pond -- that they've hooked something.

355 ON EVA IN THE ROOM

355

Her look of triumph suddenly turns to anger, to furious surprise.

EVA

No! No!

356 THE PLOW

356

Has indeed hooked something and is now winching it up with great noise and difficulty -- whatever it is they've hooked isn't at all happy to be coming up. Terrible, incredible sounds as more ice cracks, breaks, and then, right before our eyes, Warren Scales old flivver breaks through the surface of the pond.

HARDESTY

: What the -- ?

357 CLOSER ON EVA

357

A look of horror now, even terror.

EVA

No! You cannot do this!

358 CLOSER ON THE CAR

358

The grime on its back window begins to clear a bit, and through it, pressed up against it, the face of Eva Galli. Her mouth contorted in a huge O as a scream begins to form.

359 CLOSER ON HARDESTY

359

HARDESTY

Holy mother of ---

360 CLOSE ON EVA IN THE ROOM

360

Beautiful, young, just the way she looked in 1929. Her mouth starts to form this same screaming O.

361 CLOSER ON THE CAR WINDOW - OPTICAL

361

Nearer and nearer as we finally get to see her just as she is -- the creature of the Chowder Society's nightmares; what David Wanderley saw before he went plummeting out the window. An image of utter, irremediable horror -- anatomically wiped out, now deformed and fleshy, her eyes goggle-like. A mouldering corpse in the back seat of a car that's been underwater for half a century. And out of her contorted mouth, we hear the scream that's been pent up, muffled, restrained all these years. If Dolby was ever invented for anything, this is it -- it should shake the teeth in our mouth as we intercut

362 EVA IN THE ROOM

362

Screaming now, too -- thwarted, howling, cheated of her complete revenge as the room starts to change -- the 1929 furnishings disappearing and the 1980 empty room beginning to return.

363 DON

363

Watches this phenomenon, almost catatonic, in shock.

364 RICKY

364

Her unearthly screams continue over his face.

365 A SERIES OF DISSOLVES AND CUTS

365

The car -- as the scream begins to echo, reverberate.

Hardesty and Ricky -- struck dumb, watching.

Eva -- as the room in the present begins to take on definition, she begins to vanish.

Eva -- her face now overlapping onto the face of the thing in the car. The image starting to shake, about to explode.

Don -- alone now in the empty room -- naked and curled up in the corner, almost fetal.

The car -- as it begins to quiet down, the sound fading.

Ricky -- a deep breath.

Long shot -- the Dedham pond, the car suspended in the air, still.

An even longer shot of Milburn from afar: peaceful now, silent.

366 EXT. PLEASANT HILL CEMETERY - DAY

366

A few weeks later now. The winter has receded -- the snow melting, little ice-cream scoops of it here and there, but it's almost gone. Ricky stands with Don -- haggard but looking almost healed now, using a crutch -- and Stella. The three of them have put flowers on the graves. Too many graves, too many fresh ones -- David and Edward, John and Sears.

367 EXT. TRAILWAYS BUS STATION - DAY

367

Here in town, too, the signs of the blizzard have retreated -- people out shopping, walking, nothing to suggest that this wasn't just another bad winter. Don puts his duffle bag on the waiting bus; turns to Ricky and Stella.

RICKY

If you don't object, I think we're going to adopt you spiritually.

DON

It makes me too proud of myself to object.

RICKY

Good, then -- it's decided. Kiss your son goodbye, darling.

STELLA

(as she
embraces him)

We'll send you a barrage of postcards from France.

DON

I expect you to.

The bus is about to depart now; an awkward moment. Impulsively, Don embraces Ricky for all he's worth, and Ricky's tears start flowing like a faucet.

RICKY

We did it, didn't we?

DON

We did it all.

368 ON THE BUS - AFTERNOON

368

The bus is already moving, leaving Milburn, as Don reaches his seat. He looks out the window -- at Ricky and Stella waving goodbye. Down the Square and past the Revolutionary War Soldier and the Rialto Theater...the town receding in the distance. As Don settles back in his seat, the sun is going down -- it's beginning to get dark. He leans back, closes his eyes.

369 EXT. THE BUS - MOVING - DUSK 369

On the outskirts of Milburn now, leaving the town proper and moving past.

370 EXT. THE CEMETERY - DUSK 370

We begin circling back through it now as the church bells toll. We are moving around tombstones, and once again, there's the faint sound of crying, whimpering. We circle closer and closer to it -- an abbreviated version of the opening story. Until we come round one last marker -- a new one for Sears. And no one's there.

Then suddenly, heartstoppingly, a figure jumps into frame. It's Fenny Bate. Wandering, lost little animal-like sounds coming from his mouth. Forgotten, neglected, hungry -- not knowing where to go. His red-lidded eyes fill the frame, staring at us.

Fade to black as the church bells continue.

THE END