

6

EXT STREET NIGHT

6

The hot engine of a Trans-Am fires up down the block. The DRIVER honks the horn and a SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD KID runs out of another house and jumps into the passenger side as the car pulls away, fast. A HOMELESS GUY rants at them, shaking his fist. *

Tom, Maggie, and Lisa come out of the house and head down the steps. Tom carries a baby monitor (the receiver end). He holds it to his ear. Jake's breathing is clearly audible on the speaker.

MAGGIE

(to Lisa)

You, me, and six brothers, *God*, I hope it's a girl. I'm sick of all these balls around the house.

(to Tom)

Except for yours, Babe.

Tom forces a smile. They approach a party at a house across the street. PEOPLE have spilled out of the house and onto the large stone front porch. *

LISA

What are the odds of a reasonably educated single man being at this thing? And I'm not talking about a GED. *

7

OUTSIDE THE PARTY HOUSE,

7*

we stop at a telephone pole, noticing a few hand flyers stapled there -- lost dogs, car wash at the church this Saturday, somebody looking for a missing girl. It's been there a while. *

MAGGIE

Does it matter if he's on the boner pill? Could be a good thing, if he has a heart attack and *dies* right after...

FIFTEEN OR TWENTY PEOPLE are on the front porch, more are visible through the windows of the house, jammed into the crowded into a living room. It's loud, smoky, there's music and a ton of booze -- empty beer bottles, five gallon jugs of wine, big liter bottles of vodka and gin. *

(CONTINUED)

Tom joins the men on the porch. BOBBY, a heavy guy in his late *
twenties holding a sleeping three-year-old on his shoulder, *
talks with FRANK McCARTHY, fortyish, big Irish drinker, and
HARRY DAMON, also older than the rest, stiff posture and short
haircut. Frank draws Tom a beer from a keg. *

FRANK

Tom-Tom-Tommy, how are ya? *

TOM

You would not *believe* the day I'm
having.

(nods to Harry)

Harry.

HARRY

Hello, Tom. Takin' care of the place?

TOM

Actually, we're drilling holes in all
your floors. Hope you don't mind.

Harry smiles, ha ha, very funny, sir. Tom sits on the porch *
rail. His own house is visible in the background, right across *
the narrow street. *

FRANK

(as Tom drinks)

That's it, take the medicine deep into
your body. Good, good.

HARRY

So how you likin' the neighborhood?

TOM

Well, I grew up about a mile from here,
it ain't like a foreign country.

FRANK

The hell it isn't! This is the best
God damn neighborhood in Chicago,
'cause we look out for each other, and
that's sayin' a lot as we approach the
Year of our Lord two thousand.

HARRY

What are you, running for Mayor? *

LENNY

(the local crank) *

Hey, did any of you guys see those
Dominican crank dealers hanging around
the park again?

(CONTINUED)

While they rant, Tom tunes out. Finishes his beer. That was quick. He holds his plastic cup under the tap, draws another from the keg.

*
*

FRANK

(to Bobby)

What is Lenny doing here? Did you tell him you were having a party?!

BOBBY

Vanessa made me.

LENNY

Yeah, laugh it up, laugh it up, and when you all wake up dead with your throats cut some night --

FRANK

I mean, I could see if he just heard the noise and wandered in, but to actually invite him into your home...

LENNY

-- don't come crying to me!

While they all laugh, Lisa, near the door to the house, evaluates this selection of available males.

*
*

LISA

Not attracted to... not drunk enough for... *Frightened* by...

8

EXT PARTY HOUSE LATER

8*

The party wanes. Some have left, the ones that remain are bombed. In the narrow passageway between the party house and the one next door, a DRUNK COUPLE make out ferociously.

*
*
*

On the porch, Frank stares long and hard at someone's cleavage. Sheila, a nervous woman, catches him. He gives her a "What?" gesture. Must be married to each other.

*
*
*

The baby monitor sits on the porch, next to Tom, Jake's breathing audible on it. Tom turns, looks across the street. A dozen yards away, he can see Jake's bedroom window, the blue nightlight glowing brightly.

*
*
*
A*
*
*

Tom hears a SHRIEK of women's voices from inside the house. He turns and looks through the window. Inside, he sees Maggie blushing, receiving hugs and congratulations from the two or three women around her.

*
*
*
*

The keg tap flows.

*

9

INT BOBBY & VANESSA'S LIVING ROOM LATER

9*

the party's down to the hard-core half dozen, who are all in the * house now, passing a joint around. Tom sits on the couch, feet * on the coffee table next to the baby monitor. His mood has not improved. Maggie is next to him, Frank and Sheila are jammed in there too. Bobby and VANESSA, his wife, sit on the floor opposite. Lisa is in a chair at the end.

VANESSA

I don't believe any of that. People who say they were hypnotized weren't really, they were just, you know, playing along.

LISA

Oh really? Then how could they have needles stuck into their throats without bleeding? Without even making a sound?

FRANK

Bullshit.

VANESSA

You never saw that happen.

FRANK

Bullshit!

SHEILA

Can you learn another word?

LISA

Uh, good morning, I had a two inch needle stuck right into the thick of my arm, by my instructor, while I was under hypnosis.

VANESSA

You're making it up!

BOBBY

That's disgusting.

MAGGIE

I saw her arm the next day. It left a mark.

(CONTINUED)

LISA (cont'd)

The white screen. You drift toward it,
in your chair.

Up ahead of us, the screen is a dazzling white. We move slowly
toward it, floating over the seats.

LISA (o.s.)

There are letters up on the screen.
Tall, thick, black letters, but they're
out of focus. You drift closer to
them, trying to read them.

Blurry black letters appear on the screen. We drift closer.

LISA (o.s.)

You're very comfortable. You sit
there, looking at the screen, drifting
closer in your chair, staring at those
letters. You're relaxing. Your legs
are relaxed. Your hands are limp and
heavy. The letters come into focus,
you're close enough now, you can read
them. The letters spell --

*

*

The moment she speaks the word, five giant black letters come
into focus on the white screen, filling our entire field of
vision.

LISA (o.s.)

SLEEP.

We stare at that word, then everything goes black for a long
moment. Suddenly --

13

INT FLASHBACK HOUSE DAY

13

An image pops up out of the black, just for a split-second,
barely long enough for us to make out what it is. It's a point-
of-view shot, we're falling down, toward unpainted wooden
floorboards. We hit hard, and as we spit out blood *one of our*
own teeth skitters out across the floor and into our field of
vision.

Just as suddenly as it appeared the image disappears and --

14

INT BOBBY & VANESSA'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

14

Tom's eyes snap open. He's horrified. *SIX FACES* stare right at*
him from up close. Tom looks around, disoriented. He's still *
in Bobby and Vanessa's living room.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

What the hell was that? *

All six faces burst out laughing simultaneously. Somebody turns the lights back on, somebody else hits the music.

TOM (cont'd)

What?

People start talking, all at once. Lisa seems very pleased with herself. Maggie comes and sits on the arm of the chair next to Tom, puts her hand on his face.

MAGGIE

Are you okay?

VANESSA

You were faking it. You had to be faking it.

FRANK

That was the weirdest thing I've ever seen in my life.

MAGGIE

You're pouring sweat.

TOM

What'd you do to me?

LISA

Oh, nothing much. Just had you stretched out as stiff as a board between those two chairs --

She points to two dining room chairs that are sitting back to back four or five feet apart.

LISA (cont'd)

(lighting a lighter)

-- and ran this back and forth under your legs.

TOM

(to Maggie)

That happened?

MAGGIE

You said it didn't hurt. And she kept it moving.

(CONTINUED)

Even more laughter, now everybody's slapping him on the back. He smiles, his sense of humor returning. He looks at Lisa and shakes his head.

TOM (cont'd)

Anything else you left in my brain, you
dead woman?

*

*

CUT TO:

*

15

INT

TOM & MAGGIE'S HOUSE

NIGHT

15

A clock on a bedside table reads 1:11. Maggie is asleep in bed, Tom is lying on his back, still awake. He stares up at the ceiling. He rolls over on his side.

Can't sleep. He closes his eyes.

16-16C A BARRAGE OF IMAGES

16-16C

paces across the back of his eyelids:

16 -- Lisa's face, close to his, as she begins to hypnotize him.

16A -- A flame, leaping out from a cigarette lighter.

16B -- Six faces, pressed in close to his.

16C -- Himself, floating in an armchair above an empty movie theatre.

17

INT

TOM & MAGGIE'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

17

Tom opens his eyes. He squints at the clock. Now it's 2:26. He rolls over, punching his pillow. He closes his eyes again.

A hand drops over Tom's shoulder. It's Maggie, who has been partially roused by Tom's tossing and turning.

He settles, puts an arm around her and pulls her closer to him. Her hand strokes his chest. Then it slides beneath the sheets, moving.

Still not fully awake, she begins to kiss his neck.

He rolls over to face her.

She's still half unconscious as they start to make out, sleep-sex.

NEXT TO THE BED,

Maggie's pajama pants drop onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

27 INT LIVING ROOM NIGHT

27

Tom drops onto the sofa. He sits forward, picks up the remote off the coffee table, points it at the TV and turns it on. When he sits back --

-- *there's a woman sitting next to him.*

She's eighteen or nineteen years old, so pale her skin's almost luminous. She's attractive but odd, she wears a billowy black dress with a diamond pattern, bangles up and down each wrist. Her lips are light blue, her eyes red-rimmed. Steam rises softly from her hair and skin; when she opens her mouth to speak, her breath comes out of her mouth in clouds of vapor.

But try as she might to form words, the sounds aren't coherent, they're muffled, distorted, ugly.

Tom SHOUTS and bolts to his feet, leaping away from the couch. When he turns back, she's gone.

28 ON THE STAIRS,

28

Tom staggers back upstairs, shaken. He stops, staring up. Jake, his four year old, is standing at the top of the stairs, perfectly straight, staring down at his father calmly.

TOM

Jake?

The little boy doesn't answer, just stares at him. Tom climbs the last few stairs and bends down to his son. The vertical bars of the bannister cast shadows across his face. *

TOM (cont'd)

Daddy's okay, I just, I don't feel well right now...

Jake reaches out with one hand and rests his fingertips on Tom's forehead. His face lights up in a wide smile.

JAKE

Don't be afraid of it, Daddy.

Jake turns, walks down the hall, and goes back into his room.

CUT TO:

29 INT LIVING ROOM DAY

29

The next morning. An old black and white monster movie is on the television. Jake, in his pajamas, is watching it on the couch.

MAGGIE

Why doesn't he just *lick* them when they walk by?

*
*

SHEILA

Frank says the average guy carries around a hard-on two and a half hours out of every day. Him included.

*
*
*

MAGGIE

I wish you... see, now I have to picture that.

*
*
*

SHEILA

They change. Ten years of marriage, a kid or two -- they're different human beings.

*
*
*

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN walks past and Frank gives her the big crank-around.

MAGGIE

Not exactly picky, is he?

SHEILA

He'll stick it in a bowl of soup if it's still warm.

*

42

INT LIVING ROOM NIGHT

42

Back in their living room, Debbie sets the baby monitor on an end table and sits down with a magazine. She turns the monitor up. Jake's breathing is clearly audible. She reads.

43

EXT STREET NIGHT

43

Tom notices Sheila glaring at Frank.

TOM

You know you're under surveillance here.

FRANK

What can I do? Nature commands me to spread my seed. I hear and obey.

TOM

Just don't be surprised when Sheila digs out your .38 and buries a slug in your ass.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Please. The woman can't even step on a spider.

TOM

Spider doesn't fuck around on her.

(CONTINUED)

As they near the stadium, they pass a police car, a couple COPS * busting UNDERAGE DRINKERS. The red lights on top of the car are * flashing. Tom stares at the red, puts a hand to his temple. *

Maggie catches up.

MAGGIE

You okay?

44

INT LIVING ROOM NIGHT

44

It's very quiet in the house. From the monitor, Jake's breathing is still normal.

Debbie reads.

45

EXT FOOTBALL FIELD NIGHT

45

As the two couples come into the stadium, Frank is droning on about numbers again.

FRANK

He hits a thousand yards and we're talkin' major scholarships, the kid could write his own ticket. That kinda thing's good for everybody, helps the whole neighborhood. He's goin' a hell of a lot farther than I ever did. Look at the quality of the tail he's already gettin'. He passed me in that department when he was about fourteen.

He passes Tom the bottle. This time, Tom takes a swig.

46

INT LIVING ROOM NIGHT

46

Debbie turns a page.

Suddenly, on the monitor -- Jake's breathing stops.

Debbie doesn't notice.

47

EXT FOOTBALL FIELD NIGHT

47

Tom and the others make their way through the bleachers toward the first open seats and sit down. The crowd is delirious with anticipation, and a bit loaded -- there's a lot of schnapps in that crowd, and beers snuck in here and there. And that's the grown-ups.

Jake can be heard CRYING as she takes off down the street with him.

57

EXT OUR BLOCK NIGHT

57

Tom races around the corner and onto his block. He runs across the street, forcing a car to lock 'em up at the last second. The Driver SHOUTS.

Tom reaches the sidewalk just in front of his house and stops in his tracks, staring at the house, wild-eyed. The front door is hanging open, lights are on inside. He races in. We stay outside, hearing his anguished, enraged voice BELLOWING for his son.

A moment later, Maggie comes running up, out of breath. She reaches the front of the house just as Tom is coming out again.

MAGGIE

What the hell is-

TOM

She took him!

MAGGIE

What?!

TOM

SHE TOOK HIM, HE'S NOT THERE, SHE TOOK HIM SOMEPLACE!

MAGGIE

Oh, my God!

He runs to the corner, desperate, and looks up and down the street in both directions. There are a lot of people out, she could be anywhere.

He turns, looks up and down the side street. Nothing in the first direction, but when he looks the other way, he hears a faint BUZZING sound in the distance. He doesn't hesitate, just takes off toward it.

58

EXT ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

58

Tom runs through a tunnel under elevated train tracks. Above him, a train is SCREECHING to a stop. He looks ahead. He's standing in front of a train station. The BUZZING is louder as he stares at it. *

Maggie comes through the tunnel, catching up to him. *

TOM

She's got him in there. *

They race inside. *

59

INT TRAIN STATION NIGHT

59

Tom and Maggie enter through a waiting area. They hurry across the floor, past rows of benches, looking left and right, worried out of their minds. They head downstairs. *

Across the waiting area, TWO COPS notice them and follow. *

What's up? *

DOWNSTAIRS, *

Tom and Maggie fly down the stairs and come into the subterranean area, caged ticket windows, tunnels leading everywhere. *

Maggie takes off, searching the benches jammed with waiting PASSENGERS. Tom sees a red light mounted on a wall near one of the tunnels. The light is flashing on and off, mounted over white letters that also flash -- "BOARDING." *

As Tom stares at the light, the buzzing returns, but faintly now. It's not in his head, it's actually coming from the light. Tom walks toward it. When he's finally standing right under the light, he turns around. Directly behind him --

-- he sees *Jake*, held over Debbie's shoulder as she stands at one of the ticket windows. Jake is exhausted, distraught, eyes staring blankly up at the buzzing light, the red flashing off his face.

Debbie is at the front of her line, talking animatedly to the TICKET SELLER. Tom doesn't want to startle her. He takes one step closer to her. Jake's eyes drop from the light, he notices his father, picks up his head and smiles.

Maggie sees Jake at the same time. She and Tom rush over to their son. Debbie notices.

DEBBIE

(to the Ticket Seller)

That's him!

She turns and tries to run, still carrying Jake, but Tom and Maggie descend on her.

TOM

Give him back to me!

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

FIRST YOU TELL ME WHERE SHE IS! *TELL
ME WHERE SHE IS!*

Tom tries to wrench Jake away from her but Debbie whirls, violently. Jake starts to cry. The Ticket Seller (YVONNE), a woman in her mid-forties, comes running out from behind the row of cages, SHOUTING.

YVONNE

Take your hands off her!

DEBBIE

POLICE! HELP, POLICE!

The cops who spotted them upstairs come racing down the steps and run over. When they reach the ticket windows, everyone is shouting at everyone else, still locked in struggle. *

COP 1

Hey, hey, HEY, HEY, *HEY!* Everybody shut up a minute!

MAGGIE

That's our son! That woman kidnapped our son!

COP 1

(to Debbie)

Is that your child?

Jake is still crying, reaching his arms out to his parents.

DEBBIE

Ask them about Samantha!

COP 1

I'm asking about that boy, who sure as hell doesn't look like he belongs to you.

YVONNE

I can explain this.

COP 1

I'm not talking to you, I'm talking to her. Is that boy your child?

DEBBIE

No.

(CONTINUED)

He leans forward, picks up the remote for the TV, and turns it on. When he sits back --

-- he's still alone in the room. It's the same movement he made when Samantha first appeared, but tonight she doesn't.

He turns off the TV, puts the remote back on the coffee table. He repeats -- leans forward, picks it up, and turns the TV back on. When he sits back, still nothing. He turns off the TV.

He repeats.

CUT TO:

66

EXT BLOCK PARTY DAY

66

It's a street party, and it's jammed. Police barricades are at both ends of the block. Half barrels of beer sit in big plastic garbage cans, ice dumped over them. Most of the couple dozen cars parked in the driveways have their radios on, loud, the windows hanging open. One side of the street likes rap, the other side's into heavy metal.

Outside Bernie's Tap, the bar on the corner, a DOZEN DRUNK GUYS are running pass patterns out the front door, cutting left at the mailbox, and catching a football thrown from inside the bar, out an open window. Well, they don't actually *catch* the ball...

AT ONE OF THE KEGS,

the Homeless Guy is drinking right out of one of the beer taps while nobody is watching. Lenny, the local crank, is outraged.

LENNY

HEY, GET THE HELL AWAY FROM THERE!

He chases the Homeless Guy off, trying to kick him in the ass but spilling his own beer in the process.

LENNY (cont'd)

(to no one in particular)

You see what I'm talkin' about?! You see what I mean?!

ON A FRONT YARD,

Jake plays with a couple NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS.

66A

EXT OUR BLOCK DAY

66A

Maggie and Lisa walk down our block, headed for the party, which* we can hear up around the corner. Maggie looks terrible, dark * circles under her eyes, stress showing everywhere. *

(CONTINUED)

LISA

You know, you're never going to get out
of this marriage if you keep having
children with him.

*
*
*
*

MAGGIE

I don't want to get out of the
marriage, Lisa. We're good.

*
*
*

LISA

Is that why you look so happy?

*
*

MAGGIE

What are you talking about?

*
*

LISA

Uh huh.

*
*

As a HALF DOZEN KIDS race past them, they round a corner and
come out into --

*
*

66B

EXT

BLOCK PARTY

DAY

66B*

-- the block party.

*

MAGGIE

I'm fine. I'm tired. I'm pregnant.

*
*

LISA

Well, that's convincing.

*
*

Maggie looks around, to see if Tom's nearby. She sighs, drops
her head into her hands.

*
*

LISA

What is it?

*
*

Maggie covers her face.

*

(CONTINUED)

IN FRONT OF BERNIE'S TAP,

*

somebody actually manages to catch one of the passes coming from out of the bar and is immediately tackled by three drunks. On the pavement. Ouch.

IN THE CROWD,

Harry Damon, Tom's landlord, is talking to a NEIGHBOR GUY.

HARRY

... but if you live on the base, room and board are covered, and you've got service pay on top of that. So by the time I retire I've got more than enough for a couple downpayments, some improvements. The day I take off the uniform I'm already a landlord. Five years later, I got three houses in this neighborhood.

He notices Tom staring at them. Tom looks like hell. Unshaven, two day old clothes. Harry looks him up and down.

*

HARRY (cont'd)

How ya doin'?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

That's right, yeah, I remember her.
What about her?

TOM

I've been thinking about her. A lot.

They look at him -- this guy needs some sleep. Or maybe lithium.

MAGGIE AND LISA

are still talking. Lisa has been told everything.

MAGGIE

He hasn't been out of the house for almost a week, hasn't gone to work, he sleeps like twelve hours a night. He used up all his sick days, they're gonna start to dock him if he doesn't go Monday, and I can't get him more than six feet away from the couch.

*
*
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*
*

LISA

Why?

MAGGIE

That's where she "appeared to him."

LISA

I'm not really shocked there's another woman, but the fact that she's dead gives one pause.

(Maggie looks at her)

Well? We are talking about a ghost here, aren't we?

*

HARRY DAMON

asks Tom a question.

HARRY

So, uh... why exactly are you thinking about her, Tom?

TOM

Her sister baby-sat for me.

He leaves it at that. There's an uncomfortable silence.

HARRY

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

A second later, the Players run a play right through the middle of them -- sweaty, middle-aged bodies fly in every direction. Everybody SHOUTS and lunges backward, protecting their beers. The conversation is broken up.

But the football players are upset, and a fight breaks out. The crowd gets out of the way, half to watch the fight with glee, the other half to shake their heads.

And watch the fight.

LISA AND MAGGIE

ignore the fight, intent on their conversation.

LISA

You can't let him drag Jake into this, there's no way a four year old can handle it. Get him out of the house as much as you can, just the two of you. You gotta step up here, Maggie, find out what's going on. You won't be the first woman who's ever had to hold an insane family together.

*
*
*

MAGGIE

Tom's not insane.

*

LISA

Oh yes, he is. But at least he's getting interesting.

OVER AT KURT'S CAR,

while the fight goes on in the background, Adam wanders away from the group and sits down on the hood of Kurt Damon's car. He's rattled. Kurt notices him and comes over. He sits next to him.

KURT

You okay?

ADAM

Yeah.

(Kurt is looking at him)
I'm fine.

KURT

You don't look fine.

ADAM

Really, Mom? How do I look?

(CONTINUED)

KURT

(hands up in surrender)
All right, all right. Just, if
there's, you know, if there's somethin'
you wanna bullshit about or anything,
just let me know. Might help.

ADAM

You could climb off my back, that'd
help.

Adam walks away.

KURT

Sor-ree.

NEARBY,

Sheila, Frank's wife, watches the fight and shakes her head.

SHEILA

Somebody's always gotta ruin it. It
can't ever just be nice.

CUT TO:

67 (OMITTED)

67*

68 INT LIVING ROOM DAY

68

The living room coffee table is covered with books, food, cans
of Jolt Cola, an alarm clock. Blankets and pillows are piled on
the sofa. Tom, asleep on the couch, has set up camp here.

Sunlight streams through the window, right into his face. He
pries his eyes open, exhausted. He squints, looks at the clock.
It's 10:26.

TOM

Oh, man...

(CONTINUED)

He sits up, painfully. A beam of sunlight cuts him right across the eyes.

A MINUTE LATER,

Tom pulls his jeans on. He sits on a chair, puts on a shoe. But the other one's gone. He feels under the table. Not there.

He flips some clothes around on the floor. Not there.

He looks under the couch. There it is. He grabs it.

69

INT BATHROOM DAY

69

A note is taped to the bathroom mirror -- "ABOUT TIME YOU GOT UP! WENT TO PARK WITH JAKE. M."

Tom takes it down and reads it.

70

INT LIVING ROOM DAY

70

Tom comes back downstairs. Frank, his neighbor from next door, is standing in his living room. Frank is staring at the floor. He's wearing a red shirt.

TOM

Frank? What are you doing here?

Frank looks up at him. His face is sad.

FRANK

They're going to kill you, Tommy. You and Maggie both.

Frank turns and walks to the front door. He opens it, walks outside, and sits on the top step of the porch, looking out at the street. Tom follows him.

71

EXT FRONT PORCH DAY

71

It's a beautiful day, but the street is still kind of a mess from the party yesterday. Tom comes out and looks down at Frank, who's just sitting there, staring out at the litter.

TOM

Why did you say that, Frank?

FRANK

(in his own world)
This is a *decent* neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Are you okay?

(no answer)

Where's Sheila?

*

*

*

*

Still no answer. Tom is concerned. Frank is seriously strange.*

TOM (cont'd)

I'm gonna go see if Sheila's home.

*

*

He heads down the steps.

*

(CONTINUED)

On the street, TWO KIDS ride their bikes straight at each other, full tilt, SCREAMING. At the last second, one of the kids swerves, the other taunts him with cries of "Chicken!"

Tom comes down the steps and walks down the street, toward Frank's house. The MAILMAN waves to him. Tom waves back.

*
*

Tom walks up the steps to Frank's front door and knocks. A VOICE calls from inside.

ADAM (o.s.)

Come in!

Tom opens the door and comes in. Adam, Frank's son, is standing in the middle of the living room floor, a big smile on his face and one arm behind his back.

ADAM

Hi!

TOM

Hi.

ADAM

Want to see what I've got?

TOM

Sure.

Adam pulls his arm around from behind his back. He's holding a .38 with a carved white handle.

TOM (cont'd)

Is that your dad's?

ADAM

Not today. Come here.

Tom walks toward him.

ADAM (cont'd)

Closer.

Tom walks closer. He's right in front of Adam.

ADAM (cont'd)

I bet you never saw this before.

He points the gun barrel at Tom --

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Uh... Frank?

But Frank's not on the porch either. Tom steps outside.

76

EXT FRONT PORCH DAY

76

It's a beautiful day, but the street is still kind of a mess from the party yesterday. A SHOUT draws Tom's attention. Those same two kids ride their bikes at each other, full tilt. Tom walks down the steps of the porch, staring at them as they SCREAM. At the last second, one of the kids turns away. The other taunts him with cries of "Chicken!"

Tom stands frozen on the sidewalk. The Mailman waves to him, headed down the block. Too stunned, Tom doesn't wave back.

He turns, panicked, and looks at Frank's house. He starts to walk toward it, slowly at first, then picking up speed. When he's halfway there, a dog BARKS --

-- and a GUNSHOT rings out from inside.

TOM

Oh, God...

He races the rest of the way, bounds up the steps to the house, rips open the screen door. But the front door is locked. He POUNDS on it.

TOM (cont'd)

ADAM?! ADAM, OPEN THE DOOR!!

He POUNDS harder, but there's no answer. He goes to the window beside the door and peers through it. He sees Adam lying on the floor in the middle of the living room.

TOM

Oh, God, no!

He picks up a porch chair and heaves it through the window, which is crowded with religious paraphernalia.

*
*

77

INT FRANK'S HOUSE DAY

77

Glass SHATTERS and sprays all over the floor. Tom knocks the rest out of the frame with his elbow and climbs into the house.

He races over to Adam's body. There is a pool of blood around his chest and his body is convulsing. In his right hand, he clutches a .38 with a carved white handle.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Oh, God, no, Jesus, no, please...

He grabs a blanket off a chair nearby, presses it to Adam's chest, trying to stop the bleeding.

TOM (cont'd)

Am I awake or asleep?!

CUT TO:

78

EXT OUR BLOCK DAY

78

Tom and Maggie sit on their front steps, shell shocked, red light flashing off their faces. An ambulance and two police cars are parked in front of Frank's house. A car comes barreling around the corner and SQUEALS to a halt in front of the house. *

Frank and Sheila leap out of the car and race toward the house. They're intercepted by a COP who tries to restrain them for a second, but they blow past him and hurry up the stairs, just as THREE PARAMEDICS wheel a stretcher out of the house, headed for the ambulance.

The sheet isn't over Adam's head, at least, but that's about the only good sign, they're working on him frantically. Tom and Maggie look away as they hear the cries of Adam's parents.

Maggie looks over her shoulder. Jake is standing in the open doorway of the house, staring at the police cars with fascination.

MAGGIE

I'd better get Jake out of here for a while.

CUT TO:

79

EXT STREET DAY

79

Maggie and Jake walk down the street, alongside a tall brick wall overgrown with ivy. They're playing follow-the-leader, with Jake in the lead. Jake hops on one foot, Maggie hops on one foot. Jake walks backwards, Maggie walks backwards. Jake stops and looks up at the top of the wall.

JAKE

Well, hello there.

Maggie stops and looks up at the top of the wall.

(CONTINUED)

Now Tom plays it. The melody is vaguely familiar. Jake smiles.

JAKE

There you go, Daddy.

Tom looks at his son, wide-eyed.

TOM

(whispers)

Why do I know that song?

Before Jake can answer, Maggie breezes into the room.

MAGGIE

I'll be home right after the movie.

TOM

I know that song.

MAGGIE

I said I won't be late.

Tom dives over to his CD collection (which is massive) and starts flipping through discs.

Maggie shakes her head and turns to go. She stops at a hook *
near the front door where Tom's tool belt is hanging. Back to *
Tom, she slips his lineman's knife out of its sheath and drops *
it into her purse. *

CUT TO:

Maggie walks down a street in a dodgy neighborhood at night, checking addresses against the slip of paper the Cop gave her. She passes strange bookshops, fortune tellers, places with names like "The Third Eye." If there's a psychic district in Chicago, she's in it.

She stops and looks up, at an old, formerly grand building that's fallen on hard times. There's an arrow pointing down an alley that runs alongside it.

She heads down the alley.

Maggie walks down the alley toward a doorway at the far end. She knocks. No answer, but she can hear a television playing inside, and the door is slightly ajar. She pushes it open.

85 INT REAR OF STORE NIGHT

85

Maggie steps into the back room of a storefront. It's barely furnished. She looks around. The only person there is an old ASIAN WOMAN sitting in front of a television set, eating noodles and watching "Hogan's Heroes."

MAGGIE

Excuse me, I... I'm looking for-

The Asian Woman points up. Maggie sees a narrow staircase. *

86 ON THE STAIRS,

86

Maggie climbs. There is a door at the top of the stairs, and from behind it she hears VOICES. She climbs to the top.

At the door, she knocks. The voices immediately go silent. The door is jerked open by HERMAN, seventyish, wears a bottle of oxygen on his belt with a narrow tube that runs up to his nose.

MAGGIE

I must be in the wrong place, I'm
looking for Neil, my name is-

Herman closes the door before Maggie can get so much as a glimpse into the room. The voices argue a bit, then the door opens again and Neil, the cop Maggie met in the cemetery, steps * out. He comes into the corridor, quickly pulling the door most * of the way shut behind him.

NEIL

What are you doing? I said your
husband, I said tell *him* to come.

MAGGIE

He'd never do it, if he knew I was
talking to you about this he'd kill me,
he's so paranoid he won't even-

NEIL

So are they. They don't trust anybody
who's not like them. I can't let you
in.

Maggie glances past him. She can see four or five figures moving in the room, but only barely.

(CONTINUED)

Mostly she sees their shadows playing on the wall near her. She hears a woman SOBBING.

MAGGIE

Who are they?

NEIL

You gotta get out of here.

MAGGIE

Tell me what's happening to us. *

WOMAN'S VOICE

Neil? Neil!

Maggie cranes to get a look past Neil. A HEAVY-SET WOMAN is on a chair in a corner, sobbing, angry, being comforted by a HOMEY around twenty years old. Neil blocks Maggie's vision again. *

NEIL *

Your husband... how long has he had it? *

MAGGIE *

Just a few days. *

NEIL *

What happened, he was in a bad car wreck? Somethin' like that? *

MAGGIE *

No. *

NEIL *

One of your children die? *

MAGGIE *

No. *

NEIL *

Could he have... is it possible that he murdered someone, or caused an accidental death? *

MAGGIE *

No, no -- he was hypnotized. That's when it started. *

NEIL *

Hypnotized? First time I heard that one. *

MAGGIE *

I think he's losing control. *

(CONTINUED)

NEIL

No shit he is. The man's switch got flipped. He's a receiver now, everything's comin' in, he can't stop it, he can't slow it down, and he can't figure it out. It's like he's in a tunnel with a flashlight, but the light only goes on once in a while. He gets a glimpse of something, not enough to know what it is, just enough to know it's there. It's like he's double-jointed.

(taps his head)

Up here.

MAGGIE

Jake too?

NEIL

Your son? *Much* better flashlight.

MAN'S VOICE

Neil, close that motherfucking door right now!

Neil steps out, pulling the door closed behind him. The argument goes on inside.

MAGGIE

Does it go away?

NEIL

It comes, it goes. Some people have it for five seconds, some their whole life. Does he know what it wants yet?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

What who wants? *

NEIL

He saw a ghost, didn't he?

MAGGIE

Yeah, a woman. Once. She hasn't come back. *

NEIL

She's waiting for him to do what she asked. *

MAGGIE

She didn't ask anything.

NEIL

I didn't say it made sense. She's
confused, she woke up dead, you think
that makes sense to her? She thinks he
knows what she wants, and she's getting
pissed off that he's not doing it.
Once he does it, she'll go away. *

MAGGIE

What kind of thing does she want? *
Would she ask him to hurt someone? *

NEIL

That has been asked. *

MAGGIE

Kill someone? *

NEIL

That has been asked. *

She looks at him, horrified. *

MAGGIE

(barely audible) *
One of us? *

He just looks at her. That has been asked. Inside, the Sobbing *
Woman is out of control, half-hidden by TWO MEN who are trying
to restrain her. Neil heads back inside. Maggie grabs him by *
the arm and pulls him back. *

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

How do I find out what she wants?

*
*

NEIL

You don't. She'll tell him, when she gets mad enough. These things are like children, they're impatient, they're irrational. What does your kid do when he wants something and you won't give it to him?

*
*

MAGGIE

He throws a fit.

*

NEIL

So will she.

CUT TO:

87 INT TOM & MAGGIE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

87

On the television, a woman SCREAMS as she is devoured by a monster. It's an old black and white monster movie, the one Jake likes to watch. He's lying on his parents' bed in his pajamas.

88 INT BATHROOM NIGHT

88

Steaming hot water spills out of a tap, filling the bathtub. Maggie, in a bathrobe, feels it. Plenty hot.

89 INT LIVING ROOM NIGHT

89

Tom is on the floor of the living room, headphones on, opened CD cases sprayed on the floor all around him, searching obsessively for the song he played on the guitar before.

90 INT TOM & MAGGIE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

90

Maggie comes into the bedroom and sees the monster movie on the television.

MAGGIE

Absolutely not.

She goes to the VCR and hits eject.

JAKE

Oh, please, please, please, five minutes, just, just, just-

(CONTINUED)

97

DOWN IN THE KITCHEN,

97

Maggie opens a drawer and pulls out a screwdriver. She picks up a fire starter.

In the middle of the kitchen floor, she tosses aside a carpet flap that covers the floor. She shoves the screwdriver into a crack in the floor and pries up a trap door, two feet square. *

Through the hole, she can see a ladder resting up against the wall below. She feels for the rungs with her feet and starts to climb down. *

98

(OMITTED)

98*

99

IN THE BEDROOM,

99

the Nickelodeon show switches back to the black and white film. The strange-looking little man has joined a number of other strange-looking people. Yuck, we recognize the movie -- it's "*Freaks*." *

JAKE

I said *no*!

He picks up the remote and switches back to Nickelodeon again.

100

INT BASEMENT DAY

100

Maggie reaches the bottom of the ladder in a darkened space. Very little light shines down from the trap door. She feels forward, both arms out in front of her, searching for something.

Her fingers close around a chain that hangs from a light bulb in the ceiling and she pulls it. Light floods the basement.

Now Samantha's standing right beside her.

Still, Maggie can't see her.

Samantha just stares at Maggie, curious, as Maggie looks around. This is only a partial basement, a ten by ten foot space about eight feet deep. The rest of the area under the house is just crawl space, barely enough to wriggle through. There are many pipes and low-hanging joists down here, Maggie has to carefully pick her way to avoid hitting her head.

She sees the water heater on the far side of the room and walks over to it.

(CONTINUED)

109 INT FLASHBACK LIVING ROOM NIGHT 109

Tom takes a few trembling steps across the room, closer to Samantha, drawn to her. She walks forward a step or two. She speaks again, louder, but the voice is still unintelligible, bizarre.

TOM

I can't understand you.

She reaches out a hand. Tom raises his in response. She comes closer.

Tom is frozen in the middle of the room. Their hands draw closer still. Their fingertips touch.

Tom GASPS, as if something very heavy were suddenly put down on his chest. His mouth drops open, his chest twitches. He can't breathe.

110 IN THE KITCHEN, 110*

Maggie crawls out of the trap door that leads to the basement.

111 IN THE FLASHBACK LIVING ROOM 111

Tom hears MAGGIE'S VOICE call out to him.

MAGGIE (o.s.)

Tom?

He can't answer. With every twitch of his chest clouds of steam burst from *his* mouth, all the air going out, none coming in.

111A IN THE REGULAR LIVING ROOM, 111A

Maggie appears in the doorway to the room. She can see him, standing there, hand outstretched into the air in the fully-furnished and well-lit living room, touching nothing.

111B IN THE FLASHBACK LIVING ROOM, 111B

But from Tom's point of view, he's touching fingertips with Samantha in a dark, empty, bone-cold room. He's frozen, breathless, and now his cheeks start to turn pale, unnaturally white. Another few seconds of this and he'll pass out.

MAGGIE

Tom!? TOM?!

Tom can't look at her, can't move. His lips turn blue.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (cont'd)

To my MOTHER'S FUNERAL?! Of COURSE I
want you to come, why the hell WOULDND'T
you come?!

TOM

(looking longingly at the holes
in the yard)
I'm just... kind of in the middle of
something here.

She looks at him, absolutely incredulous --

-- and then storms back into the house, SLAMMING the door so
hard two of the glass panes spiderweb right over Tom's
reflection.

CUT TO:

133 EXT DRIVEWAY DAY 133

Jake, twisted around in his car seat, looks out the back window
of Maggie's car. He raises one hand, waving.

Tom stands in the open doorway of the garage, still in his mud-
stained jeans and tee shirt. He waves back.

The car pulls out of the driveway, fast, and ROARS off down the
block. Jake and Maggie are gone. Tom turns and heads back into
the house. *

134 (OMITTED) 134*

135 EXT BACK YARD DAY 135

There are now five large holes in the back yard, and Tom is
running out of places to dig. Nevertheless, he drags the hose
across the yard to an untouched patch of grass in the far
corner.

He stops short. Hose won't reach.

AT THE SPIGOT,

he unscrews the hose and carries it across the yard.

135A AT ANOTHER SPIGOT, 135A*

this one in the far corner, he reconnects the hose and turns on the water. Nothing comes out.

TOM

Come on!

Tom curses and trudges back toward the house.

136 INT KITCHEN DAY 136

Tom gets a screwdriver from a tool drawer in the kitchen. He * tosses aside the carpet flap that covers the floor. He pries up* the trap door that leads to the basement and climbs down the ladder.

137 (OMITTED) 137*

138 INT BASEMENT DAY 138

Tom pulls the chain on the light bulb. He goes to the far side of the basement, where a mess of water pipes all converge. He picks through them, finds the valves that lead outside, turns one off and another one on. WATER surges through the pipes, headed out to the far spigot.

He turns to climb back up the ladder.

And stops.

He looks down at the cement floor, thinking.

A FEW MINUTES LATER,

the pick axe falls, cracking the cement floor. Tom has brought all his tools into the basement and is now working in the middle of the basement floor. The bare bulb throws his exaggerated shadow on the brick and stone walls.

139 EXT OUR BLOCK DAY 139

It's quiet in the neighborhood. The CRUNCHING sound of Tom's pick axe falling echoes over the block.

140 INT BASEMENT DAY 140

Tom works. He's covered in sweat and exhausted, but still has only managed to break apart a two or three foot section of the thick cement slab.

(CONTINUED)

Tom reaches up to the hanging light bulb, which also has an outlet in its fixture, and plugs in a yellow safety cord. He flicks a switch on the compressor and it RATTLES to life. He follows a hose over to where it plugs into the side of the jackhammer, which now quivers with unleashed power. *

Tom picks up the jackhammer and lowers a pair of goggles over his eyes. He shoves earplugs into his ears. He swings his weight up, onto the jackhammer, and squeezes the handles.

The jackhammer ROARS to life. It's deafening. Tom's whole body quivers. It's like riding a bull, but the cement slab floor begins to split apart. Tom WHOOPS with joy, barely heard over the din that echoes in his basement. *

145

EXT STREET DUSK

145

As the sun goes down, the sound of the ROARING jackhammer is plainly audible on the block. The familiar Homeless Guy stops and SHOUTS something at Tom's house.

145A

DOWN A DRIVEWAY,

145A*

Harry Damon, Tom's landlord, is working in his garage, cutting through some wood with a circular saw. He shuts it off, immediately hears the JACKHAMMER sound from across the street. He steps out of his garage, shaking his head in irritation. *

CUT TO: *

146

INT UNCLE STEVE'S HOUSE NIGHT

146

A group of PEOPLE IN DARK CLOTHES mill around a living room, muttering in the soft tones of those at a wake. There's a lot of big Irish guys drinking beer, guts stuffed into sweat-stained white shirts. Maggie excuses herself from the group and steps into another room.

147

INT STEVE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

147

The door is ajar, people visible through it as Maggie dials a number on a bedside telephone. The phone rings on the other end. And rings. And rings. Just as she's about to hang up, Tom answers.

TOM (o.s.)

(sounds angry)

Hello?

MAGGIE

It's me.

(CONTINUED)

TOM (o.s.)
(changes his tone)
Oh, hi. How ya doin'?

MAGGIE
I'm okay.

TOM (o.s.)
How's your family?

MAGGIE
You know. Drunk. Fighting with each other.

TOM (o.s.)
Listen, Maggie, I'm sorry. I was an asshole. I should be there with you right now.

MAGGIE
Yeah, well, what can I say? You *are* kind of an asshole. How do you feel? *

TOM (o.s.)
Fine. A lot better. Much, much better. Everything's fine here. Real good.

MAGGIE
Have you had any-

TOM (o.s.)
Nope. Not even one.

MAGGIE
No, uh... no more digging?

TOM (o.s.)
No. Uh uh. Back to normal.

MAGGIE
Look, I'm sorry too. I wish I hadn't just stormed out of there, I shouldn't have left you alone.

TOM (o.s.)
I deserved it.

MAGGIE
Are you okay? You sound funny. What are you doing?

148 INT TOM & MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT 148*

Tom SLAMS down the phone. He's standing in the living room, *
which looks perfectly normal. But as he turns and walks away, *
through the dining room, we see the extent of his search. *

148A IN THE DINING ROOM, 148A*

the table has been shoved out of the way, and the floorboards *
have been pried up all over the room, sticking up into the air *
like the rib cage of some prehistoric beast. *

148B IN THE KITCHEN, 148B*

it is now so mud-spattered it looks like the inside of a cave. *
One corner is filled with a pile of broken-up chunks of cement. *
Tom strides across the room in two steps, lowers himself, and
drops his legs through the open trap door.

149 INT BASEMENT NIGHT 149

Tom sails down into the basement and lands nimbly on the floor.
Doesn't even use the ladder anymore.

All but the very edges of the slab is gone now, broken apart by
the jackhammer. Tom has dug into the dirt under the slab to a
depth of about four feet. He leaps down into it and goes back
to work.

CUT TO:

150 INT STEVE'S HOUSE NIGHT 150

In the front hall of Uncle Steve's house, Maggie is putting on
her coat. Jake sits on the steps, his coat next to him.

JAKE

I'm staying here.

MAGGIE

What?

JAKE

I want to stay at Uncle Steve's, I
don't want to go home.

MAGGIE

Why not?

JAKE

Because I'm not safe there. Because of
the feathers.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

What does that *mean*, Jake?

Lisa stands in the doorway to the other room.

LISA

It's okay, I can watch him.

160 INT LIVING ROOM NIGHT 160

In the living room, Tom picks up the phone and dials 911. It rings twice, then picks up. He's immediately put on hold. *

He thinks, hesitates, then hangs up the phone. *

161 EXT TOM'S HOUSE NIGHT 161

Outside, it has begun to rain. Under the front porch, a wood frame access panel lies on the grass next to the foundation of Tom's house, where it has been removed. Kurt Damon wriggles out from under the house and comes onto the grass.

But the sound of the front door of Tom's house opening sends him scurrying back into the shadows. TOM'S FEET come down the steps and head off down the sidewalk. A moment later, Kurt darts out * from his hiding place and hurries across the street, toward his own house.

Tom, nearing the front steps of Frank's house next door, thought he heard something. He turns back, but Kurt is gone.

162 EXT FRANK'S HOUSE NIGHT 162

Tom climbs the steps to Frank's house. Bouquets of flowers have been left here and there on the steps, along with a few candles and handwritten signs -- "Hang in there, Adam," "We Love You," that sort of thing.

Tom knocks on the front door. A moment later, Frank opens it. He looks devastated, shell-shocked, his eyes sunken from crying. He's wearing a red shirt we've seen before.

TOM

How's he doin'?

Frank shrugs. Can't talk much.

FRANK

He might make it. Might not. Sheila's over there now, I'm headed back.

TOM

Frank, I'm sorry. I'm sorry because... I think I know why Adam shot himself. And I have to call the police about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)

But I don't want you to hear it from them, I don't want Sheila to read it in the paper. You have the right to know before anybody else.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

TOM

Come with me.

He nods toward his own house. Frank stares at him, frightened, but what could possibly be worse than what's already happened?

FRANK

Hang on a second.

He turns and heads into the house. A few moments later he reappears, carrying his jacket.

Tom leads him down the sidewalk. The Damon house is visible across the street. One by one, the lights flick on in its windows. *

Tom doesn't see. He and Frank reach the steps of his house and start up.

FRANK (cont'd)

This better be important.

Tom doesn't answer, just opens the door and gestures for Frank to go first.

163

INT DAMON GARAGE NIGHT

163

In the Damon garage, HANDS move quickly through drawers and come up with a handgun. Now the hands find a box of bullets, shake them out onto a workbench.

The hands load the gun.

164

INT TOM & MAGGIE'S HOUSE NIGHT

164

Tom closes and locks the front door. Frank looks at him -- well?

Tom leads him toward the dining room.

165

INT DAMON GARAGE NIGHT

165

In the Damon garage, the same hands pull on a pair of leather gloves. The gloved hands grab a bottle of bourbon off a shelf.

166 INT DINING ROOM NIGHT 166

Frank reacts to the ruined dining room. He looks at Tom.

FRANK

What the heck is goin' on around here?

Tom goes to the trap door and lowers himself halfway through.
Frank follows.

167 INT DAMON GARAGE NIGHT 167

The gloved hands twist the cap off the bourbon bottle. The hands hold the bottle out -- *

-- to *Kurt* Damon, Harry's son. Harry is the one wearing the gloves. Kurt shakes his head no. He's trembling with fear. *

HARRY *

Hey. HEY. Did I not extricate your ass once? *

(Kurt nods) *

Drink. You might get lucky and not remember this. *

Kurt takes the bottle and drinks. He brings it down, but his father pushes it back up for a long, disgusting gurgle. *

HARRY (cont'd) *

This is the next step. This is not easy. *

Kurt brings the bottle down, nearly wretching. Harry takes it and drinks himself, till the liquor runs down his chin. He pulls it down. *

HARRY (cont'd) *

This is hair on the walls. *

168 INT TOM'S BASEMENT NIGHT 168

Tom and Frank stand on opposite sides of the grave, staring down at the corpse of Samantha Muller. Frank is horrified.

FRANK

How did you find this?

TOM

Does it matter?

FRANK

You don't know it was Adam and Kurt.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

It was.

FRANK

But there's nothing to... you're talking like a nut, that's what people will say. This is just a body, it doesn't prove anything.

TOM

No, it doesn't.

He bends down and lifts Samantha's lifeless hand. He pries open her fingers.

She's clutching a tuft of hair.

(CONTINUED)

KURT
JUST FUCKIN' DO IT!

HARRY
AHHHHHHH!!

He raises the gun again, puts it to the back of Tom's head,
cocks it --

-- and a spray of headlights splashes across the far wall of the
room.

Nobody moves.

Outside, they hear a car turn around in the street and park in *
front of the house. The engine shuts off. *

Kurt looks at his father, panicked.

Harry looks down at Tom.

Tom prays.

Maggie pulls the keys from the ignition and gets out of the car.
She walks toward the house, looking anxiously around the
neighborhood. The rain has stopped, but everything is wet, big
fat drops PLINKING and PLUNKING from the trees and into puddles.

As she reaches the steps, the light in the living room window
abruptly clicks off.

She stops.

She starts forward again, slowly. Now the porch light clicks
off. It's *real* dark.

She starts up the stairs. She reaches the top. The last light
that was on inside clicks off. Now the house is totally black
inside.

She pulls her purse around and feels inside it. She finds Tom's *
lineman's knife, the one she put in there earlier. She opens *
it, holds it her left hand, keys in her right.

She goes to the door. She unlocks the deadbolt.

Inside, she hears a SCURRYING sound.

She unlocks the knob.

178 INT JAKE'S ROOM NIGHT

178

On the second floor, in Jake's bedroom (which Jake is *not* in) the bullet CRACKS up through the floorboards, tears through his mattress, and bursts through the little boy's pillow.

The pillow explodes in a cloud of feathers, which fly everywhere.

Feathers everywhere.

179 INT LIVING ROOM NIGHT

179

Tom crawls over to Maggie and grabs hold of her, putting himself between her and Harry, who's waving the gun around, shouting, his foot pinned to the floor by the knife.

Over at the fireplace, Kurt Damon pulls the poker out of its holder.

Harry aims the gun.

Kurt lunges forward with the poker.

BANG! BANG!

Two shots ring out from the doorway to the dining room. Harry clutches his chest and drops to the floor, foot still pinned, knee sticking up at a grotesque angle.

They all turn. Frank stands in the doorway to the dining room, clutching his .38. Kurt rushes toward him, SCREAMING, poker raised high.

Frank pulls the trigger two more times. Kurt goes down.

Maggie SCREAMS. Tom huddles over her.

Frank lets the weapon slip from his fingers. It hits the hardwood with a CLATTER. Tom and Maggie look up. Frank looks at them. In that red shirt, he is exactly the image Tom saw of him in his dream. *

FRANK

They were gonna kill you, Tommy. You and Maggie both.

Frank turns and walks out the front door. *

Tom looks at Maggie. They're both in shock, can hardly speak. But they're okay. They turn and look out the open front door. Frank is sitting on the top step, facing the street, like in Tom's dream. *

180 EXT FRONT PORCH NIGHT

180*

Tom and Maggie come out of the house. Frank, sitting on the top* porch step, makes no attempt to flee. From all around the * block, VOICES rise up, people heard the shots. Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

Cold-blooded murder. I can't let something like that happen. Not here.
(looks at Tom)
This is a *decent* neighborhood.

Faces gather across the street, staring at Tom's house, wondering what the hell. A SIREN wails in the distance.

TOM

I thought so, Frank. I sure as hell thought so.

DISSOLVE TO:

181 EXT CEMETERY DAY

181

A newly engraved headstone sits on the grass beside a fresh-dug grave in a cemetery in town. The letters are clear, the marker is permanent, finally -- "Samantha Muller, 1982-1999."

Debbie, Samantha's sister, is one of the half-dozen MOURNERS gathered around the grave as a PRIEST reads from a Bible. Yvonne, her mother, has an arm around her. They're not so much grief-stricken as relieved, at last putting things to rest.

(CONTINUED)