

THE AMITYVILLE HORROR

Screenplay  
by  
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by  
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(from the book  
by  
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September 29, 1978  
(rev. 9/29/78) S.R.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING CHANGES:

NOTE: SGT. AL GIONFRIDDO  
changed to:

SGT. LOU VITO

MRS. TOWNSEND  
changed to:

MRS. TOWNSEND

PLEASE MAKE THESE CORRECTIONS THROUGHOUT SCRIPT.

1 SOUND OVER BLACK

1

ROLLING THUNDER suddenly punctuated by a giant CLAP. A few beats and then a peculiar, disquieting SOUND that grows LOUDER but not clearer. The CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW TILT UP, it CATCHES a slice of moonlight off water; it is raining hard, but that is not the source of the disturbing...SOUND.

2 THE RIVER

2

deep, black, alive. The LAPPING of WATER now MIXES with the ugly NOISE as a sandy beach edges INTO VIEW, bringing with it even MORE SOUNDS... all undistinguishable... but they are DRIFTING TOWARD us from:

3 THE HOUSE

3

illuminated by a flash of lightning, IS REVEALED as the CAMERA ENDS ITS TILT and HOLDS on a LONG SHOT of this two-and-a-half story Dutch Colonial... dark but for the dim nightlights showing in two wedge-shaped attic windows... somehow familiar. Perhaps a malevolent jack-o-lantern, drenched and forelorn by the storm. The SOUNDS are becoming MORE DISTINCT, but the CAMERA WILL NOT BUDGE... despite our ever-sharper craving to go closer, see better, hear more. We can pick out some kind of MUFFLED BANG and a SOFT CRY, BOOTED FEET RUNNING up stairs, a sharper CRACK, paired with a flash of light on the second floor... but still the CAMERA WILL NOT MOVE IN, and now we HEAR the BEGINNING of a SCREAM, cut short by TWO quick EXPLOSIONS that can only be high-powered RIFLE FIRE. SILENCE and then a rhythmic SQUEAK BEGINS as we:

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. THE HOUSE - FRONT - TIGHT ON A GURNEY WHEEL - NIGHT

4

It rolls along the front path, its rhythmic SQUEAKING penetrating the night air. Everything is wet and glistening from the recent rain.

5 A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

5

as uniformed cops, homicide detectives, the Deputy Coroner all grimly go about their jobs. Clumps of bathrobed neighbors watch with horrified fascination.

5A ANGLE AT DOOR OF HOUSE

5A

DETECTIVE SERGEANT LOU VITO, in his late 40's with the body and face of a bulldog... and stubbornness and

(CONTINUED)

SA CONTINUED:

5A

tenacity to go with it. He squeezes against the wall to allow the gurney bearing another dead body bound inside a plastic bag to pass him. He remains attentive but unemotional in the atmosphere of shocked silence.

6 ANOTHER ANGLE

6

Body after body after body is brought out of The House. Six in all, the last three pathetically small on the adult-sized gurneys. The last shot in the sequence is an:

7 ANGLE ON CORONER'S WAGON

7

THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR can be SEEN the Coroner struggling to secure the bodies for the ride to the morgue. He has never had to deal with so many victims at once, and his stomach is at war with his professionalism... Two more policemen gently hoist another body towards him. He jumps down from the wagon, and the doors are slammed shut.

7A ANGLE AT CURBSIDE

7A

Sgt. Vito lights a fresh cigar, almost a ritual, to signal the beginning of an investigation.

SGT. VITO

(to Coroner)

It gets worse all the time.

CORONER

It sure as hell doesn't get any better. All shot in the back execution style; only the mother shot in the head.

SGT. VITO

When do you make it. I mean...  
Just gimme a ball park guess.

CORONER

3... 3:15 -- and that's pretty close.

Vito nods to lab man and they head for house. As they leave frame, CAMERA HOLDS on The House -- dripping wet, gleaming.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

TITLES AND OPENING CREDITS BEGIN

8 INT. BOAT HOUSE - DAY

8

Suddenly the doors are thrown open, and the brightness of the day stabs painfully into the boat house... into our eyes. A couple stands backlit. GEORGE and KATHY LUTZ, both about 30 and well-suited for each other... Visible behind and above them, placid by daylight, is The House. George begins inspecting the pilings. A car arrives in the b.g. and the Realtor gets out. Kathy and George hear a woman's voice calling:

REALTOR (O.S.)

(sing-song)

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

George and Kathy hurry out of the boat house to meet the Realtor, MRS. TOWNSEND, a middle-aged woman who has found a second career.

9 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

9

GEORGE

We decided to poke around a little while we were waiting.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(shepherding them  
toward The House  
Like stray geese)

I just never expected you to come early. How long have you been waiting?

They answer simultaneously:

GEORGE

Just a couple minutes.

KATHY

Oh, 'bout half an hour.

He gives Kathy a quick "I'm only being polite" glance. She puts her fingers to her lips to tamp down the laugh that has already started.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MRS. TOWNSEND  
(smiling awkwardly)  
Over there, that's a little  
gardening hut. Could be a guest  
house with a little fixing up.

10 INT. THE HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

10

The House is almost as dark as the boat house. The  
Lutzes stand in the foyer, letting their eyes adjust,  
while the Realtor fusses, trying to tidy-up what is  
not very neat. The House hasn't been shown in some  
time.

MRS. TOWNSEND (O.S.)  
Be careful, don't trip.  
(she points to a  
rolled-up carpet in  
the doorway to the  
living room)  
You'll see what a beauty this is.  
There's nothing on the market like  
it... not at this price.

She has found the light switch.

KATHY  
Ohhh...

She has every reason to be impressed. In front of the  
Lutzes is an open stairwell rising the full height of  
The House. Carpeted stairs lead to the upper floors.  
Everything needs work, fixing, cleaning, redecorating.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

11

A fireplace is evident on the far wall. To either side  
of the fireplace, doors lead onto a sunporch blazing  
with sunshine. There are occasional pieces of furniture,  
suggesting that some have been taken away.

GEORGE  
(softly to Kathy)  
Now be cool.

Kathy, equally soft, as she walks around him in a  
circle to keep out of Mrs. Townsend's earshot:

KATHY  
...Even if we could pay for the  
house, we could never afford to  
furnish it.

Mrs. Townsend is too far from them to hear the soft  
whispers.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MRS. TOWNSEND  
(waving vaguely at  
the furniture)  
I like to refer to this as a fixer-  
upper, that can be fun. See anything  
you like, we can include it in the  
price... I mean if you want it.

Kathy gives George a puzzled half-smile; he shrugs in  
response.

12 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

12

It's a roomy country kitchen with a breakfast nook. As  
the Lutzes begin to inspect it, their affectionate way  
of constantly touching each other (on the hand, the  
shoulder, the neck, the hair) becomes apparent. They're  
rarely a step apart from each other.

MRS. TOWNSEND  
(stiffly)  
...Your first house?

KATHY  
(bridling a little)  
Well, we just got married, Mrs.  
Townsend.

13 INT. STAIRS - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

13

Kathy and George are following Mrs. Townsend up the  
stairs, their heads craning around with interest.

MRS. TOWNSEND  
Now if you're planning on a big  
family, there are three full  
bedrooms plus...

GEORGE  
(cutting her off)  
Oh, we already have a family. Two  
boys and a girl. Great kids.

Mrs. Townsend glances around scandalized before she  
remembers her manners.

MRS. TOWNSEND  
(weakly)  
Oh... How, uh, nice.

She hurries onto the landing. Kathy is amused.

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED:

13

KATHY  
(just for George)  
You're so bad.

GEORGE  
(all innocence)  
What?

14 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - OUTSIDE AMY'S ROOM - DAY 14

The Realtor has her hand on a doorknob. Kathy and George catch up with her.

MRS. TOWNSEND  
Now this is the second bedroom...

She starts to open the door and:

15 INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT 15

SUBLIMINAL CUT. We are back to the night of the murders one year ago... only a GLIMPSE... NO SOUND is heard in these flashbacks... the teenaged HAND of a girl moving THROUGH FRAME, clawing towards a bedside lamp which tumbles slowly. It is raining.

16 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - OUTSIDE AMY'S ROOM - DAY 16

BACK TO PRESENT. The Realtor finishes pushing open the door. She and the Lutzes step into an almost empty room. The bed is gone, but the night table remains... with the lamp we just saw falling. Its ceramic body carries a large crack, and the shade is dented, still slightly awry.

MRS. TOWNSEND  
There's a nice view of the river from here.

17 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - OUTSIDE SEWING ROOM - DAY 17

The Realtor, followed by Kathy and George, reaches the door to the sewing room. As she starts to open the door...

18 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - OUTSIDE SEWING ROOM - NIGHT 18

SUBLIMINAL CUT. We VIEW the "sewing room" on the night of the murders... the flash of a RIFLE EXPLOSION.

19 INT. SEWING ROOM - DAY 19

BACK TO PRESENT. Kathy steps through the doorway. Nothing remains.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

KATHY

What a great place to hide — you know — get away from the kids, maybe even paint again.

GEORGE

(whispering)

Add it all up... see if you made the right move... huh.

KATHY

(enjoying it)

Something like that... yeah.

20 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

20

Mrs. Townsend can be SEEN THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, talking over her shoulder to the Lutzes.

MRS. TOWNSEND

The previous owners had somewhat ... unusual taste in decor..

21 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

SUBLIMINAL CUT. The master bedroom on that horrible night... POW! POW!... two quick EXPLOSIONS, which FRAGMENT into a thousand flashes of reflected light.

22 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

22

BACK TO PRESENT. Kathy and George look around the room, bemused.

MRS. TOWNSEND

I'm always a little embarrassed when I bring clients in here.

Three walls are mirrored floor to ceiling. The fourth wall is finished plaster... a patch job shows.

KATHY

(with sophisticated glee)

Oh I love it!

She and George exchange a look. What they could do together in this mirrored bedroom. Mrs. Townsend notices, to her discomfort.

MRS. TOWNSEND

Just one more floor.

23 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

23

The Realtor's TORSO is coming INTO VIEW. She is slightly out of breath. The Lutzes are right behind her.

24 INT. THE BOYS' ROOM - NIGHT

24

SUBLIMINAL CUT. The "Boys'" room the night of the murders... a GLIMPSE of a young man sleeping on his stomach... the NOISE of a RIFLE FIRING...

25 INT. THE BOYS' ROOM - DAY

25

BACK TO PRESENT. Kathy is looking around the peaceful room and nodding.

KATHY

Uh-huh.

Mrs. Townshend walks around the room with the Lutzes in tow.

MRS. TOWNSHEND

This can be another bedroom... or a playroom, whichever you prefer.

GEORGE

Tell you what. I think maybe we'll just wander through again on our own now that we've got the layout ... and we can meet you downstairs, how'd that be?

MRS. TOWNSHEND

Oh!... Uh, all right. I'll be in the kitchen. Take your time.

She starts for the door. Kathy and George settle on the floor together, their backs against the wall, their knees bent.

GEORGE

(after a beat)

What do you think?

KATHY

Oh, how can we?... Eighty thousand dollars...

(she rests her face  
on his chest)

Might as well be a hundred and eighty.

GEORGE

Well, now listen... It's worth a hundred and twenty thousand easy. And if I move my office into that little cottage out back, that'll save the rent.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And the boat house means I won't have to shell out for any mooring charges, which they're raising by the way...

KATHY

You didn't tell me.

GEORGE

(with a shrug of resignation)

There wasn't anything to be done about it... except get rid of the boat. And the yard's got plenty of room for the kids... Besides, the market value's going to really take off once it's our house instead of...

(stops himself before he says Defeo)

that's the only reason it hasn't sold all year...

KATHY

(doubtful, but getting persuaded)

You think so?

GEORGE

No? But I sound pretty damn convincing, don't I?

KATHY

(rubbing her shins)

I just wish all those people hadn't died here, that's all. Christ -- a kid kills his whole family... I don't know.

GEORGE

Well, I know, babe. Then the house wouldn't even be for sale -- and if it was, we couldn't afford it no matter how often we had tuna casseroles.

George stands up and offers her his hand with a smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. FOYER - DAY

26

The CAMERA IS BEHIND the Realtor's shoulder, WATCHING her see the Lutzes out.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

MRS. TOWNSEND

Don't you worry about a thing.  
I'll handle the details. Just go  
on and get ready to move.

GEORGE

Thanks again!

KATHY

See you at the closing.

27 EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

27

Kathy and George are walking toward a three-year-old, well-used van. Lettered on the sides are the words: GEORGE LUTZ, INC. LAND SURVEY CO. (516) 555-2373. George glances over his shoulder, sees that Mrs. Townsend has shut the door, and suddenly sweeps Kathy off her feet. As she laughs with delight, he begins to spin until her long hair is flying out in an arc. The House is enormous behind them.

28 INT./EXT. DINING ROOM - DAY

28

The CAMERA is ANGLED THROUGH THE WINDOWS TOWARD George and Kathy. He gently sets her down and they walk a bit dizzily the rest of the way to their van, arms around each other.

28A INT. KITCHEN - DAY

28A

Mrs. Townsend can be seen filling out a binder agreement at the counter... CLOSER... CLOSER. Mrs. Townsend pauses, listening. The CAMERA HESITATES, and a cool BREEZE suddenly RUSTLES the papers on the counter. A faint low SOUND... a sort of metallic keening SOUND is barely discernible. Her uneasiness escalates. She quickly gathers up her belongings, hurries out the back door. CAMERA STARTS SLOWLY OUT OF FOCUS.

END TITLES AND CREDITS

29 EXT. ROAD - DAY 1 DAY 1 MONTH LATER - DAY #1 MONDAY 29

A MAN'S face coming down on a twelve-year-old boy's lifeless face... then up... and down again. Artificial resuscitation... The Kiss of Life. A terrified GIRL, about ten, off to the side, talking to another man and crying through her explanation.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I told him not to. It was only  
a kite. I didn't think he was  
going to... We were just playing.  
I told him it was dangerous... I  
told him...

The other man is comforting the little Girl. Through-  
out this stream of words, the first man is concentrating  
on one thing and one thing only: the life he is des-  
perately trying to save.

29A EXT. ROAD - ANOTHER ANGLE

29A

DELANEY

(more to himself)

Come on, come on.

(he puffs more  
air into the boy)

... Breathe!

The efforts continue, then finally a response. The  
boy's chest rises by itself. Sagging with relief,  
Delaney pulls the boy into his arms and rocks him as  
the child begins to cry with shock and fear. A POLICE-  
MAN is already scrambling toward them, car parked on  
highway shoulder.

DELANEY (cont'd)

... He's going to make it, thank  
God.

BOLEN

(to Cop)

He got himself caught up there  
trying to get his kite.

The Cop's eyes follow his gesture and we SEE the loose  
telephone wires, showing the site of the accident,  
marked by a kite stuck in the wires.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

(horrified)

Jesus! Who the hell got him down  
from there??

Delaney is already on his feet and carrying the boy  
towards the squad car. The Girl trails along behind  
... We get a good look at Delaney... a big, powerful  
man... wearing running shorts and a Notre Dame sweat-  
shirt... his muscles testimonial to the benefits of  
running.

29B EXT. ROAD

29B

Cop walks toward 2nd Man and Girl, taking in situation.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

He could've killed himself, you  
know that? Hell of a lotta juice  
up there. Damn kids.

2nd Man is also wearing jogging clothes, slightly  
younger, athletic build.

BOLEN

(ignoring Cop's  
remarks)

Better take her home... And take  
it easy -- she's had quite a scare.

29C EXT. ROAD - NEAR POLICE CAR OR MOTORCYCLE

29C

Other spectators have gotten out of cars. Delaney puts  
the boy in the car, Bolen helps the Girl in beside him.  
Delaney is suddenly overwhelmed by the near tragedy and  
grasps the door for support as he begins to tremble.

BOLEN

Hey, you okay?

Delaney turns and holds out a hand, palm down. It's  
trembling violently.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

(seeing this)

Come on, hop in. I'll buy you  
guys a cup of coffee soon's I  
get them taken care of.

DELANEY

... No, I can't.. I gotta be over  
in Amityville and I still have to  
go home and change.

(to Bolen)

Let's go.

They jog away.

30 INT./EXT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - ANGLE ON RIVER - DAY 30

George and Kathy have started the task of unpacking.  
They work like an assembly line: she's lining shelves,  
he's organizing their contents. Both of them look  
tired.

(CONTINUED)



30

CONTINUED:

30

Out the window they can see the children... nine-year-old GREG, seven-year-old MATT, five-year-old AMY... all playing in the backyard while the last member of the Lutz family, a Labrador Retriever named Harry, barks at butterflies.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

GEORGE

They're not getting too close  
to the river, are they?

KATHY

(looking around  
from her perch  
on a stool)

Uh-uh.

(she's pleased  
with George's  
paternalism)

...That sounds like a regular  
daddy I hear down there.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

GEORGE

Well, I'll feel like one when that's what they start calling me, instead of George... which I gotta admit is better than that Mr. Lutz crap they all gave me at first.

Kathy has to laugh.

GEORGE (cont'd)

... You didn't think it was so funny when they did it.

KATHY

You didn't either!

GEORGE

(tearing open  
another box)

Hell, no! I was pissed. I figured if they took a vote, it was thumbs down for sure.

Kathy stops what she's doing to look down at him.

KATHY

(seriously)

I wouldn't have listened... I have veto power.

George takes out a 12-inch, sterling silver crucifix.

GEORGE

Hey, babe, where shall I hang this?

KATHY

(delighted to see  
her favorite  
heirloom)

Ohh! Put it in the living room between those two windows on the far wall. The light'll bounce off it, be beautiful there.

GEORGE

Got it.

He finds his toolbox, searches out the right size nails and his hammer.

31 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

31

George carefully hammers a nail into place and hangs the crucifix. Kathy was right... The light glancing off the silver has a lovely, almost mystical effect.

32 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

32

Kathy is resting her head on her forearms in the cabinet when George re-enters the room.

GEORGE

(concerned)

What's the matter?

KATHY

I don't know. I guess I'm just tired of fighting this damn sticky paper. Next time I'm going to listen to my mother and get the old-fashioned kind that you tack down. I always forget what a pain this is.

GEORGE

You're pooping out.

KATHY

Yeah, I know... Let's take a coupla beers outside and lay back for a while...

33 EXT. THE HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

33

Kathy and George amble down the back steps together.

KATHY

... Have I told you I think you're the most extraordinary human being?

GEORGE

Not today, uh-uh.

She ducks her head against him, and he gently kisses her hair. Kathy turns her face up for more. Their walk slows to a stop as George kisses her full on the mouth.

34 INT. BACK HALL - ANGLE ON BASEMENT DOOR - DAY

34

The door is ajar by a couple of inches, and the SOUND, that faint, low, peculiar sound we heard the night of the murders BEGINS again. It is, in fact, the voice of the house itself!!! The RINGING of the DOOR-BELL suddenly penetrates. The SOUND of The House CUTS OFF.

35 INT. FOYER - ANGLE ON DOOR - DAY

35

Once again, the DOORBELL is HEARD and after a pause the knob turns, the door tentatively swings open... REVEALING Delaney. He wears priest's clothing.

DELANEY

Hey, there! You folks home?

There is only silence, and he steps inside, a small, black, zippered leather pouch under one arm.

DELANEY (cont'd)

George?... Kathy?

(louder)

You guys around?

He listens. There is only silence in the deathly still air. Delaney begins to feel edgy. He starts to move toward the living room when he hears FOOT- STEPS from the floor above and walks to the staircase.

36 ANGLE DOWN FROM SECOND FLOOR LANDING - DAY

36

Delaney is looking up the stairwell DIRECTLY TOWARD THE CAMERA.

DELANEY

(calling out  
cheerfully)

Mind if I come up?

There is no response, but he starts climbing the stairs anyway.

DELANEY (cont'd)

(as he reaches the  
first landing)

Hi!... Anybody home?

Still no response. He feels a little silly and is about to go back down the stairs when he hears the DISTANT SOUNDS of CHILDREN laughing. They seem to be coming from the Sewing Room...

37 INT. SECOND FLOOR - HALL - DAY

37

Delaney moves to the door, gives a perfunctory knock, and walks in. The LAUGHTER HUSHES at once.

38 INT. SEWING ROOM - DAY

38

The room is still empty. Its window faces over the back of The House, and NEW LAUGHTER can be HEARD.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Similar; children's voices; but a slightly different note. Delaney looks out the window to see...

39 DELANEY'S POV OF BACKYARD - DAY

39

the Lutz family at play below. Kathy has her head in George's lap. Amy is skipping rope off by herself; the boys are playing near the boat, the dog barking at them.

40 INT. SEWING ROOM - DAY

40

Delaney exhales heavily and rubs the back of his neck. He tries to raise the window for a little fresh air, but it won't budge...

A large housefly is disturbed. It BUZZES angrily around the priest's face and Delaney falls back, startled. He runs his tongue over his suddenly dry lips. The man is obviously feeling progressively worse. And now:

There are several flies banging against the window.

Delaney suppresses a queasy belch as he unzips his leather pouch and removes a stole.

More flies have begun BUZZING around the room... Delaney nervously swats them away as... the low, rasping NOISE of The House starts up gradually. Delaney is feeling too sick to even hear it.

At least a dozen flies are against the window, their ever-louder BUZZES MASKING the other SOUND.

Delaney places the stole around his neck and takes out the holy water dispenser. Suddenly cold, he shivers and wraps his free arm around his middle. The expression of discomfort on his face has shifted to pain... which begins to intensify. The SOUND of The House is now LOUD enough to catch his attention. He glances around uneasily, looking for its source ... unconsciously stooping with the pain.

At the window he is shocked to see dozens and dozens of fat, black houseflies. Quickly uncapping the holy water, he flicks it once before a moan slips from his mouth, and then a grotesque, unnatural VOICE speaks to him!!

VOICE

Get out!

(CONTINUED)

40A A HIGH WIDE ANGLE

40A

DELANEY in the CENTER of the room STOPS in MID-ACTION.

40B TIGHT SHOT

40B

DELANEY looks around, wondering if he has heard a VOICE,  
it has melded SO CLOSELY with the NOISES IN THE ROOM.

40C ANOTHER ANGLE

40C

VOICE  
(booming now)  
Get out!!!

Delaney struggles toward the door. Mother of God, is he scared! There is no uncertainty this time. He hears it. He begins to dry retch.

41 THE FLIES

41

now completely cover the window... they can stand on each other... bodies, legs, wings, eyes... a solid, living mass.

42 INT. FOYER - DAY

42

Delaney is sliding along the wall for support. He is very close to collapse... both arms are clasped around his belly, holding the leather pouch close to the pain. He can barely open the door.

42A ANOTHER ANGLE

42A

of the family at play. Boys throwing frisbee; Harry, jumping, barking, catching it in his mouth.

QUICK CUT TO:

43 EXT./INT. DELANEY'S CAR - DAY

43

The priest almost falls into the car. It takes him a long moment to find the energy for the next step: starting the engine.

DELANEY  
(girding himself up)  
Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord...

But the prayer is cut off by the scream of pain ripping out of his mouth. He rests his head on the steering wheel... fights for self-control... finally forces himself to put the key in the ignition... turn it and drive off, still hunched over the wheel with pain.

44 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

44

The malevolent face of The House looks down on the street.

45 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

45

George is trying to hook up a component stereo unit, while Greg and Matt watch with admiration. They can't

(CONTINUED)



45 CONTINUED:

45

tell he's not having much success patching into the room's built-in hi-fi equipment. Cardboard cartons are everywhere... mixed among the Rococo furniture acquired by the Lutzes.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

A fire roars in the fireplace... where Kathy is doing her best to roast hot dogs for the family.

KATHY

How do you like your hot dogs?  
Well done or burnt?

GEORGE

How'd you ever get through Girl Scouts?

KATHY

Oh, come on... I quit when I was still a Brownie!

GEORGE

(looking over  
at dinner)

Maybe we should have boiled those.

KATHY

Now you told me the smoke would give them that nice, old-fashioned barbecue taste like when you used to camp out.

He pushes the power button on the receiver. Nothing.  
He's embarrassed in front of the boys.

GEORGE

Covered with mustard, anything's good.

KATHY

Well, then I suppose dinner's ready. Crawl on over here, folks.  
(she scans her  
brood on approach)  
... Where's Amy?

GEORGE

I thought you were keeping an eye on her.

KATHY

I was cooking! I thought she was over there with you.

GEORGE

No! Boys, you see where she went?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

GREG

Gee, she was right here.

Kathy is already at the door of the sunporch, her eyes darting around the room. No Amy. With her apprehension building, Kathy hurries toward the foyer and suddenly the STEREO BLASTS on, terrifying volume.

GEORGE

(spinning toward  
it, startled)

Christ!

He quickly switches it off.

46 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

46

Kathy is at the foot of the stairs, looking up.

KATHY

Amy?!

(no response)

Amy!!

She is starting up the stairs, a panicky two at a time, when she hears George:

GEORGE (O.S.)

Oh, God.

47 INT. LIVING ROOM - ANGLE ON GEORGE - NIGHT

47

as she rushes toward a pair of feet sticking out at awkward angles from a large cardboard carton in the corner.

Kathy is running the obstacle course of the living room at top speed to reach her child, but George is there first to see:

Amy... asleep... legs sprawled... her face cherubic. He picks her up and holds her close to him; his overwhelming relief shows on his face. Kathy takes a deep breath to slow down her heart and gives her new husband a wide, loving smile: they have survived their first crisis. She kisses Amy gently on the forehead and starts to scoop her out of George's arms.

GEORGE

Uh-uh, I've got her. You and the boys start. I'll take her on upstairs, put her to bed.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

He moves off with the child. Kathy rubs her upper arm quickly, almost hugging herself... she has a soft smile on her face when she turns to the boys. They look a little miffed at losing all the attention.

KATHY

Okay, now, you heard George.

She sits down next to them. Greg takes a bite of the hot dog she hands him, then puts it down on the floor -- not on the plate she gave him.

GREG

(disgusted)

It's cold.

KATHY

(irritated)

Pick it up.

He stares back at her with defiance.

KATHY (cont'd)

... And I mean right now.

Her voice is at maximum authority and Greg sullenly obeys. Matt watches nervously, trying to avoid attention by staying perfectly still. Kathy slowly looks over at him, and he instantly begins to eat his hot dog.

KATHY (cont'd)

(hard and even)

What are you staring at?

48

INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

48

She is drowsy as she hugs a Raggedy Ann doll. George tucks the covers under her chin, smooths her hair fondly. Straightening up, he walks over to the window, which is open about six inches, and closes it... then moves to the bed lamp, and we SEE the cracked ceramic lamp before the room goes black as he flicks off the light.

49

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

49

The PHONE is RINGING. Kathy hustles into the room and grabs the receiver, worried that she may be too late.

KATHY

(breathless)

Hello?

50 INT. DELANEY'S ROOM (THE RECTORY) - NIGHT

50

The receiver is at his ear. He seems uneasy.

KATHY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hello...?

DELANEY

Kathy... Kathy can you hear me...  
It is important that you listen  
carefully...

He suddenly gasps with pain and drops the phone.  
Gasping at his wrist, he brings his palm up to eye-  
level and:

There are ugly, red BLISTERS forming all over the  
skin. Burn blisters... He hurries into the bathroom  
where he submerges his hand in cold tap water. The  
horror on his face can be SEEN in the mirror reflection.

51 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

51

KATHY

Hello... Hello?

She is puzzled. She takes the phone from her ear,  
annoyed. The SOUND changes from the DISCONNECT SOUND  
to the BUSY SIGNAL. She hangs up as George walks in.

GEORGE

Who was that?

KATHY

I don't know. There was just a  
lot of static on the other end.  
Must have been a bad connection.

GEORGE

Ma Bell's probably goin' wacko  
again. We'll discover that was  
a collect call from Japan or  
someplace when the next bill  
comes.

KATHY

You find Raggedy for her?

GEORGE

Uh-huh, right under the bed  
where she left it.

(he starts rubbing  
his arm)

...Damn, it's cold down here.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

KATHY

I felt that a little earlier,  
but it seems to have warmed  
up now.

(she looks at  
the thermostat)

...Says seventy-two.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

GEORGE

Feels like fifty!

KATHY

(calling into the  
living room)Boys? Come on and bring some  
of that stuff in. Don't make  
old mom do it all by herself.

(to George)

There's a draft coming through  
that door.

GEORGE

(grumbling as he  
heads for the  
back hallway)The closing papers said we had  
a fully finished basement which  
is supposed to include insulation.  
Everybody's always nickel and  
diming you to death.

51A LIVING ROOM

51A

Harry is having a private sit-down dinner of his own. He has helped himself to the hot-dogs and food on all the plates and when Greg appears in the living room doorway, Harry is licking his chops, wagging his tail and generally announcing by his demeanor how pleased he is with his life in general and the Lutze family in particular. Greg is delighted with him.

52 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

52

It is completely dark down here until the basement door opens and the light from the back hall spills down the steps, framing George. He flips on the wall switch.

George descends the steps. He reaches the bottom and glances around: on his left is a doorway leading to a large, empty playroom. On his right, across a small alcove, doors lead to the furnace and laundry rooms. George looks back over his right shoulder and sees:

A closet door, wide open. This is the walk-in set into the alcove beside the stairs. The interior is dark, foreboding, and a cool breeze seems to blow from inside.

53 REVERSE ANGLE - GEORGE

53

The CAMERA IS SHOOTING FROM INSIDE the closet, OUT the door, TOWARD George, who is staring at us, intrigued. He starts to step toward it when...

54 INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

54

Matt appears in the basement doorway.

(CONTINUED)



54 CONTINUED:

54

MATT  
(tentative)  
Hey, George, can I come down?

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Sure.

Matt starts to hurry down the stairs and suddenly trips. He grasps a light bulb that is hanging in the stairwell. It sputters and breaks and goes out. George is already rushing toward him, as he crashes to the bottom.

GEORGE  
(crouching next to  
the frightened boy)  
Did you hurt yourself, Matt? Are  
you okay?

Matt shakes his head.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
Those are tricky stairs. Come on,  
we'll go back up. I can look this  
over tomorrow.

He keeps a firm grip on the boy's hand, though, as they retrace their steps.

55 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

55

Kathy has almost finished making up the king-sized bed. The sheets are tucked in, the comforter smoothed... only the pillows still need cases... and as she pulls them on the CAMERA BEGINS TO SLOWLY DRIFT TOWARD her. Kathy suddenly smells something unpleasant. The CAMERA hesitates as she glances around.

56 DIFFERENT ANGLE ON KATHY

56

as the odor no longer seems unpleasant to her. With a slight smile she starts to take off her clothes in the casual way a woman has when she's alone: she switches on the radio and we hear Tchaikovsky Concerto "A" for piano.

Her reflections stare out at her... and slowly, slowly her undressing shifts toward the deliberate. She moves to closet to find her nightgown and sees her leg warmers, the ambiance of the scene has her transported to another time -- before the kids, before the obligations, before the problems; a time when she daydreamed and fantasized. She is putting on the leg warmer, slowly, sensually moving to the music, watching herself in the mirrors.

56A ANGLE CHANGES TO LOW ANGLE

56A

in the doorway past the shoe of a man who is obviously standing and watching her.

56B CLOSEUP KATHY

56B

She whirls and watches her reflection, totally involved in her fantasy. Suddenly she looks toward the doorway and almost jumps out of her skin.

KATHY

(screaming)

Oh, my God!

56C CLOSEUP GEORGE

56C

in doorway. He was witness to it all.

GEORGE

(smiling)

I'm sorry... I didn't mean to scare you.

(CONTINUED)

56C CONTINUED:

56C

GEORGE

...I can't get used to how  
lovely you are.

She starts across the room to him and we WATCH her  
beautiful back. She has on only bikini panties.  
George slides his arms around her... lets his fingers  
trail down her spine as:

KATHY

(low, languid)

Don't try to.

His hands have reached the dimples above her ass. He  
explores them by touch.

KATHY (cont'd)

...You think I'm hot?

GEORGE

(pulling back his  
head to look at  
her in surprise)

What?

KATHY

Well, when you talk about all  
your past ladies, you say this  
one was hot, that one wasn't...  
I don't know... how do I rate?

George slides his fingers under her panties and gently  
strokes the rise of her ass.

GEORGE

(his voice is warm,  
honest, serious)

You're the only one I ever loved.

Kathy starts to back toward the bed, tugging George  
along with her. They move like Siamese ducks.

KATHY

(muffled against him)

Come prove it.

GEORGE

(unresisting)

... I was going to clean up first.

(CONTINUED)

S6C CONTINUED: (2)

56

KATHY

(as they lie down  
facing each other)

Uh-uh... I like the way your skin  
smells right now.

And she begins to expertly undress him. As she un-  
buttons the wrists of his shirt, she turns up his palm  
and gently kisses the hollow.

KATHY (cont'd)

(in a murmur)

... I love you...

Pulling out his shirttails, she opens the buttons from  
south to north.

KATHY (cont'd)

(kissing his stomach  
as she exposes it)

... I love you.

GEORGE

God... you turn me on.

She trails her kisses up to his chest and with each kiss:

KATHY

(a whisper now)

... I love you... I love you.

She peels the shirt off his shoulder... runs her tongue  
lightly across the hard curve of bone...

GEORGE

... I love you back. You make  
me feel like a kid in the back  
seat of a car.

KATHY

Is that good?

GEORGE

Yeah... that's good.

George has been neatly separating himself from his jeans  
during this. We HEAR them drop to the floor and he rolls  
Kathy onto her back. She looks up at him, her eyes half  
closed, her lips half open... and using his hair as a  
handle, she gently pulls his face down to hers.

(CONTINUED)

56C CONTINUED:

56C

KATHY (cont'd)

I want to be the very best. I  
want to be everything for you.  
I won't let you remember the  
others... ever.

GEORGE

(just before their  
lips meet)

I love you... I want to devour you.

They begin to make love. She is wearing one leg warmer  
throughout the rest of the scene.

57 SERIES OF CLOSEUPS

57

her face... the muscles in his back... her hand on his thigh... his face... her fingertips pushing into his back... the CUTS becoming TIGHTER and FASTER as George and Kathy approach what we'll politely call "Le Petit Mort". And then they hear:

AMY (O.S.)

I wanna go home.

58 THEIR POV OF AMY

58

standing sleepily in the doorway.

59 ANGLE ON GEORGE AND KATHY

59

as they jerk apart.

GEORGE  
(pulling the  
comforter over  
his nakedness)

Oh, Christ.

Kathy is already reaching for his shirt on the foot of the bed. This may be the first time George has ever been interrupted by a child, but she has been a mother for nine years. Even though she's still very flustered, at least she's coping...

KATHY

... What, honey bunch?

AMY

I wanna go home.

Kathy pulls the shirt closed as she walks toward her daughter.

KATHY

This is home, bunch.

She scoops her daughter up in her arms and starts down the hall with her.

60 GEORGE'S POV

60

He can just hear her VOICE FADING away as she moves out of earshot.

KATHY

Whatsa matter? Mean dreams?

61 INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

61

Kathy tucks Amy into bed. The little girl is asleep almost before the covers are pulled up. Kathy notices the open window and pulls it closed, unaware that George had closed it once already. She shuts the door behind her as she leaves. The CAMERA HOLDS and TILTS to Amy's rocking chair. As we WATCH, the chair begins to rock gently in the dark.

62 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

62

Kathy climbs back into bed, nude. George makes his shoulder a pillow for her head, but their passion is gone.

KATHY

... It's not so easy, is it.

GEORGE

(pulling her closer  
to him)

Well, parents have had to deal with this ever since Adam and Eve were kicked out of the Garden of Eden. Somehow it's always worked... I guess we'll figure it out, too.

KATHY

(almost inaudible)

... Thank you.

They cuddle down.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 EXTREME CLOSEUP - DIGITAL CLOCK

63

next to George and Kathy's bed. The couple is breathing quietly when the CLOCK CLICKS to 3:15 and:

64 ANGLE ON GEORGE

64

George's eyes snap open. He is suddenly and surprisingly awake. He sits up and then he hears the MUFFLED SOUND of a CHILD in CONVERSATION. An occasional GIGGLE. George slips out of bed. Kathy murmurs in her sleep but doesn't awaken. He opens the closet for his robe and slippers to cover his nudity.

65 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

65

as George steps out of the bedroom. The VOICE seems to be coming from Amy's room.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

He walks quickly toward the door, ready to scold the children for being up at this hour. His hand is already on the knob and pushing the door open when the VOICE STOPS.

66 INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

66

Amy is sound asleep beneath the blankets. Raggedy Ann sits blindly in the rocking chair. George shivers in the cold room. He notices the window wide open and quickly shuts it as:

67 GEORGE'S POV

67 .

He sees something move near the boat house.

68 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

68

The ceiling light flashes on and George hurries down the stairs, through the dining room and kitchen, toward the back door.

69 EXT. HOUSE (BACKYARD) - NIGHT

69

Harry lies asleep on an old blanket. He scrambles to his paws as he hears the door being opened and is delighted to see George.

GEORGE

You're a hell of a watchdog.  
Come on.

He unhooks the dog's chain, and together they start down the path for the boat house.

70 EXT. BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

70

One of the doors is open, moving in the wind, causing a shadow against the wall. George is relieved, but still uneasy.

GEORGE

What d'you say, Harry? All  
clear?

Harry is undisturbed; he simply nuzzles George's hand for a pat on the head... which he gets. George checks the latch on the boat house doors and then starts in.



70A INT. BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

70A

SOUNDS of WATER SLAPPING sides of boat; MOONLIGHT on RIVER -- far-off RIVER SOUNDS. George feels COLD, pulls robe tighter. He CHECKS LINES ON BOAT, looks around once, shrugs.

70B EXT. BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT

70B

George SECURES THE LATCH on the boat house door and heads back toward house, with Harry in tow.

71 INT. SUN PORCH - NIGHT

71

The CAMERA is WATCHING George THROUGH THE WINDOWS of the dark room.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

He walks toward the house and the CAMERA PANS, keeping him IN FRAME until he passes the last window at the side of The House. PAN CONTINUES, PAST cartons and furniture, until it finally FINDS and HOLDS a PARTIAL VIEW of the kitchen-side door to the sun porch. The back DOOR is HEARD SQUEAKING open, then closed... George appears in the doorway, FACING THE CAMERA HEAD-ON, walks toward the window for a look out over his domain.

George sits down heavily in the easy chair facing out toward the river. He's tired, but not sleepy yet. The CAMERA TIGHTENS SLOWLY and HOLDS HIM IN PROFILE, the window and darkness beyond, close b.g.

A CREATURE hurtles out of the darkness toward the window with a blood-thinning HISS.

George jumps in terror as he jerks his head toward the NOISE and finds himself staring into the yellow eyes of an enormous tom cat... watching... watching. George is too stunned to react. The cat bares its teeth at George... then HISSES again, its eyes blazing. George is unconsciously backing away from the window when the cat streaks off.

72 EXT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN SIDE - DAY DAY #4 THURSDAY 72

An axe thwacks down on a wood log, splitting it neatly in two. The halves are left on the ground with others in a growing woodpile as we WIDEN TO SHOW George and The House behind him. He is sweating from the exertion and looks exhausted... his hair is uncombed... his beard matted. Kathy starts up the walk from the garage with two bags of groceries wedged under her arms. George glances over at her, but makes no move to help. One of the bags gives way... groceries roll in every direction ... cans... apples... squash. Kathy plops the remaining bag down on the walk and moves quietly to George, who is so preoccupied with his chopping that he has heard neither the accident nor her approach. She steps in behind him, gooses him hard while he's bent over. George jumps in surprise.

GEORGE

... Never ever do that to a man holding an axe in his hand.

KATHY

... I just thought maybe I could get a little help.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

KATHY (cont'd)

A week's worth of food is rolling  
down the walk over there.

GEORGE

(nicely)

Let me just finish up with this,  
babe.

KATHY

(making a show of  
irritation)

Oh, sure... sure. I'll sit down  
and wait for you... while you chop  
enough wood to heat the south shore.

George starts laughing. She's still pissed, but he  
puts his arm around her... she starts to soften as  
they walk over to the mess on the walk. She finally  
smiles at him... he's forgiven.

73 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

73

George puts the torn bag carefully down on the counter  
and starts whipping the ingredients out.

GEORGE

(looking at a  
can of leaf)

Who drinks tea around here?

KATHY

(starting to wash  
the apples)

Oh, that's for Aunt Helena...  
she's stopping by around two.

George can't hide his dismayed reaction.

KATHY (cont'd)

... Now be nice, George. This is  
a big event in my family... Nobody's  
ever bought a house before. We've  
always been a buncha renters.

GEORGE

... And she'll lose her priority  
on the gossip.

He walks out of the room abruptly. Kathy finishes  
putting away the groceries as Amy comes banging in  
the back door.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

AMY

My friend Jody wants to play upstairs.

(she looks up and to her right)

... huh, Jody.

(to Kathy)

See?

Kathy smiles indulgently at her daughter's imagination.

KATHY

Well... you and 'Jody' enjoy yourselves. She like sugar cookies, too?

AMY

(frowning)

I don't think so.

As she leaves Kathy suddenly remembers something. She looks up a number in her private phone book, dials.

KATHY

(into phone)

... Hello? This is Kathy Lutz. Could I speak with Father Delaney, please?

74

INT. DELANEY'S ROOM - THE RECTORY - DAY

74

Delaney is in bed asleep. Next to him on a small stand is a pharmacy of remedies... vitamins... cough drops... a tea cup... aspirin... a box of Kleenex... A young, innocent-looking priest, FATHER BOLEN, is on the phone.

BOLEN

(quietly)

Father's ill, Mrs. Lutz. He's sleeping right now... But is there something I can do for you? ... This is Father Bolen.

75

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

75

KATHY

No, no... He was going to come out and bless our house yesterday, but it'll wait until he feels better. I hope he isn't too sick.

76 INT. DELANEY'S ROOM - RECTORY - DAY 76

BOLEN

(perplexed)

It looks like one of those flu things... but, Mrs. Lutz, Father was at your house yesterday.

77 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 77

KATHY

Uh-uh. We were expecting him, but he never showed up.

78 INT. DELANEY'S ROOM - RECTORY - DAY 78

BOLEN

I know he left to go to your house.

79 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 79

KATHY

Well, he never got here... We were home all day.

80 INT. DELANEY'S ROOM - RECTORY - DAY 80

BOLEN

Must have been some kind of mixup.

81 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 81

KATHY

(cheerfully)

No big deal... Just tell him 'hi' for us...

Suddenly all hell breaks loose upstairs. The kids are yelling, George is calling for her.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Kathy?? Kathy!!!

KATHY

(panicked; to

Father Bolen)

I gotta go!

She slams the phone down and runs for the stairs.

82 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

82

George and the two boys are staring in horror at the toilet water... pitch black... bubbling. Kathy tears INTO VIEW.

KATHY

Oh my God!

GEORGE

It's like paint!

KATHY

What is that horrible smell?

GEORGE

(feeling sick)

... I'm going to check Amy's bathroom.

83 INT. AMY'S BATHROOM - DAY

83

The toilet water is completely clear until George reaches out and flushes... He's horrified to see the same thick black liquid gushing in. Only the sink water seems uncontaminated, when George runs the tap. OVER the water can be HEARD the RINGING of the DOOR-BELL.

GEORGE

Great, that's just great.

84 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

84

Kathy is frantically flushing the toilet, trying to clear the water. The boys are watching from the doorway... they seem unable to move.

KATHY

Boys, go downstairs and let Aunt Helena in... Don't say a word about this. Just tell her we'll be down in a minute.

They still don't move.

KATHY (cont'd)

Go on now!

George hurries in with a can of cleanser.

KATHY (cont'd)

And stay with her. Be polite.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

MATT

Do we have to? She's always pinching.

GEORGE

Help us out here, will you? Get going.

The DOORBELL RINGS again and the boys race out of the bathroom.

85 INT. FOYER - GREG AND MATT - DAY

85

as they race down the stairs and open the front door.. Harry is barking his head off pawing at the door. As the door opens, it reveals AUNT HELENA. She is a 60-year-old nun wearing her habit, carrying a potted plant. She steps inside with a broad grin and, reaching out to Matt who shrinks back, manages to grab a good piece of flesh on his cheek. She squeezes.

HELENA

Hello, Matthew.

He grimaces in pain and she reaches for Greg with:

HELENA (cont'd)

Gregory.

Greg ducks away.

HELENA (cont'd)

Where's your mother?

MATT

She said to wait here and she'll be down in a minute.

Before she can react to that, they have beat it out the front door with Harry who has avoided Aunt Helena, closing it behind them. HOLD on Helena. She stands in the foyer holding the potted plant.

86 TIGHT ON HELENA

86

She feels a cold breeze and shudders. She moves a few steps toward the dining room, stops and heads toward the kitchen.

87 INT. KITCHEN - HELENA - DAY

87

as she enters and moves to the counter. She places the potted plant upon it and has to hold herself for a moment as a slight dizziness attacks her.

88 TIGHT ON HELENA

88

Her face is pale. Beads of perspiration dot her forehead.

KATHY (O.S.)

Aunt Helena?

89 INT. FOYER - KATHY - DAY

89

She has reached the bottom of the stairs and peers into the living room. She hears the SOUND of a LOUD CRASH. She hurries in that direction.

90 INT. KITCHEN - HELENA - DAY

90

She is leaning against the counter. The potted plant is shattered on the floor. Kathy enters and is surprised to see the mess.

HELENA

(befuddled)

Kathleen... I'm sorry. I must have placed it on the edge of the counter... I'm sorry... but I have to go.

KATHY

(bewildered)

I don't understand.

HELENA

I'm not feeling well.

KATHY

Sit down. I'll make some tea. I bought your favorite kind.

Helena is already on the move toward the door with...

HELENA

No. I'm sorry. I really have to go... I -- I feel terrible.

Kathy hurries after her.

91 INT. FOYER - GEORGE - DAY

91

He is coming down the stairs as Helena moves quickly toward the front door with Kathy following. Helena totally ignores George.

(CONTINUED)



91

CONTINUED:

91

KATHY

Aunt Helena, come on. Rest for a while. Don't just run off.

HELENA

I can't stay... I don't feel well enough, I don't.

She opens the door and walks out, leaving George and Kathy standing in confusion.

92

EXT. THE STREET - ANGLE ON DRIVEWAY - HELENA'S CAR - DAY

92

She drives it onto the street and about fifty yards before she pulls over to the curb.

93

INT. HELENA'S CAR - HELENA - DAY

93

Her face perspires profusely. She can feel her stomach heaving and throws open the door, her head ducking OUT OF FRAME as we HEAR her start to RETCH.

94

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT (NIGHT #5 FRIDAY)

94

Those damn jack-o-lantern eyes are still staring at us... malevolent... knowing.

94A

INT. SEWING ROOM (KATHY'S HIDEAWAY)

94A \*

We HEAR a BACH ARIA for flute and strings. The room is a cacophony of Kathy's past life background before George, before the kids, before the responsibilities, etc. There is an easel, paints, guitar, a plastic figure of the Virgin Mary which she is painting as she listens to the music and fantasizes. She takes the liberty to smoke a cigarette in the privacy of her den, but never in front of the kids.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

95

INT. LIVING ROOM - TIGHT ON FIRE - NIGHT

95

The flames are high and hot. The green wood HISSES as the flames consume it. PAN to FIND and HOLD A CLOSEUP of George. He is squatting before the fire, wearing his clothes and an extra sweater. His face is pale.

96

INT. FOYER - TIGHT ON FEET - NIGHT

96

Bare feet descend the steps quietly. HOLD as the figure descends INTO FRAME, REVEALING it to be Kathy. She is wearing a robe over her night dress. PAN WITH her as she reaches the foyer and looks into the living room.

97

INT. LIVING ROOM - REVERSE ANGLE - NIGHT

97

LOW ANGLE with George in f.g. as Kathy approaches. He seems mesmerized by the flames and is unaware of her approach.

KATHY

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED:

97

He jumps, startled by her voice.

KATHY (cont'd)  
Aren't you coming to bed?

GEORGE  
In a minute. The fire went out.

He turns back to the fire. She squats down beside him.

KATHY  
Still feeling cold?

He nods.

KATHY (cont'd)  
I hope you're not coming down  
with something.

GEORGE  
I'll be all right. Listen, I've  
got to stay healthy for your  
brother's wedding. He'll never  
make it up the aisle without me.

KATHY  
Have you tried on your tux?

GEORGE  
In the morning.

His eyes are locked on the fire and she studies his  
profile lovingly. She reaches up and fingers the hair  
at the back of his neck.

KATHY  
Getting long... Why don't you  
sleep in tomorrow?

GEORGE  
There's work to do. I don't  
want to be up to my ass in  
boxes forever.

KATHY  
(placating)  
It takes time. It's a lot simpler  
to move when you're a bachelor  
with a bed and a TV.  
(beat)  
Do you miss it?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

He looks at her, surprised that she would even ask that question. Reaching out, he pulls her to him. She snuggles up, resting her head on his chest.

GEORGE

(teasing her, but  
with an edge)

You mean a new lady every night?  
Steak dinners? Weekends on the  
boat? Naw. Who would miss  
superficial things like that?

She is slightly miffed.

DISSOLVE TO:

98 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - TIGHT ON BED LAMP - NIGHT

98

The blackness disappears as the lamp is flicked on by George and we PAN TO A RAKING TWO SHOT of George and Kathy lying in bed. They are nude beneath the blankets.

GEORGE

I'm sorry. I don't know what in  
hell's the matter with me.

KATHY

Hey, it's been a long, tough day.

GEORGE

I've had tougher days.

KATHY

These things happen.

GEORGE

Not to me.

She snuggles up to him.

KATHY

What are you supposed to be, some  
kind of super stud? Coupla months  
ago you were a happy bachelor.  
Now here you are married, a brand-  
new Catholic with three kids, a  
dog and a huge mortgage. Stop  
pushing. You don't need to perform  
for me.

She plants a small kiss on his chest and snuggles her  
head into it. He relaxes.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

KATHY (cont'd)  
Turn out the light.

He reaches up and turns out the light.

99 TWO SHOT

99

KATHY  
I love you.

GEORGE  
I love you back.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

100 TIGHT ON KATHY

100

She is SLEEPING fitfully, STRUGGLING in the midst of a nightmare. Her EYES POP OPEN. She is bathed in a cold sweat and sits bolt upright.

KATHY  
(loud)  
She was shot in the head... she  
was shot in the head. OH MY GOD!  
I heard the explosions in my head.

She sinks back down on the pillow, SLEEPING.

100A TIGHT ON GEORGE

100A

who has been awakened by Kathy.

GEORGE  
(just approaching  
consciousness)  
Kathy... Kathy... What's the  
matter... are you...

He realizes that she is sleeping. He looks over at the luminous dial on the clock. It reads: "3:15". He sinks back on the pillow, eyes staring at the ceiling, wide awake and disturbed.

100B EXT. RECTORY - DAY DAY #6 SATURDAY

100B

100C INT. DELANEY'S ROOM - DAY

100C

FATHER DELANEY is dressing. He's having difficulty and some pain because of his injured hand. He is weak and feeling ill.

(CONTINUED)

100C CONTINUED:

100C

FATHER BOLEN has been PLEADING A LOSING CASE.

BOLEN

Father... I really don't know...

(pause)

You shouldn't be out of bed.

I can't see what is so important that...

DELANEY

I asked for help not lectures.

Will you drive me to Amityville?

BOLEN

I said I would.

DELANEY

Then please stop arguing and let's go.

He starts out with Bolen following uneasily.

101 EXT. THE HOUSE (FRONT) - ANGLE ON MUSTANG - DAY

101

It is parked behind George's van and is decorated with paper streamers. Greg and Matt, dressed in suits, shirts and ties, are tying a string of tin cans to the rear bumper.

102 INT. LIVING ROOM - TIGHT ON MONEY - DAY

102

Hands count fifty-dollar bills into a neat stack on the coffee table. TILT UP TO REVEAL JIMMY. He is Kathy's 25-year-old brother. He is in his shirt-sleeves. The jacket from his tuxedo is draped over the chair next to him. His attention is riveted on the money he is counting.

103 ANGLE ON KATHY

103

She enters the living room. Kathy is putting on her earrings. DOLLY WITH HER TO INCLUDE Jimmy. He is having trouble counting -- keeps losing the total.

JIMMY

Kathy, check this for me, will ya? It's got to come to fifteen hundred bucks for the caterer. Sucker wants cash.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

KATHY

It's all there... Relax. You've  
counted it a dozen times.

Kathy stands looking at him with a sense of love and  
pride.

KATHY (cont'd)

You look terrific.

Tears well in her eyes.

JIMMY

Jeez. You gonna start to cry  
already?

KATHY

I used to ride you on my bicycle  
and now we're going to your wedding.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

KATHY (cont'd)

I'm just real happy for you.

They hug each other. Kathy holds tight. Jimmy feels  
protective and reassuring. He puts the money into  
his tuxedo jacket. Over her shoulder he sees...

104 ANGLE TO INCLUDE LIVING ROOM ENTRANCE

104

George is standing there. He wears a tuxedo. He is  
looking at them.

JIMMY

(lightly)

Well, it's about time.

He and Kathy break their embrace as she turns toward  
George. Jimmy moves toward George and extends his  
hand to shake.

105 TIGHTER ANGLE - GEORGE AND JIMMY

105

as they shake hands. George looks terrible. His face  
is pale and there are dark shadows circling his eyes.  
Jimmy notices.

JIMMY

You look terrible.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

GEORGE  
(with a wry half-smile)

So she keeps telling me.

Kathy ENTERS FRAME. She is concerned.

KATHY  
(to Jimmy)  
Something's going around. Amy's  
down with it, too.

JIMMY  
Listen, George. If you're not  
up to it, I'd understand.

GEORGE  
Come on, I'm your best man!  
Let's move.

Jimmy turns around to get his jacket.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
I'll be okay.

A pretty 16-year-old, JACKIE, appears from the foyer.  
She is wearing a head brace retainer to straighten her  
teeth.

JACKIE  
Am I supposed to give Amy an  
aspirin or anything?

KATHY  
Yeah, one more before she goes  
to sleep. I left them out.

Jackie nods and moves off. Meanwhile, George is  
watching Jimmy curiously.

106 ANGLE ON JIMMY

106

He is holding his tuxedo jacket and going through the  
pockets with a sense of urgency.

107 ANGLE ON GEORGE AND KATHY

107

as George moves toward Jimmy with...

GEORGE  
What's the matter?

JIMMY (O.S.)  
The money.

(CONTINUED)



107 CONTINUED:

GEORGE

What money?

By now we have INCLUDED Jimmy in the ANGLE as...

JIMMY

The money for the caterer. Fifteen hundred dollars. I put it in this pocket.

KATHY

It must have fallen out.

Jimmy checks the chair as Kathy searches the floor around it.

JIMMY

(panicky)

It's not here.

He pulls the pillow off the chair and begins digging deep inside. George joins him, finally lifting the chair and moving it a few feet away. There is no sign of it on the floor.

GEORGE

Check your pants pockets.

Jimmy goes through the motions as...

KATHY

I saw it, right there... It couldn't just get up and walk away.

She searches the pockets.

JIMMY

(destroyed)

Jeezus. What am I gonna do?

GEORGE

If you had it here, it's gotta be here.

They continue searching frantically as...

JIMMY

Jeezus. I can't believe it... I can't believe it...

The CAR HORN begins HONKING outside.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

GEORGE

(sharply)

Will you get those kids off  
that horn?!

KATHY

We really have to go... Jimmy.

JIMMY

But... what am I going to do?

GEORGE

It's gotta be here someplace.  
We'll look for it when we come  
home.

JIMMY

What about the caterer? He's  
gotta be paid... in cash.

It is a rhetorical question and there is an uncomfortable  
silence.

GEORGE

I'll take care of it. I'll give  
him a check.

Jimmy and Kathy both look up in surprise. Jimmy is  
deeply touched and unable to verbalize his gratitude.

GEORGE (cont'd)

(putting an  
arm around his  
shoulders)

Come on.

They move out together. HOLD ON Kathy a beat as she  
looks after him with great love. Then she follows.

108 EXT. EXPRESSWAY - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

108

The traffic is flowing at the speed limit. Delaney's  
car appears, heading toward Amityville.

109 INT. DELANEY'S CAR - DELANEY AND BOLEN - DAY

109

BOLEN

Father... just tell me...

(pause)

why it couldn't wait until tomorrow.

DELANEY

I don't know... I don't know...  
I have to get back to that house.

Bolen shrugs.

110 EXTREME CLOSEUP - FLY ON WHITE BACKGROUND 110  
111 CLOSEUP - DELANEY 111

from the back seat. The fly is on his turned around collar. Delaney is unaware of it, as it rubs its legs together and then struts around his collar.

112 EXT. INT. CAR - LOW ANGLE - TRACKING - DAY 112

as the car drifts to the right and crosses the white line, causing the car behind to slow down. The driver HONKS angrily.

113 TIGHT ON BOLEN 113

BOLEN

I can't turn the...

He is struggling with the wheel, using all his force to bring the car back into his lane. Delaney reacts.

114 LOW ANGLE - TRACKING 114

as car swerves into the left lane. Two cars brake to avoid a collision. Bolen is struggling with the wheel.

115 TIGHT ON DELANEY 115

DELANEY

Oh my God... no!!

He is perspiring, getting sick to his stomach.

116 TIGHT ON BRAKE PEDAL 116

as Bolen's foot steps on it and it presses easily to the floor without effect.

117 TIGHT ON DELANEY 117

He is terrified.

DELANEY

Jesus Christ!

118 TRACKING ANGLE 118

as the car swerves from lane to lane. Nearby cars are HONKING incessantly as they take steps to avoid a collision.

119 DELANEY'S POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD 119

As Bolen struggles, we can SEE the car swerving wildly. Suddenly the hood flies open, smashing against the windshield.

120 CLOSEUP - DELANEY 120

121 TIGHT ON GEAR SHIFT 121

It is an automatic in "drive" and Bolen slams it into "low". There is a terrible GRATING, but the car decelerates suddenly. Delaney is thrown forward against the dash.

122 TRACKING ANGLE 122

as the car, with hood raised, makes the right shoulder of expressway, slowing to a crawl and finally stopping.

123 WIDE ANGLE FROM THE SIDE 123

as we SEE the raised hood, one of its hinges torn, the windshield shattered, and Delaney and Bolen sitting numbly.

124 CLOSEUP - PASSENGER WINDOW FROM OUTSIDE 124

The fly crawls on Delaney's collar as he starts to retch.

125 INT. AMY'S ROOM - TIGHT ON JACKIE - NIGHT 125

as she steps to the window.

JACKIE

It's freezing in here.

She closes the window and we TRACK WITH HER toward Amy, who is seated fully clothed on her bed, holding her small rocking chair.

JACKIE (cont'd)

It's time for bed, Amy. I gotta give you an aspirin.

AMY

(sullenly)

I don't want to go to bed. I want to play with Jody.

JACKIE

Your mom said to put you to bed early 'cause you been sick. Now don't smart off to me.

AMY

I wasn't sick, I just didn't like meatloaf.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

Jackie moves across the room toward the closet as...

JACKIE  
Let's get you into your pajamas.

126 TIGHT ON ROCKING CHAIR 126

as we SEE Jackie pass it on her way toward the closet.  
It begins to rock gently.

127 WIDE ANGLE - JACKIE 127

She opens the closet door. It is a small walk-in.  
She flicks on the overhead light and moves inside,  
where there is a built-in bureau. She opens a drawer  
and starts rummaging. Meanwhile, the CAMERA FLOATS  
SLOWLY TOWARD Jackie's back.

128 LOW ANGLE (FRONT VIEW) - JACKIE 128

Her attention is focused on finding the pajamas.

129 FLOATING ANGLE 129

FROM BEHIND Jackie, as the CAMERA DRAWS CLOSER.

130 LOW ANGLE (FRONT VIEW) - JACKIE 130

She finds a pair of pajamas and turns to walk out.

131 TIGHT ON DOOR 131

It slams in her face.

132 TIGHT ON JACKIE 132

She is startled. She turns the doorknob. The door  
will not open. She tries turning the knob various  
ways without success.

JACKIE  
(calling)  
Amy, open the door.

There is no response and she rattles the doorknob.

JACKIE (cont'd)  
(calling)  
Amy? I'm in the closet. Open  
the door.

She knocks on the door.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

JACKIE (cont'd)

Amy! I mean it!

There is no response and she is beginning to get very nervous. Now she pounds on the door with her fist.

JACKIE (cont'd)

(shouting)

Amy, come to the door: Open it.

She pounds away at the door, tries kicking it, tries pushing it with her shoulder, and succumbs to repetitive pounding.

133 ANGLE ON JACKIE

133

She is terrified. She begins to pound again on the door.

JACKIE

(shouting)

Amy! Please, for Chrissake,  
open the door!

134 EXTREME CLOSEUP - JACKIE

134

The light goes out. She SCREAMS.

135 INT. HOTEL RECEPTION ROOM - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

135

The reception is in full swing. Jimmy and his BRIDE dance around the floor radiating happiness. The band is modern and the dance floor is dominated by the young people. The CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the room until it FINDS and HOLDS on Kathy. She is seated alone at a table watching the dancing, keeping an eye on the boys.

HELENA (O.S.)

Hello, Kathleen.

Kathy looks up.

136 ANGLE ON AUNT HELENA

136

She is wearing her nun's habit and looks much fitter than the first time we saw her.

137 ANGLE FAVORING KATHY

137

She is happy to see her. She starts to get to her feet. Helena puts a hand on her shoulder with...

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

HELENA

Don't get up.

Helena sits down.

KATHY

You feeling better?

HELENA

Fine. Just fine. I want to apologize for the other day. I don't know what happened. I didn't get half a block from your house before I was violently ill. By the time I got home, I felt like myself again.

KATHY

There must be some kind of virus thing going around... Father Delaney's got it, Amy's been a little off... and I don't know what's goin' on with George.

138 INT. HOTEL WASHROOM - GEORGE - NIGHT

138

He leans over the washbasin. We can HEAR the TAP RUNNING. His face is drenched with perspiration. His complexion is tinged with green. He slaps water on his face. The door opens behind him and we hear:

AGUCCI (O.S.)

Mr. Lutz?... Whatsa matter, a little too much champagne?

George straightens up and we SEE with him IN THE MIRROR AGUCCI, holds up a bill.

GEORGE

(still very sick)

Something like that. Jeezus, do you usually do business in the bathroom?

AGUCCI

(hands him the bill)

I hope this doesn't make it worse.

GEORGE

I'm going to write you a check.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

AGUCCI

(unhappy)

The deal was cash... You know,  
cash.

GEORGE

(snapping)

The cash got lost. You have to  
take a check.

He has to lean against the wall as he fumbles for  
his checkbook.

AGUCCI

I don't like checks. Checks  
get cancelled... checks bounce,  
checks are not cash! People  
want weddings at any price until  
it's over. And suddenly they  
don't have any cash.

GEORGE

(angrily)

Now listen to me, pal... I don't  
like lectures... and I don't like  
being hassled in the men's room.  
I'm gonna write you a check. If  
it's not good enough for you,  
take back your goddamn food. Now  
just move on out the door and  
I'll talk to you when I'm finished  
here.

Agucci is intimidated.

AGUCCI

(mumbling; to no one)

Look at this -- I said cash, and  
they're giving me checks.

He exits, leaving Kathy standing exposed in the door-  
way. George, who has been rinsing his face again,  
now sees her in the mirror. He is angry and em-  
barrassed.

GEORGE

I don't think I can make it  
through the reception. Let's  
get the kids and split.



138A RECEPTION HALL

138A

as George and Kathy walk through hall looking for kids, a little crowd has gathered around the bride who has fainted from too much of a bad thing. People are fanning at the air; she is at peace on the floor with a rather contented swallowed-the-canary attitude.

139 EXT. THE HOUSE (FRONT) - HEADLIGHTS - NIGHT

139

The headlights move up the drive and come to a stop, revealing George's van. The doors open and George, Kathy and the boys get out. The two boys look exhausted. They can hardly keep their eyes open.

140 INT. HOUSE (FOYER) - DOOR - NIGHT

140

We HEAR the RATTLE OF KEYS and the SOUND of a KEY in the lock. The door opens. They enter as...

KATHY

Okay, you guys, right upstairs,  
right to bed.

The two boys trudge up the stairs. Kathy looks into the living room and sees there is no one there. The light is on in the sun porch and she moves toward that door.

GEORGE

(irritated)

I told her not to let that fire  
go out. It's cold as hell in  
here.

He moves toward the fireplace, as they HEAR a POUNDING from above.

141 INT. AMY'S ROOM - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

141

Amy lies half-asleep on her bed, fully clothed, clutching her Raggedy Ann. She has been aroused by the NOISE. George and Kathy appear in the doorway. The POUNDING is coming from the closet. George moves to the closet. He opens the door.

142 TIGHT ON GEORGE

142

as he looks down and reacts to...

143 GEORGE'S POV

143

Jackie lies curled up on the floor, tear stained, paralyzed with fear.

144 TIGHT ON GEORGE

144

He is startled! He steps inside and bends to the girl as we can SEE Kathy move into the doorway behind him.

145 ANGLE TO INCLUDE JACKIE

145

as George reaches out and touches her shoulder.

KATHY

Oh God, what happened to her?

JACKIE

I couldn't get out.

(rising hysteria)

The door closed and locked and I couldn't get out.

Her body begins to shake in convulsive sobs. George helps her up. She leans and clings to him.

146 ANGLE WITH AMY IN F.G.

146

She sits innocently on her bed, watching, as Kathy steps back and George steps out of the closet with Jackie. When Jackie sees Amy...

JACKIE

(hysteria rising)

Why didn't you unlock the door?

Why didn't you answer me?

Amy is silent and George moves to the closet door.

GEORGE

There's no lock on this door.

Take a look.

He is pointing to the door and Jackie looks up through her tears.

JACKIE

It wouldn't open.

George closes and opens the door easily. He steps into the closet and closes the door behind him, opens it and steps out.

JACKIE (cont'd)

(vehemently)

It wouldn't open!!

Now Kathy notices the girl's hands.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

KATHY

George...

She holds Jackie's hands as George looks...

147 TIGHT ON JACKIE'S HANDS

147

The knuckles are raw and bloody.

148 ANGLE TO INCLUDE KATHY AND GEORGE

148

as they realize the ordeal this girl has gone through.

KATHY

(to Amy)

Didn't you hear Jackie? Why  
didn't you open the door?

AMY

Jody wouldn't let me.

GEORGE

(anger mounting)

Jody? Who's Jody?

AMY

Jody's my friend and she comes  
to play with me.

GEORGE

(exploding)

Jesus Christ! What the hell are  
we standing here listening to?

He looks at the two boys standing in the doorway.

GEORGE (cont'd)

(shouting)

Weren't you told to get to bed?  
Get!

(to Kathy)

These kids of yours need a good  
spanking.

The boys race away and up the stairs. George looks in  
total disgust at the three females and storms from the  
room. Kathy holds Jackie reassuringly, rocking with her  
on the bed as the girl clings tightly to her. Amy's  
eyes brim with tears.

AMY

George yelled at me.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

Kathy reaches out and pulls her to her as...

KATHY .

Well, you should have opened the  
door.

149 TIGHT ON AMY

149

AMY

Jody doesn't like George.

Kathy pays no attention to that. She should.

150 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

150

George is on his knees, looking for Jimmy's missing bundle of cash. Every move shows his frustration as the CAMERA WIDENS and George sits back on his haunches to stare around the room... it's in total disarray -- furniture is moved, pillows have been yanked from the sofa chairs. Suddenly he sees something. Behind a chair leg lies a paper band that once held a thousand dollars. George seizes it.

GEORGE

(with a roar)

Where the hell is it???

150A EXT. PLAYGROUND ACROSS FROM CHURCH

150A \*

FATHER BOLEN is shooting baskets with a couple of neighborhood kids. The CHURCH BELL TOLLS. He stops, looks at his watch and heads for the rectory on the double.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

151 INT. DELANEY'S ROOM - THE RECTORY - DAY (DAY #7 SUNDAY) 151

Delaney is wearing his priest shirt and trousers. He is pacing nervously. Staring at him with shocked, concerned expressions are FATHERS NUNCIO and RYAN, a pair of elderly priests who clearly hold advanced positions in the hierarchy... No one speaks.

The door bursts open and Father Bolen enters, speaking at the same time.

BOLEN

Are the muckamucks here yet?

He sees the two men, but it is too late. He fumbles an apology and sits unobtrusively in the corner.

NUNCIO

(to Bolen)

Can we continue...

(to Delaney)

Can we proceed...

(to no one)

Can we just get on with it?

So, no one answers.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

NUNCIO

Well then... there's an explanation  
for all of it.

He glances for approval to Ryan who avoids his eyes.

NUNCIO (cont'd)

A good, solid, logical explanation.  
Now, we're not in the habit of  
blaming Satan for every phenomenon.

DELANEY

(looking at him,  
stopping)

...Neither am I.

And his tone is cutting. Father Ryan, the younger of  
the two muckamucks, and by far the stronger takes over  
at this point.

RYAN

(equally biting)

Well, for a modernist who thinks  
Vatican Two didn't go far enough,  
don't you think you sound a little  
medieval?

DELANEY

(his force  
building)

Modernist! You listen to me...  
I did a little checking on those  
murders they had there... and the  
twenty-year-old kid who shot up  
his parents and his four brothers  
and sisters. At his trial he swore  
that voices in the house told him to  
do it and I heard voices in the  
house. I heard them... I felt the  
presence in the house.

RYAN

(interrupting)

Half the killers in this country  
say the same thing.

DELANEY

But I heard the voice!!! I heard  
it myself!! Look at my hand!!

He shoves his mutilated palm toward the older priests.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

DELANEY (cont'd)

Ask Father Bolen here about what  
happened to my car!! He was in  
it... tell 'em.

BOLEN

... The wheel tore right out of  
my hand.

(CONTINUED)



151 CONTINUED:

151

RYAN

(dryly)

How about a mechanical defect?  
I'd blame Detroit a lot faster  
than the Devil. It seems like  
every month there's some kind of  
recall...

DELANEY

So we're just walking away from  
it?? Has it become fashionable  
to cover up?

RYAN

(disgusted)

There's nothing to walk away from...

DELANEY

Nonsense!

RYAN

There is nothing to cover up.

DELANEY

Nonsense!

And even Father Bolen is shocked.

DELANEY (cont'd)

I'm not some pink-cheeked little  
seminarian who can't tell the  
difference between the supernatural  
and a bad clam!! I'm a trained  
psychotherapist! And I'm telling  
you that what I saw... and heard...  
and felt was real.

(he holds up his

injured hand,

clenched in a fist)

I've got a family in my parish that's  
at risk; they're in real danger.

RYAN

Who the hell do you think you are?  
You think your secular education  
gives you the right to question the  
Church? You haven't told us one  
thing that can't be written off as  
simple hysteria. Even psychotherapists  
lose touch with reality sometimes.  
Your education doesn't give you any  
immunity... Father Nuncio and I have  
seen our share of phenomena... and  
never once have any of them turned  
out to be Satanist.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

DELANEY

(quietly)

The Church is my home... She's my strength. I need her now. And that family needs her now.

152 ANGLE ON FATHER DELANEY

152

He stares out the window, his eyes slowly filling with tears. Only his pride keeps them from coursing down his face.

RYAN

(softer)

Frank, how long has it been since you've seen your family. Maybe you ought to take some time off.

152A ANOTHER ANGLE

152A

as Fathers Ryan and Nuncio get up to leave Delaney's quarters. Nuncio stops near Bolen who is angry and sullen.

NUNCIO

(to Bolen)

You could do with a haircut and shave.

They exit. We HOLD ON DELANEY at window.

153 EXT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN SIDE - DAY (10TH DAY WED.) 153

George is savaging the logs with his axe. Each blow is a killer... made more menacing by his unkempt appearance... his clothes look slept-in and dirty, his hair and beard need to be combed/trimmed. He sees Kathy watching him through the kitchen window and pauses for a moment. Running the back of his hand against his teeth, he glares at her until she turns away... and then he returns to his attack on the wood.

154 EXT. THE HOUSE - REAR - DAY 154

Amy is sitting on the grass, playing with a group of dolls which she has placed in a semi-circle facing her. She is seriously scolding them for some minor infraction they seem to have committed.

AMY

You think I don't know what you've been up to? Well, I do... And if I ever catch you again, you're in big trouble, you girls hear me? Janet, are you listening? Now don't be a smart ass.

As this is going on, a rubber spider dangles over her head and brushes her hair. It is attached to a fishing rod and is being raised and lowered. Her hand comes up to touch the tickle... and the string is jerked upward.

\*  
\*  
\*

155 CAMERA TILTS UP TO FIND AND HOLD 155

ON the sewing room window where Greg and Matt are leaning out, dangling the string, squashing their giggles as they watch their kid sister react unawares. WOOD-CHOPPING can be HEARD background.

156 EXT. THE HOUSE - FRONT - MOVING POV FROM THE FRONT SEAT OF A PICKUP TRUCK - DAY 156

as it pulls up to the curb and stops.

157 INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY 157

Meet JEFF SAUNDERS... work-tanned, late twenties... and his girlfriend CAROLYN DIMARCO... Brooklyn native, mid-twenties. They stare out at The House.

JEFF

(offended)

What do you think.

CAROLYN

Definitely uptown.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

Jeff is already out of the cab and shutting the door. He has a manila envelope in one hand.

158 EXT. TRUCK - DAY

158

Jeff walks around to Carolyn's side, where she's hopping down on her own... still talking. We READ on the side of the truck: "GEORGE LUTZ INC. LAND SURVEY CO. (516) 555-2373."

CAROLYN

(cheerfully)

I thought you guys had a small business.

JEFF

(preoccupied)

Believe me it is. Getting smaller all the time.

\*  
\*

He has started toward The House ahead of Carolyn when he realizes she has stopped.

JEFF (cont'd)

What's the matter?

\*

CAROLYN

I -- I don't want to go any closer.

JEFF

(irritated)

Carolyn, what are you talking about?

Carolyn is already retreating to the safety of the truck.

CAROLYN

It gives me the creeps.

Carolyn is already getting into the truck.

JEFF

Okay, I guess you're going to wait for me out here.

159 ANGLE ON CAROLYN IN CAB OF TRUCK

159

She looks at The House. She rolls up the window. She sneaks one more glance at The House... and then she carefully pushes down the lock button in the door.

160 EXT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN SIDE - DAY

160

Jeff appears from around the side of The House, moving TOWARD CAMERA. George is stacking the split firewood into a neat mountain. Jeff is horrified by his appearance, but politely tries to hide it.

160 CONTINUED:

160

JEFF

Hiya, George. How's it goin'?

GEORGE

It's goin'... Have a seat.

Jeff is totally nonplussed. Not knowing what else to do, he looks around for something to sit on... but there is nothing.

JEFF

... Uh -- no thanks, that's okay. Listen, I wouldn't have come out and bothered you... but your line's always busy and...

GEORGE

(overlapping)

That goddamn telephone!

JEFF

... nobody's seen you for days.

GEORGE

I stayed home to help Kathy unpack. Something wrong with that?

JEFF

Not a damn thing... except the whole business is falling apart. You haven't even been in to sign the payroll checks.

(he reaches into the manila envelope)

... I did us all a favor and brought them along... Here you go.

A wash of guilt hits George as he looks into the envelope.

GEORGE

Christ, what day is this?

JEFF

Thursday. I told the men I'd hand deliver those.

George uses the woodpile for support and starts to sign the checks.

GEORGE

(mumbling)

Shoulda been paid yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (2)

160

JEFF

And some caterer's screaming  
that you wrote him a personal  
check that came back.

GEORGE

Shit!. I forgot to cover that.

JEFF

And some guy from the IRS keeps  
calling.

160A ANOTHER ANGLE

160A

GEORGE

You got any good news?

JEFF

Yeah -- I got you that spotlight  
for the boat. Come on, I'll put  
it on for you.

They both head for the boathouse.

161 ANGLE ON AMY

161

around the other side of the house as the string brush-  
es her hair and she reaches up to rub her head... too  
late again as the string is yanked upward.

162 ANGLE ON SEWING ROOM WINDOW

162

Greg and Matt are having a great time; they have a bag  
filled with water and are about to...

163 INT. SEWING ROOM - DAY

163

Kathy steps into the open door and sees the boys.

KATHY

What are you guys doing?

164 KATHY'S POV

164

as they turn, guiltily. Matt is clear of the window.  
Greg ducks his head back into the room and the window  
DROPS LIKE A SLEDGEHAMMER! Greg screams, his hand is  
jammed in place. Kathy is running toward him... her  
face is contorted with horror.

\*  
\*  
\*

165 EXT. BOATHOUSE

165

Doors are open. George and Jeff react to the SCREAM  
AFTER SCREAM, ripping toward them from The House. They  
look up at window of sewing room and rush toward house.

166 INT. SEWING ROOM - DAY

166

Kathy is fighting with the window. Greg continues to  
scream with the pain. Matt is crying from fear.  
George and Jeff tear into the room and the three adults  
put all their strength into raising the window.

\*  
\*

JEFF  
The goddamned thing feels like  
it's nailed!!

Slowly, they all manage to force the window open.  
Greg's hand jerks free. Kathy drops to her knees to  
take a look. Greg has it tucked protectively under  
his arm.

\*  
\*

KATHY  
(gently tugging)  
Let me see.

George and Jeff watch helplessly while she coaxes.

GREG  
No, don't touch it! Don't touch!

\*

KATHY  
(forcing her voice  
to be calm)  
Mommy has to see, I won't hurt  
you.

GREG  
(letting her pull  
out his hand)  
... It'll hurt.

\*

The hand is a mangled, bloody mess. Jeff sucks in his  
breath. George quickly picks up the whimpering boy and  
starts for the door. Kathy is right with him.

GEORGE  
Jeff, do us a favor and stay  
with the kids. We have to get  
that hand X-rayed.

166A EXT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

166A

The van is parked at the Emergency Entrance to hospi-  
tal. After a beat, George and Kathy emerge. George  
is carrying Greg whose hand is bandaged. As they  
arrive at the van, Kathy opens the door and slides  
behind the wheel.

\*

(CONTINUED)

166A CONTINUED:

166A

KATHY  
I'll drive...

GEORGE  
(getting into  
passenger seat  
with Greg)  
Amazing -- not one broken bone.  
(to Kathy)  
He's a tiger.

\*  
\*  
\*

CAMERA MOVES to a troubled George.



167 EXT. THE HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT (13TH NIGHT SAT.) 167 \*

It looks ever more menacing. The CAMERA SLOWLY TIGHTENS ON the dark window of the master bedroom.

168 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - ANGLE ON -DIGITAL CLOCK - NIGHT 168

It clicks 3:15 and we RACK FOCUS TO FIND George whose eyes open as he is suddenly wakened from his sleep. He lies for a moment without stirring. Now he hears a FAINT SOUND from outside the room. He sits up and looks at Kathy, who is sound asleep on the far side of the bed. The sound appears to be a BUZZING SOUND.

169 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT 169

The BUZZING SOUND is LOUDER in perspective. George comes out of the master bedroom clad only in his shorts. He stops, trying to locate the direction of the noise.

- 170 INT. BACK HALL - TIGHT ON BASEMENT DOOR - NIGHT 170  
The door presses outward against the bolt as though a mighty force were pushing on it. The WOOD GROANS.
- 171 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - GEORGE - NIGHT 171  
He moves toward the closed door of the sewing room.
- 172 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - GEORGE - NIGHT 172  
He opens the sewing room door. The BUZZING SOUND BLASTS at him.
- 173 INT. SEWING ROOM - ANGLE ON GEORGE - NIGHT 173  
He is framed in the doorway by a light spill from the landing. He reaches for the light switch on the wall and flicks it on. ZOOM TIGHT ON George as he reacts to:
- 174 GEORGE'S POV - THE WINDOW 174  
It is black with a moving mass. ZOOM TIGHT TO REVEAL that this mass is composed of houseflies.
- 175 TIGHT ON GEORGE 175  
as he reacts in revulsion. He steps into the room and closes the door behind him...
- 176 INT. SEWING ROOM - NIGHT 176  
George forces himself to move towards the window. The flies BUZZ furiously around him... hitting his face... landing in his hair... and the harder he swats them away, the more they swarm around him. He has to close his eyes against the assault... the flies are at his mouth... his nostrils... his ears. George is fighting down his panic as he tries to feel his way through the black mass... tries to find the latch on the window. He's crushing flies under his fingers in his desperation to turn the lock... his arms are elbow-deep in the crawling, shiny swarm.
- 177 EXT. THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 177 \*  
The door whips off its hinges with a TERRIFYING CRACK... made more terrifying by the absence of any logical explanation. We see no cause for what we've witnessed.
- 178 INT. SEWING ROOM - NIGHT 178  
George is blind with flies as he reacts to the CRACK which seems to REVERBERATE through the very foundations of The House. He stumbles toward the sewing room door.

179 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

179

George is slamming the sewing room door shut behind him. Kathy is halfway across the hall, trying to wrap her kimono closed as she runs. Her face is white with adrenalin.

GEORGE

(as he starts  
down stairs)

You stay up here!

KATHY

Not on your life!

Together they move down the stairs, growing more cautious as they round the curve to the ground floor. Kathy gasps, and instantly covers her mouth with her fist as:

180 THEIR POV

180

They see the front door hanging outside, held only by the bottom hinge.

181 ANGLE ON GEORGE AND KATHY

181

reaching for each other's hand, still moving forward. They're fucking brave!! The entrances to the dining room and the living room are dark, sinister. The air is very still. They approach the living room. They switch on light... nothing... and relief is starting to set in when Kathy suddenly hears a SOFT NOISE behind them. A half-cry of fear is already rising in her throat as she whirls around to see Amy and her Raggedy Ann doll. George's reaction was only a moment slower and now he's furious in his relief.

GEORGE

Goddamnit, don't sneak up like  
that!

182 TIGHT ON AMY

182

as she glares back at him with adult hurt and anger... and a glint of hatred.

182A ANGLE ON GEORGE

182A

as he starts back up stairs...

GEORGE

(to Kathy)

Call the police. I want to  
check on something.

182B INT. SEWING ROOM - TIGHT ON DOOR - NIGHT 182B  
 The door opens, revealing George. He flicks on the light and sees...  
 182C GEORGE'S POV - THE WINDOW 182C  
 It is closed. There are no flies.  
 182D TIGHT ON GEORGE 182D  
 He's surprised... bewildered.

DISSOLVE TO:

183 EXT. THE HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT 183  
 A police car sits in the driveway, its blue light revolving, its RADIO SQUAWKING. A sedan pulls up behind it and out steps SERGEANT LOU VITO. His eyes roam the face of The House for a moment... and then he starts up the walk to the battered front door.  
 184 EXT. FRONT DOOR - HOUSE - NIGHT 184  
 Sgt. Vito arrives at front step as Cop comes out of door.

COP  
 Hiya Sarge. What brings you out?

VITO  
 Insomnia.

184A INT. FOYER - NIGHT

184A

A uniformed COP sits on the stairs, writing out a report. Kathy is crouched against a wall, arms around her legs, her cheek resting on the ledge of her kneecaps... as she watches, listens. Vito steps into The House.

George walks into the foyer with another POLICEMAN. George is wearing jeans and a sweater now.

KATEY  
(wearily, to George)  
Reinforcements.

185 ANGLE ON VITO

185

VITO  
(assessing George with  
a puzzled expression;  
to 2nd Cop)  
What d'ya got?

POLICEMAN  
(reacting)  
Uh... this is George Lutz,  
Sergeant. It's his place.

VITO  
(still inventorying  
George's face)  
Yeah? That L-U-T-Z-E?

GEORGE  
(smoothing his hair  
back unconsciously)  
No E.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

185

POLICEMAN  
(to Gionfriddo)  
You check out the door?

Gionfriddo nods.

POLICEMAN (cont'd)  
... Basement door's the same way.

GIONFRIDDO  
(intrigued)  
What way's the basement?

GEORGE  
Come on, I'll show you... the rest  
of the whole damn force seems to  
have had a tour tonight... you  
might as well get it, too.

186 INT. BACK HALL - NIGHT

186

The basement door is open. The slide bolt receptacle  
on the jamb is ripped off and hanging loosely by one  
screw. The light is on in the basement. From down  
below we can HEAR HARRY WHINING and SCRATCHING.

187 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

187

We SEE Harry pawing at the panelled wall beneath the  
stairs. As they come down the steps:

\*

188 ANGLE NEAR STAIRS

188\*

George goes to Harry, Vito checks basement.

\*

GEORGE  
(to Harry)  
Who let you in? What's the  
matter, fella?

\*

\*

\*

VITO  
No broken windows.

\*

189 TRACKING ANGLE

189

as the two men walk through the basement.

GIONFRIDDO  
How long you been living here?

GEORGE  
Couple weeks.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

GIONFRIDDO

You related to the family that was  
here before?

George thinks that's an odd question, and shakes his  
head.

GIONFRIDDO (cont'd)

... You look a lot like them... the  
kid had the same...

And he gestures for long hair and a beard. George is  
distracted by Harry scratching at the wall.

GEORGE

Harry! Get away from there.

The dog stops at the command. George and Gionfriddo  
continue up the stairs. As soon as they're out of  
sight, Harry begins sniffing at the wall again... and  
scratching eagerly.

190 INT. BACK HALL - NIGHT

190

Gionfriddo is taking another look at the broken lock on  
the basement door.

GIONFRIDDO

(over his shoulder  
to George)

You had any other vandals,  
trespassers?

GEORGE

What's that supposed to mean?

GIONFRIDDO

Well, your door was broken outward,  
Mr. Lutz... From the inside, y'know?

George stares at him, trying to make sense of what's  
being said.

GIONFRIDDO (cont'd)

... Burglars break in... and you  
got a front door that was broken  
out.

GEORGE

Let me tell you something! Somebody  
managed to break into my house,  
they heard me coming, and they took  
off.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

VITO

(nodding)

Okay... Then who broke the lock  
on the basement door?

GEORGE

...Maybe they came through the  
cellar and ran out the front door.

VITO

Think it was faster to break it  
down instead of opening it?

George has no answer.

190A EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

190A

as one of the police cars leaves.

191 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

191

George and Vito walk in. Vito is talking.

VITO

...be a tighter watch on your  
house. You give us a call if  
anything else happens... G'night.

(louder to Kathy,  
who hasn't moved)

...G'night!

She gives a sardonic little wave as Vito drifts out.  
George is taking a better look at the twisted hinges.  
Kathy stands up tiredly, rubbing her legs as she does  
so... walks over to George... wraps her arms around  
his waist from behind.

GEORGE

(not taking his  
eyes off the  
hinges)

You might as well get some sleep,  
Kath.

KATEY

(dropping her  
arms quickly)

...What about you?

He turns toward her.

GEORGE

Come on, I'll walk you upstairs.

George guides her towards the stairs.

(CONTINUED)



191 CONTINUED:

191

GEORGE (cont'd)  
I can't sleep with the door like  
that. I don't think I could  
sleep anyway.

192 ANOTHER ANGLE

192

GEORGE  
... Maybe I ought to buy a gun.

KATHY  
(sharp)  
No.

GEORGE  
What's the matter?

KATHY  
I don't want a gun in my house!

George starts to answer, what's the use; he shrugs,  
goes out the door and sits on front step.

192A EXT. THE HOUSE (FRONT) - WIDE ANGLE FROM THE STREET - NIGHT 192A\*

We RACK FOCUS as a thermos cup ENTERS FRAME and we  
WIDEN TO REVEAL that our CAMERA IS INSIDE an automo-  
bile, that we've been LOOKING THROUGH THE DRIVER'S  
WINDOW and the driver is Vito who, at this moment,  
sips his coffee and ponders a series of questions  
that relate to that House. He drains his cup, caps  
his thermos and, with one last curious glance at The  
House, starts the engine and drives off.

193 OMITTED

193

&  
194&  
194

195 EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

195

George is sitting on the front step as Kathy exits  
doorway, stops and looks at broken door and hinges.  
She shrugs and settles down next to George. There is  
a long silence. They don't look at each other. Fin-  
ally, Kathy moves closer to George. He puts his arm  
around her.

196 TWO SHOT

196

KATHY  
(very low, emphatic)  
What the hell are we into?  
(pause)  
You've got to do something.

197 LONG SHOT - HOUSE - NIGHT

197

FULL SHOT from driveway of the grinning house, the tiny figures, the torn door, SLOW CURTAIN.

198 OMITTED

198\*

DISSOLVE TO:

199 EXT. AMITYVILLE TOWN HALL - ESTABLISHING (15TH DAY - MONDAY)

199\*

\*

As we WATCH, the door opens and George exits. Under his arm are rolled-up blueprints. His clothing is disheveled and his hair and beard unkempt. He is in a hurry as he moves quickly down the walk. He arrives at his motorcycle and jumps on. He guns the engine and takes off.

\*

200 EXT. THE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - ANGLE FROM INSIDE - DAY 200

A wiry old man, the CARPENTER, is straining under the weight of the front door as he "walks" it into place against a wall. Only leverage can budge this door. Kathy appears in doorway.

CARPENTER

... Don't make 'em this good anymore. That's two-and-a-half-inch oak, yes, ma'am...

(his curiosity gets the best of his discretion)

... Don't mean to be nosy, lady, but what happened here?

\*

\*

KATHY

(starting to alibi)

I don't know. Just a bad joke...  
I really don't know.

\*

\*

Carpenter doesn't follow -- goes back to work. Kathy enters The House.

203D CONTINUED:

203D

He would have said "leave" but he cannot get the word out. It is as though a vise-like grip were choking him.

DELANEY (cont'd)

Lea... You must le...:

He tries desperately to say "leave," but the word does not come. He starts to choke.

203E INT. KITCHEN - DAY

203E

Kathy hears only STATIC, and then the telltale DIAL TONE. She stands alone in the kitchen and we HEAR that LOW KEENING SOUND of The House. She listens, straining to hear... suddenly she becomes aware of a strong sweet perfume and a presence in the room. It is as if someone were embracing her. She feels a tightness in her chest. Kathy is almost lost in this reverie...

203F ANOTHER ANGLE AT KITCHEN DOOR

203F

There is a SOFT KNOCK; more of a SCRATCHING SOUND. Kathy goes to the door and opens it. A MAN in his early 50's with a hesitant smile on his face is standing there. His features are coarse and his nose is red from the cold. He is wearing a 3/4 length wool car coat, corduroy pants and construction boots. He is carrying a six-pack of beer.

MAN

Everybody wants to come over to welcome you to the neighborhood. You don't mind, do you?...

KATHY

(caught totally off-guard)

No... of course not... could you ... would you just wait one minute. Please.

The Man nods agreeably, offering Kathy the six-pack. She doesn't take it but gently closes the door. She walks out of the kitchen trying to decide what to do. She is obviously frightened by the stranger who really doesn't look like he could own one of the houses in this end of town. Embarrassment wins out and she turns, goes back to the door, opening it slowly.

203G ANGLE AT THE DOOR

203G

The mysterious chairman of the welcoming committee is gone; no one is there.

203H CLOSEUP - KATHY.

203H

204 EXT. AMITYVILLE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

204\*

George's motorcycle roars into a parking spot. He jumps out, book in hand, and the CAMERA TRACKS WITH him DOWN the street TO a small bar called "THE WITCHES' BREW." We HOLD ON the sign as George disappears through the doorway.

205 INT. BAR - DAY

205

The room is dimly lit. In the back room, a lone figure plays a pinball machine. The BARTENDER, a middle-aged man who looks like a retired N.Y. cabbie, is watching TV.

George scans the room and spots Jeff who is coming toward him from a table in the back of the bar. Jeff stops George at the bar.

JEFF

Thanks for coming... I was worried  
I might be... stood up.

Jeff tries a small joke to lighten the tension he feels with the impending confrontation.

GEORGE

(short, angry)  
Can we cut the crap? I don't  
have time for it.

Jeff, controlling himself, trying a new tack.

JEFF

George, do me a favor -- relax,  
will ya. Let me buy you a drink.  
(loud to Bartender)  
Coupla beers here, please.

George just looks impatient and morose -- and pretty seedy.

JEFF (cont'd)

George, are you all right? I  
mean, you look terrible.

(pause)

I can't seem to reach you.  
We're buddies, remember!

GEORGE

(flat, but softening  
a little)

Things are just ganging up --  
that's all.

(pause)

I'll work it out. I've just  
gotta find out...

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

205

He is interrupted by the arrival of the bartender with the beers.

BARTENDER

Here you go, pal.

206 TIGHT ON BARTENDER

206

As his smile slides away, he drops George's glass.

207 ANOTHER ANGLE

207

BARTENDER

Jesus, I'm sorry... You look just like that kid. Y'know, they arrested him right where you're sitting.

207 CONTINUED:

207

George, wiping beer from his shirt, annoyed at the situation, impatient but not focusing.

JEFF

What the hell you talkin' about?

BARTENDER

The kid who killed his family about a year ago. Ya know, by that house on the river.

(to George)

You're the spittin' image.

GEORGE

So?

BARTENDER

Nothin, I guess. I'll get you another brew... sorry, no offense.

JEFF

Jesus! What the hell was that all about?

GEORGE

Look, I've got to go. I'll talk to you later.

JEFF

(stopping him)

No, George, now. You've got to talk now -- the Goddamn business is falling apart. People are calling -- bills have to be paid. If you don't care, I do...

George gives him a murderous look as the bartender reappears with the glass of beer.

207A TIGHT ON GEORGE

207A

GEORGE

Stop pushing, Jeff. I don't have the patience right now. I'm warning you...

207B TIGHT ON JEFF

207B

JEFF

(up a notch)

You're warning me?! Jesus Christ! Give me a break will ya?! Talk to me?!

(more strident)

I begged you! I told you--you were biting off too much.

(CONTINUED)

207B CONTINUED:

207B

GEORGE

(angry)

Drop it Jeff... right now!

JEFF

(barrelling  
right on)

You marry a dame with three kids,  
take on a big house with mortgages  
up to your ass, change your religion--  
and forget about business. Great!  
Just great!

207C ANOTHER ANGLE

207C

George hauls off and clips Jeff on the button, flattening  
him. The bartender, hearing the sound of the fall,  
turns to look at them. He starts over to them.

207D CLOSE UP - JEFF ON THE FLOOR

207D

JEFF

(considering it)

Okay, I deserved that.

207E FULL SHOT

207E

GEORGE

(helping him up)

Christ, Jeff -- I'm sorry...  
I don't know what I was thinking.

They sort of embrace, awkwardly.

JEFF

(to bartender)

You better clean up this floor  
or you can have a law suit on  
your hands.

(referring to the  
spilled beer; then,  
to George)

Now, can we talk?

He leads George over to the table he was sitting at  
with Carolyn, the girl who was given the creeps by  
"The House."

208 ANGLE ON CAROLYN

208

(Who has taken it all in.) She smiles nicely at  
George, trying to cover everyone's embarrassment.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN

You must be a Leo. Leo's have to run the show. They can't help it.

GEORGE

(hesitant)

I'm George Lutz.

CAROLYN

(interrupting him)

I'm Carolyn... just Carolyn.

JEFF

(explaining)

She works for Avis... at La Guardia.

Carolyn feels everything is now in order. As they sit down, there is a long silence until George starts a slow disjointed explanation.

GEORGE

It's crazy... I don't even know how to begin. It's the house. It's doing things.

Jeff glances at him uneasily.

GEORGE (cont'd)

You saw what happened to Greg's hand. I mean, windows open by themselves, rooms fill up with flies in this kind of weather... and last night the front door was ripped off its hinges... from the inside.

Jeff and Carolyn listen to him, waiting. He takes the book he has been carrying and starts flipping pages.

GEORGE

(showing the book)

It's all right here. It's history. There was this tribe called the Shinnecocks and they used the land for some kind of exposure pen where they'd put the crazies out to die. They thought the place was full of evil spirits.

Carolyn takes the book and starts turning pages as George continues his story.

An etching of "THE KETCHAM HOUSE"... and various other etchings of Indians, witches and ritual sacrifices.



210 ANOTHER ANGLE

210

GEORGE

(to Jeff)

You know what the street used  
to be called...? Ketcham Road!

No reaction from Jeff.

JEFF

So?

GEORGE

John Ketcham?

Still nothing.

CAROLYN

(smugly to Jeff)

They ran him out of Salem for  
being a witch.

GEORGE

And he built his house right  
where we're living.

CAROLYN

(pointing to George)

This guy's living on some special  
land... nutsy Indians, sacrifices,  
devil worshippers... The whole  
nine yards.

JEFF

(trying to halt  
the nonsense)

Will you two... get a grip on  
yourselves. You sould like a  
couple of weirdos.

CAROLYN

Don't be such a hard-core  
rationalist. Not everything  
can be explained with a slide  
rule.

JEFF

(to Carolyn)

Look... do me a favor, will ya...  
Shut up.

(to George)

Can I suggest something?

GEORGE

(grunting)

Yeah... I've got to do something.  
Kathy is about to explode.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

JEFF

Look... we'll babysit for the kids. You go home, get cleaned up. Take Kathy out to dinner-- and then we'll talk... rationally. Come on, George -- this is going to get you no place. Please get away from it... just for a night. Then we can add it up.

211 FULL SHOT

211

as they get up and start out of the bar. Carolyn assuring George as they leave.

212 INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

212

Vito is clearly a pinball break... an expert using maximum concentration. The Bartender pops his head in at the door.

VITO

(never taking his  
eyes off the screen)  
You know he's the one who bought  
that house?

BARTENDER

You gotta be kidding! Christ,  
it's scary.

213 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

213

It glares down on us... and there's no question that The House has its own personality, ugly and malevolent.

214 INT. THE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

214

Greg and Matt are already in pajamas. They sit on the king-sized bed, watching the color TV Kathy has hooked up on a shelf in the closet. (When the mirrored doors are closed, it's hidden from view.) Greg's hand is still bandaged.

Kathy walks out of the bathroom. She's ready for bed herself, and she's rubbing in the last traces of throat cream.

GREG

...When's George coming home?

KATHY

Any minute now.

MATT

(needling her)  
Did he go to work?

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

214

KATHY  
 (snapping off the  
 television)  
 Time for bed, smartass.

She walks out of the room. Matt hops down from the bed and turns on the television again.

215 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

215

as Kathy comes out of the master bedroom and starts for the stairs. She hears a CHILD'S VOICE, and glances toward Amy's door.

216 KATHY'S POV - AMY

216

The door is open and the girl is seated on her bed in her pajamas, apparently conversing with someone who can't be seen from this angle.

217 TIGHT ON KATHY

217

She's curious. DOLLY WITH her as she moves across the landing to Amy's room.

218 INT. AMY'S ROOM - TIGHT ON KATHY - NIGHT

218

as she appears in the doorway. ZOOM BACK TO INCLUDE Amy and the rocking chair. The chair rocks slowly as Amy recites a nursery rhyme to an invisible occupant of that chair.

KATHY  
 What are you doing?

Amy looks up, startled. The chair stops rocking.

AMY  
 You scared Jody.

Kathy moves into the room as...

KATHY  
 Amy, there's nobody there.

She moves around behind the chair and faces Amy. Bending down, she passes her hand over the seat with...

KATHY (cont'd)  
 See? Nothing.  
 (picking up the chair)  
 It's just a chair.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

AMY

You scared him. He ran out the window.

Kathy turns toward the window with...

KATHY

(irritated)

Nobody ran...

219 ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING THE WINDOW

219

Two mean,, blood-red, glowing EYES stare back at her from the darkness.

220 ANGLE ON KATHY

220

She hears the SNUFFLING GRUNT of an ANIMAL outside. A strangled cry slips past her control as she scoops Amy into her arms...

AMY

... Jody likes you, Mommy. She won't hurt us.

221 CLOSEUP - KATHY

221

Her whole being about to scream.

222 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

222

George's motorcycle comes roaring up the driveway followed by Jeff's pickup. He brakes so fast that the pickup almost smashes into him. George is off the bike the instant the engine cuts off... He goes to Jeff's pickup.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

222A ANGLE AT PICKUP

222A

GEORGE

Look... let me go in and talk to Kathy and then you guys follow.

He starts away and then stops, turns to Jeff...

GEORGE (cont'd)

I appreciate this... It's been a nightmare...

He doesn't finish, turns and goes. As they watch him go, suddenly Carolyn gets out of pickup and starts toward house. Jeff gets out of truck and runs to her, stopping her.

(CONTINUED)

222A CONTINUED:

222A

JEFF

Hold on... he asked us to wait.  
What the hell's the matter with  
you.

CAROLYN

Jeff... I've got to see for myself.

JEFF

I thought the place gave you the  
creeps?

CAROLYN

(in a kind of haze)

What? Boy the vibes are strong  
here. This place really pulls  
at you.

JEFF

Listen angel -- knock it off,  
willya.

222B CLOSEUP CAROLYN

222B

CAROLYN

Jeff... I've got to see the  
basement -- that's where it's  
coming from.

Carolyn realizes this needs a little explanation, so  
she offers... a little.

CAROLYN (cont'd)

Jeff... I'm very sensitive to  
these things. I've read a lot  
about the subject. There is  
something here. Believe me!

CUT TO:

223 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

223

George is comforting Kathy who is sitting, knees pulled  
up hugging herself in the middle of the bed.

GEORGE

The first night we moved in, it  
happened to me. I saw those eyes  
at the window -- it almost stopped  
my heart... turned out to be a cat.  
The damned neighbor's cat.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

KATHY

(flat, angry; emphasizing  
each word)

...This was not a cat.

George pacing, frowning, but desperately trying to be cheerful or at least positive.

GEORGE

...it could've climbed up the  
ivy... I mean it's all over  
the side of the damned house.

He stops, goes to her. He takes her in his arms,  
embracing her.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Look honey... I don't have the  
answers -- yet. But I do know  
that we have to get some perspective  
on this thing. Let's take Jeff's  
offer. Come on. Put yourself  
together. Let's get the hell away  
from it for a few hours.

She softens, relaxing her body against him; but despite  
her resolve, she begins to sob, softly. He kisses her,  
wiping at her tears.

224 INT. BASEMENT - ANGLE ON STAIRS - NIGHT

224

Carolyn is almost at the bottom with Jeff a step behind  
her.

CAROLYN

(whispering)

Demons are smart. They're not  
monsters... They've just, uh...  
well, they think like we do except  
in reverse. It's a closed system.

JEFF

Now you're beginning to give me  
the creeps.

They arrive at the center of the basement; Jeff begins  
to poke around, but Carolyn stands riveted right in  
front of the wall near the stairs. Harry, the dog, is  
whimpering, whining at the wall. Jeff goes to him to  
find out why.

224A TIGHT ON WALL

224A

...Deep gouges on wall, smeared with blood.

225 ANGLE ON HARRY 225

... Jeff examines his paws. The dog whimpers in pain.  
Blood is seeping out between his nails.

226 TIGHT ON CAROLYN 226

She is slowly rocking back and forth.

CAROLYN

(in a trance)

That's where the room is.

227 ANGLE ON JEFF AND DOG 227

He lifts dog, carrying him to the sink in laundry area  
to minister to his wounds.

JEFF

What room? What the hell are  
you talking about?

He is washing the dog's paws when CRASH, THWACK, the  
SOUND of a PICK-AXE crashing into wood. \*

QUICK CUT TO:

228 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 228

Kathy is at mirror in the process of putting her face  
on; George is standing at window looking at the boat-  
house when they hear CHOPPING SOUNDS. They both  
freeze, exchange a look and run to door.

229 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 229

Carolyn has been chopping at the wall near the stairs;  
Jeff has stopped her; they are in a heated argument.

JEFF

Are you crazy? What the hell  
are you doing?

CAROLYN

(strong)

It has to be done. Don't you  
understand -- the room is back  
in there.

George and Kathy come running down the stairs.

230 ANOTHER ANGLE 230

Jeff is holding onto Carolyn.

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

JEFF

(offering an  
explanation  
to them)

I'm sorry -- I don't know what  
the hell she's up to.

\*

George quietly goes over to the wall where Carolyn has  
been chopping. He examines it carefully, knocking at  
it with his knuckles. Kathy goes to Harry to comfort  
him.

GEORGE

(listening to  
hollow sound)

She's right -- there is something  
back there.

He takes the pick-axe from Carolyn and continues her  
task, chopping at the same spot, like a gravedigger  
going about his task.

KATHY

George -- what are you doing --  
stop it! Have you all gone mad?!

But her voice cuts off as the entire wall falls inward.  
George takes a cautious step forward and freezes as he  
catches sight of...

231 INT. RED ROOM - TIGHT ON FACE - NIGHT

231

It stares at George.

232 TIGHT ON GEORGE

232

Aghast.

233 TIGHT ON FACE

233

Now we can RECOGNIZE the beard and wild hair and  
frightened eyes of George Lutz.

234 ANGLE TO INCLUDE GEORGE AND HIS MIRROR IMAGE

234

He realizes he is looking at his own reflection off a  
wall. A room with walls, floor and ceiling painted  
with a high gloss coat of red. Kathy shivers. Caro-  
lyn moves to the center of the room and stands motion-  
less, her back to the others.

JEFF

Carolyn?

(CONTINUED)



234 CONTINUED:

234

She doesn't answer.

JEFF (cont'd)  
(touching her shoulder)  
Hey, what's happening?

Carolyn turns toward them and we ZOOM IN ON her face. Her eyelids quiver... the sclera snow white as her eyes roll upward... Spasms of panic hit George, Kathy, Jeff as... ANOTHER VOICE SPEAKS from Carolyn's body... FATHER DELANEY!

CAROLYN/DELANEY  
They come... and go... through here...

The experience is weakening Carolyn, and Delaney's voice has to fight its way out of her mouth.

CAROLYN/DELANEY (cont'd)  
Find... a... well!... It's the passage... to hell! Cover it.

\*

The last words are almost lost as Delaney's presence fades out of Carolyn.

235 INT. DELANEY'S ROOM - THE RECTORY - NIGHT

235

Delaney sits on the edge of his bed. His fists are digging into his thighs... his eyes staring into space ... and he is rocking ever-so-slightly, perhaps tottering. This is his side of the exchange experience. The TELEPHONE BEGINS TO RING... and RING... and RING. The sound slowly penetrates Delaney's disconnected consciousness. He reaches for the phone.

DELANEY  
(tired)  
Hello?

GEORGE (V.O.)  
(filtered; anxious)  
Father Delaney?

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED:

235

DELANEY  
(starting to focus)  
Speaking.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
(edging towards panic)  
This is George Lutz... We need  
help, we can't do it by ourselves!

STATIC suddenly hits Delaney's eardrum, and painfully. He jerks the phone away and stares at it with anger and frustration. We can HEAR the PHONE continuing to SCREECH.

236 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

236

Carolyn has just thrown up in the sink. Kathy is holding the woman's shoulders supportively as she runs the tap water to wash away the vomit. Reaching for a paper towel, she wets it quickly and wipes Carolyn's white, perspiring face while she guides her over to a kitchen chair. Carolyn has begun to cry. Jeff looks shocked and convinced. George is hanging up the telephone.

GEORGE  
(tense)  
Static cut us off.

Hysteria is rising in Carolyn.

CAROLYN  
They've even got the phone!  
They're in the phone.

KATHY  
(gently)  
Sssh... sshh.

Jeff is on his feet.

JEFF  
I'll get her home.

Carolyn's sobs are convulsing her body. She is now aware of nothing but her own fear and pain.

CAROLYN  
(forcing the words  
between her sobbing  
gasps for air)  
... My head... my head.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

236

Jeff picks her up... she lays her head against his chest like a child... It's a terrifying sight: this smart, funny woman reduced to primal dependence.

GEORGE

Let me help you with her.

JEFF

(coldly angry)

Just get the goddamn door open...

I'm sorry but...

(he doesn't finish)

TRACK WITH the divided little group as they walk to the front door. George opens it in silence. Jeff stalks out with Carolyn in his arms. George and Kathy stand alone.

KATHY

... Let's bless the house ourselves. We have holy water, we've got a cross, we can do it.

George looks at her and all the strain is on his face.

237 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

237

George switches on the light... their faces distort with horror as they see... the lovely silver crucifix George hung the day they moved in is now upside down and soot-black. Kathy silences a scream with her hand. George is already running towards it. Enraged, he snatches it off the wall...

GEORGE

Oh my God, my God.

Kathy is already at the mantle, taking down the vial of holy water they keep there next to an elegant, ivory Madonna. Kathy is somehow still coping. She has enormous reserves of strength, and she's using them now.

- 238 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT 238  
A light goes on in the dining room.
- 239 INT. VITO'S CAR - ANGLE ON VITO - NIGHT 239  
He is watching The House and reacts with interest as the light goes on.
- 240 VITO'S POV 240  
He sees the shadows of a man and woman moving through the dining room. The woman has her arm extended and holds up a small object.
- 241 TIGHT ON VITO 241  
He watches curiously.
- 242 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 242  
George flicks out holy water as he and Kathy circle the room. She is holding the crucifix out in front and repeating softly...
- KATHY  
Hail Mary, full of Grace. The  
Lord is with you.
- As they move out of the room into the foyer, she continues repeating the prayer. George turns off the light in the dining room.
- 243 EXT. THE HOUSE - VITO - NIGHT 243  
as he sees the light go off and puzzles over what he has just seen.
- 244 INT. FOYER - ANGLE ON CHANDELIER - NIGHT 244  
We can HEAR Kathy CHANTING the Hail Mary as she and George climb the stairs. Now we can HEAR the LOW, KEENING MOAN of The House BEGINNING TO BUILD.
- 245 INT. SEWING ROOM - DOOR - NIGHT 245  
as it opens and Kathy and George enter. He flicks on the light. The room is barren and cold. She moves forward with...
- KATHY  
Hail Mary, full of Grace. The  
Lord is with you.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

245

The KEENING SOUND GROWS LOUDER. She begins to circle the room. The cross flips from her hand and falls to the floor. She bends to pick it up at the same time as George steps forward to help her.

246 ANGLE ON GEORGE

246

as he bends for the cross and sees...

247 TIGHT ON KATHY'S HAND

247

A large welt is apparent across the back of her hand.

248 TIGHT ON GEORGE

248

as he reacts.

GEORGE

Kath.

249 TIGHT TWO SHOT

249

as he grasps her arm and she looks down. She is horrified. He looks at her face and...

250 EXTREME CLOSEUP - KATHY'S FACE

250

A large red welt appears on her cheek.

251 TIGHT ON GEORGE

251

as he flinches.

252 TIGHT ON KATHY

252

as she sees his face.

KATHY

What? What is it?

Her fingers rush to her face. She feels the welt and runs from the room. George is right behind her.

253 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - KATHY - NIGHT

253

as she rushes into the room and stops at the closer section of the mirrored wall. She sees her face and is horrified. There are more welts now.

KATHY

(turns plaintively  
to George)

Oh, George.

253A EXT. CHURCH - DAY (17TH DAY - WED.)

253A

254 INT. OUR LADY OF SORROW CHAPEL - WIDE ANGLE - DAY

254

We are ANGLED FROM BEHIND the altar. The church is dimly lit, silent and empty. Suddenly we HEAR the ECHO of a DOOR OPENING. Delaney enters, followed by Bolen. They are in the midst of an argument. We hear the last few exchanges at this distance.

DELANEY

Richard, would you please just shut up. I've got to do something to help them.

BOLEN

Frank, I've got to have my say. I've earned it.

255 TIGHTER ANGLE - DELANEY & BOLEN

255

Delaney is wearing his priest vestments. He stops inside the door and turns to Bolen. They bless themselves with holy water. The rest of this scene is played in stage whispers.

DELANEY

(angry)

What does that mean?

BOLEN

Since I've come back from Nam, you have been an important influence on me -- I've looked up to you...

After a pause... this is not easy for Bolen. They start down the aisle.

DELANEY

(one on one)

I'm sorry to disappoint you.

BOLEN

That's not the point.

DELANEY

What is then?

BOLEN

(softer)

I know about fear -- I've seen it and experienced it myself.

DELANEY

Richard, make your point. I have things to do.

255 CONTINUED:

255

BOLEN

The mind creates its own demons.  
How can you accept such nonsense --  
you of all people.

\*  
\*  
\*

DELANEY

Of all people... I'm a man...  
weak... afraid... just a human  
being.

\*  
\*  
\*

Bolen is chastened. Delaney steps to the altar and begins the litany of a votive Mass, while Bolen watches nervously from the side. The CAMERA TIGHTENS SLOWLY ON Delaney's face. He is growing more and more uncomfortable. He hears a NOISE, very like a FAINT DRUM, and glances up, right where a large Madonna is looking down upon him, and, as he stares at her, a CRACK APPEARS across her face.

256 INTERCUT EXTREME CLOSEUPS OF DELANEY AND THE MADONNA 256

as his terror increases. He prays louder as though to blot out what he is seeing. The Madonna disintegrates, the stone cracking and breaking until there is simply a horrible disfigurement and finally Delaney is screaming out his words. The Madonna's head cracks off and comes flying through the air toward him. He closes his eyes and throws up his hands and he is not struck.

BOLEN (O.S.)

(panicked)

Father!

We are HOLDING ON AN EXTREME CLOSEUP of Delaney with his eyes closed. He has stopped praying.

BOLEN (O.S.) (cont'd)

Father??

Bolen slips INTO FRAME on his knees beside Delaney. His face displays his concern. Delaney opens his eyes.

BOLEN (cont'd)

You started screaming.

Delaney does not acknowledge the young man. His eyes stare and tears begin flowing down his cheeks.

BOLEN (cont'd)

What is it, Father?

DELANEY

I can't see... I'm blind.

(CONTINUED)

- 256 CONTINUED: 256  
The young priest is horrified. He passes his hand across in front of Delaney and realizes that he is blind.
- 257 WIDE ANGLE 257  
LOCKING DOWN UPON them at the railing as the young man helps Delaney to his feet.
- 258 TIGHT ON MADONNA 258  
It looks down upon them, intact, undamaged.
- 259 EXT. THE HOUSE (FRONT) - WIDE ANGLE (18TH NIGHT - THURS.) 259\*  
The malevolent grin. \*
- 260 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - TIGHT ON GEORGE - NIGHT 260  
He is sitting in the chair, asleep. The SOUNDS invade his sleep. He opens his eyes and listens. It is the SOUND of a DRUM, the same sound Delaney heard in the church, and it appears to be coming from downstairs. He gets up from his chair and looks over at Kathy. She is sound asleep.
- 261 - INSERT - DIGITAL CLOCK 261  
Reads: 3:15.
- 262 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - GEORGE - NIGHT 262  
as he comes out the door and reacts to the SOUND OF MORE INSTRUMENTS. It begins to sound like a MARCHING BAND... And now the SOUND OF MARCHING FEET. George moves to the stairwell and looks down, but he can see nothing. He moves to the light switch and flicks it on. George descends the stairs. The MUSIC INCREASES IN VOLUME.
- 263 INT. FOYER - ANGLE ON STAIRS - NIGHT 263  
as George appears. He descends the stairs cautiously. When he arrives at the bottom, he steps to the living room and looks in. The MUSIC STOPS. Silence. The room is dark except for the spill from the foyer chandelier. The rugs have been rolled up, all the furniture has been moved against the walls, looks as though it has been prepared for dancing.
- 264 TIGHT ON GEORGE 264  
He looks in disbelief as he steps into the room. And suddenly:



265 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

265

George crashes to the floor. The MUSIC CUTS OUT.  
George looks fearfully backward to see what blocked him.

266 TIGHT ON CERAMIC LION

266

crouching on the threshold, its teeth bared.

267 ANGLE ON GEORGE

267

who can no longer make any sense of what happens in The House. George lies in the doorway, trying to take it in, trying to cope. Slowly he gets himself onto all fours, using his knuckles for support.

GEORGE

(to the room)

... What do you want from us...?

There is no answer forthcoming from The House.

GEORGE (cont'd)

This is my house god damn it!

He slowly gets to his feet and begins restoring the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

268 INT. LIVING ROOM - DIFFERENT ANGLE - DAWN (19TH DAY - FRIDAY) 268\*

\*

George has fallen asleep in a chair. His head lolls sideways at an uncomfortable angle, his hands are just coming awake. As the room becomes grayer... George's hands are tearing at his face, which is contorted in his nightmarish dreams.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

268

GEORGE  
(terrified, as he  
starts to come awake)  
I'm coming apart!  
(screaming)  
Oh, Mother of God!! I'm coming  
apart!

And now he's awake but dazed, his own voice still  
ECHOING around him.

Through the open doorway Kathy can be SEEN running down  
the stairs at top speed, using the rail for support as  
she clears them two at a time.

KATHY  
(in a drawn-out  
scream of her own)  
Geoorrrrrge!!!

She tears into the living room... only to slow to a  
walk as she sees him apparently unhurt, unthreatened.

KATHY (cont'd)  
What's the matter?! What  
happened??

He stares at her as if she's a stranger. Recognition  
doesn't come until she's right in front of him.

KATHY (cont'd)  
For Chrissake, what happened??  
Tell me! You were screaming.

GEORGE  
(slowly)  
...Just a dream... Sorry I woke  
you.

And he's using the courtesy of an acquaintance.  
Puzzled, Kathy kneels down in front of him, one  
hand on either side of his thighs.

KATHY  
You okay?

He nods.

KATHY (cont'd)  
You sure?

He nods again; she suddenly notices his ankle.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED: (2)

268

KATHY (cont'd)  
Oh God, what did you do to your  
foot??

He looks down.

TIGHT ON his lower ankle... badly bloodied... puncture  
marks.

GEORGE  
Nothing, I just tripped.

Kathy carefully inspects his ankle. He forces himself  
to allow it.

KATHY  
(finally)  
...They look like -- teethmarks.  
(fighting down her  
anxiety as she  
gets to her feet)  
Come on, I'll fix you up.

George gives her a baleful, hateful look.

GEORGE  
Would you stop treating me like  
one of your other kids?

It's an odd statement.

KATHY  
...Oh, George, let's get out  
of this place. Let's just go.

GEORGE  
Go... Go where...? Where the  
hell can we go?

KATHY  
We've got to get out of this...

George walks over to the fireplace and begins to build  
a new blaze.

GEORGE  
...It's always so cold.

He's possessed, preoccupied. Life is just one step  
behind the nightmare.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED: (3)

268

KATHY

(very still)

...We're losing each other, George.  
We stay here, we'll have a house  
for the family all right... but  
there won't be a family... just a  
bunch of people who used to know  
each other.

He ignores her.

KATHY (cont'd)

...Would you leave that goddamn  
fire alone and pay attention to  
me!!

GEORGE

(wheeling around  
angrily)

I'm not going anywhere. You're the  
one who wanted a house. This is it—  
home sweet home, so just shut up.

KATHY

(shocked)

That's not fair... You sonofabitch.  
You never go to work, you never take  
a bath, you don't look or act like  
yourself. You've forgotten how to...

The entire flurry of words hits him before he reacts. Enraged, he slaps her hard. Disbelief has slowed her reaction time, and she can't get her defending arm high enough to block the savage blow. The impact staggers her. Quickly regaining her balance, she hauls off and slaps him back, the full weight of her body behind her palm. It's a solid connection. Kathy then turns on her heel, strides out of the room... past the ceramic lion now sitting innocently, its teeth covered by its lips.

269 HOLD ON GEORGE'S AGONIZED FACE

269

270 INT. AMY'S ROOM - DAY

270

Amy wears only her cotton underwear. Her hands are held up as Kathy puts them into a sweater. Tears of rage and frustration run randomly down Kathy's face. Each time she flicks them off, only to have still more spill.

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED:

270

KATHY

Now you be a good girl, bunch.  
And when your brothers get home  
from school, I want you all to  
play upstairs... George is a  
little grumpy today.

Amy nods. She's very concerned about her mother.

AMY

(while Kathy continues  
dressing her)

... Don't cry, Mommy.

KATHY

I'm not!

AMY

Jody says everything's going to  
get better.

KATHY

(probing)

... What does Jody look like?

Amy shrugs helplessly.

KATHY (cont'd)

... Well, is she little? Is she  
big? Is she fat?

AMY

She's nice.

Kathy is relieved. Jody is just a fantasy friend;  
that's why Amy can't describe her.

AMY (cont'd)

(a little defensive)

... She tells me things.

KATHY

(fastening Amy's shoes)

Mmm-hmh... like what?

She sits back on her heels and smiles fondly at her  
daughter.

AMY

(confidentially)

She tells me about the little boy  
who used to live in my room... He  
got hurt and he died.

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED: (2)

270

Kathy's indulgent smile vanishes. A cold fear is building.

KATHY  
(tentatively)  
What else did she tell you?

AMY  
She said she wants me to live  
here forever so we can all play  
together.

Horror crawls all over Kathy's face.

271 EXT. OUR LADY OF SORROW CHURCH - DAY

271

The Lutz van parks in front. Kathy comes out of church, goes to yard between church and rectory. Delaney's car is parked in rear. Someone is at work under engine.

272 EXT. YARD

272

Delaney's car showing effects of recent mishap. Kathy heads for car and looks at feet sticking out from under engine block.

KATHY  
(loud to attract  
attention)  
Excuse me... excuse me... They  
said you could tell me where...

There is no reaction because of the NOISE of the work in progress. So she kicks at the feet... The feet start out from under the car. They belong to Father Bolen, who has been working on Delaney's car or rather trying to figure out what happened. He is dressed in Marine fatigues and boots. He is greasy and sweaty from his efforts.

KATHY (cont'd)  
Excuse me... they said you could  
tell me where... Oh, I'm sorry,  
I'm Kathy Lutz. I must see  
Father Delaney.

BOLEN  
(lying)  
I believe Father Delaney is on  
vacation. You see, he was so  
overworked that...

She interrupts.

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED:

272

KATHY

Father, I must talk to him. I  
simply must!

Bolen, who looks more like a grease monkey than a priest, is fighting with himself.

KATHY (cont'd)

Father Delaney is more than a priest to me -- he is my friend. He helped me through some very difficult times... I must talk to him now.

BOLEN

(almost tipping it)  
It is out of my hands.

A strange thing to say, but Kathy realizes the futility of the situation. She starts to back away from Bolen and leaves.

272A TIGHT ON BOLEN

272A

He is crushed by the episode.

273 EXT. OUR LADY OF SORROW CHURCH - DAY

273

Kathy steps out of the church yard. TRACK WITH her as she walks slowly toward the street, and then an idea occurs to her. Her pace quickens. She almost runs to the van. She starts the engine and roars away. CAMERA CONTINUES PAST the van to a playground across from the church.

273A EXT. PLAYGROUND ACROSS FROM CHURCH - DAY

273A

A group of kids are playing basketball with a tall nun, and the CAMERA CONTINUES PAST them to a spectator. It is Sgt. Lou Vito, whose attention is on the church, not on the game.

DISSOLVE TO:

273B EXT. RECTORY

273B

Father Bolen comes out, dressed in his priest's outfit, gets into his car and drives off. The CAMERA PANS across the street to Sgt. Vito who is in his car watching, taking it all in. He starts engine and follows.

274 EXT. MONASTIC RETREAT - DAY

274

It's a pastoral setting... the leaves of the trees are crimson, russet, gold -- at the peak of fall foliage... occasional benches dot the land... and the solitude is very restful.

Father Delaney sits on a bench alone. From the way Delaney moves his head, he's obviously unable to see. Father Bolen approaches from the distance.

BOLEN

(sitting next to  
Delaney)

I've brought your mail. Would  
you like me to read it to you?

\*

His attitude and the fact that he has dispensed with the usual amenities tells us that this is a daily visit.

Delaney does not answer, just sits and stares straight ahead.

\*

\*

BOLEN (cont'd)

Father, here's one from a former  
patient. Would you like to hear  
it?

No answer.

\*

BOLEN (cont'd)

(after an awkward  
silence)

It is really beautiful here.

(pause)

Why don't I arrange to have our  
lunch here today. Would you  
like that, Father?

DELANEY

No... No, thank you, Richard. I  
would just like to be alone...  
please excuse me.

\*

Father Bolen slowly rises, starts away, incapable of finding anything else to say.



274A MONASTERY GROUNDS - DAY

274A

Bolen is walking down path toward the gate. He is deeply depressed and close to tears. Sgt. Vito is watching from his car. He gets out and moves to Bolen.

VITO

Father, can I have a word with you..

Bolen is startled and stops. Vito identifies himself. Bolen has regained his composure.

BOLEN

How can I help you Sergeant?

VITO

I'm not sure I know... exactly. It might be a wild goose chase. But I'm the curious type. Like the man said, it comes with the territory.

BOLEN

(a little too crisp)

Sergeant... Could you make your point, I have a great deal to do.

VITO

(not even slightly put off)

I'd like to know what happened to Father Delaney. You see -- he's an old friend and I can't seem to get the story right.

BOLEN

There is no story to get right. The man was overworked, under a great deal of pressure and had a bit of a breakdown. Nothing more or less. Probably be okay in a couple of weeks.

This has come out fast, too fast, too pat--obviously the "party line." Sgt. Vito thinks about it for a moment and then reverses his field.

VITO

I'm sorry I bothered you Father-- like I said, Father Delaney is an old friend that's all. Just an old friend. I guess I have been chasing shadows.

CUT TO:

274B ANGLE OF DELANEY ON BENCH

274B

Delaney reacts to a SOUND. It is the BUZZ of a FLY. Alarm edges onto Delaney's face, but he's trying to keep up a calm front. The CAMERA SLOWLY TIGHTENS INTO AN EXTREME CLOSEUP of Delaney's ear. The BUZZING INCREASES until it seems to be reverberating through his brain.

275 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

275

A COPYBOY enters the room carrying microfilm. Kathy is waiting.

BOY

Here ya go. I think this has all the good stuff.

He suddenly realizes how crass that sounds and tries to backtrack.

BOY (cont'd)

I mean the -- uh -- the major coverage. You want to see some more, I can go back and get 'em.

KATHY

Might as well start with this.

BOY

Yeah, that's what I thought.

TRACK WITH them as he walks her over to a viewer. She sits down.

BOY (cont'd)

(inserting the  
microfilm)

This is our November fourteenth issue... day after the murders. Just press the button over here and it advances the film. Each frame is a whole page.

(he presses the  
button and the  
screen lights up)

It takes a little while to come into focus.

- 276 TIGHT ON SCREEN 276  
 Gradually the lines begin to appear. There is a two-deck headline of banner type. Below that is a photograph.
- 277 TIGHT ON KATHY 277  
 as she watches the screen.
- 278 TIGHT ON SCREEN 278  
 as the headline becomes readable as... "SON KILLS FAMILY, 'VOICES TOLD ME'."
- 279 TIGHT ON KATHY 279  
 as she reads the headlines and looks at the photograph beneath it.
- 280 TIGHT ON SCREEN 280  
 as the photograph begins to focus.
- BOY (O.S.)  
 Is this what you wanted?
- 281 TIGHT ON KATHY 281  
 as her eyes fasten on the face focusing in front of her and a growing sense of terror begins.
- 282 TIGHT ON SCREEN 282  
 as the photograph comes into clear, sharp focus. The face of the murderer is the face of George Lutz.
- BOY (O.S.)  
 Lady?
- 283 TIGHT ON KATHY 283  
 as her eyes bulge in horror at what she sees.
- KATHY  
 (softly)  
 Oh my God, oh God. It's George.
- Kathy springs out of the chair, which crashes to the floor behind her.
- KATHY (cont'd)  
 (to herself)  
 My kids.
- She bolts from the room, leaving the Copyboy agape.

284 EXT. LONG ISLAND NEWSDAY - AFTERNOON

284

It is very late afternoon, and the storm that has been closing in all day now packs the sky. The air is full of static electricity. Cars are turning on their headlights against the early darkness of the cloud cover. Kathy flat-runs out of the building and down to the van. She rips open the door, throws herself in, jams the keys into place, and roars away. A car HONKS as she cuts it off with rubber-laying acceleration.

285 EXT. THE HOUSE - CLOSE ON GEORGE - AFTERNOON

285

who is carefully, moodily sharpening his axe. Stroke after compulsive stroke.

286 INT. THE HOUSE - RED ROOM - AFTERNOON

286

The FLOOR is CREAKING just SLIGHTLY... the FLOORBOARDS QUIVER... the dirt between the planks falls out of sight.

287 EXT. LONG ISLAND THROUGHWAY - AFTERNOON

287

The rush-hour traffic creeps along.

288 INT. VAN

288

Kathy is desperately threading the van through every opening she sees. She's a fine, aggressive driver; but skillfulness is no help in this traffic. Her head is moving constantly: side mirror, rear mirror, over right shoulder, expertly spotting holes.

KATHY

(about the car in  
front)

Close it up!

She needs an extra foot to make a lane change, but she can't get it. She lays on the HORN without let-up... the BLARE OVERLAPS into...

289 INT. RED ROOM - AFTERNOON

289

The FLOORBOARDS BULGE rhythmically... almost a heart-beat.

290 INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

290

Harry is whimpering with excitement and pawing at the closet door, trying to tug it open.

- 291 EXT. THE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 291  
 The axe whistles through the air. PULL BACK TO SHOW George practice-swinging the axe like a baseball bat. His eyes are wide and staring.
- 292 INT. VAN - LATE AFTERNOON 292  
 The traffic is a solid logjam.
- KATHY  
 (screaming)  
Shiiittttt!!!!
- Her voice is thunderous in the confines of the van. She smashes the side of her fist against the window. It SPIDERWEBS.
- 293 INT. RED ROOM 293  
 The SOUND of THE HOUSE has begun. We HEAR it BUILDING as we SEE the first SPLINTER of the FLOORBOARDING.
- 294 INT. BASEMENT 294  
 Harry finally pulls open the closet door and disappears inside.
- 295 EXT. THE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 295  
 George is driving nails into the corners of the window sashes kitchen-side. As the hammer smacks down onto the diagonally-placed heads, we REALIZE he's nailing windows closed. There will be no escape.
- 296 INT. VAN - LATE AFTERNOON 296  
 Kathy is trapped behind a stalled car. She has her crossed wrists resting on top of the wheel as she cries freely, sobbing in great gulps.
- 297 INT. RED ROOM 297  
 The SKIN-CRAWLING SOUND of THE HOUSE is overwhelming. Harry is crouched with his chin on the floor... his tail thumps in excitement. The floorboards suddenly rip out of place and fly apart. A YELP OF PAIN is HEARD O.S. from HARRY. A blue-gray vapor curls upward from the black hole.
- 298 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT 298  
 George is carrying a shovel as he walks away from The House. The first raindrops fall. George is oblivious.

(CONTINUED)

298 CONTINUED: 298

He jams the shovel into the earth with more force than necessary, using short, hard movements. Now the rain is coming down harder. He finally notices the storm and remembers... the boat. Tossing the shovel aside, he runs for the boat house.

299 INT. VAN - ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD - NIGHT 299

Through the rain and the thudding windshield wipers, we can SEE The House with Kathy. Her adrenal breathing is loud and hoarse.

300 EXT. THE HOUSE (FRONT) - VAN - NIGHT 300

It barrels up the driveway and stops. Kathy almost slips on the wet cement as she leaps out of the van and starts to run for the house. She manages to catch her balance, keep running.

301 INT. FOYER - NIGHT 301

as we HEAR the DOOR UNLOCK and SEE it burst open. Kathy's face is contorted with frenzy. She almost flies up the staircase, taking the stairs two and three at a time, using the rail for extra hoist.

302 EXT. THE BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT 302

The doors are open. We can SEE George securing the boat against the storm. The water is already getting choppy.

303 INT. THE BOYS' ROOM - NIGHT 303

Greg and Matt are playing a board game together as Kathy tears into the room. She steps on it blindly. The pieces scatter, but she doesn't even notice.

KATHY

Where's George???

They're surprised and frightened by her wild-eyed distress.

KATHY (cont'd)

(fiercely)

Tell me!!

304 EXT. THE BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT 304

George steps out of the boat house. The rain has already soaked him, and his lank hair is matted down. A silent flash of lightning makes him look up. As he is about to turn back to close the boat house doors, his eyes catch...

- 305 GEORGE'S POV - THE HOUSE (FEAR) - NIGHT 305  
 ZOOM on Amy's window. The ROLL OF THUNDER is finally HEARD. Amy stands looking down at George. Behind her, tall and hulking, is an animalistic figure with RED, GLOWING EYES.
- 306 TIGHT ON GEORGE 306  
 as he reacts in horror. He races toward The House.
- 307 INT. BOYS' ROOM - NIGHT 307  
 Kathy jerks the curtain aside, having been told by the boys that George is outside somewhere.
- 308 KATHY'S POV - GEORGE 308  
 He is snatching up his axe below in the yard and running for The House.
- 309 TIGHT ON KATHY 309  
 as she whirls around. She's ready for a death-fight to save her children. Her face shows the throes of the strongest emotion in existence.
- 310 INT. FOYER - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT 310  
 as we HEAR the kitchen DOOR thrown OPEN and then George appears, racing through the dining room. His knuckles are white from clenching the axe. His face is red from exertion. His eyes are wild from the adrenalin pumping through his system. His clothes are drenched from the rain. He races up the stairs.
- 311 INT. AMY'S ROOM - GEORGE - NIGHT 311  
 as the door opens, revealing him in the doorway. He reacts as he sees...
- 312 GEORGE'S POV 312  
 The bedclothes are thrown back and Amy is not in bed.
- 313 TIGHT ON GEORGE 313  
 as he turns and exits the room.
- 314 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - GEORGE - NIGHT 314  
 as he comes from Amy's room.

(CONTINUED)

314 CONTINUED:

314

GEORGE  
(calling; frantic)

Amy?

He steps across to the doorway of the master bedroom. The door is wide open and we can see with him that there is no one in the room. He moves to the top of the stairs and looks down. We can SEE with him the quiet foyer.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
(calling)

Amy??

315 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - GEORGE - NIGHT

315

He steps to the bottom of the third floor stairs, looks up, and starts to slowly climb. TRACK with him. He is uneasy and tense. His hand grips the axe. The SOUND of The House pushes into his skull.

316 ANGLE ON THE WALL

316

as it begins to SEEP dots of BLOOD like a bandage.

317 TIGHT ON GEORGE

317

his horror swelling. He continues up the stairs.

318 ANGLE ON WALL

318

More blood is coming through. We SEE trickles start to wander down the wall.

319 TIGHT ON GEORGE

319

He quickens his pace, keeping as close to the rail as possible.

320 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - GEORGE - NIGHT

320

He moves to the door of the boys' room and turns the knob. The door will not open.

GEORGE  
(calling)  
Greg! Matt!!

He begins knocking on the door and then pounding with panic as he gets no response. Taking his axe, he wields a mighty blow aimed at the latch area. The latch springs and he kicks the door open. PUSH IN BEHIND him as he strides into the room, axe raised against the potential threat. There is no one in the room. The bedclothes are thrown back.



321 TIGHT ON GEORGE 321

He is totally bewildered and very frightened. He is about to turn and leave the room when he sees...

322 ANGLE ON CLOSET DOOR 322

It is rattling.

323 ANGLE ON GEORGE 323

He starts toward the closet, axe raised. Suddenly from behind the open door of the boys' room, a figure hurtles out of the darkness, SCREAMING. It unleashes itself on George's back, its nails slashing at his face. George half-turns... to recoil at the face of a HARPY ... aged, rutted wrinkles over lifeless skin. His terror gives him super-human strength, and he tosses this thing across the room. It crashes against a wall. George raises his axe high overhead as...

KATHY

(screaming)

Don't hurt my babies!!!

It is too late for George to stop the swing, even though he realizes that his wife's voice is coming from the monster on the floor. The axe continues its murderous arc. George just manages to angle his body to change the point of impact, and the axe whizzes narrowly past Kathy to bury itself in the floor.

324 TIGHT ON KATHY 324

We now get a good look at her nightmare face. She rolls sideways and grasps the axe... but her body is too old and decrepit to loosen it from the floor. George grabs her, fighting the revulsion he feels.

GEORGE

Kathy?? Oh Jesus. Jesus!

She struggles against him, flailing blindly; but he gets her arms pinned behind her back. He's starting to cry.

GEORGE (cont'd)

I'm not going to hurt you!!

I'm not going to hurt the kids!

I love you!

He kisses her wispy, white hair... rocks her in his arms.

(CONTINUED)

324 CONTINUED:

324

Slowly her panic recedes... along with the damage to her face. Now she looks only middle-aged, and getting younger.

KATHY

... I saw your face in the newspaper... Oh God, I thought you were going to kill the kids ... that axe... your face.

GEORGE

(pulling her to her feet)

We're all getting out of here.

He jerks open the closet door, and we SEE with him the three kids huddled together, crying in fright. He kneels down to reassure them.

325 INT. BASEMENT - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

325

The cold vapor curls from the open door of the closet and moves along the floor toward the stairs. A low, throaty GROWL can be HEARD O.S. We can only hope it's Harry.

326 INT. BOYS' ROOM - NIGHT

326

George has Amy in his left arm. He hefts his axe with his right. Kathy takes a tight grip on a hand from each boy.

GEORGE

You ready?

She nods.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Run like hell, and don't stop for anything.

She gives him a loving half-smile which he returns, a small moment of intimacy before they confront the horrors of The House.

327 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

327

The little group emerges bunched together. As they reach the top of the stairs, they shy at the sight of the now heavily bleeding walls. The KEENING of The House assaults their ears.

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED:

327

GEORGE

Run!

Kathy glances at him apprehensively.

GEORGE (cont'd)

I'll be right behind you, babe.

Kathy takes a deep breath and breaks into a run, pulling the little boys with her. George brings up the rear with Amy.

328 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING

328

as the group races down the stairs. The blood from the walls has poured onto the carpet, matting the nap, forming slippery pools. Matt skids and falls. Kathy jerks him back onto his feet without breaking stride.

GEORGE

Hurry! Hurry!!

Kathy and the boys make the turn and head down the stairs toward the foyer. But as George starts the turn with Amy, the sewing room door behind him BANGS OPEN. His head jerks around at the SOUND.

329 ANGLE ON SEWING ROOM

329

Floating in the doorway is that animalistic shape with flaring, red eyes.

330 REVERSE ANGLE

330

TO SHOW George and Amy staring with terror AT THE CAMERA.

AMY

Don't scare me, Jody!

George hurls the axe toward Jody, TOWARD THE CAMERA, and races down the stairs. The CAMERA SIDESTEPS the axe, PUSHES DOWN the stairs after the panicked family.

George has reached the door and struggles to open it. Kathy quickly moves him away and grabs the handle herself... to no avail. George catches up with the brood and goes to her aid. The two of them wrench at the door with their full strength.

The CAMERA IS CLOSING IN ON them and MOVES INTO REACH just as George and Kathy finally throw open the door. The family hurtles out.

331 EXT. THE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

331

as the Lutzes tear across the porch. The SOUND of The House abruptly CEASES. The rain is pouring down on the family. Lightning and THUNDER occur in random sequence, paralleling the chaos in their heads.

332 ANGLE ON VAN

332

as they reach the van. Matt and Greg pop open the doors and everyone scrambles in.

333 INT. VAN - FAVORING GEORGE - NIGHT

333

George reaches into his pocket for the keys.

GEORGE :

The keys! Oh, God, the keys!

He turns to Kathy, a horrified plea on his face. She suddenly realizes she was driving last and begins to frantically jam her fingers into every pocket.

KATHY

If it fell out upstairs...

She doesn't have to finish the sentence. They both know the consequence. And then her hand closes around the key. She and George sag with relief as she produces it. The children are quiet. George gets the engine started.

GREG

(softly)

... Where's Harry?

KATHY

(firmly)

I don't know.

George puts the van into gear.

GREG

We can't l-leave him there.

KATHY

We'll come back and get him tomorrow.

AMY

(starting to cry)

I want Harry!

Kathy's nerves are completely blown by now.

KATHY

(turning around  
furiously)

Shut up! Shut up!

George looks guiltily at Kathy.

KATHY (cont'd)

Oh please just keep driving!

334 EXT. THE STREET - ANGLE ON VAN - NIGHT

334

as it comes out of the driveway and turns onto the street. It drives a hundred feet and then stops. There is a long beat. George's door opens and he gets out as...

KATHY (O.S.)

(screaming)

Noooooooo!!!

He slams the door and begins running back toward The House.

335 EXT. THE HOUSE (FRONT) - GEORGE - NIGHT

335

He races across the lawn toward the front door.

336 INT. THE HOUSE (FOYER) - GEORGE - NIGHT

336

He arrives at the open door and stands looking in.

GEORGE

(shouting)

Harry! Come on, boy.

He hears the DOG WHINING from inside the house.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Harry, come on!

The DOG is YELPING and the SOUND appears to be coming from the basement. George steps inside. DOLLY WITH him as he moves cautiously, constantly on guard, through the dining room into the kitchen. The House is silent. Only the DRUMMING of the RAIN is HEARD.

337 INT. BACK HALL - GEORGE - NIGHT

337

He moves cautiously from the kitchen door toward the basement door, which is closed. He can hear the DOG YELPING from down below. Gingerly, he places a hand on the basement door and opens it. The lights are still on. He can hear Harry, but he cannot see him. The cold vapor slowly envelops his legs but he doesn't notice.

GEORGE

Harry! Come on, boy. Come outta there.

The DOG STOPS YELPING. There is only silence.

338 INT. BASEMENT - ANGLE ON GEORGE - NIGHT

338

He stands in the doorway. All is quiet. He steps inside on the first step of the basement stairs.

GEORGE

Harry!

He steps onto the next step and suddenly it gives way and he falls through...

339 INT. RED ROOM - ANGLE ON CEILING - NIGHT

339

as George's feet come through the ceiling, followed by his entire body. TILT as he hits the floor of the red room and goes through that, finally coming to a stop, wedged at his waist. Suddenly The House begins a SHRIEKING SOUND as we ZOOM TIGHT on George's face. He is pulling himself out of the hole. The room is shaking. His image stares at him from four walls, his lower body is covered with black slime, and he sees...

340 ANGLE ON HARRY

340

The dog stands in the doorway, looking at him. A low snarl begins in the dog's throat. He steps into the room... his teeth are bared... his ears flattened... his tail down. He begins to stalk the man contaminated with the smell of the Pit.

341 ANGLE ON GEORGE AND HARRY

341

George is more angry than afraid.

GEORGE

(in the tone of a  
master)

Harry!

It has no effect. The dog attacks, knocking George back into the hole. George takes the brunt of the dog's jaws on his forearm. Harry is going for his throat. George pounds desperately on the dog's nose to loosen the grip. Harry finally lets go, and George knocks him back; then quickly hauls himself out of the hole. Harry is circling him again but not as intently.

GEORGE (cont'd)

It's okay, boy. It's just me.  
Settle down!

Harry sniffs his hands, finally recognizes George. The freezing vapor is all around them as George leads the dog out of the red room.

342 INT. BASEMENT - GEORGE - NIGHT

342

George emerges from the red room with his hand tucked protectively under Harry's collar. They start up the stairs together. George no longer trusts the wood; he pauses with every CREAK in the floor, testing each new step with one foot before putting his weight on it.

When he reaches the broken stairs, a tremendous, cold wind from below almost knocks him back. He and Harry have to jump the two missing steps. George throws the dog over the hole, then makes the leap himself. Together they reach the relative safety of the back hall.

343 INT. BACK HALL - GEORGE - NIGHT

343

as he and Harry come through into the kitchen. George tries to open the kitchen door, but it won't budge. DOLLY WITH him as he walks toward the foyer. The front door is still open the way he left it, but as he and Harry step into the foyer, it SLAMS shut. George struggles to open it, but cannot. He realizes The House has no intention of letting him walk out. He spins back into the dining room, seizes a chair, hurls it through a window. Picking up the dog in both arms, he frantically pushes his way through the broken glass.

344 EXT. THE HOUSE (FRONT) - GEORGE - NIGHT

344

as George drops onto the grass. He puts Harry down, and the two of them lope down the street to the van.

345 TIGHTER ANGLE - VAN

345

The engine is running. George opens the rear doors. Harry jumps in as the kids scramble toward him.

346 INT. VAN - GEORGE AND KATHY - NIGHT

346

Kathy's tear-streaked, swollen face testifies to the agony of the wait. George slides into the driver's seat and pulls her against him. They're both trembling. He puts the van in gear and starts away. She still has her head against his shoulder. Reaching across her body, she interlaces her fingers with his where they rest on her arm. In the back the KIDS can be HEARD playing with Harry. George and Kathy stare numbly ahead as they drive. After a moment she turns on the car RADIO. An AM D.J. is HEARD hyping away... pitching restaurants, washing machines, record stores ... all on one breath with help from a couple of NOISE-MAKERS. It's a totally surreal effect. The CAMERA has now MOVED IN TIGHT on the stiff faces of George and Kathy. They are unhearing, lost in the shock of what they've experienced.

347 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

347

The D.J.'s spiel OVERLAPS. The street itself is deserted now. Street lights glisten off the rain puddles. The D.J.'s VOICE BEGINS TO FADE as the CAMERA SLOWLY CRANES UP and PANS until it FINDS and HOLDS A VERY WIDE ANGLE on The House... It stands in wait for its next victim. The D.J.'s VOICE FADES INTO SILENCE.

SUPER:

GEORGE AND KATHLEEN LUTZ  
HAVE NEVER RETURNED TO  
THEIR HOUSE, TO THIS DAY.

FADE OUT.

THE END