

THE LOVELY BONES

Screenplay by
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Based on a novel by
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INT SALMON HOUSE - DAY (WINTER, 1963)

CLOSE ON: The BLURRED IMAGE of a WORLD, distorted by a wall of CLEAR PLASTIC ...

CAMERA is INSIDE a small SNOW GLOBE, looking out ... as we glimpse PEOPLE moving about in the room beyond. They only come into FOCUS when they get CLOSE.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*I remember being really small, too small
 to see over the edge of a table.*

CHUBBY, LITTLE FINGERS grope towards the OBJECT ... a 3 year old SUSIE SALMON comes into FOCUS ... a YOUNG FATHER, JACK SALMON looks over his daughter's shoulder. In the BACKGROUND, IMAGES flicker on black and white TELEVISION.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There was a snow globe.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE, captivated by the PLASTIC PENGUIN wearing a red and white striped scarf around it's neck ... LARGE in the FOREGROUND.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And I remember the penguin who lived
 inside the globe. He was all alone in
 there and I worried for him ...*

JACK crouches down next to his daughter.

JACK
 Don't worry, kiddo. He has a nice life -
 he's trapped in a perfect world.

JACK reaches towards camera, takes hold of the GLOBE and flicks it. A SHOWER of SNOW FLAKES explode across the screen.

INT. SALMON HOUSE, YEARS PASS - DAY/NIGHT

ON THE SOUND TRACK: *I Hear You Knockin'* - Dave Edmunds

ABIGAIL - JACK'S WIFE - in BED reading a LITERARY TEXT. JACK starts FLIRTING with her. It soon develops into PASSIONATE KISSING. ABIGAIL reaches out to try and put the book on the BEDSIDE TABLE, but it falls to the floor beside a neat PILE of other ACADEMIC BOOKS.

CLOSE ON: A PHOTO of young SUSIE aged 3 sits on the BEDSIDE TABLE.

The LIGHT goes out.

ANGLE ON: The PILE of bedside BOOKS have been replaced with COOKING, GARDENING and CHILD REARING BOOKS ... JACK is lying asleep next to ABIGAIL who is reading a CHILD REARING BOOK.

Next to the BED are three PHOTOS: An older SUSIE - now 13, LINDSEY, 12 and young BUCKLEY, aged 5.

ABIGAIL reaches out towards the beside LAMP ... the LIGHT goes out.

EXT SALMON STREET - EARLY MORNING (1973)

WIDE ON: The SALMON HOUSE ... a sudden LIGHT FLASH pops from within a DARKENED upstairs WINDOW ... then ANOTHER.

INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING (1973)

CLOSE ON: 14 year old SUSIE's FACE ... an explosion of light!

WIDER: SUSIE lying on her bed, arms outstretched holding an INSTAMATIC CAMERA ... she is taking a series of PHOTOS of herself, burning through a FLASH CUBES

SUSIE (V.O.)

I remember being given a camera for my birthday, it was a starter kit for what I wanted to be when I grew up:

CLOSE ON: USED ROLLS OF FILM and FLASH CUBES thrown ONTO SUSIE'S DRESSER.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... a wildlife photographer!

SUSIE sits up suddenly - she has heard something outside ... she dashes out of the room.

INT. SALMON HOUSE - EARLY MORNING (1973)

SUSIE hurries down the stairs, CAMERA in hand!

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL moving around the KITCHEN in a well practiced drill of making BREAKFAST, getting KIDS ready for SCHOOL.

SUSIE glances out of the KITCHEN WINDOW to a NEIGHBORS HOUSE ... a PLUMP GIRL wearing ANKLE WEIGHTS emerges ...

SUSIE RUNS out of the kitchen ... accidentally knocking into ABIGAIL ...

SUSIE
 (calling)
 Sorry, Mom!

EXT. SALMON HOUSE - EARLY MORNING (1973)

SUSIE runs across her FRONT YARD with the family dog HOLIDAY bounding behind her ... She hides behind a SHRUB.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I imagined that when I was older, I'd be tracking wild elephants and rhinos.

ANGLES ON: GRACE TARKING warming up as SUSIE secretly takes her PHOTO.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But for now, I'd have to make do with Grace Tarking!

ANGLE ON: GRACE TARKING starts an awkward looking POWER WALK across the STREET ... SUSIE continues SNAPPING.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's strange the memories you keep.

EXT. SINKHOLE - DAY (1971)

WIDE ON: The SALMON FAMILY CAR drives into a run-down property. The CAR pulls in near a DEEP SINKHOLE full of rusting WHITEWARE and HOUSEHOLD JUNK.

SUSIE (V.O.)
I remember going with Dad to the sinkhole out at the Connors' farm.

JACK, 11 year old LINDSEY, 12 year old SUSIE and 3 year old BUCKLEY push an old REFRIGERATOR towards the LIP of the SINKHOLE.

The CONNORS' THIRTEEN YEAR OLD DAUGHTER, RUTH CONNORS watches from a distance.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There was something about the way the earth could swallow things whole.

SUSIE catches a GLIMPSE of the CONNOR'S THIRTEEN YEAR OLD DAUGHTER, RUTH, who disappears into the GARDEN SHED.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I remember the girl who lived there, Ruth Connors.

(MORE)

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The kids at our school said she was weird ... now I know she saw things others didn't.

JACK, SUSIE, LINDSEY and BUCKLEY push the REFRIGERATOR into the HOLE.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE watches as the REFRIGERATOR is swallowed by the EARTH.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I remember the worst thing that ever happened to us as a family ...

EXT./INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY (FALL 1973)

CLOSE ON: BUCKLEY, now 5 YEARS OLD, is CHOKING

NATE (O.S.)
 Help!! Somebody help!!

SUSIE races through the HOUSE, calling for her PARENTS, but no one is home.

SUSIE
 Mom? Dad?

SUSIE runs out into the yard ... BUCKLEY's young friend NATE looks on helplessly ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The day my little brother stopped breathing.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
 Buckley! Buckley! What happened?

NATE
 He swallowed a twig.

SUSIE scoops BUCKLEY up ... he can barely BREATHE.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE dumps BUCKLEY onto the BACKSEAT of a classic MUSTANG CAR ... a terra-cotta POT smashes on the garage FLOOR, as SUSIE snatches up her DAD'S KEYS from their hiding place.

EXT. NORRISTOWN STREETS - DAY (Fall 1973)

ANGLE ON: The MUSTANG roars off down the STREET - with SUSIE behind the WHEEL! SUSIE stabs her FOOT at the ACCELERATOR PEDAL, lurching the CAR forward in a series of angry REVS.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE'S MUSTANG pulls out into the TRAFFIC of a MAIN ROAD, SUSIE barely VISIBLE above the DASHBOARD.

ANGLE ON: A COUPLE have to SWERVE their car out of SUSIE'S WAY to avoid being hit ... JACK and ABIGAIL SALMON, sit looking shocked and bewildered behind the wheel!

SUSIE'S not so much driving the car, as aiming it at the HOSPITAL and hoping for the best!

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY (Fall 1973)

The MUSTANG screeches to a stop outside the HOSPITAL entrance ... HOSPITAL ORDERLIES rush towards the car ..

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (Fall 1973)

CAMERA drifts over a SEA of SHEETS, seeming to stretch endlessly. HAZY DISTANT FIGURES, out of FOCUS, hovering at the END of a HOSPITAL BED ...

ANGLE ON: BUCKLEY'S SLEEPING FACE ... his eyelids flutter open.

ABIGAIL
Buckley ...?

BUCKLEY smiles at his mother.

ANGLE ON: LOW, across the HOSPITAL BED as the VAST DISTANCE seems to SHRINK ... FIGURES glide closer - JACK ... SUSIE ... LINDSEY and GRANDMA LYNN ...

Overcome with RELIEF, as ABIGAIL hugs her son. It's as if BUCKLEY has returned from the dead.

This is the worst trial this family has ever faced. ABIGAIL and JACK are consumed with GUILT.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*And I remember the light in my parents
eyes ... the relief ...*

ANGLE ON: JACK and ABIGAIL in the HOSPITAL ROOM ... the DOCTOR is giving them a stern REBUKE ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*We weren't those people ... those
unlucky people to whom bad things
happened for no reason.*

The CAMERA glides towards the silhouetted image of GRANDMA LYNN seen through FROSTED GLASS.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE, standing in the CORRIDOR with GRANDMA LYNN who has a firm grasp on SUSIE's shoulders ...

GRANDMA LYNN is imparting some WISE WORDS to SUSIE - but we don't hear what she is saying. Instead we listen to SUSIE's VOICE OVER:

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Grandma Lynn predicted I would have a long and happy life because I had saved my brother ... As usual, Grandma Lynn was wrong.

The HOSPITAL ROOM burns to an intense WHITE OUT.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 My name is Salmon, like the fish; first name, Susie ... I was 14 years old when I was murdered on December 6th 1973 ...

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY (Fall, 1973)

A small town FASHION SHOW is underway on a PODIUM in the middle of the MALL ... a PARADE of TEENAGE GIRLS of various shapes and sizes are modelling the latest WINTER 1973 CATALOGUE ...

ANGLE ON: A cheesy D.J. from a local radio station fills the MALL with relentless, amplified, patter ...

D.J.
 (continuous through scene)
 ... And up next we have Crystal in a little, bitty, skinny mini. This 'jazzy' ensemble is available in sizes two through twenty two ...

ANGLE ON: The SALMON FAMILY enter the MALL ... making their way through the crowds ...

BLENDING in with the CROWD is a middle-aged man named GEORGE HARVEY, but we never FOCUS on him - despite being in the BACKGROUND of several shots.

SUSIE (V.O.)
This was before missing kids started appearing on milk cartons, or were feature stories on the daily news... It was back when people believed things like that didn't happen.

The next young MODEL moves awkwardly on to the PODIUM in a PLAID BLUE and RED CHECKERED TUNIC DRESS ...

D.J.

And here come Lili-beth wearing the very latest from our Fab Fall Fashions. It's stylish and it's now!

Yes, that's right ladies - no matter what your size, it'll hug your girly girl curves in all the right places! If you've got it, why not flaunt it? Am I right? No natural fibres here - because we all know how wools and cottons shrink in the wash. But ladies this fabric is machine washable, no-crease, drip dry - pure synthetic! It will last forever!

BUCKLEY runs into a TOY STORE, followed closely by JACK.

LINDSEY stops at the TOY STORE window, she looks WIDE-EYED at the intricate hand-made DOLLS HOUSES on display in the window.

Inside JACK and BUCKLEY are captivated by the MODEL TRAIN SET.

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL, SUSIE and GRANDMA LYNN are browsing in a BOOKSTORE ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE is all but hidden behind the pages of the latest edition of SEVENTEEN MAGAZINE ... the magazine slowly lowers as she risks a peak over the edge ...

ANGLE ON: RAY SINGH - a handsome TEENAGER, slightly older than SUSIE. RAY's FATHER is an academic and his MOTHER, RUANA, wears a traditional INDIAN SARI.

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN is thumbing through '*The Female Eunuch*'. She notices SUSIE watching RAY.

GRANDMA LYNN

Who is he? Does he like you as much as you like him?

SUSIE

(embarrassed whisper)
Grandma ... he's a senior!

ANGLE ON: RAY sees SUSIE looking at him ... SUSIE hurriedly turns away ...

SUSIE (CONT'D)

He doesn't know I exist.

GRANDMA LYNN

He's cute.

SUSIE
 (mortified)
 Grandma, can you please just drop it?

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN smiles to herself - she whispers to SUSIE.

GRANDMA LYNN
 You're safe now - he's gone into the
 record store.

SUSIE looks around ... relieved.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*I wasn't safe. A man in my neighbourhood
 was watching me. If I hadn't been so
 distracted I would have realized
 something was wrong, 'cos that sort of
 thing gives me the skeevies.*

RAY SINGH looking bored, sits near a small GAZEBO-LIKE STRUCTURE with
 built in circular seating - a rest area for shoppers.

SUSIE watches him from a table in an indoor courtyard/cafe area.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
*But I was too busy thinking about the
 length of Ray Singh's eyelashes. I had
 counted each one in Library-time while
 he was reading Abelard and Heloise ...
 the most seriously tragic love story
 ever.*

GRANDMA LYNN
 (interrupting)
 So have you kissed him yet?

ANGLE ON: SUSIE, STARTLED out of her reverie. GRANDMA LYNN is
 scrutinizing RAY SINGH. She sits down at SUSIE'S TABLE with two
 SHAKES, but immediately starts smoking.

SUSIE averts her eyes and shakes her head.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
 Why not? You like him. He likes you.
 What's the hold up?

SUSIE glances awkwardly at her GRANDMOTHER.

SUSIE
 I'm just afraid I won't be any good at
 it.

GRANDMA LYNN
 My first kiss was with a grown man.

SUSIE looks at her - shocked!

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
You're not going to tell on me, are you?

SUSIE
Of course not!
(curious despite herself)
What was it like?

GRANDMA LYNN
The kiss? Oh, it was wonderful!
Beautiful! Glorious!

A slightly SINISTER looking man glances at them from the next table ... this is MR. O'DWYER ... he flicks a furtive glance in SUSIE'S direction.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
It took me a long time before I realized
that a kiss like that, it only happens
once.

SUSIE looks even more WORRIED. GRANDMA LYNN takes SUSIE by the hand.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Suze ... just have fun kid.

ANGLE ON: MR. O'DWYER stands and leaves.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*It wasn't Mr. O'Dwyer, by the way.
Although he does look kind of
suspicious. But Mr. O'Dwyer never hurt
anyone.*

ANGLE ON: MR. O'DWYER coming out of the TOY STORE, carrying one of the DOLLS HOUSES, tied with BRIGHTLY COLORED RED RIBBON.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Mr. O'Dwyer's own daughter died a year
and a half after I did. She had
leukemia, but I never saw her in my
heaven.*

EXT. SALMON STREET - DAY (LATE SUMMER, 1973)

CLOSE ON: Large RED CAMELLIAS slide through SHOT, with ABIGAIL and JACK admiring them as they walk past with the DOG.

SUSIE is riding her BIKE ahead of them, HOLDING her INSTAMATIC CAMERA in one hand and attempting to SNAP photos of HOLIDAY and her parents with the other.

ANGLE ON: JACK and ABIGAIL smiling as they talk with SOMEBODY OFF-SCREEN. The person hands ABIGAIL a RED CAMELLIA.

*SUSIE (V.O.)
My murderer was a man from our
neighborhood. I took his photo once as
he talked to my parents about his border
flowers ...*

ANGLES: POV of SUSIE circling on her BIKE ... the SOUND is SLURRED, DISTORTED ... the BELL RINGS ... HOLIDAY YAPS ... SUSIE LAUGHS ... SNAP of her CAMERA.

*SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was aiming for the bushes when he got
in the way ... he stepped out of nowhere
and ruined the shot.*

ANGLE ON: JACK and ABIGAIL walk away. SUSIE follows on her BIKE, as a MAN wearing GLASSES turns in the FOREGROUND: MR. HARVEY is OUT OF FOCUS and BLURS through FRAME.

*SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He ruined a lot of things.*

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FALL, 1973)

CLOSE ON: RED CAMELLIAS. A hand comes in to shot to reveal that the CAMELLIAS are miniature replicas.

CAMERA moves through a darkened living room ... a hunched, out of focus figure paints the blood red CAMELLIAS ...

SLIDING past the interiors of partly finished DOLLS HOUSES ... the FIGURE of the MAN silhouetted like a GIANT can be seen through the doors ... windows.

ANGLE ON: MR HARVEY as he work away the miniature pieces, but he is tense and grim ... trying to maintain his concentration against an internal FLOOD of SOUND:

*SUSIE'S LAUGHTER SANDPAPER RUBS A TINY PIECE OF FURNITURE ...
SLURRED BICYCLE BELL RINGS MR HARVEY PACES... HOLIDAY BARKING.
THE SOUNDS resound in MR. HARVEY'S HEAD: BICYCLE BELL ... BARKING ...
SUSIE'S LAUGHTER ...*

An ALARM CLOCK RINGS, suddenly shattering the flood of SOUND.

MR. HARVEY rises as if compelled by the alarm ... he strides across the living room.

Outside MR HARVEY'S house, we see MR HARVEY appear at the living room window and methodically draw the CURTAINS.

He turns off the alarm and flicks off the LIGHTS, plunging the LIVING ROOM into DARKNESS.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FALL, 1973)

A nervous HAND, quickly SKETCHING.

HIGH ANGLE: MR HARVEY in bed, sketches plans in a NOTEBOOK. We see glimpses of what looks like an underground structure.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

QUICK IMAGES: SAWING WOOD ... HAMMERING ... we recognise some kind of LADDER being made.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT (DECEMBER, 1973)

ANGLE ON: JACK and SUSIE huddled over a BOTTLE on his WORK DESK.

JACK
Okay ... here we go.

FROM INSIDE THE BOTTLE: A COLLAPSED SAILING SHIP is delicately pushed in through the neck of the bottle.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

MR HARVEY is hammering. From somewhere in the house an alarm is heard. He puts down his work and heads up his BASEMENT STAIRS.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT (DECEMBER, 1973)

We drift past FOREGROUND SAILING SHIPS, peering through MASTS, SAILS and RIGGING: a row of delicate SHIPS IN BOTTLES.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY draws his CURTAINS. The house is plunged into darkness.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT (DECEMBER, 1973)

CLOSE ON: A bent PIECE OF WIRE held over a CANDLE FLAME. We follow it through the neck of a BOTTLE to the COLLAPSED SAILING SHIP inside. SUSIE is holding the bottle ... she looks at her father, speculatively.

SUSIE
Clarissa's got a crush on you.

JACK
Which one's Clarissa?

SUSIE rolls her eyes at her FATHER's feigned interest in CLARISSA.

SUSIE
You know - blonde hair, mega blue eye shadow, her Dad owns Surf and Turf.

JACK
The tall one?

SUSIE
She's not tall, she wears platforms.
(beat)
She doesn't know you're an accountant.

JACK
I take it that's a negative?

SUSIE
Or that you're a closet scale Modeler.

ANGLE ON: ROWS AND ROWS of SHIPS-IN-BOTTLES.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
Did Mom know before she married you?

JACK
HMMMMMMMM?

SUSIE
About your obsession?

JACK
Susie, hobbies are healthy. They teach you things.

SUSIE
Like what?

JACK
Like if you start something you finish it.

ANGLE ON: ROWS AND ROWS of SHIPS-IN-BOTTLES line the shelves of the STUDY ...

JACK (CONT'D)

You don't stop until you get it right -
if you don't get it right - you start
over again and you keep on going as long
as you have to, that's the way it is,
that's what you do. It's perfectly
normal. You know, Grampy taught me to do
this and now I'm teaching you. We're
creating something here. For us.
Something special.

SUSIE

(gently)
I know.

JACK

You're my First Mate, Susie Q. One day
all this will be yours.

SUSIE looks slightly horrified at the idea.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

Jack! Susie! Dinnnnnnner!

SUSIE makes a dash for the door.

JACK

Hey! Wait wait wait.

SUSIE sits back down.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ready?

JACK steadies the bottle.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now hold her steady ... Okay, shipmate
... take it away!

SUSIE gently pulls the thread out of the BOTTLE'S NECK ... the MASTS
RISE, revealing paper SAILS on a TINY CLIPPER SHIP.

JACK is staring in to the shining eyes of his beautiful daughter.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now that is a thing of beauty.

SUSIE smiles at her father.

JACK (CONT'D)

C'mon - let's go.

JACK blows out the CANDLE.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

WIDE ON: MR. HARVEY walks across a darkened, icy harvested cornfield. He is carrying a SHOVEL and TORCH.

IMAGES: The SHOVEL cuts into the COLD GROUND ... backlit BREATH from MR. HARVEY'S MOUTH, as he begins to dig ...

INT. SALMON HOUSE/SUSIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON: SUSIE'S messy bedroom. Her BED is unmade. A pile of abandoned CLOTHES lie scattered on the floor. STUFFED TOYS, BOOKS, RECORDS sit in a jumbled disarray on SUSIE'S shelves ... a FLOWERY HIPPO lies near her discarded PYJAMAS.

ABIGAIL is putting some clothes away in SUSIE'S CHEST of DRAWERS.

ABIGAIL

I don't believe it. Would you look at the state of this room? You're going to clean this mess up tonight!

SUSIE

Yeah, I will. Hey - Mom, we need to get these developed.

CLOSE ON: TWENTY FOUR CARTRIDGES of undeveloped KODAK FILM clatter out of a SHOEBOX on to SUSIE'S BED.

ABIGAIL

(taking in the enormity of the pile of films)

Susie! You used up all the film? Do you have any idea what this is going to cost?

SUSIE shrugs.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

No. No, absolutely not. Out of the question.

SUSIE

Thanks a lot! That's my career down the toilet!

ABIGAIL

Oh, do not be so melodramatic!

ANGLE ON: JACK, in shirt sleeves and undone tie, pops his head around the DOOR.

JACK
What's down the toilet?

ABIGAIL
She's used up all the film we gave her
for her birthday.

JACK
(stunned)
All of it?!!!!

ABIGAIL
All of it, every single one.

JACK
Susie!

SUSIE
It's a crime to be creative in this
family!

Jack
Alright, alright what say we pay for one
roll a month?

SUSIE
(outraged)
One roll a month!

INT. SALMON HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL is in the middle of getting BREAKFAST. BUCKLEY and LINDSEY are seated at the DINING ROOM TABLE. LINDSEY is eating CEREAL. BUCKLEY is playing with a toy CONCRETE MIXER on the table top, while his PORRIDGE grows cold. He is making siren sounds ...

SUSIE stomps down the STAIRS, carrying her SCHOOL BAG.

SUSIE
You realize by the time I see my photos
I'm gonna be middle-aged?!

BUCKLEY
Weeee-orrrr-weeee-orrrrr-weeee-orrr -

JACK
(to Abigail)
We've got twenty four rolls of film
right? At two ninety nine a piece to
develop - that's seventy one dollars and
seventy six cents ... I don't think
we're being unfair?

ABIGAIL
Oh honey.

JACK
Are we?

ABIGAIL
That's why I love you.

ABIGAIL pulls JACK close and kisses him.

SUSIE
Please. Could you just not do that at
breakfast?

ABIGAIL
Yes, okay - whatever you say.

BUCKLEY
Weee-orrrrr-weee-orrrrr-weeee-orrrrr ...

JACK
(to Buckley)
Eat your food, come on.

LINDSEY
It doesn't have a siren you moron - it's
a cement mixer.

ANGLE ON: BUCKLEY scooping PORRIDGE into the CEMENT MIXER.

ABIGAIL
Please don't call your brother a moron.

JACK
Buddy, no buddy - the cement stays in
the bowl please.

BUCKLEY
(serious)
It's not cement - it's my oaties.

Abigail
School! C'mon. Let's go!

LINDSEY
(kisses Jack)
Bye, Dad.

JACK
Bye.

SUSIE
Bye, Dad.

JACK calls to SUSIE as she dashes towards the door.

JACK
Bye, Susie!

ABIGAIL
(calling)
Susie.

ABIGAIL presents SUSIE with a HAND-KNITTED, WOOLLEN HAT adorned with a POMPOM on top and JINGLE BELL tassels.

SUSIE looks at the HAT as if it were a dead animal.

SUSIE
What's that?

ABIGAIL
That's your new hat.

LINDSEY
(brightly)
Wow, Mom! ... I thought you'd given up
knitting.

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL - not missing the teenage sarcasm.

ABIGAIL
Oh no, I'm still knitting. You want me
to make you one too?

EXT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

ABIGAIL watches SUSIE and LINDSEY hurry across the FRONT YARD.
HOLIDAY runs outside.

SUSIE is walking away from the house carrying her POMPOM HAT.

ABIGAIL
(calling)
Susie! Susie! Put your hat on, it's
cold! Holiday come inside, Holiday come
here!

SUSIE reluctantly puts on her hat. LINDSEY runs to catch up with her.

LINDSEY
Cool-a-roolie, Suze!

SUSIE
Shuddup!

LINDSEY
No, really. It looks good on you!

SUSIE trudges on, grumbling ...

SUSIE
This is an exercise in humiliation.

POV THROUGH WINDOW: SUSIE and LINDSEY as make their way to school.
SUSIE takes off the POMPOM HAT and shoves it into her BAG.

WIDE SHOT: MR. HARVEY'S green house, a perfect mirror image copy of
the SALMON'S HOUSE.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

WIDE ON: SUSIE'S school sitting beside rolling CORNFIELDS now
harvested and brown in the icy cold of WINTER.

The school BELL RINGS.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

OPEN ON: A FILM CLUB POSTER advertising a screening of "OTHELLO"
featuring Lawrence Olivier.

STUDENTS swarm into the CORRIDOR.

TRACKING with: SUSIE and CLARISSA ...

CLARISSA
Othello! What is that? It sounds like a
mint!

SUSIE
That guy looked pretty stupid with black
makeup on!

CLARISSA
Who?

SUSIE
The one with two first names.

CLARISSA
Lawrence Oliver.

SUSIE
What a loser!

CLARISSA
 (laughs)
 I know!

BRIAN (O.S.)
 Clarissa!

ANGLE ON: BRIAN NELSON walks towards SUSIE and CLARISSA.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 Come on - let's go.

CLARISSA
 I'm talking to Susie -

BRIAN NELSON
 Yeah and I've been waiting for hours for
 your jerk-off film club to finish. I
 want to get out of this dump.

SUSIE
 It's nice to see you, too - Brian.

BRIAN
 (ignoring SUSIE)
 You coming or not?

CLARISSA
 (resigned)
 Yeah, yeah. I'll see you Susie.

CLARISSA winks at SUSIE as she walks away with BRIAN.

SUSIE opens her LOCKER, preparing to leave. She is suddenly startled
 by a voice.

RAY (O.S.)
 Hey, Susie ...

SUSIE shuts her locker door to reveal RAY SINGH, leaning against the
 wall, a wry smile on his face.

SUSIE
 (flustered)
 Hi, Ray ...

RAY
 What did you think of The Moor?

SUSIE
 Who?

RAY
 Othello.

SUSIE

Oh! Well ... I just ... it was amazing!
Yeah ... I mean it was ... really
incredible.

RAY

I love that play.

SUSIE nods enthusiastically.

RAY (CONT'D)

That's another thing we have in common.

SUSIE is confused.

SUSIE

What else do we have in common?

RAY steps closer to SUSIE ...

RAY

Don't you know?

SUSIE suddenly loses her nerve and yanks her LOCKER DOOR OPEN ...
PILES of BOOKS, FOLDERS, NOTE BOOKS covered in FLOWER STICKERS, POP
STAR PHOTOS ... POETRY BOOKS spill to the FLOOR!

SUSIE

Oh crap!

RAY

(amused)
Whoops.

Horrified, she scrambles to PICK THEM UP. RAY stoops down to help.

SUSIE

It's okay -

RAY

It's fine. I've got it.

CLOSE ON: RAY gathers up SUSIE'S BIOLOGY BOOK ... and secretly slips
a FOLDED NOTE into the BOOK. RAY hands her the BOOK.

RAY (CONT'D)

Susie, what are you doing on Saturday?

ANGLE ON: SUSIE stares at RAY ... mesmerized ... terrified.

SUSIE

(flustered)
Are you really from England?

RAY

Yes ...

RAY is looking deeply into SUSIE'S EYES.

RAY (CONT'D)

(softly)

You are beautiful, Susie Salmon.

Her eyes close ... she prepares to receive her first dizzying KISS.

RUTH (O.S.)

Forget it!

SUDDEN COMMOTION! RUTH CONNORS, comes storming out of a CLASSROOM, into the CORRIDOR. PRINCIPAL CADEN is on her heels, he is clutching a WOODEN ARTIST'S FIGURE, in one hand and a SKETCH of a NAKED WOMAN, in the other.

PRINCIPAL CADEN

This is obscene!

SUSIE and RAY quickly separate. RUTH walks past them.

PRINCIPAL CADEN (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me?

RUTH turns to face him.

PRINCIPAL CADEN (CONT'D)

(holding up the artist's
figure)

There are no breasts on this anatomy
model!

RUTH

There's no eyes or mouth either but we
were told to draw in the face.

ANGLE ON: PRINCIPAL CADEN waves RUTH'S SKETCH in front of her FACE.

PRINCIPAL CADEN

Your unnecessary anatomical additions
got the Ellis boy thoroughly over
excited.

RUTH

He stole my drawing!

PRINCIPAL CADEN

Yes, and now there are pictures of naked
women all over the school!

ANGLE ON: PRINCIPAL CADEN notices SUSIE and RAY standing nearby
 ...

PRINCIPAL CADEN (CONT'D)
 Move along, people!

RUTH
 Sir - can I have my drawing back?

PRINCIPAL CADEN
 Certainly not!

RUTH stomps away down the corridor.

PRINCIPAL CADEN (CONT'D)
 (glancing at RAY)
 Did you hear me, Singh??? Go!

RAY
 (low, hurried)
 Meet me at The Mall. Ten o'clock.
 Saturday.

PRINCIPAL CADEN
 Now!

SUSIE glances at RAY, holds his gaze for a beat ...

SUSIE
 (hushed)
 Where in The Mall?

RAY is already moving away down the CORRIDOR ...

RAY
 (low)
 The gazebo.

SUSIE cannot believe what has just happened!

EXT. SCHOOL - DUSK

TRACKING: SUSIE strides out of the SCHOOL barely able to contain her EXCITEMENT. She nearly skips across the SPORTS FIELD, passing a SOCCER TRAINING SESSION before entering a large CORNFIELD ... the HOUSES in her neighborhood are visible in the distance.

ANGLE ON: AHEAD, RUTH is already walking across the CORNFIELD, walking through the DEAD STALKS and broken HUSKS.

SUSIE slows down a little. She doesn't want to get too close to the grumpy RUTH.

INT. SALMON HOUSE - DUSK

BUCKLEY is DRAWING while watching TV with HOLIDAY. LINDSEY is lying on the sofa reading a MAGAZINE.

The FRONT DOOR opens; it is JACK arriving home.

JACK
Hello?

BUCKLEY
(yelling)
Dad!

LINDSEY
(glances up from her magazine)
Hi Dad.

BUCKLEY runs and leaps on his FATHER!

JACK
Hey buddy! No, no, no! Oh god you jumped on me! I need some air! I need some air!

EXT. CORNFIELD - DUSK

WIDE ON: RUTH and SUSIE both make their way across the cornfield ... the LIGHT is dropping fast on this MURKY WINTER AFTERNOON.

SUSIE reaches into her BAG and pulls out the POMPOM HAT and her BIOLOGY BOOK ... SUSIE looks around as if to see if anyone is watching ... seeing no-one, she puts on the hat.

INT. SALMON HOUSE - DUSK

JACK kisses ABIGAIL on the cheek.

JACK
How was your day?

ABIGAIL
It was good. Buckley, go wash your hands.

JACK puts BUCKLEY down.

JACK
Go on buddy. We'll play afterwards.

ABIGAIL
(busy)
Is Susie with you?

JACK
No ...

ABIGAIL
(exasperated)
She's late.

JACK turns to LINDSEY, lying on the SOFA.

JACK
(taking off his jacket)
Lindsey-Lou - where's your sister?

LINDSEY
What?

JACK
Your sister.

LINDSEY
Oh, she had film club.

JACK
(sighs)
What's for dinner?

EXT. CORNFIELD - DUSK

ANGLE ON: RUTH can barely be seen on the FAR SIDE of the CORNFIELD ...

WIDE ON: SUSIE is now alone, halfway across the CORNFIELD ... faint shouts from the distant soccer game as a goal is scored.

SUSIE drops her BIOLOGY BOOK ... the WIND flicks the PAGES OPEN and RAY'S NOTE blows out. SUSIE frowns and hurries after it.

CLOSE ON: The NOTE rolls and sails amongst the BROKEN CORN STALKS, managing to stay just ahead of SUSIE'S outstretched FINGERS.

ANGLE ON: The NOTE sails into the air past the figure of a MAN who turns, trying to catch it. SUSIE freezes.

CLOSE ON: The FIGURE turns and for the first time we clearly see the face of GEORGE HARVEY.

MR. HARVEY
I hope that wasn't your homework!

SUSIE smiles at MR. HARVEY but begins to move away.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
You're the Salmon girl, right?

SUSIE

Yeah.

MR. HARVEY starts to walk with her.

MR. HARVEY

Remember me? I live right down the street, in the green house ...

(prompting)

Mr. Harvey.

SUSIE

(politely)

Hi.

MR. HARVEY

How are you? How are your folks doing?

SUSIE

Um ... they're fine.

MR. HARVEY

Good. Tell 'em I said 'Hi'.

(sudden thought)

You know you're the perfect person for me to run in to because I just built this thing over and I want to get a second opinion. Do you mind taking a look?

He GESTURES to a patch of BROKEN GROUND, hidden amidst the BROKEN CORNSTALKS.

SUSIE

Actually, Mr. Harvey, I have to get home

-

MR. HARVEY

(disappointed)

Oh! ... Okay ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE stares at MR. HARVEY ... felling slightly guilty. MR. HARVEY walks away, seeming to accept her decision.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)

I just worked so hard on it and I guess I got excited for someone to see it, but that's okay ... I'll show the other kids in the neighbourhood. They're gonna be very excited about it.

SUSIE

(interested now)

Really?

MR. HARVEY
 Oh yeah. It's great. I mean it's really neat.

SUSIE glances towards the direction of her house, unsure.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
 Come on. It'll take two minutes ... you're probably late already.

SUSIE smiles and takes a few tentative step towards MR. HARVEY.

SUSIE
 I don't see anything.

MR. HARVEY
 You don't? You should be more observant, Susie.

MR. HARVEY taps his foot on the ground: a HOLLOW SOUND.

SUSIE walks forward, CURIOUS.

CLOSE ON: With each STEP, a thin layer of ICE cracks beneath SUSIE'S FEET ... like breaking glass.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SALMON KITCHEN - DUSK

CHINA CLATTERS sharply as ABIGAIL quickly lays out the plates on the TABLE.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DUSK

WARM LIGHT shines onto SUSIE'S FACE.

Through the broken CORNSTALKS she can see a glow emanating from UNDERGROUND.

SUSIE
 What is it?

INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

JACK is flicking through a MANUAL. There are steaming PLATES of FOOD on the TABLE. LINDSEY is piling food on her plate.

BUCKLEY rushes in ...

BUCKLEY
I washed my hands!

JACK and BUCKLEY take their seats while ABAGAIL sets more FOOD onto the table.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DUSK

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY lifts a WOODEN HATCH ... SUSIE stares into the ground ...

MR. HARVEY
Pretty neat, huh?

SUSIE peers down, obviously impressed.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

ABIGAIL dishes out the PORK CHOPS ... the usual chatter of a family at dinner ... talking about the meal and their day.

ABIGAIL tries to settle BUCKLEY in his seat ... as JACK spoons BEANS onto his PLATE.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DUSK

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY holds the WOODEN HATCH open. CANDLELIGHT spills from the UNDERGROUND ROOM.

Mr. Harvey
I built it for the kids in the
neighbourhood. I thought they could use
it as a kind of a clubhouse. You wanna
be the first one to try it out?

SUSIE
Really?

LOW ANGLE: SUSIE PEERING DOWN into the ROOM.

MR. HARVEY
Yeah sure! Yeah. Go ahead. It'll be
fun!

INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

BUCKLEY is complaining about his VEGETABLES.

JACK tries to get him to eat.

ABIGAIL picks up SUSIE'S EMPTY DINNER PLATE.

ABIGAIL
I'll make her a plate.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DUSK

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY helps SUSIE down the STAIRS ... the CAMERA SINKS past BROKEN CORNSTALKS ... down through the EARTH.

MR. HARVEY
(encouraging)
That's it. That's it.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - DUSK

ANGLE ON: SUSIE steps off the BOTTOM STAIR and takes in the UNDERGROUND ROOM: the SHELF adorned with small decorative HOUSEHOLD OBJECTS ... a GLASS with a TOOTHBRUSH ... a MIRROR ... in any other circumstances, this would be a child's dream fort.

SUSIE looks around at the array of cute KNICK-KNACKS.

SUSIE
Wow! This is neat!

EXT. CORNFIELD - DUSK

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY looks around carefully to make sure they haven't been seen. Disappearing beneath the ground, he closes the HATCH.

INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

ABIGAIL is piling a DINNER PLATE with food for SUSIE.

ABIGAIL
She doesn't like beans, so I'm not going to give her any.

JACK
No - put more on her plate.

ABIGAIL laughs ...

ABIGAIL
Okay, okay - I'm gonna give her beans. Watch this!

ABIGAIL starts spooning all the remaining BEANS onto SUSIE'S PLATE.

JACK
 Pile them on!
 (to Buckley)
 You think Popeye only eats spinach?
 There's beans in that can too.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT

MR HARVEY steps off the LADDER.

MR. HARVEY
 Make yourself at home.

SUSIE
 This is really cool, Mr. Harvey!

MR. HARVEY
 Yeah it's cool huh? I thought that you
 kids would like a place of your own to,
 you know, hang out. Here have a seat, go
 ahead.

MR HARVEY pats a makeshift SEAT carved out of the EARTH. SUSIE sits.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
 There you go. That's it. Do you like it?

SUSIE
 Yeah.

MR. HARVEY
 Yeah.

INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

ABIGAIL's concern is growing.

ABIGAIL
 You think she's still at The Mall?

LINDSEY
 Uh huh.

ABIGAIL
 Really?

LINDSEY
 She'll be with Clarissa.

A CURRENT of worry has begun to build beneath ABIGAIL's annoyance.

ABIGAIL

She could have at least called. I mean a fourteen year old girl knows how to pick up the telephone.

JACK

(placating)

I understand. I understand. I will deal with her when she gets home.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT

MR HARVEY starts showing SUSIE all the OBJECTS he has collected for the "clubhouse"

MR. HARVEY

See I've got all these little things like fluffy animals ... and some games 'cos I know you kids like to play games ...

SUSIE smiles, humouring this rather nondescript and obviously lonely man.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)

It's nice with the candles and everything, right?

SUSIE nods.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)

There's just one rule ...
(beat)
No adults allowed!

MR HARVEY laughs - it sounds hollow and awkward as if he is unused to making jokes.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S EYES stray towards the LADDER.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)

That's a cute hat. I like that hat very much.

MR. HARVEY reaches for SUSIE'S POMPOM HAT ... she instinctively shies away from his touch.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)

Would you like a refreshment, Susie?

MR. HARVEY picks up a BOTTLE OF COKE.

SUSIE
Actually, I have to go.

MR. HARVEY steps forward so SUSIE can't get up, suddenly more assertive.

MR. HARVEY
No. Be polite.
(terse)
You have to be polite. That's another rule.

MR. HARVEY reaches behind SUSIE and takes an OPENER from SHELF behind her.

He hands SUSIE the bottle.

MR. HARVEY'S GLASSES FLICKER in the CANDLE LIGHT ... the atmosphere in the underground room has subtly changed ...

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
It's so warm in here! Are you warm?

MR. HARVEY takes off his COAT.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
You can take your coat off if you want.

SUSIE looks away ...

CLOSE ON: the yellowing page of an OLD CALENDAR ... a picture of a LIGHTHOUSE, sitting atop a rock, surrounded by stormy seas.

MR. HARVEY sits down opposite her ...

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
You're very pretty, Susie.

SUSIE stares at the floor.

SUSIE
Thanks.

MR. HARVEY
Do you have a boyfriend?

SUSIE shakes her head.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
(pleased)
See! I knew you weren't like those other girls! I knew that.

SUSIE

Mr. Harvey -

MR. HARVEY

It's nice down here, isn't it? It's special.

SUSIE

Yes, it is, it's very special -

SUSIE glances again at the LADDER ...

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I have to go -

MR. HARVEY

I don't want you to leave.

SUSIE stares at him, frozen with fear.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)

(quiet control)

I'm not going to hurt you, Susie.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE as the full horror of who and what this man is, hits her.

IN THAT MOMENT: SUSIE leaps up and makes a DASH for the LADDER! MR. HARVEY watches her calmly - the suddenly leaps forward, grabbing at SUSIE ...

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

WIDE ON: The silent CORNFIELD ... stars twinkle in the clear night sky.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT

SUSIE scrambles for the latch as MR. HARVEY reaches out to pull her off the LADDER ...

In desperation, she lashes out with her FOOT, knocking MR. HARVEY hard against the GROUND.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

SUDDENLY! The hatch is thrown open, and SUSIE scrambles from the underground room, out in to the fresh night air - she runs as fast as she can away in to the DARKNESS.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: RUTH walking down a DARKENED ROAD towards her HOUSE ... RUTH suddenly turns to look back towards the CORNFIELD, as if SENSING something behind her ... the wind picks up STRENGTH ... RAY'S NOTE flutters down the ROADSIDE towards her.

RUSHING SHOT: towards RUTH, wild, out of control.

CLOSE ON: RUTH'S face, puzzled ... she picks up the NOTE, looking at it ...

A great GUST of WIND suddenly picks up, causing the NOTE to FLAP VIOLENTLY in RUTH'S grasp ... SUSIE'S terrified FACE suddenly bursts out of the DARKNESS, rushing straight at RUTH ...

INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

LINDSEY sneaks out of her ROOM in her pyjamas ...the SOUND of VOICES DOWNSTAIRS. Half way down the stairs she sees JACK thumbing through the PHONE BOOK. ABIGAIL is on the PHONE.

ABIGAIL

If you see her - if you hear anything at all would you please just call. Thank you.

She hangs up the PHONE.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

She's not with the Steads.

Jack

Where are my keys?

JACK hunts for his KEYS.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where are they!?

ABIGAIL

I don't know honey! In the bowl by the door?

JACK sees his car keys, snatches them up and heads towards the door.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Jack could you just wait? Jack! Would you please just wait for the police?

As he leaves JACK grabs a SCHOOL PHOTO of SUSIE off the shelf on his way out the door.

JACK
Look, stay by the phone.

JACK leaves. ABIGAIL tries to hold herself in check.

LINDSEY
(murmuring)
Man, she's gonna be in so much trouble.

ABIGAIL looks up at LINDSEY.

ABIGAIL
(gently)
Go back to bed.

Sensing something is seriously wrong, LINDSEY retreats back to her room.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

IMAGES: JACK showing SUSIE'S PHOTO to various late-night TOWNSFOLK ... SEVEN-ELEVENS ... GAS STATION ... STREET CLEANERS.

EXT. TOWN STREETS/HEAVEN - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: SUSIE running down an EMPTY STREET, she desperately LOOKS AROUND for help, but all the buildings are dark and quiet.

INT. SALMON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: A DETECTIVE, LEN FENERMAN, stands in the LIVING ROOM with ABIGAIL ...

FENERMAN
Susan has been missing for, what is it?
Four hours now?

ABIGAIL
Susie - we call her Susie. Yes ... a
little more than four hours.

FENERMAN
Is this the first time she's run away?

ABIGAIL
(defensive)
She didn't run away. She's missing.

FENERMAN
Any problems at home? Family
difficulties?

ANGLE ON: LEN FENERMAN is looking at ABIGAIL intently.

ABIGAIL

No. There really are no problems - this is a happy ... she's a happy child. She's never done this before, Detective -

FENERMAN

I understand that. I just have to get a sense of what's going on here -

ABIGAIL

She's not home, and she always comes home.

(rising panic)

There's nothing going on. She's just missing!

FENERMAN

(soothing)

I understand -

EXT. TOWN STREETS/HEAVEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S FACE as she runs down the DARKENED street, sweat-streaked, breathing hard.

SUDDENLY! She sees her FATHER talking to a couple ...

SUSIE

(yelling)

Dad!!!

JACK doesn't hear her.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Dad!!!

JACK turns SUDDENLY as if he may have heard SUSIE'S VOICE ... SUSIE starts to move towards him.

At that moment, a WHITE CAR drives past SUSIE, momentarily obscuring JACK. When it clears, JACK has VANISHED.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

(screams)

DAAAD!!!

Confused and terrified SUSIE runs off down the EMPTY STREET.

INT. SALMON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: DETECTIVE FENERMAN is still asking ABIGAIL questions.

FENERMAN

Can you put together a list of all her friends, and their names and contact information and a description of what she was wearing -

ABIGAIL

Yes of course, well actually I could tell you that right now if you want to write it down. She was wearing a hand knitted wool hat...

EXT./INT. SALMON HOUSE/HEAVEN - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: SUSIE races across the LAWN and bursts into her HOUSE ... the LIVING ROOM is EMPTY. The LIGHTS are OFF.

SUSIE

(yelling)
Mom! Dad!

SUSIE listens for a RESPONSE ... SILENCE. Not quite.

SUSIE looks around the LIVING ROOM, hearing the faint WHISPER of a HUMAN VOICE.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

- and it has bells on the tassels. She didn't take her scarf this morning ...

INT. SALMON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL caught up in listing what SUSIE was wearing and carrying ...

ABIGAIL

- but she did wear her pink gloves. And she has a beige -

INT. SALMON HOUSE/HEAVEN - NIGHT

SUSIE can hear her mother's voice echoing through the EMPTY HOUSE.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

- canvas school bag and it's got -

SUSIE is CONFUSED ... she HURRIES UP the STAIRS.

SUSIE

Mom!

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

- Rock Star buttons pinned on it. She had English class today so she should have her copy of Othello ...

(voice fading off)

... and her school notebooks, her colored pencils ...

INT. SALMON HOUSE, HALLWAY/HEAVEN - NIGHT

SUSIE tentatively looks down the HALLWAY ... bright white LIGHT spills from a gap beneath the bottom of a BATHROOM DOOR, lighting wisps of drifting STEAM.

SUSIE is TENSE ... she creeps down the CORRIDOR towards the BATHROOM.

SUSIE slowly pushes the DOOR open ...

INT. BATHROOM/HEAVEN - NIGHT

SUSIE is standing in a SURREAL VERSION of MR. HARVEY'S BATHROOM.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE transfixed ... SUSIE'S EYES drift to MR. HARVEY'S CRUMPLED, MUDDY CLOTHES which lie discarded on the BATHROOM FLOOR ... bits of CORN HUSK and DRIED STALK adhere to MR. HARVEY'S MUDDIED BOOTS ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S FEET tread slowly across the BATHROOM FLOOR, leaving MUDDY PRINTS ... on the FLOOR ahead is a bundle of MR. HARVEY'S discarded CLOTHES. Diluted BLOOD trickles from his SHIRT, and runs under SUSIE'S FEET.

ANGLE ON: a FIGURE lying back in a BATH filled with water clouded with MUD and BLOOD. The MAN in the BATH lies back with a dirty WASH CLOTH over his face.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S EYES settle on a flash of SILVER that glints through the drifting STEAM ... it is MR. HARVEY'S RAZOR.

SUSIE slowly turns her HEAD and LOOKS at a sharp RAZOR. Next to the RAZOR, dangling from the FAUCET is SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET. She reaches out to touch it.

THE FIGURE in the BATH sits up and slowly pulls the WASH CLOTH from his face ... it is MR. HARVEY.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE ... dawning horror, as she realizes that MR. HARVEY took her LIFE!

The pressure inside SUSIE'S HEAD builds and builds ...

A HIGH WIND howls through the BATHROOM. SUSIE stares at MR. HARVEY with mounting horror ...

The RAZOR clatters from the sink and lands with a CLANG of metal on the BATHROOM FLOOR!

SUSIE SCREAMS! Her CRY is AMPLIFIED by the sound of RUSHING AIR.

MR HARVEY oblivious to anything else slowly, methodically washes himself.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE - A BLAZING WHITE LIGHT engulfs her. The ROOM burns to WHITE as if consumed by a hundred MAGNESIUM FLARES.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY (DECEMBER 7, 1973)

WIDE ON: FENERMAN gets out of his CAR at the CORNFIELD. He starts directing the search of the area ... several UNIFORMED OFFICERS, trail behind him.

FENERMAN
(issuing orders)
Secure that cordon! Jesus Christ! And
tape off the rest of the area before the
whole neighborhood shows up. Set up the
ICP at the School.

WIDE AS: FENERMAN hurries towards a HUDDLE of POLICE OFFICERS in the distance, a CRIME SCENE TAPE rises in the FOREGROUND.

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN crosses to another UNIFORMED OFFICER who is staring at the COLLAPSED HOLE in the GROUND.

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN kneels down examining a CHURNED UP PATCH of EARTH ... he spots something buried in the MUDDY GROUND ... using a PEN he carefully lifts the OBJECT free ...

UNIFORMED OFFICER # 1
What is that?

CLOSE ON: FENERMAN ... a MUD-CAKED WOOLLEN HAT sways from the edge of his PEN ... the BELLS on the end of it's tassels jingle softly.

FENERMAN (O.S.)
We found some evidence in the cornfield
behind the school.

INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S MUD MATTED, WOOLEN HAT, which lies on the dining room table in a sealed plastic bag evidence bag.

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN looking intently at ABIGAIL and JACK.

FENERMAN

There was a cavity in the earth ... a lot of debris - mostly loose wood, some broken crates; we think it's the remains of some kind of structure...

Abigail

And Susie?

FENERMAN

We didn't find her, Mrs. Salmon.

JACK

Well, that's good - isn't it? I mean you found Susie's hat - but you didn't find her. Which means we really don't know if she was there at all? I mean it's preferable - right?

ABIGAIL numbly watches as FENERMAN takes back the WOOLEN HAT that she knitted for her daughter ...

FENERMAN

We also found blood.

A single TEAR escapes down ABIGAIL'S face.

FENERMAN (CONT'D)

A significant amount of blood ...

A gasp of pain escapes from ABIGAIL'S LIPS.

FENERMAN (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry.

INT. JACK AND ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - DAWN

JACK is holding ABIGAIL, who is curled up in his arms.

ABIGAIL breaks down ...

JACK

We'll get through this ...

ABIGAIL

How?

JACK

I'm gonna take care of you, I'm gonna
take care of all of us. I'll make it
right -

ABIGAIL

You can't. You can't make this right,
Jack -

JACK kisses away her tears.

JACK

We're going to find her. I promise.
We'll bring her home.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The FLAMES of a SMALL FURNACE ...

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY, focussed and intent, rapidly tosses SUSIE'S
SCHOOL BOOKS; a pretty, floral-print GIRLS PENCIL CASE; her SCHOOL
BAG into the fire ...

MONTAGE: MR. HARVEY putting BLOODY TOWELS and CLOTHES into a WASHING
MACHINE ... MR. HARVEY quickly and efficiently wiping down surfaces
in his BATHROOM with BLEACH ... SWEEPING up dirt and debris that he
has tramped into the house from the CORNFIELD ...

INT/EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/GARAGE - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY carrying a load of WET LAUNDRY in a BASKET,
PEERS out from the shadow of his GARAGE.

A POLICE CAR cruises down the street and DISAPPEARS from view.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/FRONT YARD - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY emerges out of his GARAGE DOOR, carrying the
HEAVY BASKET of WET WASHING ... he suddenly HEARS muffled VOICES
coming from NEXT DOOR.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S NEIGHBOR - DAY

POV: DETECTIVE FENERMAN and another POLICE OFFICER are thanking one
of MR. HARVEY'S NEIGHBORS, MR. STEAD.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/FRONT YARD - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY makes an immediate u-turn, carrying the WASHING BASKET back into his house!

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/LAUNDRY - DAY

MR. HARVEY hurriedly puts the WET LAUNDRY back into the WASHING MACHINE.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/FRONT YARD - DAY

DETECTIVE FENERMAN and the DEPUTY make their way up MR. HARVEY'S DRIVEWAY.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/LAUNDRY - DAY

MR. HARVEY sees his MUDDY SHOES and quickly takes them to another part of the house.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/FRONT YARD - DAY

DETECTIVE FENERMAN and the DEPUTY are almost at MR. HARVEY'S FRONT DOOR.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLES ON: MR. HARVEY launches into a FLURRY of ACTION. He casts an expert eye around his sterile room. He breaks opens a packet of COOKIES...

FENERMAN knocks on THE DOOR!

MR. HARVEY PULLS OUT A CHAIR ... sprinkles CRUMBS on a plate ... opens a MAGAZINE ... takes a bite of a COOKIE ... staging his sterile house with a semblance of normalcy.

INT. FRONT DOOR, MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY absently opens the door ... dabbing his mouth with his handkerchief ...

FENERMAN
Mr. Harvey?

MR. HARVEY
Yes.

FENERMAN
Detective Len Fenerman.

MR. HARVEY shakes FENERMAN'S hand.

MR. HARVEY
(folksy)
How you doing?

FENERMAN
Do you have some time for a few
questions?

MR. HARVEY
Certainly. Come in. I know why you're
here of course.

INT. MR. HARVEY HOUSE - DAY

MR. HARVEY has made COFFEE. A PLATE of COOKIE sits on the table.

MR. HARVEY
I think when something like this
happens, you always blame yourself. All
I can think about now is: why didn't I
see something, or why didn't I hear
something? Because ... surely that young
girl must have screamed?

FENERMAN'S DEPUTY idly wanders towards the DINING ROOM.

MR. HARVEY proffers a PLATE of COOKIES to FENERMAN, who politely
declines.

MR. HARVEY bites into a COOKIE.

FENERMAN
If you could just think back - she was
wearing a blue jacket. Yellow corduroys
... similar clothes to these.

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN hands MR. HARVEY some PHOTOS.

MR. HARVEY
This blue jacket here?

FENERMAN
The darker blue jacket.

MR. HARVEY
Uh huh.

FENERMAN

And on the second photograph you can see the pants as well.

CLOSE ON: PHOTO #1 shows a mannikin wearing a BLUE PARKER JACKET similar to SUSIE'S BLUE JACKET and a pair of YELLOW CORDUROY TROUSERS and POMPOM HAT.

MR. HARVEY shakes his HEAD.

MR. HARVEY

No ... it does not ring a bell.

The last PHOTO is of SUSIE herself, looking up at CAMERA, her CHARM BRACELET dangling from her wrist.

FENERMAN

But you were home that day?

MR. HARVEY

What day?

FENERMAN

Last Wednesday.

MR. HARVEY

Last Wednesday?

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY lowers the LAST PHOTO ... and his gaze alights upon his WORK TABLE ... there is something SHINY and SILVER, lying near a HALF FINISHED DOLLS HOUSE.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY realizes SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET is lying on the TABLE ... his eyes shift back to FENERMAN ... his mind racing, playing for time.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)

Last Wednesday? No, I was home all day. I mean I probably went out and ran a few errands or something like that ... but I was here all day. For the most part.

MR. HARVEY casts a glance after the DEPUTY who is looking at bits and pieces at the WORK TABLE.

FENERMAN

Okay. Good - thank you.

FENERMAN stands and gathers the EVIDENCE PHOTOS.

FENERMAN (CONT'D)

You're married?

MR. HARVEY

I was.

FENERMAN

But you have kids?

FENERMAN gestures to the HALF FINISHED DOLLS HOUSE on the DINING ROOM TABLE.

MR. HARVEY

No. I wish.

FENERMAN

Mind if I take a look?

MR. HARVEY hesitates for a tiny beat ...

MR. HARVEY

No.

FENERMAN walks over to the DOLLS HOUSE with MR. HARVEY following closely behind.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)

I make everything myself.

FENERMAN

Really?

MR. HARVEY

Oh, yes. I turn the bannisters myself.
Make all the shingles and the furniture
...

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY deftly picks up SUSIE'S BRACELET which is sitting on top of a piece of MINIATURE FURNITURE and slips it into his pocket.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)

I used to do cabinet making, but there's not much call for that these days. Maybe I spend too much time on these things but, it's the perfectionist in me I guess.

FENERMAN

Well, it shows.

MR. HARVEY

Thank you.

FENERMAN

That's amazing craftsmanship.

CLOSE ON: FENERMAN peering into the DOLLS HOUSE.

MR. HARVEY

I took a risk and tried something new
and discovered a talent that I didn't
know I had.

ANGLE ON: From inside the DOLLS HOUSE we see MR. HARVEY watching
closely as FENERMAN studies his intricate work.

FENERMAN

What's that ... underneath the stairs?

MR. HARVEY smiles, proudly ...

MR. HARVEY

That would be the basement.

MR. HARVEY reaches into the DOLLS HOUSE and pushes open the BASEMENT
DOOR under the STAIRS.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

LINDSEY, dressed in her pyjamas, slowly pushes open the DOOR to
JACK'S STUDY.

ANGLE ON: JACK, slumped in his CHAIR.

LINDSEY

(softly)
Dad?

JACK'S eyes meet LINDSEY'S, grief stricken, desolate.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

She's dead, isn't she?

DISSOLVE TO WHITE.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

IMAGES: of SUSIE being swept through a BUFFETING LIGHT STORM ...
WEIRD VISUAL IMAGERY ... she is ENGULFED in a SEA OF translucent
LIGHTS which RACE past her towards an unknown destination - hundreds
of SOULS streaming through the air leaving LIGHT TRAILS like tiny sky
rockets.

SUSIE (V.O.)

*I was slipping away ... that's what it
felt like ... life was leaving me ...*

SUSIE feels her HAND contact with something SOLID ... her FINGERS scrape along vivid GRASS. She clutch at a fragile FLOWER STEM, but it has the strength of steel, and she swings from it while the WORLD does a complete ROTATE ... finally DUMPING her onto WET SPRING GRASS.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But I wasn't afraid.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE lying on a bed of grass, surrounded by TOWERING LARGE HILLS ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then I remembered ...

EXT. HEAVEN/GRASSY FIELD - DAY

SUSIE stands, looking up at the SKY ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
There was something I was meant to do.

SUSIE'S POV: THE MOONLIT SKY turns to DAY in an instant ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Somewhere I was meant to be.

The strange world shifts and changes ... SUSIE's eyes alight upon a new vista ...

SUSIE POV: a SILVERY LAKE, encircled by a RING of MOUNTAINS.

A GAZEBO is sitting in the MIDDLE of the lake. The WHITE STRUCTURE glimmers in the MOONLIGHT. THE MOON holds the faint IMAGE of the CLOCK FACE.

A familiar FIGURE stands inside the GAZEBO.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
 Ray?

SUSIE is drawn to the LAKE SHORE ...

SUSIE (CONT'D)
 Ray!

SUSIE ... eyes alive with excitement. RAY turns, his image REFLECTED on the LAKE SURFACE. He doesn't hear her.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
 (calling)
 Ray!

CLOSE ON: SUSIE, as SUNLIGHT starts to stream onto her face.

ANGLE ON: SUNRISE over the MOUNTAINS ... the BRIGHT SUN is slowly unfurling behind the MOUNTAINS.

The IMAGE of RAY in the GAZEBO is consumed by the glinting spots of SUNLIGHT on the WATER behind ... the screen burns out to a bright white light ...

EXT. OLD QUARRY - NIGHT

The HEADLIGHTS of an approaching CAR ...

The darkened outline of a DISUSED QUARRY ... as MR. HARVEY'S WAGON crawls along.

WIDE ON: Under the COLD LIGHT of a WINTER'S MOON, MR. HARVEY wends his way through towering SLAG HEAPS and WATER FILLED HOLES. It looks like an ALIEN LANDSCAPE.

EXT. HEAVEN/BARLEY FIELD - DAY

ANGLE ON: the GAZEBO now sits in a sunny BARLEY FIELD! SUSIE is RUNNING towards RAY ACROSS THE BARLEY!

CLOSE ON: SUSIE suddenly SLOWS DOWN ... she finds herself in thigh deep WATER.

WIDE ON: The BARLEY FIELD heaves and rolls like an OCEAN, rising BARLEY slopes, break into WHITE CAPS, and tumbling WAVES. BARLEY WAVES smash against it the GAZEBO.

EXT. OLD QUARRY - NIGHT

MR. HARVEY'S CAR stops and he gets out and walks to the edge of a LARGE MAN MADE LAKE.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET in MR. HARVEY'S HAND.

EXT. HEAVEN/BARLEY FIELD - DAY

CLOSE ON: SUSIE struggles in the WATER, now rising above her waist.

SUSIE
Ray! Wait! Ray!

ANGLE ON: The GAZEBO pitches and TOSSES like a SHIP in a STORM.

EXT. OLD QUARRY - NIGHT

Impulsively MR. HARVEY yanks the LITTLE HOUSE CHARM off the silver link chain

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY hurls the BRACELET high into the AIR.

EXT. HEAVEN/BARLEY FIELD - DAY

SUSIE struggles to reach the GAZEBO, but she is floundering in the surreal sea of water ...

She begins to go under ...

EXT. OLD QUARRY - NIGHT

SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET arcs up and over the CHASM of the QUARRY LAKE ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET as it sinks through the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER HEAVEN - DAY

CLOSE ON: SUSIE in the WATER as her head slowly disappears beneath the WAVES.

SUSIE sinks away from CAMERA, her hair DRIFTING, EYES open.

SUSIE drifts UNDERWATER past the LIGHTHOUSE down towards a SURREAL underwater version of the SALMON HOUSE.

HIGH ANGLE: SUSIE lands peacefully on a BED. Her BRACELET falls past camera towards her.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S eyes open.

CAMERA CRANES up and AWAY ... as it does, the WATER disappears and SUSIE is LYING on the floor of the GAZEBO, as the CAMERA continues pulling away. The GAZEBO sits on the FOREST FLOOR.

EXT. HEAVEN FOREST/GAZEBO - DAY

WIDE ON: SUSIE steps out of the GAZEBO ... she is in the middle of a thick mossy FOREST.

Something draws her back towards the GAZEBO ... RAY'S FOLDED NOTE lying on the WOODEN SEAT.

SUSIE picks up the NOTE and reads it.

RAY (V.O.)
*If I had but an hour of love,
 If that be all is given me,
 An hour of love upon this earth...*

SUSIE (V.O.)
 (reading)
*I would give my love to thee ... The
 Moor.*

ANGLE ON: SUSIE is transfixed by the NOTE. She leans against the GAZEBO, and CLOSES HER EYES.

In the forest SHADOWY IMAGES OF PEOPLE flit through the TREES. Amongst these IMAGES we see RAY SINGH alone in the GAZEBO in the mall. RUTH CONNORS approaches.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE opens her eyes ... she looks out from the GAZEBO. She can see something ...

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

ANGLE ON: a gleaming WHITE GAZEBO ... RAY SINGH sits quietly on the bench.

RUTH
 Are you 'The Moor'?

ANGLE ON: RAY looks up and sees: RUTH CONNORS standing over him.

RAY
 Why?

CLOSE ON: RUTH CONNORS fumbles in her BAG, pulling out a crumpled piece of PAPER. She hands it to RAY.

CLOSE ON: the POEM RAY wrote to SUSIE. He looks sharply at RUTH.

INTERCUT WITH: SUSIE is WATCHING from the GAZEBO.

RUTH
 I think this belongs to you.

RAY
 Where did you get this?

RUTH
 I found it.

RAY looks a bit sick, but RUTH is oblivious. She sits down next to him.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I write poetry. You're quite good.

RAY
(irritated)
Don't you have somewhere to go?

ANGLE ON: RUTH stares at RAY with sympathy ...

RUTH
You miss her, don't you?

RAY looks at RUTH.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I never knew what 'dead' meant.

RAY doesn't answer ...

RUTH (CONT'D)
I used think it meant lost ... frozen.

RAY
It means gone. She's gone.

RUTH
What if she isn't?

Something in RUTH'S voice makes RAY look up.

RUTH (CONT'D)
(low)
What if she's still here?

FLASH IMAGE: SUSIE'S RUNNING, but doesn't appear to be touching the ground ... she looks back at RUTH, veiled in a strange light, a terrified scream fixed on her face ...

EXT. HEAVEN FOREST/GAZEBO - DAY

HOLLY
You're not supposed to do that...

ANGLE ON: SUSIE turns, startled.

SUSIE
What?

ANGLE ON: a VIETNAMESE GIRL, close to SUSIE'S own age, is walking through the woods towards her.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
 (confused)
 Who are you?

HOLLY
 (ignoring SUSIE's question)
 She saw you - that girl.

SUSIE
 (remembering)
 I think my hand touched hers ...

HOLLY
 Yes, that's all it takes. She carry it
 now for the rest of her life.
 (explaining)
 You're not supposed to look back, you're
 supposed to keep going.

HOLLY moves off, heading away from the GAZEBO. SUSIE hesitates for a moment, then decides to follow her ...

SUSIE
 Hey! Come back -

ANGLE ON: SUSIE hurrying after HOLLY.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
 (calling)
 Who are you!?

HOLLY
 (brightly)
 I'm Holly - Holly Golightly.

SUSIE
 That doesn't sound like a real name.

HOLLY
 It isn't. I borrowed it. You can do that
 up here.

SUSIE
 Up here? You mean in Heaven?

HOLLY laughs and mutters under her breath in VIETNAMESE ...

HOLLY
 You're funny.

SUSIE doesn't get it.

SUSIE
 What's funny about it?

HOLLY

This isn't Heaven. You're not there yet.

THE FOREST turns from FALL to a SNOWY WINTER landscape....

SUSIE

What is this place?

... to SUNLIT hills amongst ROWS of fully grown CORN ...

HOLLY

This place not really one place ... and
also is not the other place.

... to the shores of a LARGE LAKE.

A GIANT RAINBOW patterned BALL is carried along on a tide of surf.

SUSIE looks around her.

SUSIE

(realizing)

It's bits of both ...

SUSIE and HOLLY move through and ever shifting landscape ... from
night to day and back again ...

In the DISTANCE SUSIE can see the SPREADING, GREEN CANOPY of a tall
OLIVE TREE ... rising out of a SEA of GOLD.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

What is that?

HOLLY

That's where we're going.

SUSIE walks forward ... caught by a sense of wonderment that
surrounds the distant TREE ...

SUSIE (V.O.)

*Holly said there was another place. A
wide, wide heaven beyond everything we
knew. Where there was no cornfield, no
memory ...*

SUSIE POV: the TREE seems to disappear into an endless horizon of sky
and water ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... no grave.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

SUSIE (V.O.)
*But I wasn't looking beyond yet ... I
was still looking back.*

JACK sits alone in his STUDY ... he looks up at the rows and rows of BOTTLES lining the SHELVES of his STUDY.

JACK picks up a SHIP-IN-A-BOTTLE ...

HOLLY (O.S.)
You can't go back ...

EXT. HEAVEN/BEACH - DUSK

SUSIE turns and looks at HOLLY as if seeing her for the first time.

SUSIE
Who are you?

HOLLY
(urging)
It's over ... come with me.

SUSIE backs away from HOLLY.

SUSIE
I don't know you ... why are you here?

HOLLY
You need to let go of earth.

SUSIE stares at HOLLY blankly, not wanting to hear what she is saying.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
You're dead, Susie - you have to leave.

SUSIE stares at HOLLY ... she comes to a decision

SUSIE
(realization)
I have to go home.

ANGLE ON: ... the strange TREE ... the leaves suddenly shift suddenly alighting like a flock of birds, lifting up into the air ... real birds now taking flight into the sky ...

The BRANCHES of the TREE are now BARE.

SUSIE turns, moving away from HOLLY ... who sadly watches her leave.

EXT. HEAVEN/BIG SURF BEACH - DUSK

WIDE ON: SUSIE running on a VAST EMPTY BEACH; BLUE SEA and GOLDEN SAND.

SUSIE POV: amid the POUNDING SURF ... SUSIE sees GIGANTIC SHIPS in BOTTLES tossed and carried on the TIDE!

ANGLE ON: SUSIE stares at the GIANT BOTTLES ... transfixed.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

JACK smashes the BOTTLE ... he picks up another ... SMASH ... the BOTTLE shatters ...

EXT. HEAVEN/BIG SURF BEACH - DUSK

ANGLE ON: JACK'S reflection can be seen in a GIANT SIZE SHIP in a BOTTLE. The BOTTLE smashes on to ROCKS.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

Glass flies through the air as JACK smashes more and more of his collection of SHIPS-IN-BOTTLES ...

EXT. HEAVEN/BIG SURF BEACH - DUSK

Another GIANT SHIP-IN-A-BOTTLE SHATTERS on a ROCK!

ANGLE ON: SUSIE, still running, watches.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

JACK continues to smash BOTTLES.

INT. BUCKLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ABIGAIL lies holding BUCKLEY in her arms ... listening to JACK's pain and grief ...

EXT. HEAVEN/BIG SURF BEACH - DUSK

WIDE ON: More GIANT SHIP-IN-A-BOTTLES are SMASHED onto to ROCKS!

ANGLE ON: SUSIE, watches, horrified. In the distance, is a LIGHTHOUSE.

ANGLE ON: A BEAM of LIGHT sweeps over the BEACH.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE sees the LIGHTHOUSE and runs from it. She is now running towards a large CLOCK FACE, the HANDS of the clock spinning BACKWARDS.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

JACK is surrounded by shards of glass ...

CRUMPLED MODELS of SHIPS lie BROKEN on the floor. JACK takes the LAST BOTTLE from the SHELF ... it is the one we saw him make with SUSIE ... JACK stares at it for a moment ... he cannot bring himself to break it ...

JACK slides down the wall, holding the BOTTLE, SOBBING.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

MR. HARVEY sitting alone in his BASEMENT, staring at something off camera ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*My murderer began to feel safe. He knew
 people wanted to move on ...*

CLOSE ON: ... MR. HARVEY'S fingers toying with SUSIE'S SMALL HOUSE CHARM ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*... they needed to forget. He took
 comfort in the thought ...*

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY drawing his CURTAINS.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... no-one was looking at him.

INT. JACK'S STUDY, SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: JACK as he stares at the last remaining SHIP-IN-BOTTLE.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*But there was one thing my murderer
 didn't understand. He didn't understand
 ...*

CLOSE ON: JACK gently places the SHIP-IN-BOTTLE, now with a burning CANDLE melted on top of it, on to the WINDOW LEDGE.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*... how much a father could love his
child.*

He stares into the FLAME.

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DUSK

The SUN is below the horizon. The GAZEBO, lit from within, emanates a warm glow.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE steps into the POOL of WARM LIGHT ...

EXT/INT. SALMON HOUSE/JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

WIDE ON: From outside we see the CANDLE suddenly FLICKER ... the FLAME appears to burn brighter ...

In his STUDY, JACK stares at it ... TRANSFIXED.

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DUSK

SUSIE stares into the DARKNESS ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S FACE fills with HOPE ...

SUSIE
(quietly)
Dad?

INT. JACK'S STUDY, SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

JACK sits upright ... eyes locked on to a fleeting glimpse of SUSIE ... he reaches out to touch her ...

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DUSK

ANGLE ON: SUSIE ... her FACE showing both SURPRISE and JOY! She reaches out ...

For one brief moment, she and her father are reunited ... before the IMAGE fades ...

ANGLE ON: SUSIE turns back towards HOLLY, her face alight with joy!

SUSIE

It's okay ... it's gonna be okay! He
knows I'm here ...
(relief)
My Dad knows I'm here.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE - still surrounded by the warm light of her father's love.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was still with him ...

INT. JACK'S STUDY SALMON - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: JACK stares at the darkened window ... TRANSFIXED.

He is unnerved ... but part of his mind is convinced ... he has just seen his DEAD DAUGHTER.

SUSIE (V.O.)

I wasn't lost, or frozen or gone ...

BRIGHTLY COLOURED BUTTERFLIES flit PAST CAMERA ... filling the screen . The camera follows them up into the air ...

EXT. HEAVEN/MEADOW PARK - DAY

ON THE SOUNDTRACK: *Alice* - by The Cocteau Twins

...into a GREEN PARK-LIKE MEADOW. SUSIE and HOLLY look at each other in excitement! They are now in the MEADOW wearing BUTTERFLY DRESS, TWIRLING AROUND!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: They are now on a GRASS COVERED GLOBE spinning in a BLUE SKY.

CRANE DOWN: to find the girls in NEW OUTFITS DANCING about amongst a GIANT FANTASTIC TOPIARY landscape. A TOPIARY HOT AIR BALLOON floats in the SKY.

INT. SALMON HOUSE/SUSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JACK steps into the room and turns the BEDSIDE LAMP ... revealing SUSIE'S BEDROOM ... it is exactly as she left it on the morning she disappeared.

SUSIE'S BED is unmade, there are CLOTHES on the FLOOR, books and magazines lie scattered carelessly around the room. The DRESSING TABLE is a jumble of make-up, cheap jewelry, hair ties and trinkets.

He sees SUSIE'S unprocessed ROLLS of FILM still lying on her BED.

JACK picks up the SNOWGLOBE from beside SUSIE'S BED. He stares into it intently ...

INT. HEAVEN/MEADOW PARK - DAY

ANGLES ON: SUSIE and HOLLY having fun in yet another gorgeous outfit ...

ANGLE ON: SUSIE is now in an outrageous PLASTIC RAINCOAT with matching HAT and UMBRELLA. CLICK! SUSIE'S image freezes and is now on the COVER of GROOVY TEEN MAGAZINE!

Follow SUSIE to another SUSIE dressed in a NEW OUTFIT reading ROMANCE MAGAZINES with HOLLY wearing a similar OUTFIT. HOLLY'S MAGAZINE features herself in a lurid embrace on the COVER.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE reading an identical magazine featuring SUSIE in the embrace of a man who looks very much like RAY.

Track past the girls to a CUT OUT CITY SCENE with a CUT OUT SUSIE sliding across a PARK BENCH towards a CUT OUT RAY. The LAMP next to the BENCH LIGHTS up.

TILT UP: into the DARKENING SKY. A GIANT PORTABLE RECORD PLAYER FLOATS BY. HOLLY and SUSIE are now dressed in LEOPARD PRINT OUTFITS and GLITTER BOOTS. They dance around on the SPINNING RECORD.

ANGEL ON: SUSIE spins around as she turns in a circle the LEOPARD PRINT OUTFIT becomes a GYPSY DRESS. A CITYSCAPE emerges in the background.

FLASHBULBS go off in the NIGHT SKY. The FLASHBULBS become HUNDREDS of GLITTERING STARS. The STARS FALL ...

SUSIE is now in a PARK twirling and laughing with HOLLY! Packs of BEAUTIFUL DOGS run free on an expanse of green grass ... HOLLY and SUSIE prance around amidst the DOGS. A handsome little BLACK PUG in a HARNESS trots past.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE and HOLLY, seated on a TOBOGGAN and dressed in fancy SNOW OUTFITS, hurtle out of the PARK pulled by the BLACK PUG DOG.

EXT. HEAVEN/SNOWY MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

CLOSE ON: SUSIE screaming as they rocket down the mountain side ... doing impossible STUNTS! A complete FANTASY RIDE!

They DISAPPEAR off the LIP of a great SLOPE ... the CAMERA races after them!

The SCREAMING girls land on another SNOWY HILL, the TOBOGGAN racing at BREAK NECK speed!

GIANT ICE SCULPTURES of CHARMS from SUSIE'S BRACELET lie in the SNOW. A BICYCLE ... a SHIP-IN-A-BOTTLE ... a THIMBLE ... a HOUSE ... a BELL.

As the girls race across an ICED-OVER LAKE, the image of a RED CAMELLIA unfurls under the ICE.

INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: JACK ... still holding SUSIE's snow globe as flakes of SWIRLING SNOW CASCADE down inside ...

BUCKLEY (O.S.)
Dad?

JACK looks up, startled ... his young son is standing in the doorway ...

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
I saw Susie.

JACK sits down heavily on SUSIE's bed, he doesn't know what to say.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
She came into my room. She kissed me on the cheek.

JACK
Come here, buddy.

JACK scoops BUCKLEY up into his arms, holding him close.

JACK (CONT'D)
I saw her too.

BUCKLEY
Dad?
(whisper)
I think she listens.

ANGLE ON: BUCKLEY asleep in JACK'S ARMS ...

CLOSE ON: a SHOE BOX marked in SUSIE's hand "ROLLS TO DEVELOP - ONE PER MONTH." The BOX is full of SUSIE's undeveloped FILMS.

JACK's HAND hovers over the KODAK INSTAMATIC CANISTERS ... he selects one at random and slips it into his POCKET, as he carries a sleeping BUCKLEY back to his room.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

ANGLE ON: JACK emerging from a PHOTO STORE, holding a KODAK ENVELOPE of developed PHOTOS.

He joins ABIGAIL, who has been waiting outside ... JACK rips open the PACKET and begins to thumb through them, oblivious to the busy tide of SHOPPERS surging around him.

JACK

Look at these. Some of these are good!
What great photos.

CLOSE ON: grainy, washed out 1970's INSTAMATIC PHOTOS of random, every day objects ... everything and anything that had caught SUSIE's imagination ...

JACK (CONT'D)

(affectionate)
She had promise don't you think?

ABIGAIL doesn't want to look at the PHOTOS.

ABIGAIL

Honey, why don't you get them all developed. This one roll a month thing is -

JACK

That must be one of her 'artistic' shots!

ABIGAIL

- is really crazy! It's crazy.

JACK

Why?

ABIGAIL

Why do you want to keep this thing dragging out like this -

JACK

We're not dragging it out. We made a deal.

ABIGAIL stops ... she looks at JACK, stricken.

ABIGAIL

There is no deal, Jack.

CLOSE ON: JACK ... he doesn't see it that way. For him - there is a deal - a promise he made to SUSIE ... and he's not about to break it.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - DAY

ANGLE ON: JACK, sitting at his desk, which is now covered in PHONE BOOKS and an AERIAL MAP ... he picks up the PHONE and starts dialling ...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

FENERMAN strides through a BUSY POLICE STATION to his OFFICE. He picks up his PHONE which is ringing.

FENERMAN
Fenerman?

INT. JACK'S STUDY - DAY

ANGLE ON: JACK has PHONE BOOKS and HAND-WRITTEN NOTES in front of him ... he is on the phone...

JACK
Len, I had to call you. Susie is a smart kid ...

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

MR. HARVEY pushing a TROLLEY loaded with finished DOLLS' HOUSES through the busy MALL ... he waves at a group of young girls who look at the DOLLS' HOUSES excitedly ...

JACK (O.S.)
... she would never go off with a stranger. It had to be someone she knew, somebody local.

MONTAGE:

INTERCUTTING between JACK'S STUDY ... as his desk becomes more and more cluttered with names and pieces of paper ...

LEN, sitting at his desk in the POLICE STATION, tired, overworked ... his ashtray overflowing with CIGARETTE BUTTS ... as he tries, patiently, to humour JACK's mounting obsession ...

MR. HARVEY ... sitting quietly at his KITCHEN TABLE, cutting a picture of SUSIE out of a newspaper and neatly pasting into an ALBUM containing clippings ...

LINDSEY doing sit-ups and push-ups in her bedroom ... she can hear her father's muffled voice making yet another phone call to LEN FENERMAN ...

INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DUSK

PUSHING IN on SUSIE as she watches all of this unfold ...

LEN (O.S.)

Jack, listen to me. We're working around the clock. None of us are getting any sleep. We're gonna get this guy.

INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

The FRONT DOOR flies open. JACK enters the LIVING ROOM, full of energy and dragging a TROLLEY of FILE CARTONS behind him.

JACK notices LEN standing in the KITCHEN ... ABIGAIL sits at the small table ... cups of coffee in front of her ...

JACK

Len - I'm glad you're here! I was just going to call you.

FENERMAN joins JACK in the LIVING ROOM. ABIGAIL stays in the KITCHEN.

FENERMAN

Yeah - I got your messages.

JACK

I've been at the Public Records Office all day. Looking at employment histories, voter registration, insurance claims ... I've got a lot of stuff to go over here.

FENERMAN hesitates, trying to be diplomatic.

FENERMAN

Look, Jack, I appreciate your input.

JACK

Hey, I wanna be involved.

FENERMAN

That's terrific. But - about these calls you've been making to the station-

JACK starts unpacking the BOXES.

JACK

If I feel I'm on to something - I'm going let you know. I'm not going to hold anything back - I'm gonna share it all with you.

FENERMAN

Well, you really don't need to do that Jack.

JACK hands FENERMAN a FILE.

JACK

Now, there's a few people here you need to take a look at - Joe Ellis - dropped out of High School, can't keep a job. The guy's got a history of lighting fires.

JACK pulls another FILE out to show FENERMAN.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here's another one -

FENERMAN

(firmer)

This is police work. Jack - this is what we do!

FENERMAN sits at the TABLE with JACK.

FENERMAN (CONT'D)

(gently)

Look, I know it's been eleven months ... but too many people doing the same job - it's just not going to work, you understand?

CLOSE ON: JACK looking at FENERMAN ...

JACK & KIDS

I get it Len, I get it ...

FENERMAN looks relieved.

JACK

I just think you're coming at it from the wrong angle. I know you're looking at the obvious suspects - convicted felons, child molesters - and I understand why. But Len, you need to approach this from a simpler place ... Herman Stolfuz ... Just across the street -

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL standing in the DOORWAY ..

ABIGAIL

Honey -

JACK

- now he appears to be perfectly normal
But Len - the man wears adult diapers. I
followed him in the supermarket. His
shopping cart was filled with them.

ABIGAIL

Jack, Herman is eighty years old.

JACK

I know that honey, I know -

ABIGAIL

He has a prostate problem.

LEN looks uncomfortable.

JACK

My point is - We need to start working
backwards. Start looking at family
histories, criminal records, mental
health issues -

ABIGAIL

Jack! This -

JACK

What?

ABIGAIL

This doesn't change anything.

JACK ignores her.

JACK

Did I mention taxes! Len, you can tell a
lot about a person from taxes -

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL, tense, is staring at JACK.

ABIGAIL

Please will you just stop it. Stop it
now! Will you just stop!

JACK stares at ABIGAIL.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Can't you just leave it alone!!

FENERMAN watches as ABIGAIL hurries out of the room. He looks at
JACK.

FENERMAN

Jack, I know you've been trying to deal with this in your own way, but she is not coping very well. She needs help, Jack. She needs someone to help her get through this.

CLOSE ON: JACK looking thoughtful ...

EXT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

TRACKING: A luggage-laden TAXI pulls into the SALMON driveway. A THIN, ELEGANT WOMAN steps out of the BACK SEAT - GRANDMA LYNN has returned.

BUCKLEY comes rushing out of the HOUSE.

BUCKLEY

(excited)

Grandma's here! Grandma! Grandma's here!

INT. HALLWAY, SALMON HOUSE - DAY

ABIGAIL and JACK confront each other; talking in low voices.

ABIGAIL

What's my mother doing here?

JACK

Look, you're not coping. Len's worried. I'm worried. Your mother offered to help.

ABIGAIL stares at JACK as if he doesn't understand her at all.

ABIGAIL

You invited her here?!?

INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN, CIGARETTE in hand, steps inside, SWATHED in an EXPENSIVE FUR COAT. BUCKLEY and JACK struggle into the HOUSE with HEAVY SUITCASES.

GRANDMA LYNN

Daaaarling!

ABIGAIL

Hello, Mother.

ABIGAIL dutifully kisses her MOTHER.

GRANDMA LYNN
Watch the hair sweetheart.

GRANDMA LYNN looks ABAGAIL up and down.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Look at you. Are you eating?

ABIGAIL
Uh huh.

JACK puts down the SUITCASES.

JACK
Is this all of it?

GRANDMA LYNN
Don't be ridiculous! That's just my make-up.

GRANDMA LYNN takes JACK'S face between her hands.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
You are still as handsome as hell, Jack!

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY, in jogging gear, walks straight past GRANDMA LYNN without saying a word.

JACK
Lindsey, honey? Aren't you going to say hello?

Without a word LINDSEY is out the FRONT DOOR, taking HOLIDAY with her.

GRANDMA LYNN
The child hates me.

GRANDMA LYNN makes a beeline for the LIQUOR CABINET.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
So, what'll it be, Jack?

JACK
Actually, I'm not drinking these days.

GRANDMA LYNN
Well - that's your problem in a nutshell.

INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

ON THE SOUND TRACK: *LONG COOL WOMAN IN A BLACK DRESS* by The Hollies.

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN crosses the darkened LIVING ROOM and yanks open the CURTAINS ...

BUCKLEY (O.S.)
Are we still a family?

PAN down to find LINDSEY and BUCKLEY staring at their GRANDMOTHER who is swallowing a bunch of ALKA SELTZERS ...

GRANDMA LYNN
Of course we're a family. Your mother's in crises and your father's a wreck.

LINDSEY
(heavy sarcasm)
What does that make you?

GRANDMA LYNN swallows the PILLS ... she looks at her GRANDCHILDREN.

GRANDMA LYNN
I'm in charge.

MONTAGE:

GRANDMA LYNN cleaning and smoking simultaneously; sweeping floor debris under rugs ... wrestling with a VACUUM CLEANER.

IMAGE: GRANDMA LYNN is pulling clothes out of a DRYER into a WASHING BASKET ... she stares puzzled at a tiny SHRUNKEN T-SHIRT ... pan on to BUCKLEY who is wearing another SHRUNKEN T-SHIRT.

She VICIOUSLY KICKS the washing machine ... flooding the laundry with SUDS!

LINDSEY is occupied with homework in the LIVING ROOM.

In the background, GRANDMA LYNN is preparing dinner.

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN in the KITCHEN ... she is attempting to cook dinner ...

FLAMES leap out from under the grill ...

LINDSEY looks up startled! GRANDMA LYNN calmly throws a vase of FLOWERS over the fire and sits back down as if nothing has happened.

CLOSE ON: GRANDMA LYNN sprawled on the TOP BUNK, unconscious and fully clothed. BUCKLEY gingerly lifts her EYESHADE, she blinks, her eyes ringed with mascara, looking like a rheumy-eyed panda.

GRANDMA LYNN giving a doubtful LINDSEY a HOMEMADE MAKE-OVER ... she slaps cold tea bags on LINDSEY's eyes ... plasters oatmeal over her face and cracks egg yolks into her head ... smoking the whole time ...

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN and BUCKLEY dancing amidst the SOAP SUDS!

INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL picking up discarded clothes off BUCKLEY'S FLOOR ... BUCKLEY chatters away, but is washed over ABIGAIL in a blur of sound ...

INSERT: GRANDMA LYNN knocking back SCOTCH as she does the housework.

ABAGAIL exits and moves automatically towards SUSIE'S room.

CLOSE ON: ABIGAIL as she stops in front of SUSIE'S OPEN door ... she hesitates a moment before reaching out and quietly closing it.

She can't enter.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

LINDSEY and HOLIDAY are jogging down the street. HOLIDAY stops outside MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE and BARKS in the direction of the CAR parked in the DRIVEWAY.

LINDSEY looks towards the HOUSE. She an uneasy feeling.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY sitting in his CAR watching LINDSEY through his REAR-VISION MIRROR.

She notices him in the car, and having been spotted he immediately gets out.

HOLIDAY barks and growls louder.

MR. HARVEY
(to Holiday)
Alright. Okay.

MR. HARVEY stops and looks intently at LINDSEY.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
You're the Salmon girl, right?

LINDSEY is taken aback. HOLIDAY barks at him again.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
(to Holiday)
Okay ... okay ...

MR. HARVEY turns and goes inside. LINDSEY is rooted to the spot.

LINDSEY pulls HOLIDAY away from MR. HARVEY'S house, and jogs away.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY watches her from his BEDROOM WINDOW.

INT. BUCKLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: GRANDMAS LYNN pours a healthy SLUG of SCOTCH into a GLASS.

ANGLE ON: BUCKLEY PAINTING GRANDMA LYNN'S TOENAILS. LYNN is lying on the top bunk in BUCKLEY'S BEDROOM, a CIGARETTE in one hand, a GLASS of SCOTCH in the other.

BUCKLEY
Grnadma, I know where Susie is.

GRANDMA LYNN
Yeah, Susie's gone to Heaven,
sweetheart.

BUCKLEY
Lindsey said there is no Heaven.

GRANDMA LYNN
(matter of fact)
Alright then, she's dead.

BUCKLEY ponders this for a moment.

BUCKLEY
You might be dead soon.

GRANDMA LYNN
Why do you say that?

BUCKLEY
Because you're old.

GRANDMA LYNN
Thirty five is not old. You've been
sniffing too much of that nail polish.
And anyway - nothing's going to happen
to me - you know why?

She picks up her glass of SCOTCH ...

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Because I take my medicine every day.

GRANDMA LYNN knocks back a large swig of liquor.

BUCKLEY
(conspiratorial)
Grandma - she's here.

GRANDMA LYNN

What?

ANGLE ON: BUCKLEY points to his DRAWING.

CLOSE ON: A CHILD'S CRAYON DRAWING ... the EARTH curves in a GREEN HILL ... above it a thick BLUE LINE of CRAYON separates the EARTH and the SKY.

BUCKLEY points to the thick BLUE LINE of crayon that separates the air from the ground.

BUCKLEY

Susie's in the 'Inbetween'

WHITE LIGHT fills the screen.

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

DISSOLVE TO: Looking out through a WINDOW is the LIGHTHOUSE sitting in a FIELD of BROKEN CORNSTALKS. A SUBURBAN HOUSE sits at the base of the LIGHTHOUSE. The LIGHTHOUSE BEAM swings around.

CUT TO: SUSIE on the GAZEBO FLOOR asleep, the LIGHTHOUSE BEAM washing over her.

SUSIE (V.O.)

*I was in the blue horizon between heaven
and earth. The days were unchanging and
every night I dreamed the same dream.*

SUSIE'S eyes open ...

SUSIE slowly stands and steps out of the GAZEBO, expecting it to stop her. It doesn't. She walks across the BROKEN CORNSTALKS towards the LIGHTHOUSE.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*The smell of damp earth, the scream that
no-one heard, the sound of my heart
beating like a hammer against cloth.*

CLOSE ON: SUSIE walking towards the LIGHTHOUSE. The LAMP LIGHT on her face FADES.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*And I would hear them calling ... the
voices of the Dead.*

ANGLE ON: The DARKENED LIGHTHOUSE.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I wanted to follow them ... to find a way out.

CRANE down to reveal MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE at the base of the LIGHTHOUSE.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But I would always come back to the same door ...

EXT. HEAVEN/MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUSIE steps onto the FRONT PORCH. MR. HARVEY'S FRONT DOOR suddenly SWINGS OPEN.

SUSIE (V.O.)
... but I was afraid. I knew if I went in there, I would never come out.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

CAMERA travels across some stairs to reveal MR. HARVEY sitting alone in his BASEMENT ...

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY eyes flicker ... he is reliving old memories.

SUSIE (V.O.)
My murderer could live in one moment for a long time ... he could feed off a memory, over and over again ...

FLASH INSERT: SUSIE in the underground room ... her eyes, the fear in them

FLASH INSERT: a HEAVY BLACK DOOR WIPES across screen as MR. HARVEY'S FACE strains to close it ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was animal ... faceless ... infinite ...

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY standing in his darkened living room ...he is unsettled, anxious.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But then he would feel it ... the emptiness returning ... and the need would rise in him again.

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DUSK

SUSIE returns to the GAZEBO ... she sits down, reduced once more to the role of an observer ...

EXT. CORNFIELD, (SUMMER, 1975) - DAY

ANGLE ON: BRIAN and CLARISSA sneaking away from SCHOOL towards the CORNFIELD ...

BRIAN urges her into the tall, green stalks ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*When summer came he noticed young lovers
 would sneak into the cornfield.*

CAMERA rises up and over the GOLDEN HEADS of the CORNSTALKS ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He began to follow them ...

SLIDING past foliage ... to reveal MR. HARVEY ... quiet and still.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... and watch.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The dancing flame of the CANDLE on the window sill of the STUDY. JACK is seated at in a chair, carefully pasting SUSIE'S PHOTOS in to an ALBUM ...

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL standing in the doorway, in her nightgown.

ABIGAIL
 Jack ...

JACK staring at SUSIE'S PHOTOS.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 Are you coming to bed?

JACK doesn't look up from his work.

JACK
 Yeah ... soon.

CLOSE ON: ABIGAIL as she stares at her JACK ... unable to reach him.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN, swamped with work, looks up ...

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN'S POV through the connecting glass: ABIGAIL stands amidst the busy station office.

Cut to:

CLOSE ON: A DRAWING by BUCKLEY showing a TOWN inhabited by crudely drawn stick figures ...

FENERMAN

Ahh - ha! Buckley did this?

ABIGAIL is standing opposite FENERMAN. She points to a roughly drawn building.

ABIGAIL

(smiling)

Correct. He said that this is our house, this is the police station ... and that's you.

FENERMAN smiles.

FENERMAN

That's me?

ABIGAIL

He made you Chief of Police.

FENERMAN

I've gained twenty pounds.

ABIGAIL

Must be the uniform.

FENERMAN

It's the dangers of a desk job.

ABIGAIL smiles ... suddenly behind FENERMAN, ABIGAIL sees a girl with long brown hair wearing a BLUE PARKA ... a blurred image through the CONNECTING GLASS.

The YOUNG GIRL is facing away from ABIGAIL, she is around SUSIE'S AGE ... She looks a bit like SUSIE ... she could be SUSIE ...

FENERMAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you have a seat -

PUSHING IN:

ON ABIGAIL THROUGH THE GLASS: staring at the GIRL ...

ANGLE ON: THE GIRL starts to turn around ...

ABIGAIL'S POV: THE YOUNG GIRL turns around ... it is not SUSIE.

CLOSE ON: ABIGAIL looking NUMB ... DEFEATED.

INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY lying curled up in BED ... the sound of angry voices drift up from below ...

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
I'm living with this every day!

GRANDMA LYNN (O.S.)
What about your marriage!

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
What marriage!? Jack is sleeping in the study!

INT. SALMON KITCHEN - NIGHT

GRANDMA LYNN is ransacking the cupboards, looking for more alcohol.

GRANDMA LYNN
You have to find a way to keep going.
You don't have a choice in the matter.

ABIGAIL
Mother, I am coping.

GRANDMA LYNN
You can't give up, you have to ... ah
Bingo!

GRANDMA LYNN has found what she was looking for.

ABIGAIL
Mother, that is cooking sherry! Please!
Please-

GRANDMA LYNN
You have to find a way to live with
this.

GRANDMA LYNN has hit a nerve.

ABIGAIL
Live with it! I am living with it!
I'm dealing with it - I'm coping!

GRANDMA LYNN

No, you are not! You won't go into Susie's room. You don't let anyone touch her things. You have a tomb in the middle of your house!

(gently)

Oh, sweetheart. Do you really think if you seal it up - that the pain's going to go away?

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL ... her face ashen as her mother's words sink in.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - EARLY MORNING

ANGLE ON: JACK waking up to the sound of the TAXI CAB horn tooting outside.

CONFUSED, JACK gets up and looks out the WINDOW.

POV: The CAB DRIVER slams SUITCASES in to the TRUNK

JACK looks towards the DESK ...

CLOSE ON: a FOLDED PIECE of SIMPLE WHITE PAPER with JACK'S NAME on it ...

EXT. SALMON HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

GRANDMA LYNN watches from the DOORSTEP as ... ABIGAIL climbs in to the CAB.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - EARLY MORNING

ANGLE ON: JACK starts to read ABIGAIL'S note.

EXT. SALMON HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

ABIGAIL staring through the rain spattered window of the CAB.

INT. JACK'S STUDY - EARLY MORNING

ANGLE ON: It dawns on JACK that ABIGAIL is leaving.

EXT. SALMON HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

GRANDMA LYNN watches the CAB drive away.

EXT. CALIFORNIA VINEYARD - DAY

HIGH ANGLE: ... in the distance, through a haze of heat, rise dry brown hills ...

PANNING DOWN on to long rows of APPLES TREES ...

SUSIE (V.O.)

*My mother went as far away as she could.
She found a job at a small orchard
outside of Santa Rosa. The work was hard
... but she didn't mind.*

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL sitting on a CRATE ... she takes out a small pencil and begins writing on a POSTCARD ... "Dear Lindsey ..."

SUSIE (v.o.) (CONT'D)

*If anyone asked, she said she had two
children.*

EXT. PARKLAND - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY reading the POSTCARD ... she turn as a handsome boy walks towards her ...

He takes LINDSEY'S HANDS ...

SUSIE (V.O.)

*And Lindsey, who always said she didn't
believe in love ...*

EXT. SALMON HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - EVENING

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY is with SAMUEL on the FRONT DOOR.

SAMUEL hands LINDSEY a small, WRAPPED PRESENT ...

SUSIE (V.O.)

... found it anyway.

LINDSEY unwraps the present and opens a small box which contains HALF A GOLD HEART.

LINDSEY sees the other half of the GOLD HEART PENDANT hanging around his neck on a RAWHIDE CORD.

INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO, PARK - EVENING

The GAZEBO, bathed in a GOLDEN LIGHT, sits amidst a well tended PARK ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE watches the scene between LINDSEY and SAMUEL. HOLLY is sitting beside her, eating popcorn ...

EXT. SALMON HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - EVENING

LINDSEY looks at SAMUEL ...

SAMUEL leans forward and kisses LINDSEY.

INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO, PARK - DUSK

CLOSE ON: SUSIE looking wistful.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*And there it was ... the moment I would
 never have.*

SUSIE watches SAMUEL and LINDSEY kiss from the GAZEBO.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*My little sister had run ahead of me;
 she was growing up.*

HOLLY approaches SUSIE who has obviously been crying.

HOLLY
 What's the matter? I thought you'd be
 happy!

SUSIE
 I am happy. I'm very happy.

HOLLY
 Then why are you crying? Oh no! You
 think she did not want to kiss him?

SUSIE
 No! She did. She wanted to kiss him very
 much.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE as she walks away ... her thoughts filled with
 another boy ...

EXT. CONNORS'S HOUSE, SINKHOLE - DAY

A SUNNY WINTER'S DAY ... ICE and SNOW glisten on the ground.

WIDE ON: RAY sitting in the sun, reading a MEDICAL TEXT BOOK ... RUTH
 slouches on a wall nearby, SKETCHING.

SUSIE (V.O.)

Always I would watch Ray ... I was in the air around him ... I was in the cold winter mornings he spent with Ruth Connors ...

ANGLE ON: RUTH walking through an empty CEMETERY.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That strange, otherworldly girl who so easily accepted the presence of the dead among the living ...

RUTH looks up suddenly into the sky as a flock of GEESE fly overhead ...

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

POV: the FLOCK of GEESE fly in formation.

ANGLE ON: RAY watches them pass as he walks alone down a COUNTRY LANE ...

SUSIE (V.O.)

... and sometimes, Ray would think of me. And he began to wonder ... maybe it was time to put that memory away.

A HAND reaches out and traces SUSIE'S image in an old photo ...

PULL BACK to reveal ...

EXT. CALIFORNIA ORCHARD - DAY

ABIGAIL sitting amidst blossoming fruit trees ... she is staring at SUSIE'S PHOTO sadly ...

SUSIE (V.O.)

Maybe it was time to let me go.

EXT. SALMON STREET - EVENING

JACK is playing catch with LINDSEY in the street. He throws the BASEBALL out of her reach and it bounces down the road towards MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE.

LINDSEY runs to retrieve the BALL.

As she picks up the BALL, LINDSEY flicks a brief glance towards MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE. She notices a LIGHT ON in the BASEMENT. The rest of the HOUSE is in darkness.

LINDSEY throws the BASEBALL back to JACK.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE

CLOSE ON: A PAGE turns in MR HARVEY'S SCRAPBOOK. A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE with a PHOTO of SUSIE and LINDSEY is revealed.

More NEWSPAPER ARTICLES featuring LINDSEY.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY'S finger taps thoughtfully on another page of the SCRAPBOOK with another ARTICLE about LINDSEY.

INSERT: MR. HARVEY sits in his darkened car watching LINDSEY from the previous scene looking at his house and throwing the baseball back towards her father.

EXT. WOODED TRAIL - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY jogging, alone along a trail ... she passes under a LARGE CONCRETE BRIDGE OVERPASS ...

CAMERA pulls back to reveal ... the figure of MR. HARVEY in the UNDERGROWTH ... he has been following her ...

EXT. VALLEY FORGE PARK - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY jogging. In the background MR. HARVEY'S white WAGON cruises along, following her.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*My murderer had finely tuned instincts
 ... he knew my sister had begun to
 wonder about ...*

EST. SALMON STREET - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY jogging through LEAFY STREETS with her SOCCER TEAM. LINDSEY glances up as they pass MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*... the solitary man who lived in the
 green house. She seemed intent on
 crowding him ...*

POV: Through MR. HARVEY'S window LINDSEY'S SOCCER TEAM jog past.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... and he resented it.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY stands watching LINDSEY.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

MR. HARVEY walks into his bedroom and goes to the window.

SUSIE (V.O.)

POV: LINDSEY and HOLIDAY jog past MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY paces around the BEDROOM ... agitated.

He stops in front of a MIRROR ...

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY looks at his image in the mirror, he has come to a decision ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He began to feel a familiar itch.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY retrieving his SKETCHBOOK from his CHEST of DRAWERS ... he sits on his bed and begins sketching ...

CLOSE ON: the beginnings of a DRAWING of a DUCK BLIND.

EXT. WOODLANDS

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY strips BARK and SMALL BRANCHES from FRESH SAPLINGS ...

INTERCUT WITH : the DRAWING of a DUCK BLIND taking shape ...

INSERT: JACK's hand reaches into the SHOE BOX and takes out the last roll of film ...

INT. MALL - DAY

A busy day at the MALL, SHOPPERS go about their business.

ANGLE ON: JACK emerging from the MALL PHOTO STORE. He is tearing open the last PACKET of SUSIE'S PHOTOS.

CLOSE ON: WOBBLY SHOTS taken from SUSIE'S BICYCLE on the day JACK and ABIGAIL spoke to MR. HARVEY. JACK thumbs through seemingly uninteresting SNAPSHOTS of CAMELLIA FLOWERS ... MR. HARVEY out of FOCUS.

FLASHBACK IMAGES: ABAGAIL and JACK admiring MR. HARVEY'S CAMELLIAS... SUSIE riding her BIKE...HOLIDAY barking.

IMAGES: JACK lost in MALL, various FACES float past.

FLASHBACK IMAGES: ABIGAIL and JACK admiring MR. HARVEY'S CAMELLIAS...
SUSIE riding her BIKE...HOLIDAY barking.

JACK turns as a strange man goes past - everyone is now a suspect in his eyes.

JACK looks at the PHOTOS again.

INTERCUT WITH: FLASHBACK IMAGES - MR. HARVEY talks with JACK and ABIGAIL.

JACK is staring intensely at on one particular PHOTO: MR. HARVEY, his face partially obscured by a RED CAMELLIA.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

ANGLE ON: SUSIE sees a packet of KODAK PICTURES lying on a small TREE STUMP ...

...she rushes forward, snatching them up.

INT. JACK'S WORK - DAY

JACK sits at his desk, not even attempting to work.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

SUSIE flicks through the pile of PHOTOS

INT. JACK'S WORK - DAY

JACK sits at his desk staring into space.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S GARAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON: With a SMALL AXE, MR. HARVEY chops BRANCHES and FRESH SAPLINGS.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

SUSIE rapidly flicks through the pile of PHOTOS.

CLOSE ON: The PHOTOS are of DEAD BODIES lying in various make-shift graves ... murdered WOMEN and YOUNG GIRLS.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S GARAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON: With a SHARP KNIFE, MR. HARVEY strips BARK and SMALL BRANCHES from FRESH SAPLINGS.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

SUSIE flicks through the GRUESOME PHOTOS.

INT. JACK'S WORK - DAY

JACK is hunched over his DESK, running COLUMN after COLUMN of meaningless numbers through an ADDING MACHINE.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

QUICK CUT: ANOTHER PHOTO of a DEAD GIRL.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S GARAGE - DAY

QUICK CUT: MR. HARVEY rips a CANVAS SHEET.

INT. JACK'S WORK - DAY

JACK sits staring.

FLASH INSERT: SUSIE looks rattled.

FLASH INSERT: MR. HARVEY rips another CANVAS SHEET.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

SUSIE throws down the PHOTOS and stumbles back ...

She turns to see an intense WHITE LIGHT appear in a clearing. It fades to reveal an OLD METAL SAFE.

A tear drop splashes on SUSIE'S cheek ... she looks up ...

SHARP ICICLES hang perilously from the BRANCH of a TREE ... they are melting...

CLOSE ON: CAMERA pushes in on an ICICLE.

Reflected in the ICICLE is an IMAGE: JACK'S CAR slowly driving home from work...it stops.

EXT. SALMON'S STREET - DAY

JACK sits in his stationary car, engine humming ... hands clutching the steering wheel. He slowly turns his head and looks towards MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE ...

JACK steps out of his car, drawn to an IMAGE he has seen before ...

CLOSE ON: A CAMELLIA BUSH in MR. HARVEY'S FRONT YARD ...

ANGLE ON: JACK staring, captivated, at the DEAD CAMELLIA FLOWERS.

IMAGE: SUSIE'S PHOTOS slide through shot, similar ANGLES of the SAME FRONT YARD - with flowering RED CAMELLIAS.

JACK remembers SUSIE'S LAUGHTER ... remembers SUSIE calling: "Mom, look!!" The SOUND of HOLIDAY BARKING ... the BIKE BELL ringing ... SUSIE taking photos ... riding on her bike.

FLASHBACK: JACK is suddenly hit by FLASHBACKS of bright CAMELLIA FLOWERS in full-bloom ... SUSIE riding in circles on her bike ...

SUSIE (O.S.)
Hey Dad! Look at me!

JACK turns, as if expecting to see SUSIE RIDING her BIKE on the STREET ...

ANGLE ON: JACK standing in the cold, empty street.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

CLOSE ON: SUSIE stares at the SAFE ...

ANGLE ON: ... the OLD SAFE sits in a clearing in the FOREST.

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY carrying a pile of SAPLINGS from his GARAGE.

JACK has turned back to his CAR, but something stops him. He turns back to MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

SUSIE walks slowly towards the OLD SAFE.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

MR. HARVEY watching JACK, warily ... he notices JACK going to leave again ... The coast is clear. MR. HARVEY makes to exit his GARAGE ...

... the SUDDEN ring of a BICYCLE BELL! ... The SHADOW of a GIRL on a BIKE ripples across the GARAGE WALL.

... MR. HARVEY staggers BACKWARDS dropping the PILE of SAPLINGS which CLATTER to the GROUND.

CLOSE ON: JACK turns from his CAR DOOR in SLOW MOTION ... the sound of the SAPLINGS amplified in his HEAD.

JACK turns ... he begins to walk towards MR. HARVEY.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

CLOSE ON: SUSIE kneels down, her fingers grip the old handle ... she wrenches the HEAVY DOOR open ...

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY hurriedly gathers up the SAPLINGS as JACK approaches.

MR. HARVEY
Oh, Mr. Salmon. Hi.

ANGLE ON: JACK sees a partially built STRUCTURE in the BACKYARD; a HUNTER'S BLIND made of thin SAPLING RODS lashed together ...

JACK
What is that?

MR. HARVEY
Oh, that's just a project I'm working on.

JACK wanders over for a better look, follows MR. HARVEY down the side of his house.

JACK
You're a hunter?

Mr. HARVEY
Ducks.

JACK
It's a blind, right!

MR. HARVEY

Yup.

JACK

So those things really work?

MR. HARVEY

Oh yeah - it's all about concealment,
the art of concealment ... and patience.
It takes a lot of patience to sit for
hours on end in the dark. But I love the
outdoors. I'm an outdoors man. Always
have been.

MR. HARVEY turns to JACK, who is now staring up at MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

CLOSE ON: SUSIE stares at inside the SAFE ...

Lying on the dark floor of the BATTERED SAFE is a PERFECT, BLOOD RED CAMELLIA in full bloom ...

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

JACK'S EYES stray to a DEAD CAMELLIA BUSH ...

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

PUSH IN ... on SUSIE as she stares at the FLOWER ...

She reaches for the RED CAMELLIA.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON: JACK reaches for a DEAD FLOWER.

MR. HARVEY

Mr. Salmon ...?

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

SUSIE takes the RED CAMELLIA out of the SAFE.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

JACK'S hand closes around a DEAD CAMELLIA.

MR. HARVEY
I never got a chance to tell you how
sorry I am about your loss.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

SUSIE is looking at the FLOWER, trying to make sense of it.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

JACK snaps off the DEAD CAMELLIA.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

SUSIE is staring intently into the RED FLOWER.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON: JACK reacting to the DEAD FLOWER in his HAND.

EXT. HEAVEN/FOREST - DAY

SUSIE closes her eyes.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

JACK'S MIND'S EYE: the DEAD FLOWER slowly begins to unfurl, dead petals flood with color, the withered stem swells green with life ... all at once the flower bursts into blossom - an impossible BLOOD RED BLOOM.

MR. HARVEY
Mr. Salmon?

JACK slowly turns to MR. HARVEY. THE now DEAD CAMELLIA drops from his hand.

ANGLE ON: JACK stares at MR. HARVEY for a beat.

MR. HARVEY, UNNERVED busies himself bending a ROD into an ARCH.

JACK
Here, let me - let me help you.

MR. HARVEY
Oh no. That's alright really. I can
manage.

JACK
It's no trouble.

MR. HARVEY thinks better of it and decides to back down.

MR. HARVEY
Alright. I appreciate it.

ANGLE ON: JACK helping MR. HARVEY build the BLIND. They LASH pieces together, WEAVE slender rods between POSTS ... gather the ends together to form ARCHES.

FLASHBACK: JACK is suddenly hit by more FLASHBACKS of bright RED FLOWERS in full-bloom...JACK and ABIGAIL...MR. HARVEY ... SUSIE riding in circles on her bike.

JACK is lost in a dream ...

SUSIE
(on her bike)
Hey! Dad! Look at me!

CLOSE ON: JACK watches MR. HARVEY'S HANDS pulling a KNOT TIGHT.

JACK is staring at MR. HARVEY. MR. HARVEY slowly raises his eyes to meet JACK'S knowing gaze.

MR. HARVEY
I think it's time for you to go home
now, Mr. Salmon.

MR. HARVEY and JACK look at each other ... neither attempts to hide their shared knowledge of the truth.

MR. HARVEY walks back towards his HOUSE.

JACK stares at MR. HARVEY ... he starts to follow him.

JACK starts to follow MR. HARVEY.

MR. HARVEY retreats to the safety of his BACK DOOR.

At the BACK DOOR, MR. HARVEY turns ...

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry ... I can't help you.

JACK makes a sudden lunge forward.

MR. HARVEY slams the DOOR shut just as JACK slams into it.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

MR. HARVEY leans against the DOOR, breathing heavily. There are beads of sweat on his brow.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 What did you do to her?! What did you do
 to my daughter!? Where is she?

The DOOR SHUDDERS and THUMPS as JACK tries to BREAK IN ...

ANGLE ON: the DOOR beginning to splinter ...

INT. SALMON HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: JACK sitting in a CHAIR ... LEN FENERMAN is confronting him in an AGITATED STATE ...

FENERMAN
 It's gotta stop, Jack! You came this
 close to getting arrested tonight.
 You're lucky George Harvey declined to
 press charges.

LINDSEY
 Lucky?

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN turns and sees LINDSEY coming down the stairs.

FENERMAN
 Your father put a hole in the man's back
 door!

LINDSEY
 He should have put a hole in his head!

JACK
 Lindsey, please -

FENERMAN
 Did you hear that, Jack? This is the
 example you're setting for your kids -
 persecuting the neighbors.

LINDSEY
 He's not crazy!

FENERMAN
 I didn't say that -

LINDSEY
 Well then why won't you listen to him?

FENERMAN

Because you need evidence, Lindsey. You can't go around making accusations against George Harvey when you have no evidence. You need proof.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY taking this in.

JACK

He's right. Len's right. It's time to put this behind us -

LINDSEY shoots her father a WORRIED LOOK.

Jack (CONT'D)

It's gone on too long. Too many people have been hurt. This has to stop.

LINDSEY

Dad ...?

JACK

Things will take their natural course, Lindsey.

FENERMAN and LINDSEY are both surprised by JACK's sudden change of attitude.

JACK (CONT'D)

Len, I appreciate everything you've done. You've been a great friend to me.

JACK gives LEN a spontaneous HUG. LEN looks at JACK, uneasy ... discomforted.

JACK (CONT'D)

That goes for Abigail, too. You've been a great friend to both of us.

INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LINDSEY lies sleeping. JACK appears in the doorway behind her. He watches her for a moment and turns away.

INT. BUCKLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: BUCKLEY asleep, his head nestled into his PILLOW.

JACK quietly leans down beside his SON, kisses him gently... pulling a BASEBALL BAT from beneath BUCKLEY'S BED. JACK quietly leaves the BEDROOM.

EXT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

JACK steps out of his HOUSE holding the BAT, a deadly light in his eyes.

SUSIE (V.O.)
Murder changes everything.

TRACKING: JACK sets off down the street.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When I was alive, I never hated anyone.

TRACKING: JACK strides down the dark, quiet STREETS towards MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But now hate was all that I had.

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

SUSIE is watching from the ICY GAZEBO which stands in SNOW-LADEN WOODS. HOLLY stands behind her.

SUSIE (V.O.)
I want him dead. I want him cold and
dead with no blood in his veins!

SUSIE beside herself with anger and grief. She turns to HOLLY.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
Look at me ... look at what he did to
me! What am I now? The Dead Girl? ...
the Lost Girl? ... the Missing Girl? ...
I'm nothing!

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY comes out of his FRONT DOOR, and heads down the STREET, carrying a TORCH ...

ANGLE ON: JACK hides quickly behind a bush, before following after MR. HARVEY who is 50 YARDS AHEAD.

JACK holds the BAT awkwardly, trying to get a GOOD GRIP on the HANDLE.

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: SUSIE is crying now ...

SUSIE
I was stupid.

SUSIE turns away, sobbing.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
... I was so stupid

HOLLY
You don't control this, Susie.

EXT. SALMON STREET - NIGHT

MR. HARVEY takes a LEFT TURN, disappearing between TWO HOUSES.

JACK picks up the pace, following MR. HARVEY'S direction ...

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY as he enters the CORNFIELD ... JACK watches from behind a TREE ...

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

HOLLY steps up beside SUSIE as a strange light begins to sweep across their faces ...

HOLLY
He does not own you.

WIDE ON: The ICY LANDSCAPE is bathes in a COLD WHITE LIGHT ...

HOLLY (CONT'D)
You can be free of him, but not this way.

SUSIE
What do you know? You don't know anything ...
(rising anger)
That man took my life!

ANGLE ON: A TALL LIGHTHOUSE ... it's beam sweeps across SUSIE's tear stained face ...

HOLLY
You will see, Susie ...

ANGLE ON: SUSIE looking towards the LIGHTHOUSE ... anger giving way to uncertainty and fear ...

CLOSE ON: ... the sweeping light illuminates a sharp icicle which hangs from a tree ...

HOLLY (CONT'D)
In the end you will understand ...

CLOSE ON: The ICICLE suddenly snaps and falls!

HOLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Everybody dies...

SUSIE turns looking for HOLLY but she is gone ... the ICY LANDSCAPE has been replaced by waves of WAVING CORN, blowing and rustling in a growing wind ...

EXT. HEAVEN/CORNFIELD - NIGHT

SUSIE, alone in the GAZEBO, looks out across the CORNFIELD.

In the SKY, storm clouds gather ...

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: JACK, BASEBALL BAT in hand, runs into the CORNFIELD.

EXT. HEAVEN/CORNFIELD - EVENING

CLOSE ON: SUSIE looks out to the CORNFIELD, sensing something is WRONG.

ANGLE ON: BRIAN and CLARISSA pushing there way through the corn, passing by SUSIE ...

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

JACK strides deeper into the CORNFIELD.

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: SUSIE rushing across the GAZEBO chasing JACK who can be seen through the RAILINGS ...

SUSIE
(shouting)
DAD! ... DAD! ... DAD!

JACK speeds by, gripping the BAT.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I realized what I had done. I willed him
to stop.*

CLOSE ON: SUSIE musters all her inner strength...

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

SUSIE is watching her FATHER with DREAD ... around the GAZEBO...
LIGHTENING crashes down from the sky ... FIRES erupt around JACK
...the WIND lashes at the CORNSTALKS.

SUSIE (V.O.)
I willed him to turn back.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

TRACKING: JACK rushing forward ...

ANGLE ON: JACK watches ... all his senses ALERT. He GLIMPSES the
TORCHLIGHT move in the MIDST of the CORNFIELD.

JACK swings around, wildly looking for MR. HARVEY ...

JACK
(yelling)
I know it's you! Come out!
(wilder)
Come out and face me!

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

JACK grips the BASEBALL BAT.

JACK
(yelling)
Did you hear me, you sonofabitch?!

SOUND: A GIRL SQUEALING!

JACK, his adrenaline pounding, hurries towards the SOUND ... slipping
and stumbling across the rough ground.

SUDDENLY! A GIRL staggers up in front of JACK and he crashes into
her, sending her sprawling on the GROUND. The GIRL - CLARISSA -
SCREAMS!

AT THAT MOMENT! The TORCH snaps on! A POWERFUL LIGHT SWEEPS onto
JACK, blinding him. The LIGHT swings from SIDE TO SIDE as it races
the short distance towards JACK!

BRIAN
(angry)
You sick fuck! Get off her!

BRIAN NELSON leaps onto JACK, dragging him off CLARISSA. JACK is stunned, confused ... BRIAN swings the TORCH, hitting JACK in the HEAD. JACK CRIES OUT as BRIAN hits him again in the FACE!

ANGLE ON: As the TORCH smacks against JACK'S HEAD, the WILD BEAM SWINGS across the CORNFIELD, lighting up the motionless figure of MR. HARVEY for one brief second.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY stands passively on the edge of the CORNFIELD as the BEAM sweeps across his FACE. Neither BRIAN nor JACK see him.

BRIAN'S snatches up JACK'S BASEBALL BAT lying discarded on the GROUND.

CLARISSA
(sobbing)
Brian!! Stop it!!!

WIDE ON: BRIAN lays into JACK with the BASEBALL BAT ... CLARISSA SOBS and cowers.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE watches horrified from the GAZEBO as BRIAN drops the BASEBALL BAT and continues the assault with his fists.

SUSIE
Dad! Dad!

With all her strength, CLARISSA drags BRIAN off JACK

CLARISSA
Brian! Stop! Stop! Don't you get it
you've killed him. He's dead!

BRIAN is in no mood to stick around. He pushes CLARISSA away.

BRIAN
Let's go. Go!

CLOSE ON: JACK lying BATTERED and BLOODY.

EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: SUSIE lying on the GAZEBO FLOOR ... JACK'S face, half buried in the dirt, fills her vision

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

JACK is being rushed into the EMERGENCY OPERATING ROOM.

IMAGES: JACK being operated on. His knee in particular is badly damaged ... The SURGEONS attempt to repair JACK'S BROKEN BODY.

INTERCUT WITH: SUSIE in the GAZEBO, now OLD and PAINT PEELED sitting in a WINTRY FOREST. It is disintegrating around her...BITS falling off ... RAILINGS snapping.

FLASH INSERT: GRANDMA LYNN takes the call from the POLICE ... GRANDMA LYNN filling out forms in the HOSPITAL ... talking to the DOCTOR ...

EXT. HEAVEN FOREST/GAZEBO - DAY

SUSIE slowly starts to back out of the CRUMBLING GAZEBO.

SUSIE'S POV of GAZEBO: THE WOODEN FLOOR becomes churned earth. The center of the floor slowly FALLS AWAY as the churned earth starts to disappear into a widening YAW of a SINKHOLE.

The SINKHOLE widens and spreads ... eventually consuming the GAZEBO walls and ceiling. They tumble into the deepening ABYSS.

SUSIE watches as the entire structure of the GAZEBO is consumed by the EARTH.

SUSIE closes her eyes.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*I knew then that he would never give me
up ...*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE: LINDSEY sits beside her father, holding his hand as a RESPIRATOR pumps air into his lungs ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*... he would never count me as one of
the dead ...*

CAMERA travels across JACK's bruised and battered face ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I was his daughter ... and he was my
Dad.*

EXT. HEAVEN/LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: SUSIE ... she understands now what she must do ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*And he had loved me as much as he could
... I had to let him go.*

SUSIE'S POV: At the BASE of the LIGHTHOUSE is MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE.

Once again SUSIE makes her way to the FRONT DOOR which suddenly SWINGS OPEN.

EXT. HEAVEN/MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUSIE hesitates ... and then steps inside.

INT. HEAVEN/MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: SUSIE looks around ... the HOUSE is in darkness except for a pool of light illuminating an UPSTAIRS WALL ...

SUSIE walks upstairs, rounds a corner and is suddenly blinded by an ARC of LIGHT which races towards her.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE suddenly finds herself standing in the middle of SPEEDING CARS on a HIGHWAY. The left hand WALL of the HALLWAY CORRIDOR has gone.

She stumbles back off the BUSY ROAD. SUSIE turns and stares at a GRAVEL SLOPE...her eyes are drawn to a stockinged foot, then hand which extend from the rubble ... she realizes she is staring at part of the torso of a middle-aged woman lying half buried in the gravel.

SUSIE (V.O.)

Sophie Cichetti. Pennsylvania. 1960. She had been his land-lady.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE backs away ... she turns and runs down the STAIRS, making for the FRONT DOOR ... SUSIE stumbles and falls to the floor ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE rolls and finds herself in a DRAINAGE DITCH. A rainbow patterned RUBBER BALL rolls along the ditch and stops beside her.

At the bottom of the ditch lies the body of a young girl dressed in a striped t-shirt ... half buried under EARTH and LEAVES.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jackie Meyer. Delaware. 1967. She had just turned thirteen. Her body was found in a drainage ditch, by the side of the road.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE backing away. She turn to find herself in a surreal UNDERWATER LANDSCAPE. Another DEAD GIRL in a floral print dress floats in the WATER.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Leah Fox. Delaware. 1969. She was twelve. She was already dead when he dumped her body in the river.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE backing away. The FURNITURE in MR. HARVEY's living room suddenly gives way to CONCRETE PILLARS ...

SUSIE is standing underneath a low motorway overpass ... the noise of cars and trucks passing overhead fills her ears.

ANGLE ON: A MAKESHIFT SHACK made out of OLD DOORS ... SUSIE moves towards it ... she can see a figure lying inside.

CLOSE ON: Soft, curly BROWN hair - spills from a pile of crumpled clothes ... SUSIE realizes she is staring at the body of a SMALL CHILD lying inside a SMALL, MAKE-SHIFT SHACK.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Lana Johnson. 1960. Fox County, Pennsylvania. She was lured into a shack he had built out of old doors. She was the youngest. She was six.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE turns ... and finds herself now standing in MR. HARVEY's kitchen ..

CLOSE ON: SUSIE's eye is drawn to the FLOOR ...

PUSHING IN through the FLOOR: ... in the weak light, another body of a YOUNG GIRL can be seen ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Flora Hernandez. Delaware. 1963. He'd only wanted to touch her...but she screamed. He left her in the crawl space of an old apartment house.

SUSIE walks downstairs towards the GARAGE LEVEL ... only to find herself suddenly wading through dark water ... before her is a stretch of LAKE ... a DUCK BLIND rises out of the nearby REEDS and UNDERGROWTH ... SUSIE makes her way towards the DUCK BLIND.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
Denise Lee Eng. Connecticut. 1971. Thirteen. She was waiting for her father to close up their shop when she vanished. Denise Lee Eng...

CLOSE ON: ... a familiar patterned SHIFT ... dark hair swirls in the WATER. SUSIE reaches down and turns the GIRL over ... the camera pans over the face of the YOUNG GIRL ... we see that it is HOLLY ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... who sometimes liked to be called "Holly"

SUSIE watches as HOLLY's body falls away ... sinking down ... disappearing into the dark waters of the lake ... it is as if she knows what must come next ...

INT. HEAVEN/MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S FEET step slowly down the BASEMENT STAIRS.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE edges down the STAIRS eyes fixed on a FIGURE sitting in a chair ... it is MR. HARVEY.

He is sitting staring at a DARK SHAPE in the CORNER of the ROOM ... the SAFE. SUSIE knows her BODY is INSIDE.

CLOSE ON: The overhead FLUORESCENT LIGHT flickers and fizzes.

SUSIE is HIT with IMAGES:

FLASHBACK: In the Underground room SUSIE RUSHES for the LADDER, but is pulled to the FLOOR.

IMAGE: MR HARVEY drags MUDDY SACK across the BASEMENT FLOOR.

IMAGE: MR HARVEY stuffs the SACK into the SAFE, slams the DOOR and spins the COMBINATION LOCK.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE stares at the OLD SAFE.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*Susie Salmon. Fourteen. Norristown,
Pennsylvania. 1973. Murdered in a room
he had built under the earth.*

INSERT IMAGE: ... the CANDLE on the WINDOW SILL flutters in an unseen breeze ... then goes out.

EXT. SALMON STREET, CAR - DAY

GRANDMA LYNN is driving, LINDSEY is in the back seat.

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY slowly turns and looks out of the CAR WINDOW.

MOVING POV: MR. HARVEY'S GREEN HOUSE slides by ... he can be seen standing MOTIONLESS behind his FRONT DOOR, staring at the SALMON CAR.

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREETS - DAY

TRACKING: with the SOCCER TEAM, jogging through the streets in training. LINDSEY slows down, letting herself drift towards the BACK of the pack.

ANGLE ON: The SOCCER SQUAD run past MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE ... LINDSEY, now clear at the back has time to study it.

EXT. SALMON'S STREET - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY JOGGING with the SOCCER TEAM ... as she rounds the corner to MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE, he GLIDES PAST her in his CAR ... his glasses reflecting a FLASH of light as he catches her eye.

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY nearing MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE ... she chooses her moment. Slowly losing ground, she clutches her tummy to simulate CRAMPS, waving the others past her. She sits down, feigning exhaustion, on the street by MR. HARVEY'S FRONT YARD.

SOCCKER COACH
You okay, Lindsey?

LINDSEY
You go on.

SOCCKER COACH
Sure? Catch up?

LINDSEY
I'm fine. Go.

LINDSEY waits until the jogging TEAM disappears around the corner ... then quickly scurries down the TREE LINE.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S GARDEN - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY peers from the TREES.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY scrambles across MR. HARVEY'S GARDEN to his BASEMENT WINDOW.

She kicks at the GLASS two or three times and it breaks!

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY jumps down into the BASEMENT, knocking over a large PILE of OLD NEWSPAPERS. The BASEMENT is tidy and swept. The SAFE sits in the corner ... a straight backed chair in the middle of the room...

BROKEN GLASS crunches beneath her feet.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY goes up the basement STAIRS, one at a time ...

PUSH IN: the SAFE as light spills onto it from the top of the stairs, then swings back into darkness again.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY steps into the HALLWAY, hesitating in this house which has almost the same layout as her own. LIGHT sneaks in through CLOSED BLINDS.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY walks through the kitchen area, not sure what she is looking for, trying DRAWERS looking for a CLUE - anything that might incriminate MR. HARVEY. Every FOOTSTEP seems to creak and groan.

She tries some CUPBOARDS near the FRONT DOOR ... she freezes at a THUD at the FRONT DOOR!... she holds her breath ... and peers out the front window.

The NEWSPAPER BOY rides off on his bike. LINDSEY starts breathing again!

She decides to head UPSTAIRS, accidentally leaving a CUPBOARD DOOR ajar. She dashes back to close it and makes her way UPSTAIRS.

INTERCUT:

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY turns into his STREET.

LINDSEY peering into UPSTAIRS ROOMS.

INTERCUT:

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY driving up his STREET.

INTERCUT:

LINDSEY goes into his BEDROOM ...

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY quickly rummaging through DRAWERS.

INTERCUT:

MR. HARVEY pulls into his DRIVEWAY.

Frustrated, LINDSEY goes to leave MR. HARVEY's bedroom.

ANGLE ON: the creak of a LOOSE FLOORBOARD LINDSEY freezes.

LINDSEY steps back, feeling the FLOOR BOARD wobble beneath her feet.

INTERCUT:

MR. HARVEY gets out of his car.

LINDSEY pulls the RUG back ...

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY digs her fingernails into the loose FLOOR BOARD, prying it out.

INTERCUT:

MR. HARVEY walks around his parked car towards the front door.

LINDSEY reaches into the CAVITY beneath the floor, blindly groping.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY pulling MR. HARVEY'S SKETCH BOOK out of it's HIDING PLACE ...

INTERCUT:

MR. HARVEY pulls his FRONT DOOR KEYS out of his pocket.

LINDSEY opens the NOTEBOOK ... a SKETCH of a structure ... one of a dead bird...

INTERCUT:

MR. HARVEY opens his FRONT DOOR.

LINDSEY hears the noise from downstairs.

INTERCUT:

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY steps into his HOUSE.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY slowly turns the pages of the NOTEBOOK. She looks through the pages ... handwritten NOTES ... schedules of times and sightings of "*Salmon girl*" ...

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY slowly turns another page.

ECU: LINDSEY'S finger runs along the edge of the next page in the NOTEBOOK

INTERCUT:

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY listening to the sounds of the house. He senses something is not quite right.

LINDSEY taking in the REALITY of what she sees.

CLOSE ON: DRAWINGS of a map showing the way to the Salmon house.

INTERCUT:

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY standing still, listening.

LINDSEY turns another page ... A DRAWING of the underground room.

INTERCUT:

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY is trying to figure out what is different.

LINDSEY turns to the last page ...

CLOSE ON: a NEWSPAPER PHOTO of SUSIE with a LOCK OF HER HAIR taped beside it.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - DAY

The door slowly opens to reveal MR. HARVEY standing at the top of the STAIRS. He steps carefully down the WOODEN STAIRS .

CLOSE ON: BROKEN GLASS on the floor of the basement.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY'S HAND slowly lowers the loose FLOOR BOARD back into place.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY slowly turns to walk back up the stairs.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: Very quietly, the BOARD slides into position, until LINDSEY can't hold it anymore.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY pauses, listening.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY has to let go to allow the BOARD to drop the last inch.

CLICK!

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY stiffens, and suddenly MOVES with frightening speed!

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY hears MR. HARVEY ... she hurriedly PICKS UP THE NOTEBOOK and pulls the RUG over the BOARDS.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

MR. HARVEY takes the STAIRS, TWO at a TIME!

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

LINDSEY is panicking, she is trapped in the bedroom

INT. MR. HARVEY HOUSE/STAIRS - DAY

MR. HARVEY dashes up the stairs.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY backs towards the window.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS - DAY

RUSHING: MR. HARVEY races towards his BEDROOM DOOR.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY shoves the BLINDS to one side and grapples with the HEAVY, JAMMED WINDOW ... pushes it open!

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS/BEDROOM - DAY

RUSHING: MR. HARVEY races towards his BEDROOM DOOR.

MR. HARVEY'S POV: LINDSEY almost out the bedroom window.

ECU MR. HARVEY races through the door towards the window.

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY, NOTEBOOK in hand, catapults herself through the window.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY smashes out the window, and ROLLS onto PORCH ROOF ... and hits the ground with a THUD!

... just as MR. HARVEY arrives at the WINDOW.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY looks down to see LINDSEY lying in the yard and disappears back inside.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

LINDSEY lies on the ground in agony, trying to catch air into her lungs. The sound of MR. HARVEY running down the stairs comes from inside the house.

LINDSEY scrambles up and RACES towards the PINES ... just as MR. HARVEY bursts out of the HOUSE.

He races after her, only a few feet behind a terrified LINDSEY. She leaps over a fence and MR. HARVEY stops in his tracks.

POV: LINDSEY SALMON, the number '5' on her SOCCER SHIRT, disappearing into the TREES.

EXT. SALMON STREET - DAY

LINDSEY runs through the NEIGHBORHOOD towards home.

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

MR. HARVEY goes back inside.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

In a panic, MR. HARVEY packs clothes and some TREASURED POSSESSIONS into a SMALL BAG on his BED. He almost leaves his RAZOR lying on the BED. He quickly picks it up and runs out of the room.

INT. MR. HARVEY'S GARAGE - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY throws his BAG into the back of his WAGON.

He also struggles to get the heavy OLD SAFE in as well.

He throws an OLD TARPAULIN over the SAFE.

EXT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

LINDSEY runs across the BACK YARD and into the house.

INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY, covered in DIRT, bursts into the KITCHEN, startling GRANDMA LYNN, who is making COFFEE.

LINDSEY
(breathless)
Dad! Where's Dad?

Before GRANDMA LYNN can get a word out, LINDSEY bursts into the LIVING ROOM, and stops DEAD in her tracks! She sees a SUITCASE first and then ABIGAIL standing in the middle of the room, clutching her COAT.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(softly)
Mom.

LINDSEY is unable to move, her feet are glued to the floor.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing here ...?

GRANDMA LYNN catches the FROZEN look on both LINDSEY and ABIGAIL's faces ...

GRANDMA LYNN
What does it, matter? She's home -

LINDSEY
(to ABIGAIL)
Home for good?

GRANDMA LYNN
Of course she's home for good!

ABIGAIL
Where's Buckley?

GRANDMA LYNN
Buck, he likes to be called Buck now.

ABIGAIL's eyes stray to the PHOTOS on the table, then away again!

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
He's at soccer practice and I have to
pick him up in an hour.

ABIGAIL looks at her MOTHER and smiles.

AT THAT MOMENT, the SOUND of JACK limping down the stairs ...

ABIGAIL is TENSE ...

LINDSEY sensing her mother's anxiety, walks over and quietly takes
hold of her HAND.

JACK comes in to the room and stops short ...

JACK
(softly)
My girl ...

ABIGAIL takes in JACK'S INJURIES ... the CAST on his LEG ...

ABIGAIL
Jack ...

TEARS spill down ABIGAIL'S cheeks ...

JACK limps over and takes her in his arms.

JACK
Abigail.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY watches as her PARENTS embrace ... she glances down
at MR. HARVEY'S NOTEBOOK which she still holds in her hand.

She quietly leaves the ROOM.

INT. SALMON HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

LINDSEY walks straight into GRANDMA LYNN who takes in LINDSEY'S
DISHEVELLED appearance.

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY slipping the BOOK behind her back...

GRANDMA LYNN
Look at you. What happened?

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY hesitates ... she makes a decision.

LINDSEY
I fell down a bank.

CLOSE ON: GRANDMA LYNN raises a skeptical eyebrow.

GRANDMA LYNN

Really?

LINDSEY makes a decision - she hands the SKETCHBOOK to her GRANDMOTHER ...

EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

CRIME SCENE TAPE surrounds the GREEN HOUSE ... POLICE CARS fill the driveway ...

ANGLES ON: FENERMAN and several POLICE OFFICERS, busy with their work.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY'S WHITE WAGON comes slowly down a rutted, country drive ...

WIDER: MR. HARVEY pulls up beside the SINKHOLE.

PUSHING IN: the TRUNK of the WAGON opens ... a LARGE OBJECT covered in an old TARPAULIN ... MR. HARVEY takes the TARPAULIN off to reveal the OLD SAFE.

ANGLE ON: MR. CONNORS strides towards MR. HARVEY ... he is a big man.

MR. CONNORS

No, no, no. You're too late

WIDE ON: The SINKHOLE has grown to a HUGE SIZE, working it's way toward's the CONNOR'S HOUSE.

MR. CONNORS (CONT'D)

We're closed.

MR. HARVEY

Oh, you're closed?

MR. CONNORS

Yeah.

MR. HARVEY

Too bad. I was really hoping to get rid of this thing.

He gestures towards the back of his STATION WAGON ...

MR. CONNORS

Sorry pal. I'm filling her in.

MR. HARVEY
You're filling her in huh?

MR. CONNORS
Yup.

MR. HARVEY
Oh, well I really hate to inconvenience
you, but -

MR. HARVEY pulls a WAD of NOTES from his POCKET. MR. CONNORS eye's
alight on the MONEY ... he takes it from MR. HARVEY and shoves it
into his POCKET.

MR. CONNORS
Would you like some help?

MR. HARVEY
Yeah sure. That would be great.

CLOSE ON: The HEAVY SAFE THUDS to the ground.

Mr. CONNORS
What's inside?

Mr. HARVEY
Stale air.

MR. HARVEY and MR. CONNORS roll the heavy SAFE away from the WAGON.

ANGLE ON: RUTH and RAY are moving FURNITURE into RUTH'S SHED. Ruth
sees GEORGE HARVEY in the distance ...

She stops what she is doing and stares at him ...

EXT. HEAVEN/WHEAT FIELD - DAY

ANGLE ON: SUSIE turns ... in the distance she see the BARREN TREE ...
a FLOCK of GREEN BIRDS fly towards ... resettling on it's branches
... turning once more into LEAVES ...

WIDE ON: SUSIE running through a FIELD of GOLDEN WHEAT.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE breathing hard ... cutting a swathe through an
endless SEA OF GOLD ... her run slows to a walk.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE, her eyes widening.

WIDE ON: A SOLITARY LEAFY TREE stands in the WHEAT. A SMALL GIRL sits
at the base of the TREE.

The GIRL looks up as SUSIE approaches ...

Flora
I come here almost everyday. I like to
listen to the sounds.

SUSIE
Have you seen Holly?

FLORA
Did she tell you about this place?

SUSIE
Yes.

FLORA stands

FLORA
Then you must be ready.

FLORA (CONT'D)
I'm Flora Hernandez. The others will be
here soon.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY and MR. CONNOR struggling through the MUDDY
GROUND with the HEAVY SAFE ...

RAY steps up beside RUTH, following her GAZE ... he stares at MR.
HARVEY.

RAY
Who's that?

RUTH
I dunno ... but he gives me the
skeevies!

RAY laughs.

RAY
The skeevies? What are you? Twelve!

RUTH suddenly feels unnerved, she runs into the SHED ...

EXT. HEAVEN/WHEATFIELD - DAY

ON THE SOUNDTRACK: *Song To The Siren* - by This Mortal Coil

ONE by ONE, MR. HARVEY'S VICTIMS melt into FOCUS, walking towards
SUSIE.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE looks into the HAZE, aware of a FIGURE approaching ... a YOUNG GIRL.

The YOUNG GIRL is LANA JOHNSON, MR. HARVEY'S youngest victim. She runs forward and throws her arms tightly around SUSIE'S legs, then takes her hand.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE curious ... amazed ... overwhelmed ... tears spilling down her cheeks.

CLOSE ON: A GIRL appears beside SUSIE. SUSIE turns ... and sees HOLLY.

WIDE ON: SUSIE and HOLLY hug each other as MR. HARVEY'S other VICTIMS slowly walk away.

SUSIE looks toward the DISTANT HORIZON ...

SUSIE
It's beautiful.

HOLLY
Of course it's beautiful. It's Heaven!

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON: RUTH looking out of the SHED WINDOW ...

ANGLE ON: MR. CONNORS and MR. HARVEY as they edge the SAFE towards the SINKHOLE.

Briefly, MR. HARVEY looks up to RUTH staring at him. His attention goes back to the SAFE.

MR. HARVEY
Alright, let's go.

MR. HARVEY and MR. CONNORS push the SAFE closer to the SINKHOLE.

EXT. HEAVEN/WHEAT FIELD - DAY

SUSIE looks towards HOLLY and the OTHERS ... they are drifting away towards HEAVEN.

HOLLY
What are you waiting for? You're free!

CLOSE ON: SUSIE ... as she comes to a decision.

SUSIE
Almost ... not quite.

SUSIE turns away and walks back to where she has come from.

HOLLY looks on helplessly.

INT. RUTH'S SHED - DAY

RUTH'S POV: MR. HARVEY and MR. CONNORS pushing the SAFE towards the SINKHOLE ...

RUTH

Ray!

ANGLE ON: Ray outside sorting through BOXES.

EXT. HEAVEN/WHEAT FIELD - DAY

WIDE ON: SUSIE turns and walks away.

INT. RUTH'S SHED - DAY

Close on: RUTH looking through the window. She is unnerved.

RUTH

Ray!

ANGLE ON: Ray hears her and sees the distress on her face.

RUTH'S POV: MR. HARVEY and MR. CONNORS pushing the SAFE towards the SINKHOLE ...

INT. RUTH'S SHED - DAY

ANGLE ON: RUTH'S GAZE shifts from the SAFE, which is getting closer to the LIP of the SINKHOLE, to her REFLECTION in the WINDOW.

... SUSIE appears in the REFLECTION, walking towards RUTH.

SUSIE walks right through the WINDOW ... passing through the PANE of GLASS ... into RUTH.

BACK SHOT OF RUTH ... as she SLUMPS DOWN on to the BED.

RAY enters the SHED ... he crosses to RUTH, concerned.

RAY

Ruth ...?

RAY leans over RUTH.

RAY (CONT'D)
What happened?

RAY'S POV: RUTH ... there are TEARS in RUTH'S EYES ...

RAY (CONT'D)
Hey. What's wrong?

IMAGE: The SAFE slowly edges towards the LIP of the SINKHOLE ...

CLOSE ON: RAY ...

RAY (CONT'D)
Ruth ...

RUTH'S HAND touches RAY'S FACE, he shuts his EYES ...

IMAGE: MR. HARVEY shoving hard, straining as he pushes THE SAFE closer to the edge of the SINKHOLE.

CLOSE ON: RAY opens his eyes.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE lying on the BED looking up at RAY. TEARS well in SUSIE'S EYES ...

RAY'S POV: he stares at SUSIE in DISBELIEF ...

RAY (CONT'D)
Susie ...?

SUSIE
You wrote me a poem once. You called
yourself The Moor.

WIDE ON: MR. HARVEY and MR. CONNORS push THE SAFE closer to the edge of the SINKHOLE.

CLOSE ON: RAY gazes tenderly into SUSIE'S EYES.

RAY
(hushed)
Susie ...

CLOSE ON: The SAFE being shoved closer.

SUSIE looks into RAY'S EYES ...

IMAGE: MR. HARVEY stops at the edge of the SINKHOLE with the SAFE and gestures to MR. CONNOR that he can take it from here.

MR. HARVEY
That's good. I've got it. That's good.

CLOSE ON: RAY looking down warmly at SUSIE.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY breathing hard.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE LOOKING UP AT RAY ... she has this one moment to tell him about MR. HARVEY ...

SUSIE
(softly)
Kiss me ...

SUSIE shuts her EYES as RAY'S LIPS slowly touch SUSIE'S with gentle tenderness.

THE SAFE edges over the lip of the SINKHOLE tumbling down into DARKNESS ...

On the SOUNDTRACK: *The Big Ship* by Brian Eno

SUSIE looks at RAY smiling ...

SUSIE'S HAND touches RAY'S CHEEK, he takes her HAND in his...

RAY
You are beautiful, Susie Salmon ...

RAY leans toward SUSIE ... and softly kisses her again.

EXT./INT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - DAY

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY as he drives away from town ...

He stares once more in his rear vision mirror, checking he is in the clear.

EXT. RUTH'S SHED - DAY

RAY has fallen asleep in his clothes ... curled next to him lies a figure in a familiar coat and jeans ...

REVEAL ON: ... RUTH lying asleep next to RAY ... SUSIE has gone.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*These were the lovely bones that had
grown around my absence ...*

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL sits on the front steps of the house, staring into the distance, a mug of coffee in her hand,

She looks up as JACK steps out of he house ... he bends down, kissing her ... she smiles up at him ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*The connections - sometimes tenuous,
 sometimes made at great cost ...*

ANGLE ON: A HEAVILY PREGNANT LINDSEY hands SAMUEL a SCREWDRIVER as he fixes some old shutters ... he kisses her gently ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But often magnificent - that happened
 after I was gone.*

EXT. SINKHOLE - DUSK

ANGLE ON: The THROAT of the SINKHOLE as a SLURRY of GRAVEL and SCORIA slides down, burying the SAFE forever ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*And I began to see things in a way ...
 that let me hold the world without me in
 it.*

EXT. DINER/WINTER TIME - NIGHT

PANNING DOWN from a star filled night sky ...

WIDE ON: A ROAD SIDE DINER, near a BUSY ROAD. An ICY, COLD winter's EVENING ...

ANGLE ON: A TEENAGE GIRL smoking a CIGARETTE in the CARPARK, gazing out into the night.

In front of her, STEEP RAVINE drops away into a DEEP GULLY. TREE BRANCHES hang overhead.

MR. HARVEY approaches his CAR ... he unlocks it.

MR. HARVEY
 Brrr, it's a cold night ... you looking
 for a ride?

The TEENAGE GIRL looks BORED and unimpressed at MR. HARVEY'S approach.

GIRL
 No.

MR. HARVEY
 No? Are you sure?

MR. HARVEY approaches her.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
It's pretty cold out here. I'll take you
wherever you want to go.

The TEENAGE GIRL moves takes a few steps away.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
Whadda ya think?

GIRL
Look, mister. I'm not interested ...
okay?

MR. HARVEY
I'm not trying to do nothing. I'm just
trying to be polite. That's all. A young
lady alone at night...not safe -

HIGH ANGLE: revolving above MR. HARVEY and the TEENAGE GIRL ... as
a ROW of sharp ICICLES slide into shot, hanging from the BRANCH above
the PAIR.

GIRL
Didn't you hear me! Piss off!

The TEENAGE GIRL walks off.

SLOW MOTION: an ICICLE breaks off and gently falls like a shimmering
DART towards MR. HARVEY'S HEAD.

CLOSE ON: the ICICLE lands on his SHOULDER and harmlessly shatters.
But the surprise causes MR. HARVEY'S step to falter, slipping on the
frozen ground, losing his BALANCE.

WIDE ON: MR. HARVEY, at the top of the RAVINE, alone in a snow
covered landscape, as he topples backwards falling down the STEEP
RAVINE behind the DINER ... his neck snapping as his head hits hard
rock ...

CRANE DOWN: MR. HARVEY'S DEAD BODY lies frozen where it fell at the
bottom of the RAVINE.

INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

IMAGE: ABIGAIL quietly opens SUSIE'S BEDROOM DOOR ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*When my mother came to my room, I
realized that all this time I had been
waiting for her. I had been waiting so
long, I was afraid she wouldn't come.*

IMAGE: ABIGAIL crosses the room and opens the BEDROOM WINDOW ... but something gives her PAUSE, she turns and looks around at SUSIE'S ROOM ...

ABIGAIL
I love you, Susie.

SLOW MOTION: ABIGAIL shakes a billowing sheet over SUSIE'S BED ... she turns, reacting to something ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
Nobody notices when we leave. I mean the moment when we really choose to go ...

EXT. SNOW COVERED LANDSCAPES - DAY (WINTER, 1978)

SOARING: Camera glides from TREETOP to TREETOP ... weightless and free over a SNOW COVERED LANDSCAPE.

SUSIE (V.O.)
At best you might feel a whisper or the wave of a whisper, undulating down.

CAMERA rises into the SKY ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My name is Salmon, like the fish; first name, Susie ...I was fourteen years old when I was murdered on December 6th, 1973.

INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - DAY (SUMMER, 1973)

A HAND rises into view, holding an INSTAMATIC CAMERA.

The SUDDEN FLARE of a FLASH BULB!

On the SOUNDTRACK: *Celtic Swing* by Van Morrison begins ...

A PHOTO from an INSTAMATIC CAMERA develops on SCREEN ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
I was here for a moment ...

CLOSE ON: ... a SELF PORTRAIT ... 14 year old SUSIE SALMON lying back on her BED smiling up at the CAMERA ...

SUSIE (CONT'D)
And then I was gone ...

The PHOTO begins to FADE ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I wish you all a long and happy life.

FADE TO WHITE.

THE END

Screenplay by Fran Walsh, Philippa Boyens, Peter Jackson.