

"WITCHBOARD"

OUIJA

by
Kevin S. Tenney

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FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE TAHOE - DAY - THE MOTOR

of a small boat has a tiny, almost imperceptible leak. Gasoline trickles slowly but steadily down the motor's shaft and into the water where it creates a shiny, rainbow colored trail across the calm surface of the lake. The boat itself is tied up to the end of...

THE DOCK

is deserted, the air thick with the silence of a new day. Tree branches sway gently in the breeze. The water logged pier CREAKS and GROANS as waves LAP against it. Slowly, the soft sound of VOICES SINGING a camping song sifts through the silence. The SINGING grows louder and stronger as a 1950 Ford sedan approaches and pulls to a stop at the far end of the dock, next to a small boat house.

The car door opens, and DAVID SIMPSON, a good-looking boy of ten, hops out. He is joined by his father, JOHN, a rugged man in his early thirties, and they both unload fishing gear from the back of the car. David grabs his gear and rushes to the end of the dock as John strolls behind, puffing leisurely on his cigar.

Grinning with excitement, David climbs down into the boat and begins to untie it from the dock as John approaches the head of the ladder.

DAVID
C'mon, Dad!

JOHN
Aye aye, skipper. Here, stow the gear.

He hands his gear down to David and then steps onto the ladder as he tosses away...

THE CIGAR

spins like a bullet as it makes a graceful arc down to...

CONT.

CONT.

THE GASOLINE
bursts into flame.

JOHN
reacts startled to the sudden flare of light as...

THE FLAME
races across the lake's surface like a demolition fuse.

JOHN
reaches over the ladder to his son.

JOHN
David! Get out of the boat!

DAVID
turns to his father, curious -- and then he sees...

THE FLAME
grows larger and wider as it approaches at incredible speed.

DAVID
freezes with fear.

JOHN(o.s.)
Give me your hand!

THE FLAME
speeds toward...

DAVID
reaches for his father.

THE FLAMES
engulf the motor as...

JOHN
almost grasps David, but...

THE MOTOR
explodes!

THE BOAT
explodes!

DAVID
is hurled from the boat like a rag doll aflame.

JOHN
is flung backwards like a straw in a tornado as pieces of
the burning boat rain down on the dock around him.

CONT.

CONT.

Stunned, his head bleeding, John pulls himself up and stares at the holocaust in horror.

JOHN

David!!!

He dives into the water and swims to where David floats face down, surrounded by a red halo of his own blood.

John grabs David and frantically pulls him ashore, rolling him over onto his back.

DAVID'S FACE

stares up at John with wide, blank eyes, his skin burned and bloodied.

DAVID'S P.O.V.

John crouches over (us) his son. He calls, "DAVID!", but his voice is distorted. The CRACKLE of the burning boat is barely audible.

DAVID'S EYES

begin to glaze, to cloud over. The CRACKLE of the burning boat is almost deafening.

JOHN(o.s.)

David?!

DAVID'S P.O.V.

Everything blurs momentarily as all SOUND fades,----
Then everything is again sharp and clear. John's face loses its panic. He hesitates, and then begins to cry.

After a moment, we (David) BOOM UP past John, heading toward the clouds. As we climb higher and higher, we TILT DOWN to survey the scene below us.

From our BIRD'S EYE VIEW, we see the war-torn dock.

We see the burning boat sink into the lake.

We see John on his knees, crying.

CONT.

CONT.

We see David, the dead body we have left behind.

We HOLD for a moment and then TILT UP, back to the clouds as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

AIRIAL SHOT - DAY - SUBJECTIVE

We move effortlessly through the thick, misty clouds like a soaring bird, the wind WHISTLING past us.

The clouds finally start to thin as the bright blue sky occasionally peeks through. Eventually, we pierce one last cloud and find ourselves surrounded by blue as we...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY - SUBJECTIVE

The wind continues to WHISTLE past us as we BOOM DOWN to a BIRD'S EYE VIEW of a tree-lined residential street. A 1983 pick-up truck approaches and pulls into the driveway of...

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - DAY

The pick-up idles to a stop in front of the building, an old Victorian-style house that has been converted into a small apartment complex - two apartments upstairs, and two downstairs.

A good-looking man in his mid-twenties steps out from behind the wheel of the truck and makes his way around to the passenger's side. This is JIM MORAR, and he is rugged and tanned from years of hard labor in the sun.

He opens the passenger's door, and his girlfriend, LINDA BREWSTER, steps out. A beautiful woman in her early twenties, Linda has long, flowing hair and big, soulful puppy-dog eyes.

They both laugh hysterically as they make their way to the back of the truck. Five paper bags full of party goods - liquor, paper cups, potato chips, soft drinks, etc. - set in the truck's bed.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA
That's disgusting!

JIM
Yeah,...but you're laughing.

He hands her two of the bags and takes the remaining three himself. They make their way toward the main door of the apartment building.

LINDA
Come on. Give me a clean one.

JIM
They're not funny.

LINDA
Jim, a joke is not necessarily unfunny just because it's clean.

JIM
Okay, okay. "What's the difference between a woman in a shower and a woman in church?"

LINDA
What?

JIM
"A woman in church has hope in her soul."

LINDA
(grimaces)
That's clean?

JIM
The guys at the site think so.

LINDA
They would...

They reach the main entrance, and Linda fumbles with her keys.

LINDA
I think I'll just play hostess,
(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA(cont'd)
and let you tell the jokes.

THUMP! A large retriever appears from nowhere and leaps on Jim. Linda screams and then laughs as the dog licks Jim's face, its tail wagging wildly.

JIM
Whoa! Where'd you come from?

Jim and Linda both pet the dog good-naturedly as it bounces around between them, excited by the attention.

A tall, thin eighteen-year-old boy suddenly races around the corner of the building. This is CHRIS, and he stops short, a leash dangling from his hand.

CHRIS
Fido! C'mere, boy! C'mon!

The dog runs to Chris as he stoops to hook the leash to its collar. He smiles awkwardly to Jim and Linda.

CHRIS
Sorry about that,...but he just loves people.

Jim and Linda smile and wave. They turn back to the door as Chris trots off with his dog. Jim looks back at them and then turns to Linda.

JIM
Fido?

They both burst into laughter.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Jim and Linda can be seen through the window in the door as they stand outside, laughing. The lock CLICKS as Linda turns her key, and she and Jim step in. As they close the door behind them, their landlady, MRS. MOSES, steps out of her apartment carrying a full trash bag. She is a small woman in her mid-eighties, comically energetic and animated.

MRS. MOSES
Oh! Hello Jim, Linda.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA
Hi, Missus Moses.

MRS. MOSES
(noticing bags)
Having a party tonight?

LINDA
House warming...

Jim and Linda head up the stairs.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY

The front door opens, and Jim and Linda cross the entrance way toward the kitchen.

JIM
What time did you tell everyone
to start showing up?

LINDA
Seven-thirty. Why?

JIM
I wasn't sure I told Lloyd and
Mike the right time.

INT. MORAR KITCHEN - DAY

Jim and Linda push through the swinging door and set the bags on the counter. They begin to place the various groceries in the refrigerator or appropriate cupboard.

LINDA
These guys aren't gonna get too
rowdy, are they?

JIM
(shrugs)
They are construction workers.

LINDA
Oh boy...

JIM
Now, now! I let you invite
Brandon.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA
Brandon's not rowdy.

JIM
No,...but he's an ass hole.

Linda assumes a defensive stance.

LINDA
He is not!

JIM
(playful)
Is too!

LINDA
Is not!

JIM
Is!

LINDA
Isn't!

JIM
Is!

LINDA
Isn't!

Jim grabs Linda and begins to tickle her ribs. She howls with laughter.

JIM
Is too! Is too! Is too!

They both laugh as they wrestle around the kitchen. Finally they come to rest against the refrigerator. Linda takes a moment to compose herself, and then...

LINDA
Why do I love you so much?

JIM
Because I make you laugh.

LINDA
Woody Allen makes me laugh.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM
But I'm sexier.

LINDA
(nods)
Uh-huh... Come here.

They kiss and then embrace, tightly.

LINDA
God, I love you. And I love
this apartment. And I'm gonna
love living together.

Jim abruptly pulls back and takes Linda by the hand.

JIM
All right! That's it!

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY

Jim pulls Linda out of the kitchen toward the bedroom.

JIM
Nobody talks to me like that
and gets away with it.

LINDA
(giggling)
No, babe. We don't have time.

JIM
Time is a relative concept.

LINDA
It is, huh?

They disappear into the bedroom.

JIM(o.s.)
Yeah. When my relatives come
to visit, you'll feel like
you're doing time.

They can be heard BOUNCING on the bed as Linda LAUGHS.

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - DAY - HIGH ANGLE

Linda's LAUGHTER can be heard inside as we...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE

Parked cars line both sides of the street, and people pass in and out of the building. Loud rock-n-roll MUSIC emanates from Jim and Linda's second floor apartment. Their bay window overlooking the driveway is open, and a large group of people mill around inside with drinks in hand.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - NIGHT - MOVING

through the crowd, it is apparent that every one of the forty people at the party is in his early or mid-twenties. Bowls of snack food are placed about the room, and people eat, drink, and laugh above the MUSIC as they AD-LIB about last week's mid-terms.

TIGHTEN ON a small group of people seated at the far end of the room. Sitting on the couch with his arm around Linda, is BRANDON SINCLAIR, a blue-eyed, blonde "Playgirl" pin-up if there ever was one. His \$800 silk suit drastically contrasts the \$150 sports jackets that adorn the other men at the party.

Linda listens intently to a discussion between Brandon and ROGER, a bookworm with thick glasses, while Jim watches silently from his chair, smoking a cigarette.

ROGER

Well, if you don't believe in God, Brandon, then how do you explain the creation of the universe?

BRANDON

How do you explain the creation of God?

ROGER

He's always existed.

BRANDON

So has the universe.

ROGER

Bullshit...

BRANDON

Why? Why is that harder to accept than an infinite God?

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA
I don't know,...but it is.

BRANDON
You call that a reason?

LINDA
No, I call it an opinion.

Brandon smiles and then turns abruptly to Jim.

BRANDON
Jim, everyone knows what a com-
passionate guy you are. What
do you think of God?

Linda reacts startled. She eyes Jim with apprehension as his jaw tightens. Silence, and then...

JIM
I've never met Him...

Jim gets to his feet and walks off as Brandon smirks. His smirk fades quickly, though, when he notices Linda glaring at him.

LINDA
That was cute, Brandon. That
was really cute.

INT. MORAR KITCHEN - NIGHT

LLOYD and MIKE stand next to the sink, mixing their drinks. Both men look healthy and strong, and like Jim, they are dressed more casual than the other men at the party. As they speak above the MUSIC, Jim enters, interrupting...

MIKE
I bet this is...
(seeing Jim)
...Well, speak of the Devil.

JIM
Please don't. I've had enough
religious discussions for one
night. When did you guys get
here?

CONT.

CONT.

LLOYD
Just walked in.

JIM
And you left me alone out there
with a room full of Linda's
college friends?

Lloyd hands a drink to Mike.

LLOYD
Priorities, dude. Booze first,
"hellos" second. What're you
drinking?

JIM
Whatever's handy.

He grabs a bottle of "Jack Daniel's" from the counter and
takes a huge swig.

MIKE
Hey, Jim, ...everybody looks
pretty fancy. You think maybe
we're under-dressed?

JIM
Nah! They're all over-dressed.

LLOYD
Right! Speaking of which, who's
the frat rat in the eight hun-
dred dollar suit?

JIM
Brandon Sinclair.

MIKE
(surprised)
Of the "Sinclair Vinyards?"

JIM
(nods)
Linda used to go out with him.

LLOYD
Ooooh, ...I'm impressed.

JIM
So's he...

CONT.

CONT.

LLOYD
Jealous?

This stops Jim cold. The room is stifled with an awkward silence until the door swings open, and Linda peers in.

LINDA
Jim? Oh! Hi, Lloyd. Hi, Mike.

They both wave. Linda turns to Jim. Silence...
Lloyd and Mike exchange a glance and then head out.

LLOYD
Well, let's go see if the future
mother of my children is out
there somewhere.

They push past Linda as she steps completely into the kitchen. Jim takes another drink.

LINDA
You all right?

JIM
I told you he was an ass hole.

LINDA
I know. You coming back out?

JIM
In a minute. You go play host-
ess, and I'll come up with some
clean jokes, okay?

LINDA
Okay.
(beat)
I love you.

JIM
I know.

Linda re-joins the party as Jim remains, lost in thought.
He takes another drink from the bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

It is now much later. There is no longer any music playing.

CONT.

CONT.

What's left of the party - about fifteen people - is gathered into a small circle around Brandon and Roger. Both men are obscured from view by the crowd.

Jim leans against the wall at the back of the group, smoking a cigarette. He polishes off the "Jack Daniel's" and places the empty bottle on the mantle. He weaves under the alcohol's influence as he makes his way to where Brandon and Roger can be heard inside the circle...

ROGER(o.s.)

...How can you believe in spirits when you don't believe in God or Satan?

BRANDON(o.s.)

There's been evidence of their existence; eyewitness accounts, photographs, recordings,...you name it.

ANGLE ON

Jim pushes through the crowd and sees that Brandon has a Ouija Board open on the coffee table in front of him.

BRANDON

(continuing)

And I've contacted some of them.

ROGER

With what,...this WeeJee Board?

BRANDON

Ouija..

ROGER

What?

BRANDON

It's pronounced "Ouija", not "WeeJee". It comes from "oui" and "ja", the French and German words for "yes". "Ouija"...

He pulls a small, plastic rectangle from the Ouija box.

BRANDON

(continuing)

...And this is a planchette.

CONT.

CONT.

Lloyd stands behind Linda, who is seated in a chair across from Brandon and Roger.

LLOYD

I don't care what you call it,
dude. It's still just a toy,...
like Monopoly or checkers.

Jim sits on the arm of Linda's chair as Brandon looks up at Lloyd.

BRANDON

For your information, friend,
the Ouija Board has been around
since recorded history. It was
in wide use as far back as 540
B.C.

JIM

(skeptical)

And I suppose if Barbie Dolls
had been around that long, you'd
be talking to them too, huh?

BRANDON

It beats talking to you.

JIM

That's because I use words with
more than one syllable.

Brandon starts to respond when...

LINDA

Well, let's see how it works,
Brandon!

The two men glare silently at one another until Brandon finally turns to Linda and smiles sweetly.

BRANDON

All right...

(beat)

Now, for the best results, the
Ouija should be used by only two
people, a man and a woman. And
it shouldn't be sitting on a
table. It should sit on our
knees so there's as much body

(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON(cont'd)
contact as possible. Also, the two people should have clean, pure systems. That way the flow of energy through us to the planchette is as strong as it can be.

LINDA
(concerned)
You mean the spirits actually enter us?

BRANDON
Don't worry. It's perfectly safe.

LINDA
What do you mean by "clean" systems?

BRANDON
Someone who doesn't smoke or drink,...like you. Care to give it a try?

LINDA
Oh,...I don't think so...

VOICES from the crowd egg her on with, "Go ahead, Linda" - "Come on" - "It'll be fun!" Linda shrugs and sits forward.

LINDA
All right.

BRANDON
Good! I don't smoke either, and I haven't been drinking tonight, so together we should be able to make a clear, strong contact.

Jim whispers to Linda...

JIM
I'll bet he wants a clear, strong contact.

Linda flashes Jim a "behave yourself" look as she crosses to sit on the couch next to Brandon. He takes the Ouija

CONT.

CONT.

from the coffee table and places it on their knees.

BRANDON

One more thing before we start.
The spirits are lousy spellers,
and alot of them like to lie.
So just to play it safe, I'm
gonna try to contact David, the
spirit of a little boy who died
about thirty years ago.

ROGER

You mean you've actually talked
to this spirit before?

BRANDON

Yeah. I've contacted him several
times. For some reason, he's
connected to this particular
board.

LINDA

Why is that?

BRANDON

I don't really know, but for some
reason, every Ouija Board seems
to have its own dominant spirit.
Maybe because this board was made
the day David died.

JIM

How do you know when that board
was made?

BRANDON

David told me.

JIM

How do you know he wasn't lying?
You said they like to lie, didn't
you?

Brandon stares at Jim, annoyed. Linda quickly places her
fingers on the planchette.

LINDA

Come on, Brandon. Let's give it
a try.

CONT.

CONT.

Brandon turns his attention to Linda and smiles as he places his fingers next to hers.

BRANDON
All right.
(to the board)
David, are you here? Can you
hear me?

THE PLANCHETTE
begins to move in a circular pattern across the board as
MURMURS of excitement well up from the crowd.

ANGLE ON
Linda looks up, excited.

LINDA
Can I talk to him?

Brandon smiles and nods, enjoying the limelight as Linda addresses the board.

LINDA
Is that you, David?
(it moves to "YES")
How old are you?

THE PLANCHETTE
moves to the number "8".

BRANDON(o.s.)
Thank-you very much. Good-bye.

ANGLE ON
Linda looks puzzled as Brandon removes his hands from the planchette, and it slows to a stop.

LINDA
Why...

BRANDON
That wasn't David.

LINDA
Then who was it?

BRANDON
I don't know. I told you they
like to lie sometimes.

CONT.

CONT.

ROGER

How do you know it wasn't David?

BRANDON

David was ten when he died, not eight. Besides, we have a special signal that no other spirit knows.

LINDA

Boy, this is kind of spooky.

Jim leans toward Lloyd and whispers...

JIM

This is kind of stupid.

Lloyd chuckles. Brandon and Linda place their fingers back on the planchette and try again.

BRANDON

David, can you hear me? Would you like to talk to us?
(it moves slightly)
David? Is that you?

THE PLANCHETTE

picks up speed and begins to move in a steady figure eight pattern.

LINDA(o.s.)

It's moving in a figure eight.

ANGLE ON

Brandon nods to Linda.

BRANDON

That's David's signal. Want to talk to him? Go ahead.

LINDA

(to the board)
Hello, David...
(to Brandon)
I don't know what to say.

ROGER

(excited)
Ask him about Heaven and Hell!

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON
They won't talk about that.

THE PLANCHETTE
quickly spells out "B-A-D" and then returns to its figure eight.

ANGLE ON
Linda looks puzzled.

LINDA
Bad? What's bad, David?
(reading as it spells)
"T-O-B-A-C-O",...tobacco?

Linda exchanges a glance with Brandon, and they both turn to face Jim.

Jim in his semi-drunken stupor, is the only person in the room who is smoking. The entire crowd watches him silently. He raises his eyebrows and examines his cigarette. He then shoots the crowd a defiant glare and takes a deep drag, blowing the smoke out in a long stream.

Linda and Brandon turn back to the planchette, which is still moving in its figure eight pattern.

LINDA
David,...why is tobacco bad?
(reading as it spells)
"F-I-R-E",...you died in a fire?
(reading as it spells)
"B-O-A-T",...a fire on a boat?

THE PLANCHETTE
moves to the "YES" response.

LINDA(o.s.)
Was it caused by someone smoking?

It moves to "YES".

BRANDON(o.s.)
David, do you know me?
(it moves to "YES")
Will you return to the living
some day?

It moves to "YES" before continuing its figure eight.

CONT.

CONT.

ANGLE ON

Linda looks up to Brandon, surprised.

LINDA
Reincarnation?

BRANDON
That's what all of them say.
(to the board)
David, will you be able to choose
your parents when you return?

LINDA
(reading answer)
"Yes!"

JIM
Bullshit...

BRANDON
Why? You can't believe you were
stupid enough to pick your
parents?

JIM
At least I don't talk to card-
board.

THE PLANCHETTE

picks up speed and begins to move in an erratic pattern.

ANGLE ON

Linda reacts startled. Brandon eyes Jim.

BRANDON
Careful, Jim. You're upsetting
David.

JIM
What's he gonna do, ...haunt me?

BRANDON
(to the board)
David, are you all right?

JIM
Of course he's all right. He's
just a little dead, that's all.

CONT.

CONT.

THE PLANCHETTE
accelerates to an even quicker, more frantic pace.

ANGLE ON
Brandon looks from the board to Jim.

BRANDON
Shut up, Jim!
(to the board)
David, are you all right? David?

LINDA
(frightened)
God, Brandon, it's really racing!

JIM
Maybe he's late for the last
flight back to Limbo...

THE PLANCHETTE
suddenly stops dead.

ANGLE ON
Linda, afraid to move her fingers, looks to Brandon for advice. He too is afraid to move. Everyone in the room stares at the planchette, breathless. Lloyd studies Jim out of the corner of his eye. Cigarette smoke trails lazily from Jim's mouth as he watches the board, unconcerned.

WHOOSH! The Ouija flips into the air as...
BANG! A magnified shot echoes out in the street.

Several people SCREAM, and others GASP as the board and planchette tumble to the floor.

A moment to compose themselves, and then...

LINDA
What was that noise?

Lloyd heads for the window.

LLOYD
Sounded like a gunshot.
(looking out)
Who owns the silver sportscar
across the street?

Brandon glares at Jim.

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON
I do. Why?

LLOYD
One of your tires just blew out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - NIGHT - THE TIRE

of Brandon's sportscar is completely flat, with a hole in it the size of a softball.

BRANDON(o.s.)
Thanks alot, Morar!

ANGLE ON

Jim, Linda, Brandon, Lloyd, and several other party guests gather around the slumping automobile. Brandon is livid. Jim is calm, unconcerned.

JIM
What? This is my fault?

BRANDON
Those tires are brand new! How do you explain it?!

JIM
I suppose your friend, Casper, did it.

BRANDON
That's right! Because you made him angry!

JIM
Then why didn't he flatten my tire?

BRANDON
Because I was in control of the board! He held me responsible!

JIM
(laughs)
You're crazy.

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON
You're drunk!

JIM
You're a dick.

LINDA
Come on, guys...

BRANDON
(sneering)
If Susan could see you now...

SLAM! Jim instantly has Brandon against the car, ready to strike when...

LINDA
Jim!!!

He stops. Everyone remains motionless for a tense moment until Jim finally smiles. He breathes a sigh of relief as if to emphasize what a close call Brandon just had. He then turns abruptly and heads back to the party.

Lloyd stares after him as Linda and Brandon exchange a glance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Jim undresses, Linda can be HEARD in the livingroom saying "good-night" to the last of the guests. The front door CLOSES, and a moment later, Linda storms into the room.

She kicks her shoes off with a vengeance, sending them soaring across the room like little, high-heeled missiles. Jim ignores this as he calmly crawls into bed.

LINDA
Well, thank-you very much for
ruining the party!

JIM
You're welcome. But don't worry,...the night is still young.

He pats a spot on the bed next to him. Linda explodes.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA

Are you serious?! Look at me!
I'm furious!

JIM

You know you're beautiful when
you're angry.

LINDA

Don't make jokes when you're this
close to death!

JIM

Okay, okay. Look,...I'm sorry
about the party. I'm sorry about
Brandon. I'm sorry about the
crises in the Middle East...

She flings her blouse at him.

LINDA

That's it!!!

JIM

Come on, babe. You knew you were
taking a chance when you invited
him. I know your heart was in
the right place, but it didn't
work out.

LINDA

Yeah, but you promised not to
start anything!

JIM

And I kept my promise. He started
it. What'd you want me to do, sit
there and take it?

Linda hesitates. She takes a moment to calm down. Then...

LINDA

No,...I guess not.

JIM

I really am sorry, babe. Really...

LINDA

I know. So am I.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

I just can't help it. When he starts pushing my buttons, I just want to kill,...and mame,...and write bad checks.

Linda laughs, and Jim pats the bed again. This time Linda smiles as she undoes her bra and lets it drop from her shoulders. She crosses to Jim, and he leans up to meet her as she kneels on the bed.

They embrace and kiss, tenderly at first, and then with more passion. They fall back on the bed as we PULL BACK to...

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - NIGHT - MOVING

across remnants of the party - empty chip bowls, half full drinks, and completely full ashtrays - to where the Ouija lies open on the coffee table. The room is dark and still.

TIGHTEN SLOWLY on the Ouija as the silence is suddenly shattered by a loud WHISTLE.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY - THE WHISTLE

is BLOWING, signaling lunch time.

EXT. HOUSE ON SITE - DAY

Jim and Lloyd wander out of the garage with their lunch boxes in hand. Lloyd pauses in his stretching as he notices Jim is turning around, searching the ground with his eyes.

LLOYD

What're you doing?

JIM

continues to scan the ground near the garage wall.

JIM

I can't find my hammer.

THUNK! Jim jumps with a start as an axe-hammer sails past his face and sticks in the wall next to him.

CONT.

CONT.

ANGLE ON

Jim turns to see Lloyd smiling at him.

LLOYD

Use mine.

JIM

Y'know, you could've killed me.

LLOYD

Yeah, but then you could've come back and flattened my tires.

They both laugh as they cross to a load of lumber and sit to eat their lunches. BOOM UP to a second load of lumber tied to the balcony of the house directly above them.

AN AXE-HAMMER

with the initials "J.M." on its handle sets on the lumber.

CUT TO:

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY

Linda enters the apartment with an armload of books and crosses to the answering machine. She punches the "PLAY-BACK" button and then drops her books on the coffee table as the tape rewinds. She begins to sort through the mail when - BEEP...

NURSE'S VOICE

Miz Brewster, this is Doctor Gelineau's office calling. We have the results of your tests back from the lab. You can call us today until three o'clock.

LINDA

looks up, excited. She glances to...

THE CLOCK

on the mantle. The time is three-thirty.

LINDA

frowns with disappointment. BEEP...

BRANDON'S VOICE

Hello, Linda? It's Brandon. I
(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON'S VOICE(cont'd)
 just realized I left my Ouija there
 the other night, Could you bring
 it to class this Friday? I'm
 having some friends over Sunday,
 and they want to use it. Besides,
 I wanna contact David and see if
 he's calmed down yet. Well, see
 you Friday. Bye!

CLICK! Linda turns off the machine and stands motionless as
 if trying to decide what to do next. After a moment, she
 turns and stares at...

THE OUIJA
 sets wrapped in its box on the magazine rack under the cof-
 fee table.

LINDA
 hesitates for a moment longer and then sits on the couch.
 She grabs the box, opens it, and places the board on the
 coffee table. She tops it with the planchette and then sits
 back, silently studying the Ouija.

Slowly, cautiously, she reaches out and places one hand on
 the planchette.

LINDA
 Hello,...David? Are you here?
 (nothing)
 David?

THE PLANCHETTE
 moves slightly.

LINDA
 draws back startled. She hesitates and then places both
 hands on the planchette.

LINDA
 David,...is that you?

THE PLANCHETTE
 glides silently to the "YES" response and then begins its
 figure eight pattern.

LINDA
 shivers with nervous excitement.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA

Hi! Remember me?

("YES")

Can you really choose your next
parents?

("YES")

Do you know why I'm asking?

("YES")

The test was positive, wasn't it?

("YES")

I knew it! So,...would you like
to be...

("NO")

No? Why not? Don't you like me?

("YES")

Then why won't you choose me?

THE PLANCHETTE
spells out "J-I-M".LINDA
reacts with surprise, her eyebrows raised.

LINDA

Because of Jim? You don't like
him?

("NO")

He's really a nice guy. He was
just...

("NO")

Boy! You like to hold a grudge,
don't you?THE PLANCHETTE
moves to "YES" and then stops.LINDA
stares at the planchette, puzzled.

LINDA

David?

(nothing)

David,...are you still here?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE ON SITE - DAY - THE AXE-HAMMER

remains motionless on top of the lumber tied to the bal-
cony.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA
(V.O.)
Where are you?

BOOM DOWN to Jim and Lloyd where they sit on top of the load of lumber in the driveway. Jim smokes pensively on a cigarette as Lloyd studies him. Finally...

LLOYD
Jim,...do you believe in ghhsts?

JIM
No. Of course not.

LLOYD
But what about that board?

JIM
What about it?

LLOYD
The way it flew off their knees.

JIM
Brandon probably kicked it. He always was about as clever as a bag full of doorknobs.

LLOYD
(laughs)
What is it with you guys anyway?

JIM
Linda,...I guess. At least,
that's when the friendship ended.

Lloyd sits up, surprised.

LLOYD
You guys were friends?!

JIM
(nods)
Best friends,...when we were
kids.

LLOYD
Whoa! You sure couldn't tell it
Saturday Night.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

Yeah. I practically grew up at Brandon's house. My folks were both alcoholics, so I stayed home as little as possible.

(beat)

He thinks I stole Linda from him.

LLOYD

Did you?

JIM

No. I didn't even know they knew each other. They'd already broken up by the time I met her. I'd been away at school, studying pre-med.

Once again, Lloyd is surprised.

LLOYD

You studied pre-med?!

JIM

(smiles)

Never realized I was such a multi-faceted guy, huh?

LLOYD

What the Hell are you doing here?

JIM

(looking at watch)

Loafing! Come on. Lunch time's over.

LLOYD

(lays back)

Ten more minutes.

Jim gets to his feet, but Lloyd refuses to move.

JIM

Come on. I wanna finish this house today.

LLOYD

Five more minutes.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM
You're a lazy slob, y'know that?

LLOYD
And damn proud of it!

WHAM! The lumber from the balcony CRASHES down on Lloyd like an avalanche, missing Jim by a mere whisker.

Large pieces of wood rebound up from the SHATTERING impact and knock Jim to the pavement. Stunned, Jim sits up holding his head. Jim is barely visible in the cloud of settling dust. He regains his senses quickly and spins to see...

LLOYD'S LEGS
protrude from the wreckage, kicking spasmodically in violent death throes.

JIM
springs to his feet and grabs at the lumber, hurling two-by-fours and pressboard aside like paper. He stops suddenly when he finds...

LLOYD' FACE
protrudes, ghost-white, from the other side of the wreckage. Blood GURGLES slowly from his mouth, nose, and ears. His eyes, glassy and lifeless, stare up at Jim.

JIM
shudders and slides down to the pavement, sitting there motionless against the tomb of lumber.

CUT TO:

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - THE PLANCHETTE
remains motionless under Linda's fingertips.

LINDA(o.s.)
David? David, can you...

It suddenly jumps to "YES".

LINDA
gasps with a start. She composes herself, smiles, and then...

LINDA
Well,...I'm glad you made it
back.

CONT.

CONT.

THE PLANCHETTE quickly spells "R-I-N-G" and then continues its figure eight pattern.

LINDA(o.s.)
Ring? What ring?

It begins to spell "D-I-A-M"...

LINDA beams with realization as the planchette finishes the word.

LINDA
My diamond ring?
("YES")
You know where it is?
("YES")
Where?

THE PLANCHETTE spells "D-R-A-N".

LINDA furrows her eyebrows, confused.

LINDA
"Dran?" You mean drain,...like
a sink drain?
("YES")
Which sink? The kitchen?
("NO")
The bathroom...
("YES")
You're sure?
("YES")
I'm gonna go see if I can find
it, okay?

THE PLANCHETTE moves to "GOOD-BYE" and then glides to a stop.

LINDA removes her hands from the planchette and gets to her feet.

LINDA
Thanks, David.

She crosses to the hall closet and pulls out a large toolbox. Shaking with excitement, she disappears into the bedroom.

INT. MORAR BATHROOM - DAY - LINDA

enters via the bedroom and opens the cabinet under the sink. She pulls a handful of wrenches out of the toolbox and tries them on the drainpipe one at a time. She finds one that fits and begins to unscrew the pipe. It is difficult at first, but she finally gets the pipe apart. She peers down into the pipe's lower section.

THE MAW

of the pipe is deep, dark, making it impossible to see down to the bottom.

LINDA

hesitates and then sticks her finger into the pipe. Deeper and deeper she struggles, and then...

OW! She yanks her hand back and examines her finger.

LINDA

Darn it! There goes another nail.

She gets to her feet, grabs the mirror above the sink, and pulls...

THE MIRROR

opens to reveal a full medicine cabinet. The different male and female possessions are crammed together in a never-ending conflict for shelf space.

LINDA

quickly scans the shelves until her eyes come to rest on a toothbrush. She gingerly grabs it and stoops back down under the sink. She sticks the handle of the toothbrush into the pipe and carefully probes around until she hears a slight CLINK...

Linda smiles as she slowly, slowly withdraws the toothbrush, the diamond ring draped around its handle. She's hardly able to contain her excitement as she stands and returns the toothbrush to the medicine cabinet. She grabs the mirror and pushes...

THE MIRROR

reveals Jim's reflection as it closes. He stands behind her in the open bathroom doorway.

ANGLE ON

Startled, Linda screams and whirls to face him.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA

Jesus Christ! Don't ever sneak
up on me like that! Shit! Fuck!

Jim raises his eyebrows, startled by Linda's behavior. She
takes a moment to regain her composure, and then...

LINDA

What're you doing here?

JIM

I live here. What the Hell are
you up to?

LINDA

(excited)

Oh! I found my ring,...the one
I lost when we moved in. See?

JIM

And it's such a monumental event
that you've started swearing?

LINDA

What?

JIM

Your language, babe. "Gosh" and
"darn" are the strongest words
I've ever heard you use,...

(looking at sink)

...And since when did you become
Josephine the Plumber?

LINDA

Huh? Oh! You'll never guess!
I asked David where my ring was,
and he said...

JIM

David who?

LINDA

You know. David,...the spirit
of the little boy.

Jim turns and storms out.

JIM

Aw! I don't wanna hear this
shit!

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - DAY

Linda follows Jim out of the bathroom, confused and upset by his behavior.

LINDA

What's the matter? And what're you doing home so early?

Jim takes a deep breath and turns to face her. He hesitates for a moment, and then...

JIM

They closed the site early.
There was an accident.
(faltering)
Lloyd...Lloyd was killed.

LINDA

(shocked)
What?! How?! What happened?!

JIM

A load of lumber wasn't secured properly. It fell...

LINDA

God, babe,...I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

She goes to him and takes him in her arms. They hold each other silently, tightly. Finally...

LINDA

I've never liked you working construction. It's dangerous.

JIM

(pause)
Everything's dangerous...

FADE TO:

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY - LINDA

stands halated in the light pouring through the window of the front door. Her thin gauze dress rustles in a breeze that comes from nowhere,-- and everywhere. Everything - the hallway, Linda, the stairway - looks slightly askew, heavily diffused. Dream-like, Linda looks up from the foot of the stairs.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA'S P.O.V.

The stairway appears incredibly long. The door to her apartment is a mile away. Strange, eerie shadows wash the walls with bizarre angles and shapes. The entire hallway seems to stretch as the door at the head of the stairs pulls further and further away.

LINDA

begins to climb the stairs, slowly as if in a trance. The ghostly breeze drifts through her long, flowing hair.

THE DOOR

at the head of the stairs comes closer with every step. It grows larger and larger until it finally looms up like a giant skyscraper.

LINDA

tops the stairs and stops. She seems tiny and frail in contrast to...

THE DOOR

slowly swings open.

LINDA

waits with apprehension.

THE DOOR

swings wide to reveal...

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - SUNLIGHT

burns brightly through the bay window, casting long, deeply defined shadows across the walls, floor, and ceiling of the dark room.

LINDA

enters and slowly approaches...

THE OUIJA

lies open on the coffee table. The planchette casts a long, mountain-like shadow across the face of the board.

LINDA

stops in front of the table, the breeze still wisping through her hair. She begins to reach down to the Ouija which sets BELOW FRAME, unseen.

THE OUIJA

sets motionless as Linda's hands draw closer to the planchette.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA

leans further forward to touch the planchette when...

WHOOSH! A pair of powerful masculine hands shoot up from BELOW FRAME and grasp her by the throat.

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - DAY - LINDA

bolts up in bed, screaming.

ANGLE ON

Jim turns from the dresser, startled, wearing his work overalls. Linda looks disoriented until she sees him and desperately holds out her arms.

LINDA

Oh, Jim...

He crosses to the bed and holds her in a tight embrace.

JIM

It's all right. Just a bad dream. That's all,...a nightmare.

LINDA

It seemed so real.

JIM

They always do.

LINDA

Not this real.

Jim continues to hold Linda until she begins to relax, to catch her breath. Finally...

JIM

You okay?

LINDA

Yeah. Thanks.

JIM

That's what I'm here for.

LINDA

I love you.

With this, Jim pulls back. Linda is obviously disappointed as he lowers her down and kisses her forehead.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

You try to go back to sleep.
I gotta get to work.

Linda gives Jim a searching stare as he crosses to the dresser and grabs his wallet and car keys. He heads for the bedroom door but stops when...

LINDA

Jim, ...
(with purpose)
...I love you.

There is a long, awkward silence as Jim stands motionless in the bedroom doorway. Linda slowly fades from anticipation to disappointment to resignation. Finally...

JIM

I'll see you tonight.

He steps out of the room, and Linda manages to maintain her composure until she hears the front door OPEN. She then falls back on the bed and sobs into her pillow.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - SUBJECTIVE

From the ceiling, we watch Jim standing in the open doorway of the apartment, listening to Linda's soft SOBS. He shakes his head sadly and then leaves, pulling the door closed behind him.

After a beat, we BOOM DOWN to the Ouija lying open on the coffee table. We HOLD for a moment and then PULL BACK from the board. As it recedes from us, we PAN TO the open bedroom doorway where Linda can be heard SOBBING softly.

Slowly, silently, we PUSH IN through the doorway to...

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - DAY - SUBJECTIVE

We continue to PUSH IN toward Linda, her face still buried in her pillow. We HOLD right behind her as her sobbing stops. Her entire body stiffens, sensing our presence.

Cautiously, she lifts her head, her back still toward us. We start to PUSH IN as she whirls to face us.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA

bolts up in bed, alone. The room is empty. Her panic subsides, and she smiles at her own silliness. And then, her smile fades to a grimace of pain. She holds her stomach and doubles over.

She quickly throws back the covers, leaps from bed, and rushes to the bathroom. She falls to her knees in front of the toilet and SLAMS the door closed behind her.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - THE OUIJA

waits on top of the coffee table as Linda can be heard WRETCHING and COUGHING in the bathroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A small group of people disperses from around an open grave. The only familiar face besides Jim and Linda is Mike. He pats Jim on the shoulder as he passes. Everyone heads back to their cars, but Jim continues to stare down at the closed casket. Linda hangs back, waiting.

Finally, she takes Jim's arm. They gaze into one another's eyes, at a loss for words. Jim nods with resignation, and Linda begins to lead him away.

DEWHURST(o.s.)

Mister Morar?

ANGLE ON

Jim and Linda turn to see DEWHURST, a thirty-five-year-old police detective in a well-worn, out of date suit. He approaches the couple and extends his hand to Jim.

CONT.

CONT.

DEWHURST
(continuing)
My name is Dewhurst, ...Lieutenant
Dewhurst.

The two men shake hands.

JIM
Police?

DEWHURST
(nods)
We're investigating Mister
Salvador's death.

JIM
What's to investigate?

DEWHURST
I think he was murdered.

Jim and Linda exchange a shocked glance.

DEWHURST
(continuing)
The rope holding the lumber on
the balcony was cut, ...with
some kind of a hatchet.

JIM
Are you sure?

DEWHURST
(nods)
We haven't found it, yet, ...but
the ropes were definitely cut.
Did he have any enemies?

JIM
No, none that I know of.

DEWHURST
How about you?

JIM
Me?

DEWHURST
I understand you were with him
when the lumber fell. It's
(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

DEWHURST
(continuing)
possible the killer was aiming
for you and missed.

LINDA
(horrified)
Oh my God!

Jim and Dewhurst react to Linda's outburst. She stares at Jim with terror in her eyes.

DEWHURST
Miss?
(pause)
Miss?

Linda snaps out of her thoughts.

LINDA
Yes?

DEWHURST
May I ask your name?

LINDA
Linda Brewster.

DEWHURST
And you're a friend of Mister
Morar's?

LINDA
(takes Jim's arm)
We live together.

DEWHURST
Ah! Well, then maybe you can...

LINDA
No, I can't.

DEWHURST
You can't think of anyone...

LINDA
(abruptly)
No.

DEWHURST
(suspicious)
Are you sure?

CONT.

CONT.

Jim steps in, defensive.

JIM

Lieutenant, if I can't think of anyone, I'm sure she can't.

DEWHURST

(unconvinced)

No, ...I suppose not.

(to Jim)

You were the only witness, correct?

JIM

As far as I know.

DEWHURST

And you lost your hatchet that same day.

JIM

I lost my hammer.

DEWHURST

But it has an axe blade on one side, right? Have you found it yet?

JIM

No.

DEWHURST

I thought not.

JIM

Lieutenant, why don't you quit playing Columbo and get to the point?

DEWHURST

No point, ...just being nosey. Well, sorry to have intruded.

He starts off but then stops and turns back to them.

DEWHURST

Oh! If either of you takes a trip in the next week or so, would you mind letting us know?

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

Are we under suspicion?

DEWHURST

(smiles)

Nah! I told you,...I'm nosey.

He walks off as Linda draws close to Jim.

LINDA

You didn't tell me you were with him.

JIM

There was no point.

LINDA

No point?! Jim, you could've been killed!

JIM

But I wasn't. It was an accident, babe. That's all,...just an accident.

LINDA

holds Jim tightly as she stares after Dewhurst.

LINDA

The lieutenant's not so sure,... and neither am I...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - NIGHT - THE PLANCHETTE

moves steadily in a figure eight pattern. Linda's fingers rest on top of it as it glides silently across the board.

LINDA(o.s.)

David, did you cause the accident at the site?

(it moves to "NO")

Don't lie to me.

(it moves to "NO")

Are you still mad at Jim?

It moves to "GOOD-BYE" and then stops.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA

sits on the couch with the Ouija open on the coffee table. She hesitates, her hands on the planchette.

LINDA

David?
(no answer)
David?

The planchette remains motionless. The room is silent, vacuum-like. Linda stares at the board, agitated.

RING! Linda jumps with a start. She takes a moment to compose herself as the phone RINGS again. She grabs the receiver and puts it to her ear.

LINDA

Hello.

INTERCUT: MORAR LIVINGROOM/SINCLAIR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brandon paces back and forth across his stylishly decorated livingroom as he speaks on his cordless telephone.

BRANDON

Linda, where were you?

Linda shakes her head, confused.

LINDA

What?

BRANDON

You were supposed to bring my Ouija to class yesterday.

LINDA

Oh God, Brandon, I'm sorry. It completely slipped my mind. I went to the funeral with Jim.

Brandon stops, his expression changing from anger to sympathy.

BRANDON

Oh! Yeah,...of course. How's he taking it?

LINDA

He's sleeping.

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON

That figures.

LINDA

That's not fair, Brandon.

BRANDON

Oh no? Tell me,...did he cry at the funeral?

Linda falls silent, defensive. Brandon already knows the answer.

BRANDON

He didn't cry at Susan's funeral either.

LINDA

That was different. Susan killed herself. Maybe Jim felt anger at her for leaving him.

BRANDON

I doubt it.

LINDA

Why?

BRANDON

Because the reason Susan slit her wrists was because Jim left her.

LINDA

(shocked)

What?!

BRANDON

Face it, Linda, the man has ice in his veins. I've known him since I was seven, and I've never seen him cry once,...not for anybody or anything.

LINDA

(sighs)

Well,...maybe he's just been hurt too often,...by his parents, by Susan,...and by you.

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON

We've all been hurt...

He lets his sentence trail off into an awkward pause as neither one of them knows what to say next. Linda glances at the Ouija, hesitates for a moment, and then...

LINDA

Brandon,...how often have you contacted David?

BRANDON

(puzzled)

David? I don't know. Quite a few times. Why?

LINDA

Have you ever seen him that angry before?

BRANDON

No,...never. Did we just change subjects when I wasn't looking?

LINDA

Brandon, I'm worried. I've been using the Ouija, and...

BRANDON

(alarmed)

Alone?!

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA
is startled by Brandon's tone.

LINDA
Yeah....

BRANDON
(V.O., on phone)
Linda, listen to me...

CLICK! The phone suddenly goes dead. Linda frantically jiggles the cradle switch.

LINDA
Brandon? Hello? Hello?

She jiggles it again and listens. Silence...

LINDA
(pause)
Hello?

JIM(o.s.)
Hello!

Linda jumps with a start.

ANGLE ON
Jim stands in the bedroom doorway, wearing a bathrobe. Linda spots him and springs to her feet in a rage.

LINDA
God dammit!!! I've told you a-
bout sneaking up on me!

JIM
(laughs)
I'm sorry. I'll start wearing
a bell, okay?

LINDA
No! Just rattle your fucking
head once in awhile!

JIM
(shocked)
What the Hell's eating you?

Linda hesitates and then drops back, burying her face in her hands. Jim rushes to the couch, and she clings tightly to him.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA

Oh God, Jim,...I'm so scared. I think I'm going crazy.

JIM

It's all right. It's all right.

LINDA

No. No,...it's not...
(beat)
I'm pregnant.

Jim's eyes widen with surprise. There is an awkward silence as Linda waits anxiously for his response. Finally...

JIM

Are you sure? Have you seen a doctor?

LINDA

I have an appointment Monday afternoon to find out the test results,...but I already know. I've had morning sickness all week.

JIM

Well, no wonder you're a nervous wreck. You're not going crazy. You're just becoming a mother. Granted, it's almost the same thing...

LINDA

(laughs)
You're not upset about it?

JIM

No,...of course not...

He does not look as sure as he sounds. Linda, her head resting in his lap, hugs him tighter.

LINDA

I love you.

JIM

I know.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA

And you love me. Even if you
don't know it, ... I know it.

Jim strokes her hair, lost in his own thoughts.

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - NIGHT

An unmarked police car sets at the curb in front of the building. Dewhurst sits behind the steering wheel, chewing on a chili dog. He glances up at...

THE BAY WINDOW

of Jim and Linda's apartment as the lights go out.

DEWHURST

checks his watch and then starts his car.

HIGH ANGLE

Dewhurst's car pulls away from the curb and disappears down the street.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - DAY - HIGH ANGLE

The landlady, Mrs. Moses, waters the lawn as Jim's pick-up truck pulls into the driveway and stops.

ANGLE ON

Linda gets out from behind the wheel carrying several thick law books.

MRS. MOSES

Good morning. My, you certainly
are up early for a Sunday.

LINDA

I had to go to the library. I
have a term paper due tomorrow
that I haven't even started.

Chris rounds the corner with his dog, Fido, on its leash.

CHRIS

Good morning!

CONT.

CONT.

MRS. MOSES
Hi, Chris. How are...

SNARL! The dog suddenly springs forward, straining at its leash as it BARKS and GROWLS at Linda.

Linda steps back startled as Chris struggles to control the dog.

CHRIS
Fido, stop it! Stop it!

MRS. MOSES
For Christ's sake, get him out of here!

CHRIS
I don't understand it. Stop it!
He's never done this before...
I'm sorry...

He pulls the dog away as Mrs. Moses turns to the ghost-white Linda. A moment, and then they both burst into nervous laughter.

MRS. MOSES
Are you all right?

Linda nods, still laughing as she watches Chris drag the BARKING dog down the street.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - THE BAY WINDOW

has a perfect view of Chris as he recedes down the street still struggling with the GROWLING dog. PULL BACK to Jim, his toolbox open beside him, as he dismantles the base of the telephone. He listens to the receiver as he jiggles the cradle switch. Nothing.

He moves the end table aside and quickly unscrews the phone jack. He then grabs the jack and pulls...

THE PHONE JACK
comes away from the wall, revealing that all of the wires inside have been cut.

JIM
stares at the wires, amazed.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM
What the Hell...

ZAP!

THE PHONE WIRES
flash with a huge surge of energy.

JIM
is hurled back. He falls to the floor, stunned. Slowly, painfully, he lifts his head.

JIM'S P.O.V.
A large, dark MAN stands near the burned phone jack. Our (Jim's) vision is too blurred to make out many details, but the man has a beard and seems to be dressed in clothes from the 1930's. He smiles, but his eyes seethe with fury.

JIM
looks puzzled, confused. His eyes fight to stay open, as if he were heavily drugged.

JIM'S P.O.V.
The image of the man blurs as a beautiful, young blonde woman, SUSAN, comes into focus. She stands near the phone jack with one arm resting on the bookcase.

Blood flows freely from her slit wrists, running down her arms and across the bookcase.

JIM
shakes his head slowly, his eyes full of pain and remorse.

JIM'S P.O.V.
Susan steps away from the bookcase and approaches as if she were moving through water. Gently, slowly, she lowers herself toward (Jim) us.

JIM
stares trance-like as Susan bends down to kiss him.

ANGLE ON
Linda performs mouth to mouth resuscitation on Jim as he lies sprawled on the livingroom floor. After a moment, she removes her mouth from Jim's, takes another breath, and repeats the procedure.

She sits up, panicked, but she takes another breath and repeats the procedure. She blows air into Jim's lungs again and then sits up.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA

Come on, Jim. Come on. Breath.
Please, breath.

She takes another breath and repeats the procedure. She sits back and shudders with relief as Jim coughs. He rolls over onto his side as Linda runs her fingers through her hair, unsure of whether to laugh or cry.

Jim slowly opens his eyes and turns to face her. He smiles, groggy.

JIM

Hi. Time to get up?

Linda laughs with relief as tears flow down her cheeks. Jim stares at her blankly as he begins to regain full consciousness. He hesitates, and then...

JIM

What's the matter? What happened?

LINDA

You electrocuted yourself. Why couldn't you just wait...

Jim bolts up.

JIM

The phone! I remember. The wires were all cut.

LINDA

Well, now they're fried.

JIM

No,...I never touched them.

LINDA

Babe, I heard the charge. When I came in, the wall was burned, and you weren't breathing. Thank God you taught me C.P.R. and mouth to mouth.

JIM

(skeptical)

Get outta here. I never even lost consciousness.

CONT.

CONT.

Linda locks eyes with Jim.

LINDA

Jim...you're heart stopped.
You were dead for over two minutes.

Jim shakes his head, puzzled as Linda bends down and holds him tight. He glances over to...

THE PHONE WIRES

that were cut, are now fused back together.

JIM

frowns and looks up to...

THE BOOKCASE

once covered with Susan's blood, is now clean.

JIM

struggles to remember and then just gives himself up to Linda's embrace.

THE OUIJA

sets unnoticed on the coffee table. TIGHTEN SLOWLY on the board as the silence is suddenly shattered by a loud BUZZ.

CUT TO:

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - NIGHT - THE CLOCK

reads "6:00 a.m." The alarm continues to BUZZ until Jim's hand reaches up and turns it off.

JIM

rolls over to find he's alone in the bed. He sits up and looks around the room -- no Linda.

INT. MORAR KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jim pushes through the door and finds Linda sitting on the counter. She holds a catsup bottle in one hand and a single hot dog in the other. She dips the hot dog, sans bun, into the catsup bottle between each bite.

JIM

What're you doing up? You don't
have your first class 'till ten,
right?

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA
I couldn't sleep.

JIM
Another nightmare?

She nods.

JIM
Maybe you should mention them to
your doctor when you see her.

LINDA
Yeah,...I will.

JIM
What're you eating?

LINDA
A hot dog.

JIM
Did we run out of buns?

LINDA
No. It's not hot. I didn't
cook it.

JIM
Yuck! No wonder you have night-
mares.

Linda smiles as Jim takes the catsup bottle and places it
on the counter.

JIM
Look, I gotta get to work, and
you should try to get some sleep.

He takes her in his arms, over-the-threshold style.

LINDA
What's this? I can walk.

JIM
No way. You're a mother now.

LINDA
Awww, my prince. Take me to
Camelot.

CONT.

CONT.

She wraps her arms tightly around his neck as he pushes through the door, and it swings closed behind them.

JIM(o.s.)
Would you settle for a car lot?

CUT TO:

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - DAY - LINDA

sleeps soundly, alone in the bed. TIGHTEN on her face ever-so-slowly as the silence is disturbed by a muffled BUZZ.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - THE INTERCOM

next to the front door BUZZES again, but it is much LOUDER here in the livingroom. Silence... And then another BUZZ.

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - DAY - BRANDON

presses the door buzzer outside the main entrance. He releases it impatiently and then presses it again.

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - DAY - LINDA

rolls over slowly and opens her eyes as the muffled BUZZ fades. She gets to her feet and pulls open the bedroom door.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - LINDA

crosses to the intercom and presses the "TALK" switch.

LINDA
Hello?

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - DAY - THE INTERCOM

next to the main entrance sets alone in the FOREGROUND. Brandon pulls his car door closed in the BACKGROUND and starts his engine.

LINDA
(V.O., on intercom)
Hello? Is anybody there?

Brandon's car drives away.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - LINDA

hesitates for a moment, still half asleep, and then...

LINDA

Hello?

She shrugs and heads back toward the bedroom, but she stops when she notices...

THE OUIJA

lies open on the coffee table.

LINDA

pauses for only a second and then goes to the couch and sits. She places her fingers on the planchette.

LINDA

David?

(nothing)

David,...I know you're here.

The planchette slowly starts into a figure eight.

LINDA

That's better. Now tell me,...
are you still angry with Jim?

("NO")

Are you trying to kill him?

("NO")

I wish I could believe you,...
but I don't. I'm returning
this board to Brandon. Today.

THE PLANCHETTE

moves to "NO" and then back to its figure eight.

LINDA(o.s.)

You have nothing to say about
it. I've already made up my
mind.

She pulls her fingers from the planchette, and it glides silently to a stop on the "NO" response.

LINDA

stands and defiantly pushes through the kitchen door.

INT. MORAR KITCHEN - DAY

Linda crosses to the refrigerator and pulls out a bottle of

CONT.

CONT.

orange juice. She grabs a glass and begins to pour herself a drink when...

WHOOSH! A large butcher knife flips out of the knife rack on the wall in the FOREGROUND. Linda jumps back with a gasp as...

THE KNIFE
sticks in the kitchen floor, and...

THE CATSUP BOTTLE
tips over on the counter, pouring its contents over the edge.

LINDA
presses back against the refrigerator as the bottle quickly empties. Her eyes widen in terror as she stares down and sees...

THE CATSUP
has formed itself into the shape of a body around the blade of the knife, so that the knife is protruding from its chest.

LINDA
rushes out of the kitchen, into...

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - LINDA

races to the front door and pulls with all her might, but it will not open. She whirls to face the bay window as...

THE SHUTTERS
suddenly SLAM shut.

LINDA
flushes white with horror as the livingroom is plunged into darkness.

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - DAY - MOVING

quickly away from the shuttered bay window to a HIGH ANGLE as one long, loud SCREAM emanates from Linda within.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY - HIGH ANGLE

Brandon crosses the busy, NOISY site and talks to Mike. He

CUT TO:

CONT.

nods to Brandon and points to one of the partially constructed houses on the lot. Brandon waves good-bye and then heads for the indicated house.

INT. HOUSE ON SITE - DAY

Brandon steps in the front door and follows the sound of HAMMERING down the hallway to...

INT. BEDROOM OF HOUSE - DAY

Jim stops hammering sheet rock and looks up as Brandon steps into the room.

JIM

What're you doing here?

BRANDON

I tried to call, but your phone is dead.

JIM

You came all the way out here to tell me that?

BRANDON

No, I wanna ask you something about Linda.

JIM

You wanna know if she snores?

BRANDON

I should've known better...

He turns to leave but stops when...

JIM

Hold it! I was kidding. Jeez! You used to have a sense of humor.

BRANDON

Can you be serious for one minute?

JIM

I'll give it a shot.

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON

Do you know where Linda is right now?

JIM

In class. What do I win?

BRANDON

No, she's not. She hasn't been to a single one of her classes all week.

JIM

How do you know?

BRANDON

I did some checking around today.

JIM

I thought you were studying pre-law, not pre-view.

Brandon holds up his hands, defensive.

BRANDON

Don't get your bowels in an uproar. Let me finish. Has she been acting strange lately?

JIM

What do you mean, strange?

BRANDON

Nervous tension, insomnia,...
uh...nausea, erratic behavior.

JIM

(surprised)
How did you know?

BRANDON

Has she been swearing alot?

JIM

Like a truck driver.

BRANDON

Oh no...

CONT.

CONT.

Brandon drops down onto a window sill, dazed. Jim stares at him for a moment, and then...

JIM

Earth calling Brandon. Come in, Brandon.

BRANDON

(looks up)

Jim, I think Linda's been using my Ouija.

JIM

Yeah,...so what?

BRANDON

I know you think it's a crock of shit, but bear with me for a minute, okay?

(beat)

When someone uses a Ouija alone, like Linda, she's very susceptible to the spirits she contacts. And the wrong spirit will take advantage of this. First, he'll be extremely helpful and friendly so she'll be lured into using the board more and more. Pretty soon, all she wants to do is use the board. Everything else, like going to classes, becomes unimportant.

(beat)

This is called Progressive Entrapment. Once she reaches this stage,...the spirit changes. He starts to frighten and terrorize her, slowly breaking down her resistance.

(beat)

And once that's done,...the spirit is able to possess her.

JIM

(pause)

So what you're telling me is,... I'm living with Linda Blair.

Brandon springs to his feet.

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON
I'm serious, Jim!

JIM
(laughs)
That's what makes it so funny.
I thought you were an athiest.

BRANDON
I'm not saying it's a demon,
Jim, just the spirit of someone
evil. Evil when he was alive.
Evil now that he's dead.

(beat)
I wanna bring a medium by your
apartment as soon as possible,
to exorcise the spirit.

JIM
You're not serious...

BRANDON
Jim, how do you think I knew all
those things about Linda? They
are all symptoms of progressive
entrapment!

JIM
They're also all symptoms of
pregnancy.

Brandon stops dead in his tracks.

BRANDON
What?

JIM
(smiles)
Linda's pregnant. I'm gonna be
a father.

BRANDON
(snarls)
Terrific...

JIM
Come on, Brandon. Can't you try
to be happy for us?

BRANDON
You gonna marry her?

CONT.

CONT.

JIM
(pause)
Yeah,...of course.

BRANDON
You don't even love her.

JIM
You haven't talked to me in over
two years, Brandon. So don't
stand there and tell me what I
feel.

He turns back to his sheet rock and begins to POUND nails
with his new axe-hammer.

BRANDON
I know you better than you think,
Jim! I know why you dropped out
of school! Does Linda?!

Jim POUNDS louder, harder, making it necessary for Brandon
to shout...

BRANDON
(continuing)
Because you knew you'd make a
lousy doctor! Because you're
not capable of giving a shit
about anyone but yourself! And
when you get tired of Linda,...

JIM
Shut up, Brandon!

BRANDON
...You'll walk away, just like
you did with school! Just like
you did with your parents!

JIM
Shut up!!

BRANDON
Just like you did with Susan!
But this time, there'll be a
baby!

JIM
I told you to shut up!!!

CONT.

CONT.

Jim whirls to face Brandon, his axe-hammer poised to strike. Both men freeze. They stand toe to toe, glaring at each other until...

MIKE(o.s.)

Jim?

ANGLE ON

Jim and Brandon turn to see Mike standing in the open window of the bedroom.

MIKE

(continuing)

There's a call for you in the foreman's trailer.

JIM

(glaring at Brandon)

Take a message. I'm busy.

MIKE

It's your landlady,...something about Linda.

JIM

(worried)

Is she all right?

Mike shrugs his shoulders -- he doesn't know. Jim rushes out of the room, and Brandon and Mike follow.

INTERCUT: INT. FOREMAN'S TRAILER/LANDLADY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jim leaps into the trailer and grabs the phone. Brandon and Mike stop and wait in the open doorway as Jim puts the receiver to his ear.

JIM

Hello?!

Linda sits at the table, shakily drinking a cup of tea as Mrs. Moses speaks on the phone.

MRS. MOSES

Jim, this is Missus Moses.

JIM

Is Linda all right?

CONT.

CONT.

MRS. MOSES
She's fine now, but something
scared her awful bad.

JIM
Can I talk to her? Is she there?

MRS. MOSES
Yes,...here she is.

She hands the phone to the badly shaking Linda.

LINDA
Jim?!

JIM
I'm here, babe.

LINDA
Oh God, Jim! It's David!

JIM
(shocked)
David?

LINDA
I don't know what happened to
him! He used to be so nice,...
and now,...oh Jim,...I'm so
scared!

JIM
listens to Linda tight-jawed, and then...

JIM
All right, babe. I'm on my way
home. I'll take care of it. I
promise.

He hangs up and stares mutely at the phone. He finally
turns to see...

BRANDON
stares at Jim, puzzled, anxious.

JIM
stares back at him, his eyes narrowing with grim determina-
tion. Finally...

JIM
Bring your medium by tonight...

CUT TO:

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - NIGHT - A GIRL

with orange and green striped hair and skull-and-crossbones earrings chews on a large wad of bubble gum. This is ZARABETH, and she looks all of twenty going on twelve. She smiles cordially as...

BRANDON(o.s.)

Jim, this is Zarabeth, the best medium in northern California.

ANGLE ON

Jim takes Zarabeth's hand, his smile barely covering his shock at the sight of this leather clad teenaged Punker in torn fishnets and spiked boots.

JIM

Hi. Thank you for coming.

ZARABETH

No problem. Hey! Nice place,... but you got yourself one gnarly spirit here. I can feel it. See the hairs standing up on my arm?

She wanders into the center of the room, her arms outstretched, feeling the air. Jim leans close to Brandon and whispers...

JIM

This is your expert? Where'd you find her, the circus?

BRANDON

Okay, she's a bit strange, but...

JIM

A bit strange? Her head's a friggin' rainbow, and she's got a run in her stockings that won't quit!

Linda enters from the bedroom, and Zarabeth spins to face her.

ZARABETH

You must be Linda.

LINDA

Yes...

ZARABETH

Bitchin'! Let's get this show on the road!

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

I prepared everything according to Brandon's instructions.

Zarabeth spins to examine the preparations.

A candle sets unlit on a round card table that has been placed in the center of the room. A pyramid of empty "Coke" and "Miller" cans sets in front of the shuttered bay window.

String is tightly criss-crossed from wall to wall around the card table, and little bells hang at indiscriminate points all along the man-made web.

ZARABETH

Rad job, Jim! Really tubular!
Okay, Brandon, kill the lights,
huh?

(to Jim and Linda)

Grab a seat, guys.

Brandon goes to the light switch as Jim, Linda, and Zarabeth step through the web, TINKLING several of the bells when they touch the string. Zarabeth lights the candle as Jim and Linda take their seats. Linda admires the preparations.

LINDA

You did all this while I was asleep?

Jim nods, embarrassed. Linda smiles and takes his hand.

Brandon flicks off the lights and crosses to the table. Bells TINKLE as he steps through the web of string and takes the remaining empty seat so that they are all seated boy, girl - boy, girl.

The candlelight casts eerie, flickering shadows across the room as Zarabeth stares grimly at her three seance partners.

ZARABETH

Okay, I'm gonna make contact now, so whatever happens, stay in your seat. If you stand or talk, the contact might be broken.

(looking down)

Oh bummer! I forgot my crystal ball!

Jim shoots the stunned Brandon a nasty, skeptical glare. Zarabeth bursts into laughter.

CONT.

CONT.

ZARABETH

I don't really have a crystal ball. That's just a little psychic humor,...to ease the tension.

LINDA

Shouldn't we join hands?

ZARABETH

Nah! That's just in vampire movies. Anyway, my nails are too grody. Okay, let's talk to some ghosts.

She suddenly becomes serious as she places her hands palms down on the table. She closes her eyes and relaxes her entire body.

Brandon stares intently at Zarabeth. He fidgets under Jim's skeptic glare. Linda glances from Jim to Zarabeth, who is deathly still, her eyes closed and motionless.

Jim looks up as the bells TINKLE, and the flame of the candle dances for a moment as if caught in a slight, summer breeze.

Zarabeth's eyes suddenly snap open, and she becomes rigidly upright. Brandon twitches with excitement. Finally...

BRANDON

Who are you?

There is dead silence for a moment before Zarabeth's lips start to move, speaking in a child's voice...

ZARABETH

Please don't hate me.

BRANDON

Who are you?

ZARABETH

David...

BRANDON

David, do you know me?

ZARABETH

Yes, Brandon, I know you.

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON
How old are you?

ZARABETH
Ten, ...when I passed over.

BRANDON
Tell us, ...why are you terrorizing Linda?

Zarabeth pauses for a moment as she faces Linda. Then...

ZARABETH
I love Linda.

BRANDON
Then why are you frightening her?

ZARABETH
She hurt me. She won't talk to me, ...because of him.

BRANDON
Who? Jim?

ZARABETH
He is cruel.

BRANDON
You are cruel, David. Linda fears you.

ZARABETH
I'm sorry. I was angry. I...
(facing Linda)
...I love you.

Linda looks sad, almost teary-eyed.

BRANDON
Linda no longer wants to speak to you. I'm taking the Ouija home with me.

ZARABETH
I know...

BRANDON
The woman you are speaking through is a psychic. She has
(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON(cont'd)
the power to exorcise you from
this apartment.

ZARABETH
(pause)
No. I'll go. I never meant any
harm. Good-bye.

LINDA
David, why...

ZARABETH
Good-bye.

Linda springs to her feet.

LINDA
David, wait!

BRANDON
Linda! Don't!

Zarabeth's head snaps back. Everyone freezes with apprehension. The silence is tomb-like, suffocating. Suddenly...

THE FLAME
of the candle flares up like a small explosion, flooding the room with bright red light as...

ZARABETH
shakes with convulsions throughout her body.

THE STRING
snaps in several places at once, sending the bells CLANGING into the air.

THE PYRAMID
of cans scatters as if struck by a high velocity projectile.

JIM
grabs Linda and holds her tightly as...

BRANDON
covers his head to avoid being struck by a bell or can, and...

ZARABETH
falls forward on the table.

THE SHUTTERS
of the bay window fly open as...

CONT.

CONT.

THE CANDLE
snuffs out in one final, blazing surge.

Silence...

ANGLE ON

The moonlight streaming through the window gives the room a deathly bluish pallor. Zarabeth suddenly raises her head, speaking in her own voice...

ZARABETH

Wow! Pretty gnarly! Brandon,
catch the lights, huh?

Awe-struck, Brandon takes a moment before...

BRANDON

Huh? Oh! Yeah...

He crosses to the switch and flicks on the lights as everyone slowly gets to their feet. Linda gratefully takes Zarabeth's hand.

LINDA

Thank you.

ZARABETH

Too cool,...but I didn't do it.
David left on his own.

JIM

Well, he sure knows how to make
a dramatic exit.

LINDA

Yeah,...maybe I acted to quick.

JIM

How do you mean, babe?

LINDA

David isn't really evil. Maybe
I should've given him a chance.

JIM

No way! Brandon's taking this
thing home, and that's it!

He grabs the boxed Ouija from the coffee table and hands it to Brandon.

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON
We did the right thing, Linda.
Believe me.

ZARABETH
For sure! That was one mondo
ghost. Good thing the exorcism
didn't happen. It would've been
mega-tough.
(beat)
Uh-oh! I see a vision...

She heads toward the front door with a definite purpose as
Brandon stares after her, worried.

BRANDON
What is it?

ZARABETH
Me...in your car...going home.
(laughs)
Just some more psychic humor,
guys. Come on, Brandon. Let's
hit the musty dusty. T-T-F-N!

She flings the door open and bounces down the stairs as Jim
walks Brandon to the open doorway.

JIM
T-T-F-N?

BRANDON
Ta-Ta-for-now. Thanks for let-
ting me bring her, Jim.

JIM
Don't mention it...
(beat)
...To anyone.

Brandon chuckles and nods in agreement as he turns on his
heel and follows Zarabeth down the stairs.

Jim closes the door and leans back against it as Linda ap-
proaches and embraces him. She rests her head on Jim's
chest, her eyes closed peacefully as he surveys the carnage
of the evening.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Brandon's sportscar cruises up the dark, deserted street, Brandon at the wheel, Zarabeth in the passenger's seat beside him.

INT. SPORTSCAR - NIGHT

Brandon glances over at Zarabeth. She stares out the window almost trance-like as she blows big, pink bubbles.

BRANDON

You did a good job tonight.
Thank you.

ZARABETH

You ever heard the word malfeitor before?

BRANDON

It's Portuguese. It means
"someone evil". Why?

ZARABETH

I don't know. Was David
Portuguese?

BRANDON

I don't think so.

ZARABETH

(puzzled)

Hmmmm. And he was only ten years
old, right?

BRANDON

Yeah...

ZARABETH

Then he must've taken mega-vita-
mins, 'cause he was a real tuffy.

BRANDON

Something's bothering you. What
is it?

ZARABETH

I see danger ahead.

BRANDON

For Linda?

CONT.

CONT.

ZARABETH

For you, ...if you miss my house.
(laughs)
It's coming up on the right.

BRANDON

(relieved)
More psychic humor?

Zarabeth laughs and nods as Brandon veers off toward the side of the road.

EXT. ZARABETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car pulls to the curb, and Zarabeth hops out. She turns back to Brandon, serious.

ZARABETH

All kidding aside, though, something's hinky.

BRANDON

Like what?

ZARABETH

I'm not sure. Stay by the phone,
and I'll call you later tonight,
after I do the Nancy Drew bit.
T-T-F-N!

She steps back and waves as Brandon drives off. She stands motionless as she watches the sportscar disappear into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. SINCLAIR APARTMENT - NIGHT - THE TELEVISION

glows with the images of an old war movie.

BRANDON

sits on the couch, watching the film. The boxed Ouija and the telephone both set on the coffee table in front of him. He fluffs up a cushion and flops back on the couch.

He extends his hand to make sure the phone is within easy reach, and then he settles back to watch the movie.

FADE TO:

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - LINDA

stands trance-like against the bay window, halated by the sunlight behind her. Her hair and gauze robe sway gently in the ghostly breeze. Once again, everything is diffused, and shadows wash the room with bizarre shapes and angles. Linda lets her eyes slowly drift around the room.

LINDA'S P.O.V.

The room is eerie-looking, wierd. The surface of the coffee table is clean -- no Ouija.

LINDA

looks almost relieved for a moment,...but then turns slowly, painfully to the bedroom door.

LINDA'S P.O.V.

The door looks huge, menacing. As we (Linda) move toward it, the door swings open to reveal...

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - DAY - LINDA'S P.O.V.

This room, like the livingroom, is awash with ominous, shadowy shapes. The bed is empty and made-up.

LINDA

glances toward her dresser and sees...

THE OUIJA

lies open on her dresser. Jim's "J.M."-handled axe-hammer is imbedded in the board.

LINDA

looks puzzled as she cautiously approaches the board. She grasps the axe-hammer and dislodges it from the Ouija. Her face is a picture of confusion as she examines the initials on the handle. She stares down at...

THE OUIJA

seems to be sneering because of the evil gash left in it by the axe-hammer.

CRASH! A powerful, masculine hand shoots out of the board!

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - NIGHT - LINDA

bolts upright in bed, shivering and gasping. She looks dis-oriented until she notices Jim lying in bed next to her, sound asleep. This calms her, and she curls up next to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ZARABETH'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT - A BOOK

entitled, Cults of the U.S., sets on the footstool next to three other books entitled, Demon Worship, Satanic Cults, and Ouija's and Cults. Zarabeth's hand reaches down and opens the first book.

ZARABETH

sits in a large easy chair, flipping through the book. An ashtray full of cigarette butts and a badly stained coffee mug set precariously balanced on her lap. Loud rock MUSIC blares from the stereo.

Zarabeth suddenly stops on a particular page and becomes completely engrossed. There is an undistinguishable portrait on the page Zarabeth reads quickly, intently. She suddenly jumps to her feet, excited, and rushes to the telephone.

CONT.

CONT.

SUBJECTIVE

We watch Zarabeth from our vantage point near the chandelier hanging over the front door. We BOOM DOWN and PUSH IN on her as she reaches the phone and grabs the receiver. We HOLD directly behind her as she starts to dial. She suddenly stops, sensing our presence. Her entire body stiffens.

She immediately spins around and stares right at us, her eyes wide with fear and recognition.

ZARABETH

You!!!

We PUSH IN quickly, but she races past us. We PAN AROUND to see her run up the stairs. We immediately BOOM UP along the railing and FOLLOW her down the hallway into...

INT. ZARABETH'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SUBJECTIVE

We continue to FOLLOW Zarabeth as she runs across the room. She looks back over her shoulder at us, her face white with terror.

We gain on her as she bolts into...

INT. ZARABETH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT - SUBJECTIVE

We continue to FOLLOW Zarabeth as she races through the room, with us gaining quickly.

We are on her when she ducks into her bedroom and SLAMS the door on us.

WHAM! We hit the door full force.

INT. ZARABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - ZARABETH

quickly locks the door and backs away from it.

THE DOOR

rattles on its hinges under the constant POUNDING from the other side.

ZARABETH

shakes with pure horror as the door CREAKS and GROANS under the abusive POUNDING.

THE DOOR

begins to give way.

CONT.

CONT.

ZARABETH
bites her knuckles.

THE DOOR
strains on its hinges.

ZARABETH
releases a SCREAM.

THE DOOR
stops moving. No pounding. No noise. Silence...

ZARABETH
struggles against panic. She stares apprehensively at the motionless door. Slowly, she begins to regain control. She starts toward the door but then stops.

She senses something. Her eyes cautiously search the room.

Nothing...

She relaxes a bit. She wipes the sweat from her brow. She starts to sit but then hesitates. Her eyes grow wide, and she spins around...

SUBJECTIVE
We watch from across the room as Zarabeth whirls around and stares directly at us.

She dashes to the door and unlocks it as we PUSH IN toward her at a quick pace.

We FLASH PAN across her throat with a sickening RIIIPPPPPPP as...

THE DOOR
gets splattered with blood.

EXT. ZARABETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LOW ANGLE

Zarabeth CRASHES through the upstairs window and falls down toward the picket fence in the FOREGROUND.

THE FENCE
impales her on impact, driving one of the pointed stakes completely through her.

ZARABETH
struggles in vain to get up. She stops, out of breath, and then pitches forward, --- dead.

No movement. No sound. Nothing...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SINCLAIR APARTMENT - DAY - THE TELEVISION

flashes the early morning news. A typical, plastic-looking ANCHORMAN drones...

ANCHORMAN

...Police are calling it the worst traffic accident in the county's history.

BRANDON

rolls over on the couch where he has spent the night. He wipes the sleep from his eyes and regards his wrinkled clothes.

ANCHORMAN(o.s.)

(continuing)

An accident of a different sort claimed the life of a Fairfield woman late last night,...

Brandon sits up and glances at the phone. He checks his watch and then picks up the phone. He starts to dial as...

ANCHORMAN(o.s.)

(continuing)

...When she fell to her death from a second floor window. The victim, Sara Crawford, claimed to be a psychic and worked as a professional medium under the pseudonym of Zarabeth.

Brandon turns to the television, startled. He hangs up the phone and opens the Ouija box.

ANCHORMAN(o.s.)

(continuing)

Police officials will not divulge whether the death was suicide or murder,...

THE BOX

contains a chalk slate.

ANCHORMAN(o.s.)

(continuing)

...But a full scale investigation is presently underway...

BRANDON

bolts from his apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - THE INTERCOM

next to the front door BUZZES. Jim's hand reaches up and hits the "TALK" button, his arm covered by the sleeve of a bathrobe.

JIM(o.s.)
Who is it?

BRANDON
(V.O., over intercom)
Jim, it's Brandon. We have to talk.

JIM
looks at his watch and then...

JIM
All right. I'll buzz you up.

BRANDON
(V.O.)
No. You come down.

JIM
(puzzled)
On my way.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Brandon waits and watches through the glass as Jim comes down the stairs and opens the door. Brandon steps in.

JIM
What's up?

BRANDON
Where's Linda?

JIM
Still asleep. Why?

BRANDON
Zarabeth's dead.

JIM
(shocked)
What? How?

BRANDON
Someone or something pushed her out a window.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

Christ...

BRANDON

And I don't think it was an accident. She suspected something about David, and she was gonna check it out. I think David killed her to keep her from telling us whatever she found out.

Jim frowns with skepticism.

JIM

The spirit killed her?

BRANDON

Yeah, and I think he cut your phone line too, so I couldn't warn Linda about the Ouija. And he probably killed Lloyd, but I think he was after you that time.

JIM

Brandon, are you listening to yourself? You're telling me that a ten year old ghost is flying around Fairfield killing people.

BRANDON

I know it sounds crazy, but I'm sure that's it.

JIM

Well, assuming you're right, why has he waited 'till now. You contacted him long before Linda.

BRANDON

But I've never been alone. I've always had people with me when I use the Ouija.

JIM

Okay, but you took it home so...

He let's his sentence trail off as Brandon shakes his head.

BRANDON

I checked the box this morning. No Ouija.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

That's impossible! I boxed it myself.

BRANDON

Linda must've removed it when you weren't looking. She's obsessed with it, Jim. That means she's already fallen into progressive entrapment.

JIM

Well, I just have to find the damn thing and get rid of it.

BRANDON

It's too late for that. Linda's so open now, I don't think David needs it anymore.

Jim sighs, frustrated.

JIM

But I thought that's what he got his power from.

BRANDON

No,...it's just a portal. See, most spirits are trapped in their own world and can't enter ours without some kind of help,... like a medium, or a Ouija.

JIM

Or someone who's been opened by progressive entrapment.

BRANDON

Yeah...

JIM

So you're saying Linda's become a portal for David.

BRANDON

(nods)

Eventually, he'll possess her,... unless we can stop him. That's why I'm going to Tahoe.

JIM

What's in Tahoe?

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON

That's where David claims he died. I'm gonna go check out his story. We can't fight him if we don't know exactly who he is. For all I know, he's been lying to me since the first time I contacted him.

And with this, he turns and opens the main door.

JIM

You're really going to Tahoe?

BRANDON

I have to. I feel responsible.

JIM

When're you leaving?

BRANDON

As soon as I can pack. Keep an eye on Linda.

He starts to leave, but...

JIM

Brandon. I'm not sure I buy all this, but...good luck.

He extends his hand, and Brandon reacts surprised. He smiles, and they shake hands. After a moment, they break off, self consciously. Brandon hesitates and then steps through the door.

Jim lets the door pull closed and watches through the window as Brandon crosses the street to his sportscar. Jim glances down the street and notices...

JIM'S P.O.V.

An unmarked police car sets at the curb. Lt. Dewhurst is at the wheel.

JIM

stares with curiosity and some concern.

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - DAY - THE OUIJA

sets on the dresser. One of Linda's hands rests on top of the motionless planchette.

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA(o.s.)
David,...can you hear me?

The planchette remains motionless.

LINDA
clears her throat and hesitantly places her other hand on the planchette. She shivers with apprehension.

LINDA
Have you come back? Are you here?

THE PLANCHETTE
remains motionless under Linda's fingertips.

LINDA
removes her hands from the planchette and runs them through her hair, sighing with relief.

THE PLANCHETTE
jumps to "YES" as...

LINDA
stumbles back, terrified.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - JIM

just enters the apartment when he hears Linda SCREAM. He rushes to the bedroom, but the door slams in his face. He quickly grabs the doorknob, but it won't budge.

SCREAMS and CRIES come from Linda inside as Jim POUNDS on the door with his fist.

JIM
Linda! Open the door!

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - DAY - LINDA

is pushed and pulled around the room by an invisible force as she cries for "HELP!"

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - JIM

springs back from the door and - CRACK - kicks it with all his strength.

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - DAY - THE DOOR

flies open, and Jim bursts into the room just as...

LINDA

slams against the wall and slides to the floor.

JIM

runs to her and quickly lifts her onto the bed. He checks the dialation of her eyes and then studies his watch as he takes her pulse. He looks up and sees...

THE OUIJA

sets on the dresser.

JIM

seethes with hatred as he crosses to the Ouija and grabs it. He glares down at it when...

MRS. MOSES(o.s.)

Jim? Linda? Is everything all right?

Jim looks up.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY

Mrs. Moses stands in the open front doorway, surrounded by three other TENANTS. They all peer cautiously into the apartment.

MRS. MOSES

Hello? Jim? Linda?

Jim comes out of the bedroom carrying the board and planchette.

JIM

Missus Moses, call an ambulance.

MRS. MOSES

What happened?

JIM

Linda's hurt. She's unconscious.

MRS. MOSES

Oh my!

She turns and hurries down the stairs as the tenants MUMBLE amongst themselves, "You hear all that screaming and pounding?" - "I'll bet he beat her!" Jim ignores them as he opens the bay window.

EXT. LAKESWOOD APARTMENTS - DAY - JIM

hurls the Ouija from the open bay window.

DEWHURST
watches from across the street.

DEWHURST'S P.O.V.
The Ouija spins through the air and CLANGS into a large dumpster on the side of the building.

DEWHURST
gets out of his car and crosses the street. He peers down into the dumpster and sees...

THE OUIJA
sets on top of the garbage. TIGHTEN SLOWLY on the board as the HOWL of a siren shatters the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY - AN AMBULANCE

HOWLS into the entrance marked, "FAIRFIELD CLINIC - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE", and disappears around back.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

The HOWL of a siren diminishes outside. The room is empty except for Jim and Dewhurst. Jim puffs anxiously on a cigarette, fidgeting under the detective's glare. Jim paces. Dewhurst watches his every movement. Finally...

JIM

What do you want from me, Lieutenant? Why're you watching my apartment?

DEWHURST

I told you. I'm nosey. How well did you know Sara Crawford?

JIM

Who?

DEWHURST

Zarabeth.

JIM

Why? You think I pushed her out the window?

CONT.

CONT.

DEWHURST

Maybe. A closer look at the body revealed her throat had been slit before she went through the glass. Guess what it was slit with.

JIM

(worried)

A hatchet?

DEWHURST

Maybe. Whatever it was, the slit matches the ropes that were cut at the construction site. Have you found your missing hammer yet?

JIM

No. Have you?

DEWHURST

I will, ...eventually. What've you been using to hang sheet rock?

JIM

Nails.

DEWHURST

Are you trying to be funny?

JIM

No, sir! I wear a big, red nose and bright, baggy pants when I'm trying to be funny. Look, Lieutenant, ...I bought a new hammer because I couldn't find the old one. If you find it sticking in someone's back, bring the handcuffs. But until then, ...

DOCTOR GELINEAU, a young, clean-cut M.D. in her mid-thirties, steps into the room.

GELINEAU

Mister Morar?

JIM

Yes?

GELINEAU

I'm Doctor Gelineau.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM
How is she?

GELINEAU
Your diagnosis was right on the nose,...a mild concussion. That must've been quite a fall.

JIM
Yeah. How about the baby?

GELINEAU
Well, Linda missed her appointment yesterday so I didn't get to tell her, but...she's not pregnant.

Jim's face registers his shock - and surprisingly - his disappointment.

JIM
But she's been having morning sickness.

GELINEAU
Nevertheless...

JIM
(pause)
Can I see her?

GELINEAU
Sure,...but she's still unconscious.

Jim heads out with the doctor but stops when...

DEWHURST
Mister Morar,...where were you last night?

JIM
At home, with Linda.

DEWHURST
You don't mind if I ask her myself when she comes to.

JIM
Be my guest.

CONT.

CONT.

DEWHURST

And while I'm at it, I intend to find out if she really fell down, or if somebody knocked her down.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - LINDA

lies sleeping, an I.V. bottle hanging next to her. Jim's hand reaches down and gently strokes her hair.

JIM

stares silently at his girlfriend as his eyes begin to well up. Slowly, ever so slowly, a single tear rolls down his cheek. Finally--- he looks up with grim determination.

CUT TO:

INT. SINCLAIR APARTMENT - DAY - A TRAVEL BAG

full of overnight clothing and toiletries is snapped closed by Brandon's hands.

BRANDON

grabs the bag and heads for the front door in a rush. He pulls it open and jumps back with a startled gasp as...

JIM

steps in. For a long moment, he says nothing. Then...

JIM

I'm going with you...

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY - THE SPORTSCAR

races away down the road, its engine ROARING.

INT. SPORTSCAR - DAY

Brandon is at the wheel. Jim leans forward in the passenger's seat, reading a road map.

JIM

So what's our first move when we get there?

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON
The Tahoe public library.

JIM
Why?

BRANDON
Why not?

JIM
(sarcastic)
Oh, well,...as long as you have
a reason.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY - THE SPORTSCAR

sails past a roadsign which reads, "NOW LEAVING FAIRFIELD
CITY LIMITS", and disappears over the horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

roll up one after another on a television-like viewing
screen.

JIM(o.s.)
You know how long it'll take us to
go through every newspaper printed
in 1955?

JIM AND BRANDON
search through the microfilm library of newspapers, rolling
them across the screens page by page. Each man sits at a
seperate viewing monitor.

BRANDON
We don't have to go through all of
them, just the ones printed in
August. That's when David claims
he died.

They roll the August issues through their screens, quickly,
quietly. Finally...

JIM
Hello.

BRANDON
What?

CONT.

CONT.

JIM
Hold on. I'll enlarge it.

Brandon looks over at Jim's screen as Jim turns a knob on the monitor's base, and...

THE ARTICLE
in the lower corner of the screen zooms up to fill the entire viewing monitor. The headline reads, "BOY DIES IN BOATING ACCIDENT".

JIM AND BRANDON
smile to themselves.

JIM
Bingo!
(reading article)
"A gasoline explosion aboard a small motor boat claimed the life of ten-year-old David Simpson early yesterday morning. Funeral services for David, the only child of John and Betty Simpson, will be held this Saturday at the Holy Spirit Cemetery."

BRANDON
Well,...now we know David's been telling the truth, but we still don't know why he's terrorizing Linda.

JIM
So how do we find out?

BRANDON
We ask his parents.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY - A PHONE BOOK

lies open to a page of names starting with "S". Brandon's finger quickly races down the various "Simpson's".

BRANDON(o.s.)
Damn!

ANGLE ON
Jim stands outside the booth as Brandon slams the phone book closed.

BRANDON
There's no listing for a John or Betty Simpson.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

That article said David was buried
at the Holy Spirit Cemetary.

BRANDON

So?

JIM

So maybe the caretaker has their
address on an invoice or something.

BRANDON

All right, Jim!

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

Brandon sits at the wheel of his idling sportscar in front
of a locked gate which reads, "HOLY SPIRIT CEMETARY". He
waits impatiently as Jim approaches from the "CARETAKER"
cottage next to the gate.

BRANDON

Well?

JIM

Nobody's home.

BRANDON

Damn! We'll just have to come back
tomorrow.

JIM

As long as we're here, I wanna take
a look at David's grave.

BRANDON

Why?

JIM

Why not?

Jim hops the wall and starts to climb over.

BRANDON

Jim, don't!

Jim drops over the wall and out of sight. Brandon kills the
engine and climbs out of the car. He looks around to make
sure he's not observed and then assaults the wall.

BRANDON

I got a bad feeling about this.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT - BRANDON

drops down inside the wall and strains to pierce the darkness with his eyes. Jim is not among the headstones reflected in the moonlight.

BRANDON

Jim?

(silence)

Jim? Where are you?

Brandon begins to slowly stalk through the headstones. He freezes when he hears a twig SNAP. He waits. Finally...

BRANDON

Jim?

Another SNAP, and Brandon tenses as he hears FOOTSTEPS approaching slowly through the fallen twigs.

Brandon's tension mounts as the FOOTSTEPS get closer.

He casts his eyes slowly, ever-so-slowly, over his shoulder.

The FOOTSTEPS are on him.

Brandon forces himself to whirl around to see...

Nothing. There is nobody behind him. Brandon looks back at nothing but headstones and trees casting eerie shadows in the moonlight. Brandon sighs with relief, until...

A hand grabs his shoulder.

Brandon SCREAMS and whirls around as Jim puts a silencing finger to his lips.

JIM

Will you stop making so much noise?
You're gonna get us both arrested
as grave robbers..

BRANDON

You scared the shit out of me!
Where were you?!

JIM

I found someone I want you to meet.

BRANDON

Who?

JIM

David's parents.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT - THREE HEADSTONES

set side-by-side atop three graves. The oldest, weather beaten grave reads, "DAVID SIMPSON

OCT. 16, 1945

to

AUG. 11, 1955"

The two brand new headstones read,...

"JOHN SIMPSON

MAY 21, 1926

to

MAR. 06, 1985"

and...

"BETTY SIMPSON

SEPT. 05, 1931

to

MAR. 06, 1985".

JIM(o.s.)

Look at those dates. His parents died on the same day, less than two weeks ago.

JIM AND BRANDON

stare at the headstones, the blood draining from their faces.

BRANDON

Must've been some kind of accident.

JIM

What if it wasn't.

They exchange a worried glance.

CUT TO:

EXT. 480 MOTEL - NIGHT

Brandon's sportscar sets parked by one of the rooms.

BRANDON

(V.O., in room)

We should try to get some sleep.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jim sprawls on one of the beds as Brandon unpacks his bag.

BRANDON

I wanna get out to the dock where David died first thing tomorrow.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

I don't suppose you have an extra
toothbrush in that bag.

BRANDON

No, I'm afraid not.

JIM

Damn! I hate talking to ghosts
with plague on my teeth.

(beat)

Just a little psychic humor there.

The two men burst into laughter until...

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON

God! Why are we laughing?

JIM

It helps us forget how scared we are.

Brandon nods. There's an awkward silence as the two men stare at each other, smiling. They both become self-conscious, and Brandon turns away to put away his now unpacked clothes. Jim continues to watch him for a moment, and then...

JIM

What happened to us, Brandon?
We used to be like brothers.

BRANDON

(shrugs)

Things change. People change.

JIM

Because of Linda.

BRANDON

(pause)

Yeah...

JIM

I didn't steal her from you,
y'know?

Brandon hesitates--- and then turns to Jim.

BRANDON

I know. But everytime I see the two of you together, I go crazy. I start saying stupid things, and I can't stop. I tell myself, "Brandon, stop being an ass hole," but then my mouth pops open and out comes another stupid remark.

JIM

(pause)

You're still in love with her?

Brandon doesn't answer, but it's obvious that he is.

JIM

I envy you that. Remember what you said about me quitting pre-med?

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON

I didn't mean it...

JIM

No. You were right. You know what I'm afraid of more than anything else? That I'll never be able to love anyone,...and I'll end up spending the rest of my life alone. If I had any real guts, I'd get out of Linda's life before she wastes any more time on me.

BRANDON

So tell me,...what does she see in you that she didn't see in me?

JIM

(shrugs)

I make her laugh.

BRANDON

So did I.

JIM

Yeah,...but only in the bedroom.

Dead silence...

Brandon glares at Jim. Neither man flinches a single nerve. Jim fights a smile--- and then, inspite of himself, Brandon laughs.

BRANDON

You really are an ass hole, you know that?

They both continue to laugh as we...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - LINDA

lies asleep in her bed. Her eyes suddenly snap open, sensing something. She rolls over and bolts up to see...

Nothing. The room is empty. Linda gets out of bed and goes to the door. She pulls it open slowly and then peers out to...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - LINDA

hesitates for a moment and then steps into the hall. She creeps slowly, cautiously toward the end of the corridor. She approaches the corner and hesitantly edges her way to it. She trembles with anxiety as she peers around the corner. ---Nothing. Linda exhales, relieved. She shrugs and turns to see...

A GHOSTLY FIGURE
stands across the hall from her.

LINDA
jumps back with a start,---and then laughs as she realizes it is just a reflection in the glass of the admitting desk. The ghostly figure is only Linda herself in her hospital gown. She calms down and turns back to see...

THE MAN
from Jim's vision raises a huge axe.

LINDA
reacts...

THE MAN
swings...

THE AXE
cleanly severs Linda's head from her shoulders.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - LINDA

bolts up in bed, screaming like a maniac as she awakens from her nightmare.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The ADMITTING NURSE and the NIGHT NURSE look up from the desk at the sound of Linda's SCREAM. They drop their charts and run down the hall to Linda's room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - A SIGN

above the entrance to a small shop reads, "WANDA'S WITCH-CRAFT WAREHOUSE". TILT DOWN as Brandon comes out of the store with a small paper bag under his arm.

ANGLE ON
Jim sits on the hood of the sportscar parked against the curb. He gets to his feet as Brandon approaches.

CONT.

CONT.

JIM
What'd you get?

Brandon pulls a Ouija Board out of the bag and slides it across the hood of the car to Jim.

JIM
Haven't we had enough of these?

BRANDON
We'll need it to contact David.

Jim looks down at...

THE OUIJA
lies dormant on the hood of the car.

JIM
grimaces at the board.

JIM
God! This whole mess bites the big one...

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE TAHOE DOCK - DAY - THE OUIJA

looks exactly like it did on the hood of the sportscar.
PULL BACK to reveal it sets on an empty wooden crate between Jim and Brandon.

The dock is run-down and deserted. A ton of empty wooden crates are tied to the side of the weather-beaten boat house. Jim watches as Brandon pulls the planchette from the paper bag and places it in the center of the board.

JIM
I thought it had to be on our knees.

BRANDON
Not this time. Since this is where David died, contact with his spirit should be good and strong.

JIM
Not too strong, I hope.

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON

(smiles)

Don't worry. If I'm right about Linda being his portal, she's too far away for him to reach us.

JIM

What if you're wrong, and the Ouija's still his portal. We're gonna be opening the door if we use this.

BRANDON

I'm not wrong. Linda is his portal. David won't be able to hurt us here. We're too far away.

(beat)

Besides,...he can't do anything while she's asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL RELEASE DESK - DAY - LINDA

turns from the desk completely dressed as Dr. Gelineau approaches.

GELINEAU

Linda, I think you should let us run a few more tests...

LINDA

No. I'm fine. I wanna go home.

She smiles sweetly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE TAHOE DOCK - DAY - THE PLANCHETTE

moves across the board in a figure eight pattern under Jim and Brandon's fingertips.

BRANDON(o.s.)

David, do you know me?

("YES")

Do you know why we're here?

("YES")

Why are you terrorizing Linda?

("N - O")

N - O? N-O what?

CONT.

CONT.

The planchette again spells "N-O" and then moves to the letter "T" before continuing its figure eight.

JIM AND BRANDON
face each other, confused.

JIM
"N-O-T", ...not?

BRANDON
(to the board)
David, ...do you mean you are not
terrorizing Linda?

It moves to "YES" as Jim looks skeptically at Brandon.

JIM
Then who is?

THE PLANCHETTE
quickly spells "E-V-I-L".

JIM AND BRANDON
become anxious as the planchette resumes its figure eight.

JIM
Evil? What the Hell does that
mean?

BRANDON
I don't...Wait a minute!
(to the board)
David, you were at Jim's party,
weren't you?
("YES")
And you flattened my tire?
("YES")
Did you kill Lloyd at the con-
struction site?
("NO")
And you didn't kill Zarabeth?
("NO")
But you did speak to us through
her.

The planchette moves to "NO" and then into its figure eight
as Jim looks up, surprised.

JIM
No? Then who did we talk to?

CONT.

CONT.

THE PLANCHETTE
quickly spells "E-V-I-L".

JIM AND BRANDON
grow tense, agitated.

JIM
Again with the evil?!

BRANDON
I think I have it!
(to the board)
David, is this "evil" another
spirit?
("YES")
Is it powerful? Did it force
you out of Jim's apartment?
("YES")
Is this spirit's name Malfeitor?
("YES")
Then Linda has never actually
contacted you all the time she's
used my Ouija.

It moves to "NO" and then continues its figure eight as Jim
shares a puzzled glance with Brandon.

JIM
So if Linda couldn't contact him,
why was it so easy for us?

BRANDON
I told you. This is where David
lived and died. That's always
the strongest place for any
spirit.

JIM
All right,...so who's Malfeitor?

BRANDON
That's what we're gonna find out.
(to the board)
David, who is Malfeitor?

THE PLANCHETTE
spells "H-E-R" and then resumes its figure eight.

JIM AND BRANDON
fidget nervously. Jim looks up, frustrated.

JIM
Her? Who's her?

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON
 (shrugs)
 David, ...do you mean Linda?
 ("NO")
 Then who is her?

The planchette picks up speed and begins to move erratically.

JIM
 What's wrong?

BRANDON
 I don't know. He's agitated.
 (to the board)
 David, what's wrong?

It continues to race across the board in an erratic pattern. Both men are worried until Jim suddenly looks up, his face beaming with realization.

JIM
 Hey! Didn't you say they're lousy spellers?

BRANDON
 Yeah! Right!
 (to the board)
 David, did you misspell the word?

THE PLANCHETTE
 slows down and moves to "YES".

BRANDON(o.s.)
 All right, ...take your time and try again. Now, who is Malfeitor?

The planchette slowly begins to spell "H-E-R-"...

JIM AND BRANDON
 exchange a frantic glance as the planchette suddenly slides to a stop.

JIM
 What happened?

BRANDON
 We lost him. It happens sometimes.
 (to the board)
 David? Are you still here?

CONT.

CONT.

JIM
Can you get him back?!

BRANDON
I don't know...

JIM
What was he trying to spell?!

BRANDON
I don't know!

Brandon continues to call...

BRANDON
David?! David?!
As he does...

JIM
studies the Ouija. His brow furrowed, he talks to himself...

JIM
"H - E - R"...

THE PLANCHETTE
rests on top of a letter which reads...

JIM(o.s.)
..."-E".

JIM AND BRANDON
look up simultaneously.

JIM
"HERE"...Malfeitor is here!

BRANDON
He can't be! That would mean...

SNAP! Jim and Brandon look up as...

THE ROPES
holding the crates to the boat house all SNAP, spilling the
crates onto...

JIM
tries to move, but he's quickly buried under the avalanche.

BRANDON
jumps back, but several of the crates strike him, sending
him over the edge of the dock. Brandon flips through the
air and splashes into...

CONT.

CONT.

THE WATER

swallows Brandon like a white-capped blanket. The ripples fade. The surface grows calm. Suddenly...

BRANDON

breaks surface several yards from the dock. He looks up to the mountain of crates as he treads water.

BRANDON

Jim?!

JIM

lies unconscious on the dock, half buried by the crates.

BRANDON(o.s.)

Jim?!

BRANDON

starts forward when - SPLASH - he turns to see...

A WAKE

breaks surface several yards away and moves toward...

BRANDON

shivers with fear and swims away as fast as he can.

THE WAKE

pursues him, accelerating as it approaches.

BRANDON

swims toward the dock, violently kicking his feet.

THE WAKE

grows faster and larger as it gains on him.

BRANDON

reaches the ladder of the dock.

THE WAKE

is nearly on him.

BRANDON

starts to climb.

THE WAKE

reaches him.

BRANDON

pulls himself out of the water as...

THE WAKE

hits the ladder, silently, harmlessly, and dissipates around it.

CONT.

CONT.

BRANDON

exhales with relief as he watches the wake fade.

SUBJECTIVE

We watch Brandon as he stands on the ladder at the far end of the dock. He continues to stare down at the water as we PUSH IN toward him very quickly.

We cross the distance in no time as Brandon turns to climb onto the dock. He looks past us toward Jim. We're on him, but he still doesn't see us as...

We FLASH PAN across Brandon's forehead with a bone-crushing CRACK, and...

THE PLANKS

of the dock are splattered with blood as...

BRANDON

tumbles limply into the water, disappearing beneath the surface.

HIGH ANGLE

The surface of the water grows still. Jim lies motionless on the dock. The waves LAP rhythmically against the shore. The dock CREAKS and GROANS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE TAHOE DOCK - DAY - JIM

begins to stir. Dried blood cakes his face from a large gash on his cheek. He tries to move, but he's weighed down by the crates.

JIM

Brandon! Brandon?!

SUBJECTIVE

We watch from the ladder as Jim sits up and looks around.

JIM

struggles to free himself from the crates as...

SUBJECTIVE

We PUSH IN slowly. Jim manages to free himself and stumble to his feet. He glances around for Brandon, looking past us several times, but he doesn't see us. We HOLD as...

JIM

Brandon?!

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

stands alone on the deserted dock. He touches his head and grimaces in pain as he stumbles onto the shore. Stumbling like a drunk, he falls to his knees at the water's edge and painfully splashes his face.

SUBJECTIVE

We watch Jim from the dock as he washes the blood from his face. Suddenly...

We PUSH IN quickly and HOLD directly behind him. He hesitates and stiffens, sensing our presence. Suddenly, he whirls to face us, but...

JIM

sees nothing as he looks toward the BACKGROUND. The FOREGROUND surface of water ripples calmly, harmlessly around his knees.

SPLASH! A hand shoots up from the water.

Jim whirls to face forward as...

THE HAND

grasps him by the collar.

JIM

struggles to break free as he pulls back from the water, and...

BRANDON

bobs to the surface, floating face down as his hand continues to cling to Jim's collar with a tight death grip.

JIM

hesitates and then gently pries open Brandon's hand. He rolls the body over to see...

BRANDON'S FACE

has been hacked into an unrecognizable pulp covered with deep, gory slashes.

JIM

shudders with horror. He hesitates on the verge of tears and then embraces Brandon tightly, resting the head of his friend on his shoulder.

SUBJECTIVE

We slowly BOOM UP and away from Jim as his SCREAMS of rage echo across the lake.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - NIGHT - SUBJECTIVE

From our BIRD'S EYE VIEW, we slowly BOOM DOWN to Linda as she pulls the Ouija out of the dumpster. She regards it for a moment and then heads back toward the building.

As she opens the main door and disappears inside, we slowly BOOM UP to the well-lit bay window of her livingroom. The front door to the apartment is open, and we HOLD as Linda comes up the stairs.

We watch from outside the window as Linda crosses to the coffee table.

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Linda sits on the couch and places the board on the table next to where the planchette already sets. She places the planchette on top of the Ouija, and then...

LINDA

David? David, are you here?

The planchette remains motionless. Linda fidgets, trying to keep calm.

LINDA

David, where's Jim? Have you done something?

(nothing)

Answer me, dammit!

The planchette doesn't move. Linda gets to her feet, angry.

LINDA

You bastard!

She turns and storms into...

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Linda removes her robe and tosses it on the bed as she walks naked into...

INT. MORAR BATHROOM - NIGHT - LINDA

steps into the shower and turns on the water. She buries her face in her hands and cries as the water washes over her.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE TAHOE DOCK - NIGHT - THE ROPES

that held the crates to the boat house now swing free in the breeze. A hand grabs one of the ropes and turns it up to reveal its cleanly severed end.

ALLEN(o.s.)
These ropes look like they've
been cut.

ANGLE ON

His cheek now bandaged, Jim stands next to SEARGENT ALLEN, who examines the ropes.

ALLEN
You still claim they just snapped?

JIM
That's right. And then the crates
fell...

ALLEN
And knocked you out.

JIM
Right.

ALLEN
And when you came to, your friend
was dead.

JIM
Right.

ALLEN
And the two of you drove all the
way from Fairfield just to visit
this lake?

JIM
Right. Right! Right! Lieuten-
ant...

ALLEN
Seargent...

JIM
Seargent,...we've been over this
a hundred times. Look, my friend
is dead...

He stops as his own words sink in. He watches silently as the CORONER and two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS load Brandon's body into the coroner's wagon. Allen softens at the sight of Jim's grief.

CONT.

CONT.

ALLEN

All right. Why don't you go back to your motel? We'll call you tomorrow.

CORONER

Seargent Allen...

Allen waves to the coroner and then addresses Jim.

ALLEN

Don't go back to Fairfield unless you check with us first, okay?

Jim nods and trudges sadly to the sportscar as Allen makes his way toward the coroner's wagon.

Jim climbs into the sportscar and starts the engine as Allen joins the coroner at the back of the wagon. They both examine Brandon's face as Jim drives away.

ALLEN

What've you got?

CORONER

Won't know for sure 'till I get him back to the lab,...but I don't think falling crates did this.

ALLEN

Then what did?

CORONER

I don't know,...but whatever it was, it was sharp and heavy.

ALLEN

Damn! I knew that guy's story didn't gel.

(calling)

Hawkins! Get a unit over to the 480 Motel. Tell them to keep an eye on Morar, but don't approach him. Just make sure he stays put.

The nearest uniformed officer, HAWKINS, nods and heads for the radio.

CONT.

CONT.

Another plainclothes officer, VICENTE, calls from the dock.

VICENTE
Seargent Allen...

Allen nods and crosses to join Vicente next to the scattered crates.

ALLEN
What've you got, Vicente?

Vicente pulls up a crate and reveals...

AN AXE-HAMMER
with the initials "J.M." on its handle lies on the dock, surrounded by the overturned crates.

ALLEN AND VICENTE
stare silently at the axe-hammer. Allen finally releases a disgruntled sigh.

ALLEN
Shit! I knew I shouldn't have let him go. You'd better contact the Fairfield Police. I have a feeling that Mister Morar is not going back to his motel.

VICENTE
Think he's heading home?

ALLEN
No, he's probably heading the opposite way,...but it's worth a shot.

Vicente heads off toward the radio as the coroner joins Allen near the axe-hammer.

CONT.

CONT.

CORONER

You don't really think he would have called us if he'd done this, do you?

ALLEN

No,...but I'll bet you dimes to donuts that Mister Morar knows more than he's telling us.

CUT TO:

EXT. WANDA'S WITCHCRAFT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Brandon's sportscar pulls to the curb in front, and Jim steps out from behind the wheel. He jogs around the front of the car and disappears into the store.

WANDA

(V.O., inside store)

Okay,...I think I've found it.

INT. WANDA'S WITCHCRAFT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - A WOMAN

emerges from between numerous, long rows of occult books. This is WANDA, a stunning beauty with a well shaped body that strains to break out of her tight, black witch's gown. She carries herself like a cheap tramp, but on her it looks good. She flips through a hard bound book as...

WANDA

Sorry it took so long, but he's not one of your more popular cult deviants.

ANGLE ON

Jim looks up as Wanda steps behind the counter which is overstocked with a variety of magic and occult paraphernalia. Jim looks tired,---very, very tired.

JIM

I didn't know there were any.

WANDA

Any what?

JIM

Popular deviants.

Wanda smiles, sensually.

CONT.

CONT.

WANDA

Oh sure! The more deviant, the better.

She lets her eyes run up and down along his body as she licks her lips. Jim can't help but notice since Wanda makes no attempt whatsoever to be subtle. He smiles awkwardly and takes the book.

JIM

What about Malfeitor?

WANDA

What about him? Oh! Well,... he was originally from Brasil, but he moved to California and formed a small cult in the late twenties.

Jim glances down at...

THE BOOK

is entitled, Cults of the U.S.

WANDA(o.s.)

(continuing)

That's why I had such a hard time finding him. He wasn't really that involved in the occult.

JIM AND WANDA

look up to find that they are both leaning on the counter, nose to nose. This was no accident on Wanda's part.

WANDA

So,...are you interested?

JIM

Interested?

WANDA

In buying the book.

JIM

Oh,...I don't know...

WANDA

(smiles)

Well, I'm sure I have something here you'd like. If you're really interested in Malfeitor, why don't you try old police files?

CONT.

CONT.

JIM

Why?

WANDA

He was a fairly notorious mass murderer in his day. He killed nine people, chopped them up with an axe.

Something clicks in Jim's head, and he frantically flips through the pages.

JIM

Is there a picture of him?

WANDA

Yeah,...right here.

She reaches over and flips to...

THE PAGE

Zarabeth was reading before she was killed. The picture, now seen clearly, is a portrait of the man from Jim's vision, the man from Linda's nightmare.

JIM AND WANDA

stare at the picture. Jim is puzzled, trying to remember.

JIM

I've seen him before,...some-where. Whatever happened to him? Is he still alive?

WANDA

No. The police finally caught up to him around 1930,...shot him down in his own home.

(turning page)

Yeah,...here it is.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

in the book is a yellowed, high angle shot of the Lakewood apartment building.

JIM

stares at the photograph, stunned.

JIM

That's where I saw him!!!

He bolts out the door as...

WANDA

stares after him.

CUT TO:

INT. MORAR BATHROOM - NIGHT - THE SHOWER KNOB

is turned off by Linda's hand, and the spray of water stops.

LINDA

turns to open the door, but it's stuck. She pushes against it with more force -- nothing.

THE SHOWER HEAD

suddenly SPURTS out scalding hot water.

LINDA

jumps back in pain and presses against the wall. She reaches around the hot jet stream and grabs the shower knob. It comes off in her hand.

She drops the knob and hesitates before trying the door again. She must reach through the flow of hot water, and she screams with pain as she does so. The door remains closed.

Linda jumps back against the shower wall, her body criss-crossed with red streaks. She trembles in fear as her eyes desperately search the small cell for an escape. Then...

She spots her towel hanging over the top of the shower. She grabs the towel, wraps it around her fist, and punches the shower door with all her might.

CRASH! The glass shatters, and she quickly jumps through.

Exhausted, she leans against the sink for support. A brief pause, and she wraps herself with the towel as she rushes into...

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - NIGHT - LINDA

runs from the bathroom toward the livingroom, but the door SLAMS in her face. She frantically pulls on it, but it stands firm.

She turns to face the room, pressing her back against the door. She stands there motionless, barely breathing.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - JIM

finishes dialing and waits. After a moment...

JIM

Hello?! I'd like to speak to
Linda Brewster! She's a patient
in room 310...No...375! It's an
emergency! ---What?! When?!

CONT.

CONT.

He hangs up and dashes out of the booth.

CUT TO:

INT. MORAR BEDROOM - NIGHT - THE DOORKNOB

refuses to turn as Linda's white-knuckled hands desperately try to twist it.

LINDA

finally gives up and starts to rub her damp shoulders, shivering with the cold. She notices her bathrobe on the bed and grabs it, revealing...

THE OUIJA

lies on the bed.

SUBJECTIVE

We watch Linda from across the room as she jumps back from the Ouija with a start. We PUSH IN toward her at high speed as she turns toward us. We're on her as she SCREAMS...

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT - THE SPORTSCAR

sails past at top speed as Linda's SCREAM SEQUES TO WHINE of the car's engine. As the sportscar quickly races away, the engine's WHINE diminishes. And then there is nothing, only silence...

Shattered suddenly by a loud BANG!

CUT TO:

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY - THE FRONT DOOR

BANGS open, and Jim steps in. He stops dead at the sight of the apartment.

JIM'S P.O.V.

Everything - walls, paintings, furniture - everything has been hacked apart.

JIM

wanders cautiously through the carnaged room, panic slowly growing. His eyes widen when he sees...

CONT.

CONT.

THE OUIJA
lies open on a battered end table.

JIM
approaches the board, staring at it in disbelief. He shakes his head, anxious, frightened.

SHRIEK! Jim whirls to see...

LINDA
charges with a fire axe. She SHRIEKS like a maniac as she swings.

JIM
dodges, and the axe SHATTERS the bookcase. Breathing hard, he backs away as...

LINDA
stalks him. Her face is twisted. Her eyes seethe with fury.

JIM AND LINDA
encircle one another slowly around the room, never taking their eyes off of each other.

JIM
Linda,...please. I wanna help
you...

Linda smiles, speaking in a deep, throaty parody of her own natural voice...

LINDA
Fine. Then stop moving.

JIM
breaks for the front door, but it SLAMS in his face. He spins around as...

LINDA
charges and swings, and...

THE AXE
imbeds - THUNK - in the door next to Jim's head. Jim slams into Linda, leaving the axe sticking in the door.

JIM AND LINDA
land on the coffee table, and it SHATTERS under the impact. They roll around on the floor until Linda gets a grip on Jim's throat. She pins him on his back and begins to choke the breath from him.

CONT.

CONT.

He struggles in vain to break her grip, but she holds tight. He hesitates for an instant and then punches her in the face as hard as he can.

She smiles...

Desperately, his hands reach out, feeling the floor, grasping for something, anything.

He finds a letter opener and grabs it. He holds it to Linda's ribs, and she stops. She looks at the blade and then back to Jim.

She grins, and then...

LINDA
Go ahead, James. What are you waiting for?

Jim hesitates. Linda tightens her grip. Jim's eyes begin to roll back as he gags...

JIM
Linda,...please. Fight him!
You've got to fight him!
(cough)
I...I love you...

Linda relaxes her grip. Her face becomes soft. Then, in her own voice...

LINDA
Jim?

He catches his breath and smiles as he starts to rise.

JIM
Linda, thank God. I...

SLAM! She pushes him back to the floor.

Her face is once again twisted with a maniacal grin as she quickly tightens her grip. Again, she speaks with a deep, throaty growl...

LINDA
Not that easy, James. Not that easy...

Jim starts to lose consciousness. The bones in his neck CRACK as Linda squeezes tighter, tighter. He gags. His eyes roll up in their sockets. He is passing out when...

CONT.

CONT.

He drives the blade deep into Linda's hip.

She writhes in pain and reaches for the blade. Jim quickly kicks his legs and rolls her off of him. She falls to the floor as Jim stumbles to his feet.

He steps toward her when...

DEWHURST(o.s.)
Don't move, ass hole!

Jim whirls to see...

DEWHURST
stands in the open doorway surrounded by Mrs. Moses and seven TENANTS. They all stare into the apartment with open mouthed awe, MUMBLING, "Holy shit! Look at this place!" - "I told you he was crazy." - "That's it, I'm movin'."

DEWHURST
Missus Moses, go downstairs and call me some backup. Tell them I need a black and white and a couple of uniforms. The rest of you people go to your apartments and stay there. Now!

Mrs. Moses heads down the stairs as the tenants all scatter. Dewhurst waits, and then steps into the apartment, closing the door behind him.

ANGLE ON
Dewhurst slowly approaches Jim and Linda as she struggles to her knees, the blade still protruding from her hip.

DEWHURST
Mister Morar, I understand you left quite a mess up in Tahoe.

JIM
Dewhurst, listen...

DEWHURST
Don't!

Jim stops. He holds out his hands and watches anxiously as Dewhurst crosses to Linda.

DEWHURST
Miss Brewster, can you stand?

He stoops to help her as...

CONT.

CONT.

LINDA
grabs a table leg and swings.

DEWHURST
drops his gun as the table leg catches him in the face. He sails across the room and CRASHES into the China cabinet as...

LINDA
gets to her feet, and...

JIM
grabs the gun.

JIM AND LINDA
both freeze. Jim fights to catch his breath as he aims the gun at Linda. She smiles and raises the table leg. She steps forward but then stops when...

CLICK! Jim cocks the pistol. Linda smiles and lowers the table leg. Standoff--- and then...

LINDA
You won't kill her.

JIM
I can shoot her in the legs.

LINDA
It won't change anything.

JIM
It'll buy us some time, me and Linda. Time to fight you. Time enough for her to close the portal.

LINDA
(smiles)
Only you can do that, James.

JIM
Put the club down.

LINDA
You're sooooo smart. You still haven't figured it out. You're the portal, James, not Linda. You're the one I opened up. You're the one I terrorized,... by toturing Linda, by killing your friends. Linda is mine as long as you live.

CONT.

CONT.

Jim hesitates, thinks about it...

JIM

Bullshit! You tried to kill me!

LINDA

No, just to scare you. You are the portal, James. You suspected yourself, but you didn't want to believe it. You really want to save Linda? You have the means there in your hand. Go ahead, James,...close the portal.

JIM

releases the hammer on the gun and stares at it.

LINDA

prods him with...

LINDA

You won't do it. You can't. You don't love her. Not that much.

JIM

slowly raises the gun to his head.

LINDA

watches with concern, her smile fading.

LINDA

Is she worth it? Is anyone? Think about it...

DEWHURST

rolls over, stunned. He watches puzzled as...

JIM

pulls back the hammer with a CLICK, and...

LINDA

grows tense.

JIM

hesitates...

LINDA

waits...

DEWHURST

watches...

CONT.

CONT.

JIM
hesitates...

LINDA
waits,...waits,...finally...

LINDA
I knew you couldn't do it.

JIM
glares at Linda.

HIS FINGER
squeezes the trigger as...

DEWHURST
sits up, and...

LINDA
snaps back to normal.

LINDA
Jim! Don't!

JIM
jerks the gun and SHOOTS...

THE OUIJA
sails into the air as a hole is blown through it.

LINDA
staggers as if hit, screaming in the twisted, throaty voice.

LINDA
No!!!

She drops the table leg.

THE OUIJA
spins through the FOREGROUND as Jim - in the BACKGROUND -
fires another SHOT, blowing a second hole through the air
borne board.

JIM
quickly fires three more SHOTS into...

THE OUIJA
as...

LINDA
stumbles, grimacing in pain. She catches herself and shrieks
at Jim.

CONT.

CONT.

DEWHURST
bolts up and stares in disbelief as...

LINDA
charges Jim, her arms grasping out toward him.

LINDA'S P.O.V.
Jim turns to (us) her as she races toward him, her arms in the FOREGROUND.

LINDA
stumbles and drops...

LINDA'S P.O.V.
Her arms drop OUT OF FRAME as we continue with a SUBJECTIVE SHOT, racing toward Jim.

LINDA
hits the floor as...

JIM
looks down at her.

JIM
Linda!!!

SUBJECTIVE
We PUSH IN at full speed to Jim's face and BLUR with a loud WHACK.

DEWHURST
reacts to the sound of the blow, and we're...

MOVING WITH JIM
as he recoils from the impact and sails back toward the bay window.

CRASH! The glass explodes into tiny crystal shards as we MOVE through the window with Jim.

Falling through space in a rainfall of broken glass, we MOVE down with Jim as the roof of a parked car rises to meet him.

EXT. LAKEWOOD APARTMENTS - DAY - JIM

SLAMS into the car's roof, and it buckles under the impact. He rolls down onto the hood and then over the bumper.

SUBJECTIVE
We watch from above as Jim hits the pavement and lies motionless. We BOOM UP higher and higher to a BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the entire area.

CONT.

CONT.

Squad cars race toward the apartment building, their sirens WAILING as we TILT UP to the clouds and...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY - FLOWERS

adorn the walls as somber organ MUSIC plays. Slowly PAN ACROSS rows of crying women and serious men seated throughout the church. Many of the faces are familiar from the party.

As the organ MUSIC breaks into the "Wedding March", finish PANNING TO Jim and Linda kissing at the alter. The crowd APPLAUDS.

Linda is absolutely radiant in her wedding gown, and Jim would look extremely dashing in his morning suit if only it fit better around his neck brace.

They break and try to step off of the alter, but Linda has trouble due to her full-length leg cast. Everyone LAUGHS good-naturedly. Jim finally takes Linda in his arms and carries her down the aisle amid CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORAR LIVINGROOM - DAY

Chris helps Mrs. Moses with boxes of garbage as they clean up the war-torn apartment. Chris disappears into the bedroom as Mrs. Moses picks up a few remaining pieces of shattered wood. She dumps them into one of the boxes as Chris steps out of the bedroom carrying...

THE OUIJA
is full of bullet holes.

CHRIS(o.s.)
Look what I found.

CHRIS AND MRS. MOSES
examine the board and planchette.

MRS. MOSES
A WeeJee Board. I haven't seen
one of these since I was a kid.

CONT.

CONT.

CHRIS

I didn't know they'd been around
that long.

MRS. MOSES

Very funny. I wonder if it still
works?

Chris drops the Ouija into one of the boxes...

CHRIS

With all these holes in it?

He drops...

THE PLANCHETTE

lands on top of the board and bounces to a stop on top of
the "YES" response.

TIGHTEN SLOWLY on the Ouija as we...

FADE OUT.

THE END

2