THE OTHERS

 "Pilot"

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 TEASER

 FADE IN:

 A CRESCENT MOON. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to reveal--

 EXT. OLD CHURCHYARD - NIGHT

 A 19th C. CHURCH with an adjacent CEMETERY. HOLD on the

 church— suddenly, a STAINED GLASS WINDOW BLOWS OUT.

 IN FG, a TOMBSTONE CRACKS and SHATTERS, as if dropped from a

 height. CAMERA MOVES past more weathered, 19th C. GRAVE

 MARKERS, through an IRON FENCE and across --

 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

 --an URBAN STREET, early FALL. Little traffic at this late

 hour, a few NEON SIGNS in the distance. CAMERA keeps moving

 through the city, OVER A WALL and into --

 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

 --a collegiate quadrangle in New England; a mix of PERIOD and

 MODERN BUILDINGS. A banner: "WELCOME FRESHMEN." TRACK

 TOWARD a modern HIGH-RISE, MOVE IN on a WINDOW

 INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

 A large single room, cinderblock walls. BOXES and SUITCASES,

 two BEDS on opposite sides. We hear URBAN STREET SOUNDS, a

 passing SIREN... then the faint sound of a WOMAN SOBBING.

 MARIAN KITT, 19, a college freshman, stirs in her sleep,

 awakens, hearing the CRYING. She whispers--

 MARIAN

 Linda? You OK?

 She squints in the half-light across the room toward LINDA,

 sound asleep in her single bed. The SOBBING continues

 FAINTLY, coming IN AND OUT as if on the breeze.

 MARIAN squints toward --

 --the half-open BATHROOM DOOR. Is it coming from there?

 MARIAN gets out of bed in her nightgown, rubbing her eyes.

 She's a country girl new to the urban landscape, petite and

 pretty in a wholesome way, reserved and serious-minded. She

 moves toward the bathroom.

 INT. MARIAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

 ON THE LIGHTSWITCH as Marian reaches to turn it ON --

 THE BULB OVERHEAD BLOWS with a CRACK. In the FLASH OF LIGHT,

 we see that the BATHTUB is full of water. The CRYING STOPS.

 MARIAN squints upward at the dead bulb. Lit by STREETLIGHT

 through the frosted window, she moves to the tub, throws the

 lever to DRAIN IT. We hear the DRAINING IN BG as she moves

 to the sink for a glass of water.

 As she's filling the glass, she notices--

 THE MIRROR over the sink. There's vague, red WRITING-- as if

 on the inside of the mirroring. MARIAN moves closer. It's

 in a tight scrawl, indecipherable.

 SHIFT FOCUS-- THE WATER draining from the tub seems to

 GLOW... and it's revealing the BODY of a naked woman.

 MARIAN whirls and SCREAMS, the glass SHATTERS on the tile --

 INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

 LINDA sits up at the sound, flips on a LIGHT. She's also 19,

 but more worldly and cynical than Marian.

 LINDA

 Marian?!

 INT. MARIAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

 LINDA enters the room and lets out a CRY-- she's stepped into

 the broken glass-- her BLOOD spills on the floor tiles.

 We see the mirror... NO WRITING on it now.

 MARIAN is crouched atop the closed toilet, knees pulled up,

 FROZEN in terror. She stares at the tub... which is EMPTY

 FADE OUT

 END TEASER

 ACT ONE

 FADE IN:

 INT. DINING HALL - DAY

 MARIAN moves out of the food line with a tray, looking for a

 suitable place to sit.

 LINDA sits at the end of a CROWDED TABLE, her bandaged FOOT

 up on a chair. She GLARES toward Marian, then leans forward

 to WHISPER to some other FRESHMEN at her table.

 AS MARIAN moves past the table, one of the KIDS makes a SCARY

 MOANING GHOST NOISE— "0-o-o-oh..." MARIAN is pained but

 ignores this, finds a seat by herself against the wall.

 CUT TO:

 EXT. OLD CHURCHYARD - DAY

 START ON OLD TOMBSTONES, several TOPPLED, CRACKED and BROKEN,

 as if a sledgehammer had been taken to them.

 MARK OSBORNE, SATORI, and a PRIEST walk among these graves in

 the iron-fenced cemetery-- we see BOARDS over the BROKEN

 WINDOWS of the church.

 OSBORNE is in his 20's, preppily handsome, soft-spoken and

 thoughtful. SATORI is a new-agey woman in her 50's or 60's,

 with long, silver hair, draped with bangles and bells.

 PRIEST

 Senseless... we've put in alarms, I don't

 see how they're getting past.

 OSBORNE

 Have you given any thought to the matter

 of Aloysius Green?

 PRIEST

 This is an historic churchyard, there

 hasn't been a burial in a hundred years--

 SATORI

 We're talking a mid-nineteenth century

 corpse, it's not like he'd clash.

 PRIEST

 Why is this so important to you people?

 ELMER

 It's important to Aloysius.

 ELMER GREEN is seated on a bench in the graveyard. He's

 probably 90, black, in a neat dark suit, wearing coke-bottle

 lenses so thick his eyes distort.

 PRIEST

 Excuse me?

 ELMER

 Eighty-odd years he been my spirit guide.

 The man belonged here, was a sin they

 planted him by the river inna first

 place. Now he been dug up for an exit

 ramp...

 SATORI

 Who knows, settling the karmic debt might

 solve your vandalism problem.

 PRIEST

 I told you, I prefer not to hear any more

 of that sort of mystical speculation--

 OSBORNE

 Father, she's just talking about, you

 know, good p.r., community outreach...

 The priest sighs, there's more going on here than he wants to

 acknowledge.

 PRIEST

 I'll take up the Aloysius Green case with

 the board-- purely as a matter of

 historical propriety.

 He heads back for the church. ELMER nods to himself and

 rises. OSBORNE takes his arm, he and SATORI help him away.

 ELMER

 No one wantsa call a ghost a ghost...

 CUT TO:

 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

 A large READING ROOM, MARIAN at a table with a TEXTBOOK-- few

 other students about.

 JEROME BALLARD, carrying a notebook, wanders in, looks

 around, WHISPERS to each of the FEMALES in turn. He gets

 funny looks, shakes of the head-- bad pick-up attempts?

 Jerome's 30, a serious dweeb with a quizzical manner. He's a

 font of knowledge in every area, except perhaps the social

 graces. He sidles up to MARIAN, whispers:

 JEROME

 Are you Marian Kitt? Homsworth 37?

 (off her nod; delighted)

 You're not easy to find.

 MARIAN

 I don't spend much time in the dorm.

 JEROME

 Can I talk to you for a second? It's

 about Diane Stillman.

 MARIAN

 I don't know who that is.

 JEROME

 She died in your room last year.

 MARIAN is taken aback, but curious.

 EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

 MARIAN and JEROME move down the steps of the library.

 JEROME

 I'm not surprised you hadn't heard, the

 university covers up suicides pretty

 efficiently--

 MARIAN

 How did she do it?

 JEROME

 P and B-- pills and booze, right before

 Christmas break. They found her in the

 tub a week later.

 MARIAN

 Oh, God.

 JEROME

 Yeah, I'd hate to've been working dorm

 crew on that room. So listen, does stuff

 like this happen to you a lot?

 MARIAN

 What do you mean?

 JEROME

 You know, psychic phenomena. 'Cause I

 know some people you really should meet--

 MARIAN

 Who are you?

 JEROME

 Oh, sorry. I'm Jerome Ballard, folklore

 and mythology. I wrote my doctoral

 thesis on ghost stories, the paranormal's

 sort of a lifelong passion--

 MARIAN

 I didn't see a ghost. I must've been

 sleepwalking, I used to when I was

 younger-- I was sleepwalking and I had a

 bad dream--

 JEROME

 Come on. Sounds like a ghost to me.

 MARIAN

 You really believe in that stuff?

 JEROME

 When you eliminate all rational

 explanations, the totally wacky is the

 only alternative. Seriously, too many

 people have seen spirits, there's all

 kinds of evidence in the literature--

 MARIAN

 You ever see one?

 JEROME

 (a bit embarrassed)

 Well, no... I've wanted to. I'm just not

 attuned. But it sounds like you are.

 You're not the only one-- there are

 others like you--

 MARIAN

 You're talking about me like I'm a freak!

 JEROME

 That depends on your definition of

 "freak..."

 MARIAN

 I'm just a freshman from Iowa, nobody is

 more normal than me, I grew up on a corn

 flakes box for God's sake. I had a bad

 dream, my stupid roommate had to spread

 it all over campus--

 JEROME

 Look, I just wanted to let you know,

 there's a meeting on Thursday and it'd be

 nice if you came by...

 As he speaks, he's writing something on the back of a Xerox

 copied news clipping.

 MARIAN

 A meeting?

 JEROME

 The Others. Gifted people. You know,

 freaks like you.

 He hands her the paper with a grin, waves and moves off.

 Marian can't help but smile. She glances at the page --

 INSERT PAGE-- "OTHERS," an ADDRESS and TIME in pen. She

 flips it over... a NEWS CLIPPING, "STUDENT FOUND DEAD," with

 a GRADUATION PHOTO of a beautiful, smiling DIANE STILLMAN...

 MARIAN'S smile fades. She crumples the clipping and tosses

 it into a TRASHBIN.

 DISSOLVE TO:

 INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

 Now decorated: Marian's side of the room is neat, bookish;

 Linda has a big stereo, rock posters. Both GIRLS are asleep.

 MARIAN suddenly throws off the covers and moves quickly to a

 desk by Linda's bed. There's a vacant look in her eyes. She

 grabs paper and pen, scribbles quickly in the dark. Suddenly

 a HAND grabs her shoulder-- Marian spins, startled --

 HER POV— in the dim light, for a moment we get the impression

 of DIANE STILLMAN's tear-ravaged face looming out of the

 darkness, her hand reaching for the DESK LAMP-- the sudden

 LIGHT reveals the figure to be LINDA, not Diane.

 MARIAN stumbles away from the desk, frightened, breathing

 hard. LINDA blinks at her, annoyed and sleepy.

 LINDA

 What is wrong with you? It's four in the

 morning and you're at my desk writing

 What the hell are you writing?

 ANGLE ON PAPER— a strange SCRAWL, weird letterforms on top of

 one another amidst dark SCRIBBLES.

 MARIAN, still rattled, can barely answer.

 MARIAN

 I-- I dunno, I must've been asleep.

 Linda has picked up the paper, turned it over.

 LINDA

 Great. And you just scribbled all over

 my English paper.

 MARIAN returns to her bed while LINDA grabs a PRESCRIPTION

 BOTTLE from a desk drawer and eats a pill-- then she turns

 OFF the desk lamp and heads back for bed.

 MARIAN

 I'm sorry, Linda.

 LINDA

 So am I. How's that room transfer

 coming?

 MARIAN sighs, squeezing her eyes shut.

 CUT TO:

 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

 Early morning. MARIAN sifts gingerly through the TRASHBIN

 where she tossed the flyer.

 EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - EVENING

 An institutional brick building, like an elementary school.

 MARIAN approaches, the crumpled FLYER in hand.

 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

 MARIAN moves down a corridor, hears voices from a room. She

 pauses at the windowed door, then enters quietly.

 INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

 A DOZEN PEOPLE sit on folding chairs; most are WOMEN of

 various ages, wearing ROBES; a middle-aged female LEADER in a

 robe at the front of the room. MARIAN hovers in the back.

 LEADER

 --the key is to empty the mind, let the

 spirit move inside you and through you...

 please feel free to join in...

 THE LEADER punches a TAPE PLAYER, slips off her robe to

 reveal a HAREM GIRL'S OUTFIT-- we hear MIDDLE EASTERN MUSIC.

 She begins to GYRATE HER HIPS. EVERYONE in the room sheds

 their robes and does likewise, with varying degrees of skill

 and enthusiasm.

 A gyrating DANCER near the back notes Marian's confusion.

 DANCER

 This is Introduction to Belly Dancing.

 Are you looking for the SAT course?

 MARIAN

 Um, no-- something called "the Others."

 DANCER

 The psychic support thing? Upstairs, I

 think.

 Marian nods her thanks and exits.

 INT. OTHERS ROOM - NIGHT

 ON THE WALLS are CHILDREN'S ARTWORK, leftovers from the day.

 FOLDING CHAIRS around a TABLE, a COFFEE POT and DOUGHNUTS. In

 addition to SATORI, OSBORNE, JEROME and ELMER, there are:

 --ALBERT MARTINEZ, 40-ish, overweight and ill-tempered,

 wearing dark glasses, a GUIDE DOG at his feet;

 --DOT BUTERA, late 20's, all in black with dramatic Goth make-

 up, a nose ring and dyed hair;

 --SETH BUTERA, Dot's son, an autistic 10-year-old, rocking in

 his chair-- he never speaks, looks up or makes eye contact

 with anyone;

 --WARREN DUNN, 20's, stubbly and disheveled but somewhat

 puppylike, a street person or close to it.

 SATORI

 Initially it was a matter of objects

 being moved and occasional mysterious

 odors-- the cigars he used to smoke, et

 cetera...

 During this, MARIAN lets herself into the room, hangs back.

 SATORI (CONT'D)

 But one morning Mrs. Harmon woke up to

 find her kitchen knives embedded in the

 floorboards. That's when she came into

 my studio, asked me to take a look.

 JEROME smiles and gestures for Marian to take a seat beside

 Elmer, as the discussion continues.

 OSBORNE

 What did you feel?

 SATORI

 A lot of energy-- not exactly hostile.

 More... desperate. But I couldn't make it

 focus. I could really use some help on

 this, I'll split my fees of course--

 Albert turns toward Marian, gestures at her.

 ALBERT

 Who is that?

 JEROME

 Oh-- everyone, this is Marian, I invited

 her to stop by tonight.

 Murmured "hellos" from the group. Satori studies Marian.

 SATORI

 You've seen something, dear-- something

 that frightens you-- a mirror, water...

 MARIAN

 Yes-- how did you--

 OSBORNE

 Jerome told us. Satori can't resist that

 crystal ball shtick.

 Satori shrugs and smiles.

 ALBERT

 I don't recall taking a vote on this

 girl.

 JEROME

 We never vote--

 ALBERT

 Maybe we should start.

 DOT

 Marian, ignore Albert, he's just pissed

 off 'cause he's blind and his dog smells.

 ALBERT

 That's very sensitive, you little slut--

 JEROME

 Why don't we take a moment and introduce

 ourselves? Me you know-- I just try to

 document events, help any way I can--

 right now I'm setting up a website.

 JEROME looks toward WARREN, who's next around the table. He

 speaks rapidly, stuttering.

 WARREN

 Oh. Me? I'm-- my name is Warren. I, um

 I don't know, I guess I see things that

 aren't there-- or are, maybe-- it's like,

 I have all the information, right, but I

 can't process it

 ALBERT

 Some say Warren is schizophrenic.

 DOT

 Shut up, Albert.

 WARREN

 No, he's right.

 DOT

 Well, quit hogging all the donuts.

 (grabs the box, takes one)

 I'm Dot. I'm sort of a weirdness magnet--

 birds fly into walls around me and stuff

 like that-- now and then I get these

 lucid moments, I can see what's gonna

 happen... This is my son Seth, he's--

 ALBERT

 --retarded.

 DOT

 Autistic!

 SATORI

 Seth has an extraordinary gift, we all

 feel it. It's almost as if the spirit

 world is more real to him than this

 one...

 The others nod. SETH, though, hasn't looked up during this.

 Silently, he rises and moves his chair beside MARIAN. He

 sits down close to her, without looking at or touching her.

 OSBORNE

 I'm Mark Osborne I-- I've had dizzy

 spells and migraine headaches all my

 life, but when I learned to get past the

 pain I realized there was more to it...

 SATORI

 You pick up on other people's feelings.

 (to Marian)

 He's an empath.

 OSBORNE

 Makes me sound like a character on "Star

 Trek." Anyway-- Elmer?

 He turns to ELMER. The man is sound asleep.

 OSBORNE (CONT'D)

 Well, this is Elmer Green, he's a pretty

 famous medium, been at it for most of the

 last century... I don't want to wake him

 up. Albert?

 ALBERT

 I'm Albert and I'm an alcoholic.

 WARREN

 Hi, Albert.

 SATORI

 I'm called Satori--

 ALBERT

 --nee Ellen Leibowitz.

 SATORI

 --and I'm a sensitive. I'm the only one

 here who makes a living at it, so

 naturally I get a lot of crap.

 OSBORNE

 (doing "Ghostbusters")

 "Who you gonna call?"

 SATORI

 I only take money if I get results. Why

 is it any different from hiring a plumber

 to clear your pipes?

 JEROME

 Marian-- why don't you tell us a little

 about your own experience?

 Marian's very uncomfortable, stares at her lap as she speaks.

 MARIAN

 Well, I'm pretty normal, really. It's

 just...when I got here to college a

 couple months ago I saw... well, I

 thought I saw...

 HER POV-- PAN OVER the interested FACES of the OTHERS. Even

 ELMER suddenly STARTS awake with a SNORT, staring at her

 through his coke-bottle lenses.

 MARIAN is losing her nerve, put off by these weird strangers.

 MARIAN (CONT'D)

 I'm sorry. I think maybe I made a

 mistake coming here. I don't think I'm

 like the rest of you--

 ALBERT

 You mean crazy, don't you?

 OSBORNE

 Albert, chill.

 MARIAN

 No, I just mean-- I don't really believe

 in all this--

 ALBERT

 So you're calling us liars.

 SATORI

 Stop it--

 MARIAN

 No, I'm sure it's all very real to you--

 ALBERT

 What are you so afraid of, Suzy

 Creamcheese? They gonna kick you off the

 cheerleading squad for seeing spooks?

 During the above, ELMER has reached out to TOUCH MARIAN'S

 HAND, his expression intense, as if he were somehow absorbing

 information from her. Freaked out at this, and infuriated by

 Albert, Marian yanks away her hand and bolts from the table.

 JEROME

 Marian, wait--

 She hurries out of there, slamming the door. JEROME starts

 to get up, OSBORNE waves him down and goes out after her.

 ALBERT

 Did she at least flip me off? I'm

 curious.

 SILENCE in the room. They glare at ALBERT.

 EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

 OSBORNE catches up with MARIAN as she hurries away from the

 center, toward a BUS STOP.

 OSBORNE

 Marian! Hang on.

 (she turns toward him)

 I apologize for Albert. He's not good

 with strangers.

 MARIAN

 I'll say.

 OSBORNE

 There's a pretty high flake quotient,

 I'll admit... but they grow on you. Over

 time.

 MARIAN

 What do you people do, anyway? Read

 palms, or write astrology columns, or

 maybe stuff fortune cookies--?

 OSBORNE

 I'm a first year resident at St. Joe's

 hospital...

 MARIAN

 (surprised)

 Oh...

 OSBORNE

 Come on, lemme buy you a cup of coffee or

 something.

 Marian thinks a beat, then nods.

 EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

 OSBORNE and MARIAN walk through a PARK in the city center.

 OSBORNE

 ...the Others started in the twenties,

 part of the great spiritualist revival.

 Back then everyone had a Ouija board and

 held seances at parties. Elmer is the

 last of the original members, he was sort

 of a boy wonder as a medium...

 They've reached a PEDESTRIAN UNDERPASS near a major STREET.

 OSBORNE (CONT'D)

 Let's cut down here.

 MARIAN

 Wouldn't it be faster to just keep--

 Osborne is already trotting down the steps. Marian isn't

 happy about it, but she follows.

 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

 FLICKERING FLUORESCENT LIGHT overhead, graffiti, dark

 puddles. Osborne is a few steps ahead of Marian as she

 enters the tunnel. Marian looks uneasy.

 MARIAN

 Mark...? I don't like this...

 He turns, gestures casually, keeps moving.

 She takes a few steps forward to catch up, then STOPS SHORT,

 hearing a faint CHILD'S SCREAM.

 HER POV— the TUNNEL starts to WARP, EXPANDING in front of

 her, the WALLS begin to BREATHE.

 MARIAN whirls, starting to hyperventilate. She DROPS to her

 KNEES, looking down.

 CLOSE ON A DARK PUDDLE, the REFLECTION of a DARK FORM RUNNING

 PAST. THE PUDDLE SPLASHES as though a foot had landed in it,

 even though there's nobody there.

 MARIAN struggles to rise.

 A SPRAY OF BLOOD appears on a wall before her, as if emerging

 \_from within the concrete. MORE FAINT SCREAMS.

 She turns back the way she came, desperate to get out of

 there, but finds herself confronting--

 --a dark, mutating, nightmarish FORM, features distorted and

 grotesque. The GLIMMER of METAL appears, a rapidly moving

 knife blade, catching the flicker of the fluorescents.

 MARIAN SCREAMS --

 CUT TO BLACK

 END ACT ONE

 ACT TWO

 FADE IN:

 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

 MARIAN reels in the tunnel, SOBBING, hands over her eyes,

 terrified, disoriented. OSBORNE comes to her side, pale and

 concerned. He helps her to her feet and toward the

 staircase, his face showing pain.

 EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

 MARIAN, getting a hold of herself, darts up the stairs, now

 keeping her distance from OSBORNE--

 MARIAN

 You bastard, you knew what was down

 there! You were testing me?!

 OSBORNE

 I'm sorry, I had no idea you were that

 sensitive. I had to show you-- it's not

 just in your head --

 MARIAN

 I'm sorry, I don't understand--

 OSBORNE grabs her and spins her around.

 OSBORNE

 Nobody does!

 (releasing her, more calmly)

 Look, most people just avoid that place

 now. Or if they have to use the tunnel,

 they tend to walk a little faster without

 knowing why-- maybe they just think it's

 claustrophobia. For them, this sort of thing

 doesn't exist. They may feel it, but they can

 deny it, ignore it. But others-- people

 like us-- we have to deal with it. Even

 if it doesn't make sense. Because

 whatever it is, for us-- it is real. It

 is.

 MARIAN, reeling, sits on a nearby bench. OSBORNE sits a few

 feet away. After a beat, she almost whispers:

 MARIAN

 What happened down there... to the

 children?

 OSBORNE

 It was a brother and sister, they were

 out late. Some psycho murdered them in

 that tunnel, about twelve years ago--

 MARIAN

 There was a knife--

 OSBORNE

 (nods)

 They never caught him... you know, you

 picked up a lot. As much as Satori-- and

 the cops brought her in on the case a

 month after it happened.

 MARIAN

 It's true... I really am a freak.

 OSBORNE

 You're not a freak. You're just seeing--

 well, for lack of a better term, we call

 it the Other Side.

 Marian trembles, on the verge of tears. Slowly, he puts an

 arm around her, holding her close to comfort her.

 CUT TO;

 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

 OSBORNE and MARIAN sit at a small table, finishing coffee,

 both of them calmer now.

 MARIAN

 ...The scary part is, when it happens, I

 feel like I'm not me anymore. Like she's

 taking over. I don't get it, why is she

 after me?

 OSBORNE

 Maybe she's not. It sounds to me like

 she's caught in a trap-- that room where

 she died, it's like the tunnel. A kind

 of psychic quicksand... you just happened

 to step in it. Could I see that note?

 MARIAN fumbles in her backpack, pulls out the piece of paper

 she scribbled on, passes it to him. He starts to read:

 OSBORNE (CONT'D)

 "...thus, when Prufrock ponders, 'Dare I

 eat a peach?' is it really fruit that

 he's talking about--"

 MARIAN

 Uh, no, that's my roommate's paper. The

 writing's on the other side.

 Osborne turns the paper over, squints at the scribbling.

 OSBORNE

 I can't make it out. Is it even English?

 MARIAN

 I have no idea.

 OSBORNE

 Can I hang onto this?

 (off her nod, after a beat)

 Has this kind of thing happened to you

 before?

 MARIAN

 When I was a kid... there were times

 when...like, I had conversations with my

 grandmother late at night, only-- she was

 dead.

 OSBORNE

 Then you got older, figured you'd just

 imagined it...

 MARIAN

 I didn't want anyone to think I was

 crazy. But I've always gotten, you know,

 weird flashes-- like something you see

 out of the corner of your eye--

 OSBORNE

 But you turn around and it's not there...

 (off her nod)

 When I was ten, our Golden Retriever ate

 snail bait. When I found him, his heart

 wasn't beating. I held him in my arms, I

 could feel his life leaving him,

 practically see it and-- and I willed him

 back. Gave him my strength.

 MARIAN

 He lived?

 OSBORNE

 Uh-huh. Or... maybe we just got lucky,

 got him to the vet in time.

 MARIAN

 And maybe I was just dreaming about my

 grandmother.

 OSBORNE

 Maybe...

 DISSOLVE TO;

 EXT. URBAN BROWNSTONE - DAY

 An older HOME with a FOR SALE sign.

 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

 CLOSE on a MATCH, as it LIGHTS a BUNDLE OF HERBS.

 WIDER, SATORI waves the BURNING HERBS as she moves through

 the place. The home is largely EMPTY, most of the furniture

 moved out. JEROME approaches her, a VIDEO CAMERA to his eye.

 JEROME

 You really think that stuff works?

 SATORI

 Hard to say. But I like the scent.

 Satori lays her incense down in an ashtray as MRS. HARMON,

 sweet and ditzy, late 50's, enters with a TEA TRAY.

 MRS. HARMON

 I made some herbal tea-- it's supposed to

 enhance spirituality, the box says so...

 JEROME

 (aiming the camera)

 Mrs. Harmon, when did your husband pass

 away?

 MRS. HARMON

 He didn't exactly "pass away." He was

 hit by lightning on the golf course.

 JEROME

 (stifling a guffaw)

 Seriously?

 MRS. HARMON

 I'm afraid so. It happens more often

 than you'd think. I warned him not to

 play in the rain, but the man was

 obsessed.

 A DOORBELL chimes.

 MRS. HARMON (CONT'D)

 I thought I gave the realtor the keys...

 Mrs. Harmon moves to the door, opens it to DOT AND SETH--

 DOT

 Hello...

 SATORI

 Dot, Seth, come in...

 (to Mrs. Harmon)

 They're friends of mine-- I think they

 might be able to help...

 MRS. HARMON admits DOT and SETH. Dot looks around, Crying to

 get a feel for the place.

 DOT

 Nice house.

 JEROME

 Why do you want to sell it?

 MRS. HARMON

 I don't want to, I love this house, we

 had so many happy times here... it's

 just. Bill took care of the finances

 and... we were getting ready to retire

 when...

 (a forced smile)

 The best laid plans, right?

 SETH makes a strange NOISE and RUNS INTO THE HOUSE.

 DOT

 Seth? I'm sorry, ma'am--

 She moves to pursue her son, but Jerome stops her.

 JEROME

 Let him go. Something set him off...

 JEROME trots after him with the camera, as SETH runs through

 the house at full tilt. DOT wanders into the house, SNIFFS.

 DOT

 I'm getting something too. A strange

 smell. Like burning hair.

 MRS. HARMON GASPS at this, puts a hand to her mouth. Satori

 gestures toward the ashtray, embarrassed.

 SATORI

 Oh, that's my incense.

 DOT

 No, it's like... has there been a fire in

 this house?

 MRS. HARMON

 No... Tea, anyone?

 INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - DAY

 SETH suddenly stops his crazed running in this long hallway,

 a CASEMENT WINDOW at one end. Seth stares straight ahead,

 breathing hard. A GOLFBAG leans against the wall here-- SETH

 runs his hand on its surface. JEROME hovers behind, taping.

 DOT appears in the hall, cup of tea in hand, moving toward

 the boy with a cookie--

 DOT

 Seth, hon, want a cookie--?

 As she nears her son, he swings out his hand, KNOCKING the

 china teacup from her grasp--

 --it SHATTERS on the floor. A stream of LIQUID FLOWS down

 the hallway.

 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

 MRS. HARMON reacts to the sound of breakage.

 MRS. HARMON

 What was that?

 SATORI is in a standing yoga pose, eyes shut, trying to

 absorb energy, muttering a MANTRA to herself. Just then, an

 enthusiastic female REALTOR in a business suit lets herself

 in with a wealthy young COUPLE.

 REALTOR

 It's a very quiet neighborhood, but

 convenient to every--

 She takes in Satori; the realtor's smile FREEZES.

 REALTOR (CONT'D)

 Judy. I didn't know you were showing the

 house to anyone today--

 MRS. HARMON

 Oh, no, this is--

 The realtor charges across the room, taking Mrs. Harmon by

 the arm and leading her out of earshot of the puzzled couple.

 REALTOR

 (a hiss)

 I know who it is. Why do you persist in

 letting these lunatics in here?

 MRS. HARMON

 The house is haunted--

 REALTOR

 It's not. And even if it was, there's no

 disclosure law regarding ghosts.

 As they speak, the realtor has walked Mrs. Harmon into--

 INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - DAY

 --the hallway where DOT, SETH and JEROME stand over the

 spill, fascinated; Jerome aims the camera at the floor. They

 pay no attention to the REALTOR or MRS. HARMON.

 REALTOR

 There's more of them.

 MRS. HARMON

 (embarrassed)

 Maybe you people should just go...

 She moves off. The realtor gives the others a "beat it"

 look, and moves back to deal with her clients. ANGLE ON

 FLOOR, where the SPILLED TEA is still flowing slowly, in an

 unnatural way.

 It's branched into FIVE NARROW STREAMS, almost like a hand,

 moving in PULSES towards a bend in the hallway.... almost as

 if it were crawling. JEROME hands the camera to Dot, excited.

 JEROME

 Keep taping.

 He moves to the GOLF BAG, UNZIPS a pocket, feeling inside and

 coming up with a GOLF BALL. Jerome kneels by the liquid on

 the floor, addresses the video camera.

 JEROME (cont'd)

 Clearly, the floors aren't level-- it's

 an old house-- but...

 He places the golf ball gently beside the far end of the

 still flowing liquid, away from the broken cup, and releases

 it. After a beat, the golf ball slowly rolls-- TOWARD THE

 BROKEN CUP, the opposite direction from the spill's flow.

 JEROME (CONT'D)

 Ha! Since when does liquid flow uphill?

 CLOSE ON SPILL as one TENTACLE moves more rapidly, almost

 like a pointing finger, but only to run into--

 MRS. HARMON with a SPONGE. She SOPS IT UP vigorously.

 JEROME

 What are you doing?!

 MRS. HARMON

 Cleaning up.

 SETH begins to HOWL, PUNCHING THE WALL. DOT holds him

 tightly, trying to calm him down. SATORI dashes in.

 SATORI

 I just got a tremendous wave of-- pain,

 anger-- frustration--

 REALTOR

 That must've been me.

 THE REALTOR appears from the opposite end of the hallway with

 the HUSBAND and WIFE, who look confused by the group of

 people staring at the floor. It's quite a crowd in this

 narrow hallway now.

 MRS. HARMON

 (meekly, to Satori)

 I'm sorry I made you all waste your time,

 but... there's no point in continuing

 this.

 JEROME

 We were just getting something, he was

 trying to communicate--

 SATORI

 Please, Mrs. Harmon, these things are

 unpredictable, you need to be patient--

 MRS. HARMON

 (losing it)

 I've been patient all my life! Bill told

 me we were safe, not to worry. He said

 we'd grow old together without a care in

 the world-- be patient, he told me, just

 wait and see. And now... I'm alone and I

 have nothing and... he's gone. He's

 gone. I miss him so much and--

 (fights back her tears)

 I have to sell. Just to pay the bills.

 Now please... leave.

 Mrs. Harmon flees the hallway. The others follow a moment

 later, somber. Alone with the realtor, the HUSBAND sighs,

 then points at the floor.

 HUSBAND

 Are these the original baseboards?

 CUT TO:

 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

 MARIAN, book bag slung over one shoulder, walks with BOB and

 JIM, jocky-looking fellow freshman.

 JIM

 --there's gonna be a major Halloween

 party in Barker Hall tonight.

 BOB

 Those dudes are animals.

 THE THREE STUDENTS instinctively give a wide berth to a

 MUMBLING STREET PERSON as he passes, moving in the other

 direction. A few paces on, he looks up, turns-- it's WARREN.

 WARREN

 Hey-- hey, you, uh, uh, blonde girl!

 MARIAN takes a moment to register who this guy is. JIM and

 BOB eye Warren as he approaches, move to protect Marian.

 WARREN (CONT'D)

 I was just heading over to the, um, you

 wanna go with me?

 JIM

 Get lost, OK?

 MARIAN

 No, wait, I know him--

 BOB

 You're kidding.

 MARIAN

 I mean, I met him once...

 WARREN points toward the OLD CHURCH a block up.

 WARREN

 I can't have already missed it-- damn, I

 gotta get a watch. What's your name

 again?

 MARIAN

 Marian. Missed what?

 WARREN

 You know, the ceremonial planting of the

 r bones, laying to rest the restless--

 JIM and BOB back away from Warren and Marian.

 BOB

 We, uh, gotta get to practice--

 JIM

 Later-

 MARIAN is torn for a moment, looking from the young men to

 the twitchy Warren. A note of regret:

 MARIAN

 Sure-- see you guys...

 (to Warren)

 What are you talking about?

 WARREN

 Aloysius Green, the reinterment. The

 others are there, come on.

 He turns and hurries off, MUTTERING to himself again. MARIAN

 looks after him unsurely.

 EXT. OLD CHURCHYARD - DAY

 WARREN hurries up to THE OTHERS, milling and talking quietly.

 MARIAN stands at the gates of the cemetery, peering in.

 OSBORNE cocks his head at the sight of her and approaches.

 OSBORNE

 Marian... did you want to join us?

 MARIAN

 I was just walking by... what's going on?

 OSBORNE escorts her closer to the others.

 OSBORNE

 Well, it's a project we've all been

 working on a while. There's been some

 vandalism here, tombs knocked over and

 smashed...we're hoping this might put an

 end to it.

 They've reached an OPEN GRAVE with a CANVAS BAG beside it.

 SATORI beams, gives MARIAN a hug, which she receives stiffly.

 SATORI

 I'm so glad you've come back to us, we

 need your strength--

 MARIAN

 Well, I just happened to be—-

 SATORI

 Nothing just happens.

 ALBERT

 That you, Marian?

 MARIAN

 Yes.

 ALBERT

 They tell me I was a little hard on you

 the other night.

 MARIAN

 I guess.

 She waits expectantly with a half-smile for an apology. But

 Albert is done speaking, reaches down to scratch his dog. A

 s Marian's smile fades, THE PRIEST we met earlier approaches

 nervously, ELMER beside him. Elmer moves closer to Marian,

 staring at her intently, unnerving her a bit.

 ELMER

 Girl, I need a word with you.

 CLOSE as he takes her hand in his gnarled fingers. He speaks

 in a hoarse whisper:

 ELMER (cont'd)

 Some spirits is too strong to fight.

 Their pain, it becomes a poison in the

 air. Poison don't care what it kills.

 MARIAN

 What are you saying?

 ELMER

 Get outta that place. I can give you a

 couch to sleep. I can help you...

 navigate the spiritual waters a bit if

 you know what I mean.

 MARIAN eyes the shaky, elderly man-- he doesn't strike her as

 a powerful protector.

 MARIAN

 Thank you, but-- I'll be fine.

 ELMER looks disappointed in her, shakes his head.

 ELMER

 Just keep your wits about you.

 THE PRIEST clears his throat; he obviously wants this

 ceremony to be over with as quickly as possible.

 PRIEST

 Shall we get started...? Today we've

 gathered because-- all of you care deeply

 about Aloysius Green, a man who's been--

 lost to us for a hundred and thirty

 years... His great-grand-nephew Elmer

 Green would like to say a few words...

 ELMER totters to the graveside, beside the BAG. The priest

 looks away during the following, uncomfortable.

 ELMER

 Aloysius has spent most of his time mad

 at the world. It's hard to blame him.

 He's born a slave, escaped and come to

 what he thought'd be freedom... but his

 soul never been free yet. Aloysius

 helped build this church, but after that

 they wouldn't let him in it, not alive

 nor dead... and lately he's done a bit of

 mischief here...

 (hoisting the canvas bag)

 Aloysius, you been with me mosta my life.

 You showed me the ways of the Other Side--

 and soon I'll be joining you there...

 until then... God rest you.

 Elmer OPENS THE BAG and pours the contents into the grave--

 ANGLE IN GRAVE-- a pile of DUSTY, DECAYED BONES, with a SKULL

 and RIB CAGE recognisable.

 MARIAN GASPS at this grim sight. She looks up at THE OTHERS,

 who stare calmly into the grave.

 A SHOVELFUL OF DIRT lands on the pile of bones.

 OSBORNE passes the shovel to JEROME. He looks up to see--

 MARIAN, through the fence, walking away fast. MUSIC UP and--

 CUT TO:

 INT. DORM SUITE - NIGHT

 POUNDING ROCK MUSIC, a packed PARTY, lit by BLACK LIGHT, some

 Of the PARTIERS in HALLOWEEN COSTUMES. ON THE CROWDED DANCE

 FLOOR, MARIAN, without a costume, LAUGHS as she dances

 energetically with JIM. Both are sweating, Marian's "face is

 red. As she swings her head to one side--

 HER POV— amidst the throng of twisting bodies, we briefly

 glimpse what looks like an unmoving DIANE STILLMAN. When the

 dancing bodies move again, we see it's a different GIRL.

 MARIAN stops dancing, disturbed, catching her breath. Jim

 leads her to a PUNCH BOWL, fills two cups. She knocks hers

 back, refills it, trying to chase away the ghost.

 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

 MARIAN sways as she and JIM cross the campus, the sounds of

 the PARTY RECEDING. Other PEDESTRIANS about, it isn't late.

 She almost falls down, LAUGHING, Jim holds her up, his hands

 lingering on her body.

 MARIAN

 I seem normal to you, don't I?

 JIM

 Actually, you seem kinda wasted.

 MARIAN

 I know that, but I'm not weird, or

 freakish or anything, am I?

 JIM

 No way. You're a true babe.

 MARIAN

 (leans into him)

 Can we go to your room? I don't wanna be

 alone right now...

 JIM

 My dweeb roommate's up studying. How

 'bout your place? Linda's at her

 boyfriend's, right?

 Marian's reluctant, but shrugs and nods.

 INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

 JIM follows MARIAN into the room.

 MARIAN

 Look, Jim, thanks for the party... I'm

 just, I gotta lie down.

 JIM ignores this, he's all over her, joining her on the bed

 and trying to make out with her. MARIAN makes a sick NOISE

 and rolls over, face into the pillow. He strokes her hair,

 rubs her shoulder, tries to rouse her.

 JIM

 Hey Marian, come on...

 MARIAN snores-- she's out cold.

 JIM (CONT'D)

 Damn it...

 JIM gets up, disappointed, straightens his clothes and heads

 out the door.

 HOLD ON the sleeping MARIAN for a beat. The SNORING STOPS.

 She rolls on her back and opens her eyes, her face impassive

 gaze far away. She rises, knocking the phone to the floor--

 we hear a DIAL TONE.

 MARIAN moves to Linda's side of the room, begins rummaging

 through the drawers of her desk. She finds what she wants

 and moves into the bathroom.

 INT. MARIAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

 CLOSE-on the running BATHTUB. MOVE TO FIND MARIAN standing

 at the sink. We see now that she has a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE

 of Linda's, pouring PILLS into her hand. She looks at these

 blankly for a moment, then puts the lot of them in her mouth.

 She bends to drink water from the tap. As she does this--

 CAMERA MOVES to the mirror. In the. REFLECTION we see the

 RED BACKWARDS WRITING. When Marian rises, SHIFT FOCUS to

 show--

 --it's no longer Marian, but a deathly pale DIANE STILLMAN.

 FADE OUT

 END ACT TWO

 ACT THREE

 FADE IN:

 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

 OSBORNE, in a white coat, is making his rounds, sipping

 coffee. He suddenly looks pained, puts a hand to his

 forehead. He makes his way to a chair and sits, dizzy,

 putting his head between his knees.

 FLASH CUT-- ANGLE on an empty BATHROOM from the tub, the

 CAMERA SLIDING UNDER the surface of WATER and back up again.

 OSBORNE rises quickly, GASPING for air. He pulls a CELL PHONE

 from his pocket, rising and moving from the ward.

 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

 Moving down the hall, OSBORNE DIALS his phone, consulting a

 scrap of paper from his wallet. We hear a BUSY SIGNAL. He

 hangs up, in a cold sweat, picking up the pace. He sprints

 past LOUISA, a female resident.

 OSBORNE

 Louisa, I got an emergency, cover my

 rounds! He moves on before the surprised

 woman can answer.

 INT. COLLEGE DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT

 ON A CEILING, as a MOIST SPOT appears, SPREADING rapidly.

 EXT. URBAN STREETS/OSBORNE'S CAR - NIGHT

 OSBORNE drives rapidly through the streets of the city. He's

 on his CELLPHONE, we hear the FILTERED VOICE of an OPERATOR.

 OPERATOR (FILTER)

 --there's no one on that line, sir, it

 must be off the hook.

 He RUNS a RED LIGHT, DRIVING like a maniac now.

 INT. COLLEGE DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT

 A MALE STUDENT, in a bathrobe, regards a STEADY STREAM of

 WATER from the CEILING, now SPLASHING on the floor of their

 bathroom. IN BG, his ROOMMATE is on the PHONE.

 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

 OSBORNE pulls up in his CAR, jumps out, moves to the CAMPUS

 GATE-- it's CLOSED and LOCKED. He hesitates only a moment,

 then starts to CLIMB OVER.

 INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

 We hear RUNNING WATER, KEYS in the lock, the DOOR OPENS. A

 middle-aged CAMPUS SECURITY COP enters, the MALE STUDENTS

 behind him. He follows the sound of the water into--

 INT. MARIAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

 --the BATHROOM where he sees MARIAN, lying unconscious in the

 OVERFLOWING TUB, her head below the water.

 SECURITY COP

 Ah Jesus!

 He quickly YANKS her body out of the tub, SLOSHING WATER.

 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

 OSBORNE moves through the campus, a bit disoriented. He sees

 the FLASHING LIGHT of a SECURITY CAR, hurries in that

 direction, running into MARIAN'S BUILDING.

 INT. MARIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

 The SECURITY COP kneels over Marian, performing CPR

 uncertainly. The MALE STUDENT looks on, frightened, while his

 ROOMMATE talks on the phone.

 ROOMMATE

 Yeah, Homsworth 37, send an ambulance--

 MALE STUDENT

 Is she dead?

 The cop looks pretty helpless. OSBORNE, breathless, dashes

 into the room, shoving past the students.

 OSBORNE

 Move it, I'm a doctor!

 ROOMMATE

 (hanging up)

 That was quick...

 The cop makes way for OSBORNE, who performs MOUTH TO MOUTH,

 POUNDS Marian's chest.

 CLOSE, as his hand SQUEEZES hers. His head is over her

 heart, listening for signs of life.

 OSBORNE

 C'mon. live... live...

 He closes his eyes, focusing all his strength on the

 unconscious MARIAN, who--

 --takes a tortured BREATH.

 CUT TO;

 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

 PARAMEDICS WHEEL the unconscious MARIAN on a stretcher into

 the back of a waiting AMBULANCE. Osborne moves alongside, a

 bit unsteady on his feet.

 OSBORNE

 Push the narcan on the IV, she swallowed

 alprazalom, washed it down with vodka.

 He hands over Linda's PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE.

 As the AMBULANCE PULLS AWAY, SIREN BLARING, Osborne suddenly

 nearly loses his balance, has to move to the building's

 steps, where he sits heavily. His CELL PHONE RINGS, he

 answers,it wearily.

 OSBORNE (CONT'D)

 Osborne.

 INTERCUT WITH:

 INT. JEROME'S OFFICE - NIGHT

 A tiny, incredibly messy office. OCCULT BOOKS fill the

 shelves, stack to the ceiling; the decor is a hodgepodge of

 scary NATIVE FETISHES and MASKS, VOODOO DOLLS, etc. JEROME

 is sitting at his desk, running a VIDEOTAPE on his desktop

 COMPUTER SCREEN-- his VIDEO CAMERA connects to the machine.

 JEROME

 Hey Mark, it's me. Listen, soon as you

 get off your shift, you gotta come to my

 office. You won't believe what I've got.

 It's on the tape from the Harmon place--

 As he speaks, we see what Jerome is watching--

 ON SCREEN— the VIDEO IMAGE of the SPILLED TEA. As the video

 camera PANS UPWARD to reveal the end of the hallway, what

 looks like a vaguely HUMAN SHAPE, made of VIDEO SNOW, appears

 for a second, then VANISHES.

 JEROME (CONT'D)

 --you can see the guy, it's Mr. Harmon,

 clear as day...

 Jerome SCANS the tape back and forth, IN SLO-MO, trying to

 freeze the moment when the FORM is visible, but he can't

 quite get it.

 JEROME (CONT'D)

 ...well, not clear as day. Not exactly

 proof positive of life after death maybe

 but--

 OSBORNE

 Jerome, Marian Kitt just overdosed. I

 don't know if she's gonna pull through.

 Jerome blinks, stunned, rising from his seat.

 JEROME

 Oh no... you sound awful man— are you OK?

 As Jerome murmurs into the phone, CAMERA MOVES to the

 COMPUTER SCREEN— the STILL IMAGE of the HARMON HALLWAY.

 DISSOLVE TO;

 INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - NIGHT

 The same angle on the hallway, dark and quiet now. CAMERA

 MOVES to FIND an OUTLET on the floor. A SPARK from within.

 The WALLPAPER above the outlet turns BROWN and BUBBLES.

 EXT. URBAN BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

 IN FG, the REAL ESTATE SIGN with the notice "IN ESCROW" on

 it. MOVE to FIND a BEDROOM WINDOW as a LIGHT GOES ON.

 INT. MRS. HARMON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

 MRS. HARMON sits up in bed, hand on the lamp, listening to

 the sound of a SMOKE ALARM downstairs. She hurries out of

 bed, moving for the stairs.

 INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

 She comes downstairs, SNIFFING the air, moving toward SMOKE

 coming from the hall.

 INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - NIGHT

 The wall has ERUPTED IN FLAMES, some of the FLOORBOARDS bum

 as well. Mrs. Harmon lets out a little CRY.

 IN THE SMOKE AND FLAMES, a faint IMAGE is forming. For a

 moment, we make out a HAND... then a FACE.. .

 MRS. HARMON

 Oh my God...

 A WISP of SMOKE, almost in the shape of a FINGER, seems to

 briefly caress her face. She closes her eyes, wanting to

 feel something...

 MRS. HARMON (CONT'D)

 Bill...

 But the smoke is getting to her, she COUGHS and hurries away.

 DISSOLVE TO:

 INT. ICU WARD - DAY

 CLOSE on MARIAN, hooked to tubes and wires.

 PULL BACK, we're in a CURTAINED AREA of the WARD. We hear

 VITAL SIGN MONITORS BLEEPING.

 INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

 OSBORNE is stretched put on a bench, half-asleep, by a window

 in this waiting area. JEROME is hunched over a piece of

 paper, studying it. He looks up with a smile, rises and

 addresses a young female NURSE at a desk.

 JEROME

 Excuse me, nurse? You're wearing make

 up.

 YOUNG NURSE

 Um... yes...

 JEROME

 Do you have one of those little mirrors,

 you know, a compact? Can I borrow it?

 The woman fishes in her purse and passes him the MIRROR, a

 bit reluctantly. He hunches back over the paper, holds the

 mirror up to it.

 JEROME (CONT'D)

 Osborne! Check this out.

 Osborne stirs with,a MOAN. Jerome moves to Osborne's bench,

 squeezing in beside him, forcing his legs to the floor.

 Osborne sits up wearily.

 JEROME (cont'd)

 Her message. It's not like Sanskrit or

 anything, it's English-- it's just

 backwards, written on top of itself.

 CLOSE-- on the NOTE that Marian scribbled while sleepwalking.

 IN THE MIRROR, the handwriting's still difficult to read.

 OSBORNE squints.

 JEROME

 I can read lots of words now... let's

 see... "love... pain... my death..."

 OSBORNE

 What's that say near the top?

 CLOSE on the MIRROR WORDS, a scrawl that looks like:

 JEROME

 "Find Proof And Mercy...?" Proof And

 Mercy-- it's capitalized, everything else

 is lower-case.

 OSBORNE looks impatient at this.

 OSBORNE

 Maybe ghosts have poor grammar.

 JEROME

 Maybe it's a name.

 This gets Osborne's interest. He squints at the mirror. The

 NURSE is interested too, she pauses by them as she moves from

 behind her desk, looking over their shoulders.

 JEROME (CONT'D)

 Is that really a "Y?" It looks like it

 could be two letters. "L--"

 YOUNG NURSE

 No, it's an e, and that'd be an r...

 Mercer.

 The two men look at her, impressed.

 YOUNG NURSE (CONT'D)

 I have to read a lot of prescriptions.

 OSBORNE

 That's not "And" then. It's Andy.

 JEROME seems suddenly excited, getting it.

 JEROME

 Unh-huh, and there's only one "O" in

 proof. Andy Mercer-- Professor Andy

 Mercer. I know the guy, he used to teach

 at the university!

 OSBORNE

 Used to? What happened to him?

 JEROME

 He resigned last year, rumor was he had

 some kind of mental meltdown...

 CUT TO:

 INT. OSBORNE'S CAR/EXT. SANITARIUM - DAY

 DRIVING SHOT, THROUGH FRONT WINDSHIELD as OSBORNE and JEROME

 approach a high-end institution down a long driveway... it

 looks more like a large Colonial home.

 JEROME

 Ritzy bin.

 A few RESIDENTS sit on benches, stroll, accompanied by

 casually-garbed NURSES.

 OSBORNE parks the car near the front entrance.

 INT. SANITARIUM DEN - DAY

 ANDREW MERCER, a sad-looking man in his late 30's, sits in a

 chair by a window. An EMPLOYEE points him out to JEROME and

 OSBORNE. Other PATIENTS IN BG watch TV, play CHESS.

 OSBORNE

 Professor Mercer?

 MERCER

 I'm not a professor.

 JEROME

 Andy-- do you remember me? Jerome

 Ballard, folk and myth department?

 MERCER blinks and barely shrugs. This guy has disconnected

 from the world.

 OSBORNE

 I'm Mark Osborne, I'm a doctor at St.

 Joe's. I have a patient by the name of

 Marian Kitt... do you know her by any

 chance?

 (gets no reaction)

 She gave us a message-- we think it's

 about you-- or maybe for you.

 JEROME

 It's from Diane Stillman.

 MERCER

 (suddenly alarmed, eyes wide)

 Diane? What kind of message?

 OSBORNE

 She-- she wanted us to find you.

 MERCER

 No-- that's not possible. She didn't

 tell anybody, nobody knew--

 OSBORNE

 Knew what?

 MERCER

 Why are you doing this to me? Get out of

 here. Get out! Get out!!

 He rises shakily, shouting at them. Other PATIENTS react,

 OSBORNE and JEROME try to follow MERCER as he hurries away

 from them, out of the room, but the EMPLOYEE intercepts them.

 EXT. SANITARIUM - DAY

 JEROME and OSBORNE exit, linger in front of the building.

 OSBORNE

 The man's guilty as hell.

 JEROME

 Even I felt that.

 OSBORNE

 Did Diane Stillman leave a suicide note?

 JEROME shakes his head.

 OSBORNE (CONT'D)

 What if it wasn't suicide?

 CUT TO:

 EXT. ELMER GREEN'S HOME - EVENING

 A funky, one-story home on the outskirts of the city, a bit

 run-down-- it's painted in BRILLIANT COLORS.

 INT. ELMER GREEN'S HOME - EVENING

 TRACK OVER PHOTOS of famed SPIRITUALISTS, GURDJIEFF, PADRE

 PIO, even KRESKIN, all signed, along with RELIGIOUS ICONS

 from Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity...

 FIND ELMER in a battered armchair, SETH on the floor nearby.

 All the furnishings are fifty or more years old, most covered

 in plastic. The old man and the child both stare at an

 (unseen) OBJECT on the floor. Elmer points at his temple.

 ELMER

 Decide what it is you want to see.

 (pointing at object) )

 Then you put your finger there.

 SETH hesitantly reaches out to do so and--

 THE TELEVISION POPS ON.

 Seth picks up the REMOTE CONTROL, pressing buttons, CHANNEL

 SURFING with a look of wonder. DOT ENTERS from the KITCHEN

 with a TV TRAY of FOOD, gives Elmer a look.

 DOT

 Elmer, I don't let him watch TV.

 ELMER

 It's good for him.

 DOT

 He gets agitated.

 She places the tray in front of Elmer, then tries to take the

 remote from Seth's hand-- he won't let go, makes angry

 NOISES. She sighs, deftly passes him a RUBIC'S CUBE in

 exchange for the remote. She turns OFF the TV, while Seth

 begins twisting the cube in his hand, distracted. Dot turns

 toward Elmer, pointing at the food.

 DOT

 Promise you'll eat that.

 ELMER

 What's the point?

 DOT

 Hm, let's see... staying alive?

 Elmer shrugs, picks up a BITE of FOOD and pretends to put it

 in his mouth with a satisfied expression.

 ELMER

 Mmmm... Mebbe you could give me a ride

 to the hospital? Thought I'd pay that

 Marian girl a visit.

 DOT

 Elmer, she's in a coma...

 ELMER

 Don't 'spose she'd object to the company

 then.

 DOT

 Thing is, I gotta drop Seth at my

 mother's and get to work...

 ELMER

 Never mind, then.

 DOT

 I'm just gonna bring the car around. You

 be ready to go now, Seth.

 She grabs her jacket and heads out the door. Elmer rises

 creakily, helps Seth into his jacket.

 ELMER

 Look at me, boy.

 Seth LOOKS INTO ELMER'S EYES, the first time we've seen him

 make eye contact with anyone.

 ELMER (CONT'D)

 I got somethin' to do... I may not be

 seein' you again for a while.

 SETH shakes his head, upset.

 ELMER (CONT'D)

 Don't be like that. You got your own

 path to follow... you're gonna be all

 right.

 He reaches out a hand to Seth-- the boy instinctively backs

 away-- then moves forward and hugs the old man briefly. A

 HORN honks outside and Elmer breaks the embrace.

 ELMER (CONT'D)

 Go now. Do what you gotta.

 Seth looks up one more time and heads out the door. ELMER

 sighs and looks around his room, as if for the last time.

 EXT. URBAN STREETS/DOT'S CAR - NIGHT

 DOT drives a battered compact, a plastic SKULL on a BEAD

 CHAIN dangles from the rear-view mirror. ALTERNATIVE ROCK

 plays on the car radio. SETH sits in the passenger seat,

 absently twisting the CUBE, staring out the side window. AT A

 STOPLIGHT on a crowded street, Seth suddenly drops the cube,

 UNBUCKLES HIS SEATBELT and opens the passenger door-- "r

 DOT

 Seth-- no, what are you doing--

 She reaches to grab him, but he BOLTS off into the city--

 DOT, panicking, pulls out into the intersection, narrowly

 avoiding a collision, SWERVING and HONKING. Leaving the car

 half on the curb, she leaps out and tries to follow the boy--

 but there's no sign of him. On her anguished CRY--

 CUT TO:

 INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

 CLOSE ON MARIAN as her EYELID is lifted, a PENLIGHT shining

 in on her dilated pupil-- the DOCTOR we saw with Osborne

 examines her, we hear the BLEEPING MACHINES.

 INT. SPFX SPACE

 MARIAN thrashes under the surface of a viscous, dark LIQUID,

 bathed in eerie LIGHT, SCREAMING, her face a mask of terror--

 she can't get out, it's like being trapped under ice.

 INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

 BACK TO SHOT as the DOCTOR lets her eyelid close. As he

 leaves the room, we MOVE IN on MARIAN'S FACE. Her expression

 seems quite peaceful... but faintly we hear her MUFFLED

 SCREAMS, as if from underwater.

 FADE OUT

 END ACT THREE

 ACT FOUR

 FADE IN:

 EXT. SATORI'S STUDIO - NIGHT

 DOT'S CAR screeches up to the storefront PSYCHIC STUDIO with

 a neon EYE in front.

 INT. SATORI'S STUDIO - NIGHT

 TAROT CARDS turn— the HANGED MAN, the TOWER, DEATH...

 SATORI

 (wincing)

 Hmm. I see a lot of... positive changes.

 SATORI does a reading for ALBERT. Her studio is cozy, draped

 with colorful fabrics. DOT rushes in, breathless.

 DOT

 Is he here?

 ALBERT

 Who?

 DOT

 Seth-- oh God, he didn't come here? He

 ran out of my car about six blocks away

 DOT is nearly hyperventilating, Satori rushes to her side.

 SATORI

 Just breathe. Dot. We'll call the cops,

 he can't have gone far...

 ALBERT

 Give me something of his.

 LATER, CLOSE ON THE CUBE in ALBERT'S HANDS as he turns the

 colored surfaces.

 WIDER, SATORI hovers over ALBERT, DOT is on the PHONE IN BG.

 DOT

 About twenty minutes ago... he's wearing

 a blue jacket... yes, I'll hold...

 SATORI

 Getting anything?

 DOT

 ALBERT

 (straining)

 Lines, parallel lines. Black soot-- and

 broken glass... blood...

 (off her gasp)

 Walls, a narrow space...

 SATORI

 (lighting up)

 A hallway?

 (to Dot) )

 I think I know where he went.

 SATORI is moving to grab a coat; Albert holds up the cube.

 ALBERT

 What the hell is this thing, anyway?

 SATORI

 Albert, we' re going over to the Harmon

 house, watch the store.

 ALBERT

 Yeah, right.

 As soon as THEY'RE GONE, the PHONE RINGS. ALBERT feels his

 way toward it, answers.

 ALBERT (CONT'D)

 Psychic studio... she's not here... oh,

 Mrs. Harmon, she's on her way over

 there... I wish you'd called two minutes

 ago, you coulda saved me a lot of effort.

 He tosses the CUBE over his shoulder, disgustedly.

 CUT TO:

 INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

 MR. and MRS. KITT, a distraught-looking, middle-aged

 Midwestern couple, hover over MARIAN, still unmoving. OSBORNE

 is behind them. Mrs. Kitt strokes Marian's hair, Mr. Kitt

 puts an arm around his wife.

 MRS. KITT

 When is she going to wake up?

 OSBORNE

 It's hard to say...

 A NURSE shows WARREN into the curtained room; he looks

 nervous. As soon as he sees Osborne, he starts babbling:

 WARREN

 Wow, I really hate hospitals. How do you

 work here? The air is so thick, you

 know? You can practically taste them,

 all those souls in transit--

 OSBORNE

 (cutting him off)

 Warren, this is Mr. and Mrs. Kitt--

 Marian's parents.

 WARREN is looking directly at Marian now, seeing something

 the others clearly aren't. His eyes go wide.

 WARREN (CONT'D)

 Oh my God... help her, somebody help her!

 He dashes to Marian, puts his arms around her, shaking her.

 MRS. KITT freaks, OSBORNE and MR. KITT pull Warren away.

 MR. KITT

 What are you, crazy? Let go of her!

 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

 A CAB pulls up, ELMER climbs slowly out of the back seat.

 pays off the DRIVER, then heads inside.

 TNT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

 An ORDERLY shepherds WARREN down the hall from the entrance

 to the ICU, OSBORNE and the KITTS a step behind.

 WARREN

 She's, she's drowning, can't you people

 see?!

 OSBORNE

 Warren, you really oughta take your

 medication...

 MRS. KITT

 How did that man get in here?

 The pass the ELEVATOR, which opens a moment later. ELMER

 emerges from the elevator, looking in the direction of the

 commotion, then heads toward the ICU ward.

 INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

 ELMER lets himself into Marian's curtained room. He studies

 her for a moment.

 ELMER

 Oh, girl. Wish you'd a listened to me.

 He sighs and pulls a chair up by the bedside, sits heavily.

 He takes her hand in his own.

 ELMER (CONT'D)

 Now we got no choice but to see this

 thing through...

 He bows his head and closes his eyes. An older NURSE enters.

 OLDER NURSE

 Uh, sir, you'll have to leave...

 ELMER slowly opens his eyes, rises, steps close to her,

 stares at her, unblinking. His voice is hypnotic.

 ELMER

 It's all right, now. There's nobody here

 but that girl, sleeping peacefully. She's

 all alone...

 The older nurse just stares back for a few moments, then she

 turns and walks out.

 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

 THE OLDER NURSE pauses for a moment, blinks, shaking off an

 odd sensation. Then she continues her rounds.

 INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

 ELMER holds MARIAN'S hand, concentrating intently.

 INT. SPFX SPACE

 MARIAN struggles under the surface. Suddenly, she's pulled

 upward-- as she breaks the surface, the environment MORPHS--

 --she's sitting up on a hospital bed, in an altered version

 of the ICU. ELMER is beside her, holding her hand-- the room

 is strangely lit, the curtains translucent, wraith-like FORMS

 moving beyond them. VOICES here are strange, distorted.

 MARIAN

 Where am I? Am I dead?

 ELMER

 You're on the Other Side...

 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

 MERCER is at the desk, facing a RECEPTIONIST, as WARREN moves

 past with an unnerved expression, hurrying out the door.

 RECEPTIONIST

 Yes, she's a patient here, but I'm afraid

 visiting hours are over.

 As MERCER turns away, OSBORNE approaches quickly.

 OSBORNE

 Professor-- uh, Mr.-- how did you--?

 MERCER

 I'm a voluntary patient, I can leave when

 I want. Listen, I-- I'm sorry about

 today... I've been ill, I have some

 trouble controlling my emotions...

 I'd like to see this patient of yours, if

 that's OK.

 OSBORNE

 (nods; to the nurse)

 It's all right, I'll take him up.

 INT. SPFX SPACE

 ELMER AND MARIAN walk, hand in hand, down an eerie,

 abstracted CORRIDOR. A DOOR ahead of them, LIGHT spills out.

 ELMER

 You can't fight her no more, you gotta

 give her what she wants.

 MARIAN

 What does she want?

 ELMER

 To be free. You're the bridge... let her

 take you.

 He pushes the door open-- they don't so much enter the room,

 as it envelops them. It's a distorted version of--

 MARIAN'S BATHROOM. DIANE STILLMAN writes in lipstick on the

 bathroom mirror. She turns, gestures at her writing.

 ON MIRROR-- CLOSE SHOTS-- words like, "LOVE," "DESPAIR, "

 "DEATH..." we don't get a chance to read the whole message.

 IN REFLECTION, MARIAN appears directly beside DIANE-- both

 stare INTO CAMERA, the red words now BLURRY and FADING.

 DIANE

 Help me...

 INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

 OSBORNE leads MERCER into the now darkened WARD, opens the

 curtain. We hear the BLEEPING of the monitors.

 MERCER

 What's wrong with her?

 OSBORNE

 She took sleeping pills and alcohol...

 same as Diane Stillman.

 ELMER sits beside the still-unmoving MARIAN, her hand in his.

 He's deep in a trance.

 OSBORNE

 Elmer...?

 ELMER opens his eyes, turns to face Osborne and Mercer. He

 nods slowly, addresses Mercer.

 ELMER

 Touch her.

 MERCER is disturbed and thoroughly perplexed.

 MERCER

 Who are you?

 ELMER

 A friend.

 OSBORNE

 Just do as he says.

 Mercer looks at him questioningly.

 ELMER

 Please.

 MERCER approaches the bed, very disturbed, looking at Osborne

 and Elmer-- are these people even crazier than he is? He

 tentatively reaches out to touch Marian's arm--

 WITH MERCER-- his eyes go wide--

 HIS POV— it's DIANE STILLMAN lying in the bed--

 MERCER yanks his hand away, utterly terrified-- he shakes his

 head and FLEES THE ROOM.

 OSBORNE hurries after Mercer. ELMER clutches Marian's hand,

 mustering a great psychological effort.

 ELMER

 Stay with me, girl.

 INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

 MERCER hits the DOWN button.

 OSBORNE

 Wait!

 OSBORNE squeezes in as the doors are closing-- throws the

 EMERGENCY SWITCH to Stop it, the ALARM RINGS

 OSBORNE

 What are you afraid of?

 MERCER

 I saw a dead girl in there! Diane-- how

 can this be happening?!

 OSBORNE

 Marian's channeling her, I don't know

 why. You have to tell me-- what did you

 do to Diane Stillman

 MERCER

 Nothing, she was a, a student of mine--

 OSBORNE

 The truth!

 MERCER slides to the elevator floor, head in his hands.

 MERCER

 We had an affair... not for long, I told

 her we couldn't see each other any more,

 it wasn't right, it would ruin us both.

 She just couldn't accept it, she wouldn't

 let go--

 OSBORNE

 She still won't.

 OSBORNE hits buttons to kill the alarm and open the door.

 CUT TO:

 EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

 SATORI and DOT hurry toward the brownstone from Dot's car. A

 FRONT WINDOW is BROKEN. The front door flies open. MRS.

 HARMON stands there, in her robe, very upset--

 MRS. HARMON

 I was about to call the police-- what in

 God's name is he doing here?!

 INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - NIGHT

 DOT AND SATORI hurry in with MRS. HARMON to find SETH

 crouching on the floor in the sooty hallway, POUNDING the

 surface, making STRANGLED NOISES. His hands are BLOODY.

 DOT

 Oh baby, baby— what's the matter, what's

 the matter?

 She runs to the boy, he won't stop what he's doing, she pulls

 him away, he squirms. SATORI moves toward the spot--

 ANGLE DOWN-- bloody HANDPRINTS cover the FIRE-DAMAGED strips

 of wood flooring.

 SATORI

 There's something under there...

 CUT TO:

 INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

 ELMER still holds MARIAN'S hand, he seems exhausted. OSBORNE

 and MERCER stand by the bedside-- Mercer is inches from

 Marian, but he can't bring himself to touch her. Quietly:

 MERCER

 I still can't believe it happened. I

 quit the university afterwards, checked

 myself into the hospital... I can't

 sleep, but I can't get out of bed-- that

 image of her, underwater-- I can't get it

 out of my head...

 OSBORNE

 You did it, didn't you? You killed her.

 MERCER trembles, nods, opens his mouth to speak. Suddenly

 MARIAN'S HAND reaches out for his, grasps it. HER EYES OPEN.

 MARIAN

 No. No, Andy, you didn't.

 Mercer kneels by the bed, holding her hand tightly, staring

 into her eyes. Although Osborne sees Marian there, clearly

 she's someone else in Mercer's eyes.

 MERCER

 Diane... I'm so sorry...

 MARIAN

 It's not your fault.

 MERCER

 It is... it is.

 MARIAN

 No, it's not. You were trying to do the

 right thing-- and I punished you for it.

 I killed myself to hurt you... Andy, I

 was " wrong. Forgive me... forgive me

 and get on with your life.

 MERCER

 What?

 MARIAN

 You have to. Don't you see, by torturing

 yourself you're keeping me here.

 Please... forgive me and forgive

 yourself.

 MERCER nods, understanding, tears rolling down his cheeks. He

 lays his head on her chest.

 MERCER

 Thank you. God, I love you...

 MARIAN

 You loved me. Now let me go.

 After a few beats, he releases her hand and rises, wiping his

 eyes. Marian seems to be resting peacefully, then...

 THE HEART MONITOR goes haywire, ALARMS SCREAM

 OSBORNE

 Elmer, what's happening

 ELMER is deep in his trance, unable to answer. MERCER backs

 away, freaked. OSBORNE goes to MARIAN, shouting as NURSES

 and DOCTORS enter--

 OSBORNE (CONT'D)

 She's going into vefib, we're gonna need

 a crash cart!

 INT. SPFX SPACE

 TIGHT ON MARIAN, under the DARK LIQUID again. Her HANDS

 reach above the surface, ELMER holds onto them.

 ELMER

 No! Stay with me!

 INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

 FRANTIC ICU PEOPLE with resuscitation equipment push Mercer

 out of the room. They yank the seemingly unconscious ELMER

 away from MARIAN, disentangling his hand from hers, his

 GLASSES tumble to the floor and crack. OSBORNE rushes to

 Elmer's side, holding him upright in his chair.

 A DOCTOR fixes PADDLES over Marian's heart and ZAP! Her body

 JERKS upward--

 INT. SPFX SPACE

 ELMER and MARIAN together in the dark liquid, their bodies

 twisting in the vortex--

 ELMER

 She's free now! You've got to go back!

 INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

 ZAP! as MARIAN'S BODY jerks again.

 INT. SPFX SPACE

 ELMER holds MARIAN, pulling her toward the surface--

 ELMER

 Hold on to me, I'll show you the way.

 INT. ICU WARD - NIGHT

 ZAP! MARIAN jerks again. THE MONITORS suddenly STABILIZE

 into a steady HEARTBEAT.

 DOCTOR

 We've got her!

 OSBORNE

 Oh God. Elmer.. .

 ON ELMER, his open eyes stare straight ahead, sightless.

 Osborne hugs the man's lifeless body.

 CUT TO:

 INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - NIGHT

 CRUNCH as a CROWBAR peels up CHARRED FLOORBOARDS.

 WIDER, DOT wields the crowbar as SATORI, MRS. HARMON and

 SETH, his hands now bandaged, look on. DOT gets the last of

 the floorboards up.

 DOT

 These boards are already loose...

 ANGLE ON FLOOR as a chunk of WOOD comes away to reveal--

 A METAL STRONGBOX. DOT reaches in to haul it out.

 MRS. HARMON rushes over, they gather around as she undoes the

 latch and LIFTS THE LID--

 ANGLE IN STRONGBOX-- a large BLACK VELVET BOX with a

 handwritten NOTE attached.

 MRS. HARMON stares at this, pulling out the note and reading

 in an increasingly quavering voice:

 MRS. HARMON

 "Judy my love, you've put up with me for

 25 years now, missing birthdays and

 Valentine's Days, snoring and stealing

 the bed covers, working overtime when I

 should've been by your side. I just want

 you to know that nothing in this world is

 precious to me... but you."

 She opens the box and removes a large DIAMOND NECKLACE,

 clearly worth a fortune.

 MRS. HARMON (CONT'D)

 Oh my God... Bill...

 SATORI reaches in to remove a small BLACK BOOK.

 SATORI

 This is a Swiss bank account... no wonder

 he couldn't let you sell the house.

 She passes it to Mrs. Harmon who opens it and nearly faints.

 Satori steals a look over her shoulder, raises an eyebrow.

 Mrs. Harmon stares into the middle distance, thinking, a TEAR

 rolls down her cheek. THE WINDOW down the hall SWINGS OPEN.

 MRS. HARMON

 The wind...?

 DOT

 I think Elvis has left the building.

 MRS. HARMON

 I don't know how to thank you...

 SATORI

 (smiling)

 I'll send you my bill.

 DISSOLVE TO:

 INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

 MR. and MRS. KITT wait expectantly, talking to OSBORNE. i

 OSBORNE

 Your daughter came to around dawn. She's

 a little weak, but she's fine, we can

 release her shortly.

 MR. KITT

 Thank God... why did she do it?

 OSBORNE

 She wasn't entirely herself... I don't

 think it'll happen again.

 MRS. KITT

 Marian's a lot like my mother was. She

 feels things so deeply... it scares me

 sometimes, it's almost other-worldly--

 MR. KITT

 Oh, hon, none of that mumbo-jumbo...

 MRS. KITT

 Marian!

 Their faces light up at the sight of MARIAN, in a wheelchair,

 as the ORDERLY pushes her toward them. She looks tired, but

 relieved. Her PARENTS rush over to hug her.

 MRS. KITT

 Honey, we were so worried.

 MARIAN

 I'm so sorry to've put you both through

 this.

 MR. KITT

 You're all right. That's what matters.

 MARIAN

 Mark-- last night, was Elmer here?

 (off his slow nod)

 I want to see him.

 OSBORNE

 Marian, I'm sorry, he... he passed away.

 MARIAN takes this in. Her eyes widen.

 MARIAN

 He's dead?! No... because of me...

 OSBORNE

 Listen to me-- he was 92 years old

 MARIAN

 He saved me. I wasn't strong enough to

 make it back on my own. And now I can

 never thank him.

 OSBORNE

 Maybe you can... excuse me a moment.

 He moves away from them, talking with the ORDERLY.

 MRS. KITT

 Honey, we've talked to the dean's office,

 we're going to take you right home.

 MARIAN

 No, dad... I--

 MR. KITT

 You need time to rest. Take a semester

 off.

 MARIAN

 I don't want to, dad. It was hard at

 first, scary-- but .1 think I belong

 here... I want to stay.

 DISSOLVE TO:

 EXT. ROCKY SHORELINE - DAY

 WAVES CRASH on a rocky New England coast. MOVE TO FIND all

 the OTHERS— OSBORNE, JEROME, SATORI, ALBERT, WARREN. DOT,

 SETH and now MARIAN-- standing on a rocky PIER. All are

 dressed in black funereal clothes. They pass a CERAMIC URN,

 painted in RAINBOW COLORS, from one to the next, saying their

 private good-byes.

 JEROME

 Elmer once told me, "Life is just a drop

 of rain. Death is the ocean. Don't be

 afraid to return from whence you came."

 He passes the urn to Warren, who stares at it a beat:

 WARREN

 "Whence?

 ALBERT

 Elmer would never say "whence."

 JEROME

 I was paraphrasing.

 Warren gives the urn to DOT, who in turn hands it to SETH.

 DOT

 OK, honey.

 Seth steps to the edge of the pier and HURLS THE ASHES into

 the breeze-- they DRIFT AWAY onto the waves.

 SATORI

 The end is the beginning...

 MARIAN IN FG; on the beach behind her stands ELMER. She

 glimpses him from the corner of her eye, turns.

 REVERSE ANGLE-- OSBORNE notes Marian's distraction, she

 BLINKS. He speaks quietly:

 OSBORNE

 Is something wrong?

 MARIAN'S POV— ELMER is gone. MARIAN has a slight smile.

 MARIAN

 No. Nothing.

 WIDE SHOT as the group starts to leave the shore...

 FADE OUT

 END ACT FOUR

