

What Lies Beneath  
by  
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EXT. UNDERWATER LAKE

FADE IN:

Moving through a murky haze. Dark blues and greens, shafts of prisms of purple. A pale shard appears in the distance. Gliding closer, a group of tiny fish dart before camera. We're UNDERWATER. Arriving at the form, it finally sharpens into focus. It's a WOMAN'S BODY submerged in dark water, arms floating lazily at her side. The face is obscured by flowing hair. All that's visible is a pair of COLD, STARING GREEN EYES, which blink closed...

MORPH TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S BATHTUB

...then open as BLUE EYES, as CLAIRE SPENCER emerges with a SPLUTTER from the water. She looks around, slightly embarrassed, having awakened from this unsettling dream in her bathtub.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A HAZY SHAPE - accompanied by a whirring sound.

A steam covered mirror is cleared with a BLOW DRYER. Claire starts to come into focus. She is an attractive, elegant-looking woman around forty. Claire brings a hand to her cheek, as if confirming her existence.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CAITLIN'S ROOM - DAY

Claire, now dressed, presses her face against a door, listening for the sounds of stirring from within. Silence. She quietly pushes open the door.

INT. CAITLIN'S ROOM - DAY

She makes her way past half-filled boxes and duffels to a window, then pulls the curtains to reveal:

A LOVELY, WOODED LAKE. It couldn't be more picturesque. A 24' SAILBOAT is moored at the dock and an OLD STONE LIGHTHOUSE sits on a point across the lake.

The sunlight motivates an unconscious groan from A FIGURE, still shrouded by covers. Claire sits beside the sleeping form. She scans the room briefly, taking in a soccer trophy, a Greenpeace flag and a picture of a tomboyish ten year-old girl at camp.

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CLAIRE

Hey, buddy...

She bends down to give his belly a rub. When she stands, something catches her eye out the window. She gazes down, transfixed.

INT./EXT. FEUR'S DRIVEWAY

ANGLE

Through a stand of trees over a HIGH WOODEN FENCE, A YOUNG COUPLE is in the midst of a heated argument next door. Claire watches as the HUSBAND, a large imposing man with an unruly shock of red-hair, snarls at his wife across the hood of their old Mercedes. She tries to get a glimpse of the woman, but all that's visible is THE BACK OF HER BLOND HEAD.

A TAN, SINEWY ARM encircles Claire's waist. She lets out a small gasp as a hand closes on her breast. It's Claire's husband, DR. NORMAN SPENCER, nibbling gently at her neck. He's older than she, pushing fifty, with silver streaks beginning to permeate the shaggy mop of hair that makes him look more like a preppy rocker or a lacrosse coach than the prominent academic that he is. Claire, however, can't take her eyes off the scene below.

CLAIRE

They're at it again.

NORMAN

Christ, that's twice in...When did they move in?

CLAIRE

I think three...

NORMAN

Three weeks.

She continues to gaze downward. The man leans over the hood, murmuring darkly at his wife, though for Claire and Norman the scene is entirely silent.

CLAIRE

What's their name?

NORMAN

Feur, I think. Psych department. Figures. They're all nuts.

(CONTINUED)

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Outside, Mr. Feur turns and walks toward his house. Norman begins, once again, to nuzzle Claire. Her eyes close, but then she gently demurs.

CLAIRE  
She's awake.

NORMAN  
We'll be quiet. Quick and quiet.

She turns to him.

CLAIRE  
I don't want to be either.

He smiles. A really good smile. The lips and tongue on his faded T-shirt mark him as a 'Stones fan.

NORMAN  
When's she out of here?

CLAIRE  
Norman Spencer.

Norman gives up. He bussess her cheek.

NORMAN  
(moving toward the stairs)  
Alright. I can't take the rejection. I'm  
going for a run.  
(to dog)  
C'mon Cooper.

The dog bounds down the stairs. Norman follows.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
(calling over his shoulder)  
We're going to have to leave by eleven if  
we want to beat the traffic.

Claire returns her gaze to the scene below as Mr. Feur says something ominous to his wife, then stalks into the house.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
(O.S.)  
Claire?

CLAIRE  
(absently)  
Eleven o'clock.

ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mrs. Feur drops her face into her hands.

INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN

Caitlin munches some waffles as Claire anxiously peruses her "to do" list.

CLAIRE  
What about vitamins? You need a good multi.

Caitlin gets up to refill her orange juice.

CAITLIN  
We did that.

Norman appears, pours himself some coffee.

CLAIRE  
Did you pack that blue scarf?

He kisses Caitlin.

NORMAN  
(warmly)  
We're gonna miss you so much.

He shoots a naughty wink at Claire.

CAITLIN  
(to Norman)  
You'll live.

CLAIRE  
And gloves. You need gloves.

CAITLIN  
Mom...

NORMAN  
(heading for door)  
It's only two hours away...

CLAIRE  
I know that.

CAITLIN  
I'll come back all the time.

CLAIRE  
Of course you will.

Norman stops at the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN  
All the time?

Caitlin flings a waffle.

EXT. DRIVEWAY-SPENCER HOUSE - DAY

Claire loads a box into the back of the Volvo wagon. She stops and gazes down at the handwritten label:

Caitlin Spencer - Atkinson Hall  
Boston University

CAITLIN (O.S.)  
You can call me whenever you want.

She appears at Claire's side. Claire turns to her.

CLAIRE  
Sweetheart, I've known this day was coming for a long time. I've got Norman and the garden and the new house. You really don't have to worry.

CAITLIN  
I'm just saying...

Caitlin still seems concerned. Claire takes her hand.

CLAIRE  
Really.

CAITLIN  
'Kay.

She pulls Caitlin into an embrace. Her eyes close.

CAITLIN (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
Mother...

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Claire's frozen in the hug.

CAITLIN  
(beat)  
Mom.

Her eyes open. Widen to reveal Claire, holding Caitlin in a bare walled dorm room, surrounded by boxes. A cute, brunette roommate stands, embarrassed in the corner. The URBAN SKYLINE looms in the window.

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CAITLIN (cont'd)  
I have'ta go.

She seems almost frightened to release her grip. Caitlin glances at Norman, who stands uneasily in the crowded hallway. He steps forward and gently places a hand on Claire's shoulder.

NORMAN  
(softly)  
Honey...if we don't leave now, they're  
gonna make us enroll.

She releases. Caitlin steps back.

CAITLIN  
I'll call you.

Norman produces an ENVELOPE, which he presses into his daughter's hand. It's a book of TRAIN TICKETS.

NORMAN  
Come home anytime, baby.

She throws her arms around his waist. They hug tightly. After a moment, she steps back...

NORMAN (cont'd)  
Be good, kiddo.  
(to roommate)  
You two keep an eye on each other,  
Beatrice.

BEATRICE  
(waves)  
I won't go to a single party without her.

Norman glances back.

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
(smiles)  
Just kidding.

Caitlin waves.

CAITLIN  
Bye.

They step into...

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY

Claire and Norman move down the hall. She dabs at a tear with a kleenex.

CLAIRE  
I almost made it.

He smiles and wraps an arm around her waist.

INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire walks in from the bathroom wearing a sexy cotton nightgown. Norman is in bed, absorbed in a laptop. She gets into bed, then picks up a thick text from beside him and starts reading. After a moment:

NORMAN  
Whatcha reading?

CLAIRE  
(reading the cover, sexy voice)  
Genetic repair mechanisms in eukaryotic organisms.

NORMAN  
How is it?

Claire moves closer. Norman's engrossed in his laptop.

CLAIRE  
If you have to work...

NORMAN  
No, no. I'm just about...  
(beat)  
There.

He closes the laptop and turns to her.

CLAIRE  
How's it going?

NORMAN  
Think I may have cracked it.

CLAIRE  
The prenatal...

NORMAN  
The targeted gene repair, yeah.



CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
You are so brilliant.

NORMAN  
Yep.

She cuddles up to him

CLAIRE  
Madame Curie, Jonas Salk, Norman  
Spencer...

NORMAN  
(smiling)  
You know what that does to me.

He looks at her.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
How are you?

CLAIRE  
Fine.  
(beat)  
I am, really.

NORMAN  
It's ok if you're not.

CLAIRE  
To tell you the truth...I'm excited.

NORMAN  
You are?

CLAIRE  
To get my life back. To have some time  
for myself.  
(off his look)  
Some time for us.

He caresses her.

NORMAN  
You did a great job. She's a good kid.

CLAIRE  
We did.

There's a weighty pause.

NORMAN  
It's just us now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE  
I know.

He kisses her.

NORMAN  
Tired?

CLAIRE  
Nope.

NORMAN  
Wanna fool around?

CLAIRE  
Yep.

They start to kiss. Its slow and a bit methodical in the manner of long time lovers. Suddenly, the SOUND OF A WOMAN WAILING can be heard. They stop.

NORMAN  
Did you...

CLAIRE  
Shhh.

They listen. The sounds start to become louder. It is clearly two people in the throes of some very vocal and savage love making.

NORMAN  
Jesus.

The woman's moaning becomes embarrassingly loud.

CLAIRE  
What is he doing to her?

He gets up to close the window.

NORMAN  
I guess they're making up.

Norman starts to close the window

CLAIRE  
Wait.

He turns back. She's wearing a naughty smile

NORMAN  
Think we can take 'em?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAIRE  
Worth a try.

Norman smiles, flings the window up and moves back to the bed.

NORMAN  
Do the brilliant Norman stuff some  
more...

He starts kissing his way down her thigh.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
And speak up.

Claire smiles.

INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pan across a softly snoring Norman to Claire, who's wide awake. Her breathing is strangely shallow. The digital clock reads 2:05 a.m. She gets up, walks into the bathroom, quietly closes the door, and flips on a light.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

She opens the mirrored medicine cabinet, takes out a prescription bottle of valium, breaks one in half, then downs it with a glass of water. She flips off the light and heads out the other door.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Claire's playing ALICE'S COMPUTER SOLITAIRE. She flips the last card and an animated Queen of Hearts, accompanied by a series of musical notes, parades across the screen.

QUEEN OF HEARTS  
(on computer)  
You lost! Off with your head!

Claire hits "New Game" and watches as a fresh hand of cyber solitaire is dealt. She hears a voice and glances out her slightly open window at the Feur's.

A light is on in a room upstairs. A SHADOW FIGURE paces past the drawn shade.

After a moment, she returns to the computer.

INT. CAITLIN'S ROOM - DAY

Claire pushes open the door to Caitlin's room carrying an armful of FOLDED LAUNDRY. She moves quickly to the bureau, not wanting to spend much time in here, then grabs a TINY BLACK TOP from the pile, and drops it into a drawer. She's just about to close it, when something catches her eye.

CLAIRE'S POV

She drops the laundry and slowly pulls a tattered, old JUILLIARD T-SHIRT with a very seventies logo from the drawer. Claire gazes around the room, which is a reliquary of Caitlin's recently concluded childhood; PICTURES, TROPHIES, STUFFED ANIMALS.

She brings the now faded T-shirt to her face and drinks in the smells. She stares down at the word "Juilliard."

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

- "JUILLIARD"...it's still on the T-shirt, which adorns a 15 year old Caitlin in a photograph in an album.

She's standing in front of their last house (Boston) with Norman and Claire. A MOVING TRUCK is being loaded with BOXES in the background. She flips backwards.

- Claire and Norman with 13 year old Caitlin after a soccer game.

- Claire standing with several friends in front of Carnegie Hall. They each have instrument cases. Claire holds a CELLO CASE before her. The marquee reads: The Marlov Quartet.

Claire glances around at several hastily unpacked boxes and sees propped in the corner...THE CELLO CASE. She gazes at other photos.

- Claire in her wedding dress, Norman beside her in a tux with a very wide bow-tie.

She turns the page. Several as yet un-placed items slip out. A picture of a 15 year old Norman with his impossibly stern looking, silver haired father. A newspaper photo of Norman in college having been booted from the basebeall team for refusing to cut his hair, a large NY Times obituary for Norman's father, DR. WENDELL SPENCER, and a POLAROID OF A CRUMPLED SAAB. She puts them aside and reveals the next and first page of the album.

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CONTINUED:

- It's the Juilliard shirt again, only now it's on a much younger Claire who has a tiny Caitlin on her hip.

Claire's chin begins to tremble and she chokes out a sob.

EXT. FRONT YARD ROSE GARDEN- DAY

Her face streaked with tears, Claire stumbles out into the immaculately manicured ROSE GARDEN.

The yard is surrounded by a HIGH WOODEN FENCE. She collapses into a lawn chair as the tears begin to subside. Suddenly, she hears something coming from next door.

She cocks her head and attempts to make out the sound. It is, ironically, the sound of A WOMAN CRYING. Claire makes her way over to the fence. The woman's sobbing becomes more plaintive and fevered.

She places her face against the prickly, vine covered fence and tries to peer through the crack. All she can make out is A DARK BLUE BLUR that seems to be rocking. Claire gathers her nerve and calls out...

CLAIRE

Hello...

There's no reaction.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Mrs. Feur?

The sobbing chokes down to a breathless whimpering. The blue shape vanishes from view.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Hello?

Something bumps against the fence. Claire draws back. She hears heavy breathing.

MRS. FEUR

(sniffling)

Who are you?

CLAIRE

It's...It's Claire...Spencer. Is everything--

MRS. FEUR

I've seen you. From the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
You have?

MRS. FEUR  
You're the flower lady.

Claire leans closer to the tiny crack. She sees a fleshy blur and what might be part of an eye, and hears breathing.

CLAIRE  
Hello? Are you alright?

MRS. FEUR  
I'm not...

-  
She seems on the verge of losing it again.

MRS. FEUR (cont'd)  
He's so...I can't, I can't breathe...it's too much...

CLAIRE  
Who? Your husband?

MRS. FEUR  
And I'm afraid. Oh god, I'm so afraid of...

She trails off.

CLAIRE  
What? What are you afraid of?

Claire edges closer to the crack.

MRS. FEUR  
That I'll just...that one day I'll just...disappear.

Beat. Claire's taken aback by this admission.

CLAIRE  
What can I do? Can I help you?

MRS. FEUR  
I've never even met you.

CLAIRE  
I know. I've been consumed with...my daughter left...for school.

MRS. FEUR  
This fence...it's so...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE  
It's for the flowers. I'm sorry. Would  
you like to--

Tires can be heard crunching the gravel as a car pulls into  
the Feur's driveway.

MRS. FEUR  
Oh God, he's back. I'm sorry. Please  
forget that I...I don't know what I'm  
saying. Please...

Claire listens to the sound of NAKED FOOTSTEPS, followed by a  
LARGE FRONT DOOR swinging shut. A CAR DOOR swings open and a  
MAN'S SHOES follow down the path.

Claire pulls back from the crack and leans against the fence  
as the door closes a second time. She sits there for a moment  
listening, but all is quiet.

CLAIRE  
(V.O.)  
She sounded terrified.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire and Norman eat dinner. We see the moon reflected on  
the lake.

NORMAN  
Of what?

CLAIRE  
Of him I think.

NORMAN  
Did she say that?

CLAIRE  
More or less.

Norman chews.

NORMAN  
Honey, they're newlyweds. Remember how we  
were?

CLAIRE  
Not like this. We were never like this.  
(beat)  
I want to go over there. After dinner, we  
can--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN

Why?

CLAIRE

To make sure she's all right.

Norman puts down his fork.

NORMAN

Claire, honey, we are not going to march next door and accuse our new neighbor of--

CLAIRE

(over)

That's not what I'm sug-

NORMAN

...when tonight they'll probably be keeping us awake.

CLAIRE

But what if something happens? I'd never be able to live with myself.

NORMAN

(reassuring)

Nothing's going to happen.

(beat)

Besides, I have to work tonight. The conference is coming up.

CLAIRE

I know.

NORMAN

It's the first big preview of my paper. I've got to stay focused on that for just a little longer.

(beat)

This is...it's what I've been working for.

She glances down at her untouched plate.

CLAIRE

I just wish you could have heard her.

NORMAN

Look, I'll call Harvey Tomes in the Psych department, see what I can find out.

CLAIRE

Promise?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

NORMAN

Promise.

She reaches for his plate to clear it. Norman grabs her hand and kisses it.

EXT. FEUR'S YARD - DAY

Claire stands before the Feur's house holding a lovely GIFT BASKET with fresh cut roses, etc. The Benz is in the driveway. She looks up at the windows. All the blinds are shut, though it's a brilliantly sunny day.

She steps up and knocks on the door. No answer. She looks around and sees her LITTLE CAR in the garage. She knocks again. After a moment, she moves around to the lake side of the porch and knocks on one of the glass doors. Again nothing.

She glances at a TRASH BIN in back. Sticking out of it is a flattened CARDBOARD BOX on which is scribbled: MARY'S SUMMER THINGS.

She starts to go, then notices A SMALL WOMAN'S SHOE on the porch by a railing. It's a sandal and there's a DARK STAIN on a strap. She looks around, then places it on a table. She ponders leaving the gift basket, then takes it with her.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

As she returns to her yard, Claire sees her best friend, JODY, standing at her front door, peering inside.

JODY

Hey. What are you doing?

Jody turns. She's pretty, in her forties, and wearing hip, casual clothes.

CLAIRE

Just dropping off a welcome thing for the new neighbors.

JODY

You're so good.

Claire glances over her shoulder at the house, then:

CLAIRE

If I was, I'd've done it weeks ago.

JODY

I gave my neighbors some wine...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
That's good.

JODY  
...that someone left at my house.

Claire smiles.

JODY (cont'd)  
Brought you this.

She produces some 'natural'-looking tea bags.

CLAIRE  
What is it?

JODY  
Kambucha mushroom tea. Soothes heart-ache  
and promotes psychic wellness. Florianna  
suggested it.

CLAIRE  
You're discussing me with your psychic?

JODY  
She's not a psychic. Just a very  
enlightened spirit.

CLAIRE  
Thanks, but I'm fine.

JODY  
(pressing it into her hand)  
So you'll have some later.  
(beat)  
How you holding up?

CLAIRE  
Um, good. I'm good.

JODY  
You are?

CLAIRE  
Why does everyone find that so  
surprising?

JODY  
(are you kidding?)  
Cause your only daughter just went away  
to school who you were incredibly close  
with aaand I'd be tripping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

Right.

JODY

Besides, you've had a helluva year. The move, the new house...

Jody steps down into the garden. Claire follows.

CLAIRE

Totalled the Saab...

JODY

Wow. And now Caitlin. Which is big.

CLAIRE

Okay. I'm a little tender.

JODY

Good. So you're human.

CLAIRE

And so far my big task of the week is to take pictures of my roses for the garden club.

JODY

Wow. Got here just in time.

(beat)

Hey. Notice anything...different?

Claire gives her friend the once over, then notices the mint Karman-Ghia behind her up the driveway.

CLAIRE

Oh my god. You bought it.

JODY

Yep.

CLAIRE

It's niiice.

JODY

Beautiful thing, alimony. Lose a husband, get a car. Think it'll help me pick up dudes?

CLAIRE

Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JODY  
(checks her watch)  
I've got to run. Can we take the boat  
out?

CLAIRE  
Thursday?

JODY  
Perfect.

Jody gets in her car and drives off. Claire walks down the driveway to her front door and sees Mr. Feuer staring at her from a window. She starts to wave, but the curtain is drawn shut.

INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rain beats against the glass. Norman's out cold, but Claire's side is empty. A light is visible under the bathroom door. It clicks off.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Claire is at the computer playing solitaire again, a cup of Jody's tea beside her. As usual, she loses. The Queen chimes in:

QUEEN OF HEARTS  
(on computer)  
You lost! Off with your head!

Claire hits "New Game" and watches as a fresh hand of cyber solitaire is dealt. She plays a card or two. A particularly brilliant lightning flash illuminates the room. The computer screen goes dark. She looks around. The power's out.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Claire walks upstairs holding a CANDLE.

INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire pads in from the bathroom with the candle. She sees a curtain billowing and rain coming in. She pads out to the bedroom's turreted section and cranks the window closed. She takes a brief moment to watch the electrical storm raging over the lake.

When she turns to go back to bed, her eye drifts over to the Feuer's. She sees a SMALL FLASHLIGHT BEAM playing across the porch. A LIGHTNING FLASH lights up the night. Claire's eyes go wide.

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CONTINUED:

CLAIRE'S POV

In the split second of brilliance, she sees Mr. Feur, in shirtsleeves, getting drenched, hoisting a LARGE DUFFEL toward the open trunk of his Mercedes.

CLAIRE  
(in a hoarse whisper)  
Norman!

He's dead to the world. She moves toward him.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Norman, you have to look at this!

NORMAN  
Mmmph.

CLAIRE  
Hurry...

Another flash illuminates...Claire, back at the window, Norman at her side.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Look!

...an EMPTY DRIVEWAY, then blackness.

NORMAN  
What did you see?

She stares down into the darkness.

CLAIRE  
Nothing. There was...I thought I saw something.

Norman mutters something and immediately goes back to bed. Claire watches him. A glow from the bathroom hits her cheek as the power returns. The bedside clock is blinking.

She looks out the window. The driveway lights are on again, revealing the Feur's tranquil, empty driveway.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Claire is standing on a lawn chair, trying to peer across the fence. She has to pull herself up to get a view.

CLAIRE  
Ow! Dammit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks down. A large THORN from the rose vines has left a SHARP WHITE SCRATCH in her arm. When she is finally able to see over, there are TIRE TRACKS in the grass. The house remains completely still, though in the same upstairs window where she saw Mr. Feur, the shades are completely drawn.

She watches for movement in the window. When there's none, she steps down into her garden and over to a camera, which is perched on a tripod. When the morning sun hits them just right, she SNAPS SEVERAL PICTURES OF HER ROSES against the lovely house.

She reaches down to re-position the tripod and sees a splash of crimson on the silver metal. The scratch on her arm is now dripping blood. She brings the cut to her mouth, then moves for the porch.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Claire arrives at the front door. She reaches out for the doorknob...which glides slightly open on its own. A FAINT RUSTLING can be heard from within. Claire quietly moves into:

INT. FOYER - DAY

Claire stops inside the door. Now it sounds almost like WHISPERING. It seems to be coming from Norman's study. She gathers her nerve, then bursts into the room.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY

But the whispering suddenly stops. The lovely circular room is completely empty. She looks around, puzzled. Cooper casually ambles over.

Claire spots a curtain, gently billowing and moves over toward it. Just as she reaches the curtain, it puffs out with a gust of wind.

She glances out the open window at RUSTLING LEAVES, then smiles at her paranoia as she cranks the window shut. She knocks over a picture on the sill, then rights it. It's a FRAMED NEWSPAPER PHOTO of the two of them at an AWARD CEREMONY.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Claire pulls the front door closed and sees that the latch is having trouble sticking. She pulls it tightly closed until it latches.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Later. Claire, grabs the cordless phone from its base unit and heads out.

CLAIRE  
Cooper!

She punches a number into the phone.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Wanna go for a...

The thunder of paws as the dog hurtles down the stairs into the kitchen.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Thought so.

They head out.

EXT. LAKESIDE - DOCK - DUSK

Claire follows Cooper down toward the lake. LOUD REGGAE can be heard blaring through the phone.

CLAIRE  
(into phone)  
Any idea when?!

The music is turned down

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
I'm not sure. She's got her Kafka thing.  
But I'll completely tell her that you  
called.

CLAIRE  
(into phone)  
Thanks, Beatrice.

She clicks off and puts the phone in her pocket.

THE SPENCER'S HOUSE. A tennis ball splashes the reflection in the lake. Claire's walking Cooper on the large rocks at the water's edge. Cooper hesitates at the water's edge, whimpering, but won't go in.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
That's a first.  
(to the dog)  
C'mon Cooper, get your ball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dog paces along the edge, seemingly spooked. Claire walks out onto the long dock. She gets a few yards out and realizes the dog isn't with her. She turns.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
What's gotten into you today, you big  
sissy?

Cooper paces at the edge of the dock. Claire turns and continues walking. She stands at the edge of the dock, taking in the beautiful sunset.

She looks down at her reflection and notices a FAINT WHITE SHAPE in the dark water. She bends down. The shape seems to be gaining definition. She reaches down to touch the shape. Cooper starts to growl.

RRRING!

Claire gasps quietly, then stands, reaches into her pocket, and pulls out the cordless phone.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Hi.

NORMAN  
(O.C., on the other end)  
I'm stuck here for another couple of  
hours.

Claire's smile fades.

CLAIRE  
Oh.

NORMAN  
(O.C.)  
Unless...do you want me to come home?

CLAIRE  
No, no. It's fine.

Claire slowly leans out over the water to check her reflection...

NORMAN  
(O.C.)  
You sure?

...but the shape is gone.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

NORMAN (cont'd)  
Claire?

CLAIRE  
Huh? Absolutely. Take your time.

She clicks off the phone and looks down at the calm water.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Claire, holding a glass of wine, tunes Norman's high-end stereo to a classical station.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

POV - Claire moving through the study.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

She puts down the wine and sits in her workroom, phone at her ear, playing computer solitaire.

CLAIRE  
(into phone)  
It's Mrs. Spencer.

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
Hi.

CLAIRE  
(into phone)  
She there?

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
Not yet. I'm writing a note.

CLAIRE  
Please do. Put it somewhere where she'll be sure to see it.

BEATRICE  
Absolutely. I'll put it on her diaphragm case.

Claire's face goes blank.

BEATRICE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Got ya, Mrs. Spencer.

CLAIRE  
That's very good, Beatrice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
Don't worry. I'll tell her you called.

CLAIRE  
Thanks.

ANGLE

She's playing computer solitaire again. She flips the last card and the familiar voice is heard.

QUEEN OF HEARTS  
(on computer)  
You lost! Off with your head!

Claire hits "New Game" and watches as a fresh hand is dealt. She plays a couple of cards. Suddenly, the music shifts to a soft white static.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

When Claire reaches the stereo, it mysteriously goes silent. She messes with the TUNING and VOLUME, but it remains silent. She glances out the window and sees Cooper, sitting in the garden, gazing up at her.

INT./EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Claire walks out onto the porch. A thick fog is rolling in.

CLAIRE  
Cooper...?

But he's nowhere to be seen. She turns back to the door. When she reaches for the doorknob, it swings slightly open.

She hears THE WHISPERING AGAIN. She glances into a COAT RACK MIRROR which reflects directly into the study.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

As Claire enters the empty study, the whispering stops. She walks over to crank the window shut, but stops short. It's already closed. She turns to find Cooper in the hallway, staring at her.

CLAIRE  
How'd you get in here?

She walks into the workroom.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Cooper ambles away. A FLEETING SHADOW in the coat rack mirror pulls Claire's eye back toward the study. She hears a DIFFERENT SET OF MUSICAL NOTES and turns. She stares at the screen, stunned.

ANGLE

The game has been finished. Cards with faces swarm chaotically across the screen with the message: YOU WIN!

CLAIRE

Oh. Kay.

Claire hears growling. She turns to find an anxious Cooper, growling into the study. Suddenly the STATIC starts again, this time at an ear splitting level. She grabs her purse...

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Come on, boy!

Claire and the dog bolt out the front door.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire, still in jeans and sweatshirt, walks down a darkened hallway. She sees a sign above the door ahead: "Dr. N. Spencer - Genetics"

As she arrives at the open door, she turns to Cooper, who sits.

CLAIRE

You stay here.

Suddenly she hears:

NORMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

She's probably hallucinating.

Claire stands and cocks her head.

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm sure she is. It's got to be traumatic for her. Do you think she has any idea what's going on?

NORMAN (O.S.)

Not a clue.

Claire's face registers some concern.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What's the yellow chemical?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
It's a neuromuscular blocking agent. It immobilizes motor functions but leaves her conscious so we can monitor neural patterns on the EEG.

Which turns into confusion.

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
So they can't move, but they know what's going on?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Exactly. You wanna give me a hand? Watch her little claws.

Claire's curiosity finally gets the better of her. She turns the corner and walk into the lab.

INT. NORMAN'S LAB - NIGHT

Claire moves past the hi-tech equipment.

MAN'S VOICE  
Careful. Don't breathe that in.

She comes upon a POST DOCTORAL ASSISTANT (mid-thirties) taking a large YELLOW TIPPED SWAB from a STURDY ASIAN WOMAN (22-ish). They are working over A LARGE WHITE MOUSE, which is paralyzed. Small wires are attached to the mouse's head.

Feeling silly, Claire spots Norman at his computer (several yards away) perusing a document, as a SECOND "POST DOC" (also thirties) looks on.

NORMAN  
(to post doc)  
Put all this data at the front.

The first Post Doc, Teddy looks up at Claire.

TEDDY  
Hi, Mrs. Spencer.

CLAIRE  
Hi, Teddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Norman's face lights up when he sees her. At the next table, a THIRD POST DOC (late-twenties, East Indian) holds another yellow-tipped swab up to the snout of a second squirming mouse, which gradually falls still. Norman walks over.

NORMAN  
Hey there. What a nice  
surprise.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(in background)  
Her tail moved.

\*  
\*  
\*

CLAIRE  
Hi.

TEDDY  
(in background)  
Yeah. It only lasts about  
five...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NORMAN  
(correcting Teddy)  
Three.

TEDDY  
Three minutes.

\*  
\*  
\*

Norman pulls her out of the action. He gives her sweatshirt and ratty jeans the once over.

NORMAN  
Everything ok?

CLAIRE  
(suddenly self-conscious)  
There were some noises. I didn't want to  
disturb you, but--

He stops.

NORMAN  
What do you mean? Some noises where?

CLAIRE  
In the house. I was scared.

NORMAN  
Did you call the police?

CLAIRE  
No.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Norman pushes open the front door. Cooper ambles in ahead of them, wagging his tail. They move into...

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Claire stands in the door. Norman moves past the stereo, which plays classical music with faint static.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns it off, then takes in what seems to be a quiet, undisturbed room. He looks back at Claire.

CLAIRE  
Ok. Look at this.

He follows her into...

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

She stands before the finished solitaire game.

CLAIRE  
See?

Norman gazes at it.

NORMAN  
You won?

CLAIRE  
I didn't do that.

He sees her anxiousness.

NORMAN  
Stay right here. I'll look around.

He moves off into the house. Claire moves alone into the foyer hallway.

INT. NORMAN & CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Norman empties his pockets onto the dresser.

NORMAN  
I'm going to have the police check on the house.

Claire leans against the window sill.

CLAIRE  
Oh great, "Can you look in on my wife, she's hearing voices?" Wait'll that gets around.

He walks over to her.

NORMAN  
I've got to go to New Haven for the conference. I want you to feel safe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
I do, I do. I'm sure it was just the  
house...settling or something.

NORMAN  
You sure?

CLAIRE  
Positive.

Norman nods and vanishes into a dressing room.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Did you ever call about the Feurs?

He pokes his head out.

NORMAN  
Oh, right. Yes. Harvey says the guy's a  
sweetheart. Wouldn't hurt a fly.  
(remembering)  
Warren Feur.

He goes back in.

CLAIRE  
What about her?

NORMAN (O.S.)  
Damn. I know he told me...  
(then)  
Oh...

He emerges in pajama bottoms.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
I met Schumway...

CLAIRE  
Who wrote that book you love?

NORMAN  
Yeah. He was here giving some spiel for  
the chemistry department, so Bob Shine  
introduces us...and he says - you're  
gonna love this - he congratulates me on  
Spencer's Theorem...

CLAIRE  
(overlapping)  
Oh, no...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NORMAN  
"Thanks, but he was my father."

He sits at the edge of the bed.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
Didn't know he was dead, every stinking  
paper on the globe...

CLAIRE  
I'm sure he didn't.

NORMAN  
He knew.

CLAIRE  
Oh, Norman...

NORMAN  
What?

CLAIRE  
You're so sensitive about that.

NORMAN  
(a flash)  
No, I'm not.

CLAIRE  
You are. You always overreact.

Beat. He manages a smile.

NORMAN  
Well. I'll have to watch for that.

Claire pats his arm. She remembers something.

CLAIRE  
Could it be Mary?

NORMAN  
What?

CLAIRE  
Mrs Feur. Warren and Mary?

NORMAN  
That's it.



INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Claire is piling wet clothes into the dryer. She glances over at the dusty cello case. She closes the little door and starts the dryer. The rhythmic thrum begins. She glances back at her cello, then pulls open the dryer door. The thrumming stops.

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

She sits on a box, frozen, cello between her legs. The dusty cello case and some rags are off to one side.

The bow hovers in position. After a moment, she touches bow to string, drawing in a breath at the power of the sound.

Claire takes another deep breath, then slowly plays a note. Eyes close.

Beat. She starts into a scale. Her body begins to sway slightly as her left hand vibratos like butterfly wings on the neck. It's a beautiful sound.

When the scale completes, she takes a deep breath, then focuses intently, holding the bow above the strings. It seems as if she's about to launch into a piece of music...but she doesn't. A long moment goes by. Claire is frozen. Beads of sweat appear on her brow. Her breath becomes slightly labored. Finally:

She lets the bow drop. It drags across strings. At the end of the tone, something catches her ear. She can just make out the HINT OF A FAINT FEMININE VOICE echoing the note. Claire cocks her head and looks around. She stares up at a SMALL AIR VENT beneath Norman's study. Silence.

She plays a different note...nothing.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Claire emerges from the basement and sees...the front door open. She walks over and pulls it firmly closed.

CRASH!

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY

Claire walks in and sees:

INSERT - Lying on the floor on a SMALL, GRATED AIR VENT...It's the FRAMED NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH OF NORMAN AND CLAIRE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The caption announces that he's been officially named to the "distinguished DUPONT CHAIR IN GENETICS. Through the spiderwebbed glass, Norman can be seen shaking hands with an older academic, hugging a smiling Claire to his side.

Claire carefully gathers up the broken picture from on top of the grate. She picks up the shards. When she reaches for the last piece of glass a COPPER COLORED GLINT flashes across her eye. She tilts the glass, but can't find it again.

Suddenly she hears the sound of tires on gravel. She moves to the window in time to see Mr. Feur pulling out in the Benz.

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - DAY

A stiff autumn breeze. Claire stands at the fence.

CLAIRE  
Mrs. Feur?

She looks through the tiny crack. Nothing.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Hello?  
(beat)  
Are you there?

Silence.

EXT. THE FEUR'S YARD - DAY

Claire walks down the Feur's empty driveway. She looks up at the house, which seems quite placid, then over at the GARAGE. She spots a SOIL COVERED shovel propped against it.

She walks over to the garage, takes a pinch of soil from the shovel, rubs it between her fingers, then tastes it. Whatever she learns from it is other than good.

She peers through a window and sees Mrs. Feur's compact under a car cover.

EXT. FEUR'S PORCH - DAY

Claire knocks on the front door. A gusty wind has come up. When there's no answer, she heads around back.

She takes in the lake view from the large porch. She knocks at the back door. There's no answer. She knocks again. Nothing. She looks through a window and sees:

POV - ALL THE FURNITURE IS STACKED IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM, revealing the bare wood floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Claire peers around until she sees right beneath the window:  
A SMALL WOODEN TABLE with a SOLITAIRE GAME laid out.

Claire rounds the house and freezes.

CLAIRE - POV

The Benz is back in the driveway.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Can I help you?

She glances up at the immense Mr. Feur standing in the doorway with a briefcase.

CLAIRE  
Oh. Um yes, I'm...hi...I'm Claire  
Spencer. From next door.

MR. FEUR  
I'm sorry, but I'm running late here.

CLAIRE  
Right. Well, I wanted to stop by to  
welcome you to the uh, to the  
neighborhood.

MR. FEUR  
This really isn't a good time.

He moves to his car.

CLAIRE  
Well, maybe your wife...

MR. FEUR  
(growing cold)  
She isn't here.

CLAIRE  
When...when will she be back?

MR. FEUR  
I don't know.

CLAIRE  
Oh-kay...

MR. FEUR  
I have to go.

Slam. And Claire is staring at the car door as it wheels back out of the driveway.

INT./ EXT. FEUR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLAIRE'S POV - BINOCULARS (the following is intercut between POV and Claire in bedroom) Mr. Feur sets a TV dinner on the dining room table...

JODY (O.S.)  
(on phone)  
What's he doing?

...which is set for one.

CLAIRE  
He's eating dinner...by himself. A TV dinner.

JODY (O.S.)  
That's bad.

He eats slowly, chewing and staring straight ahead. Claire squints into the binoculars.

JODY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What is it? Chicken pot pie?

CLAIRE  
Salisbury steak.

JODY (O.S.)  
Sick bastard.

A doorbell rings at Jody's house.

JODY (cont'd) (O.S) (CONT'D)  
Oh. That's my Shiatsu guy. Call me if he does anything psycho.

CLAIRE  
You got it.

She puts the phone down. Mr Feur gets up quite suddenly and walks out of the room.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Where are you going now?

He reappears with Claire's gift basket, yanks the flowers out and tosses them in the trash...

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Hey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...then he opens the bottle of Merlot and pours it into a coffee cup. He disappears again briefly, then reappears and drops a couple of ICE CUBES into the cup.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Ice? That's a thirty dollar Merlot.

He gulps from the cup. Suddenly, he seems to look straight up at Claire.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Shit.

INT. CLAIRE & NORMAN'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

Claire ducks out of sight. After a moment, she peeks over the sill with the binoculars.

INT./EXT. FEUR'S HOUSE--NIGHT

POV - He's gone! Claire scans the house until she sees the Feur's front door...which is open. She hears barking which suddenly stops. She looks down at her own garden...no Cooper. But the binoculars find MUDDY FOOTPRINTS on her illuminated porch steps.

INT. CLAIRE & NORMAN'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

CLAIRE  
Oh no...

She turns to reach for the phone and immediately collides with A BURLY FIGURE. She lets out a loud screech...scaring the hell out of NORMAN.

NORMAN  
What the hell are you--

She ducks out of sight, pulling Norman with her.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
Claire, what the hell's going on?

CLAIRE  
(to Norman, whispered)  
Look.

She hands him the binoculars.

NORMAN  
(matching her whisper)  
Claire...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Look!

She points at the Feur's house.

INT./EXT. FEUR'S HOUSE--NIGHT

NORMAN POV - Mr. Feur back at the table, eating.

INT. CLAIRE & NORMAN'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

NORMAN

What? He's eating dinner.

Claire takes the binoculars.

CLAIRE

That's right. Alone.

NORMAN

So?

CLAIRE

So don't you get it? All of a sudden his wife is gone and he's in there eating dinner by himself, and, and the soil on their shovel...it's marsh soil. There's nothing like that for miles.

NORMAN

What shovel? What are you...  
(noticing her attire)  
Wait, why aren't you dressed?

CLAIRE

Dressed?

NORMAN

Dinner with Stan.

CLAIRE

Tonight?

NORMAN

Yes, tonight. We're going to be--

She looks at his watch...

CLAIRE

...fashionably five minutes late.

...then bolts into the bathroom.

INT. THE VOLVO - NIGHT

They drive across the bridge, still going on about the Feur's.

NORMAN

What are you saying? That he murdered his wife?

CLAIRE

Is that so ridiculous? Norman, she was terrified. And now she doesn't answer the door, but her car is sitting in the garage.

NORMAN

It's certainly possible.

CLAIRE

That's all I'm saying.

NORMAN

It's also possible that she's out, or she's in bed with the flu. For all we know, she's still recovering from that operatic humping session the other night.

He's punching numbers into the cellphone.

CLAIRE

Who're you calling?

NORMAN

(punching a number into cell phone)

Restaurant. Let them know we're running late.

CLAIRE

You're not at the center of the bridge. There's no service until--

The phone flashes... "NO SERVICE."

NORMAN

(overlapping)

I know I'm not at the center of the bridge.

They near the far side of the bridge. Norman looks down at the cell phone, which now reads, "ROAM." He presses a button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN (cont'd)  
There we go.

CLAIRE  
Well, that's a relief.

He shoots her a look.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A cozy, candlelit Italian place in town. Claire and Norman arrive at the table. STAN rises. The chair next to him is empty. He kisses her cheek.

CLAIRE  
Hi, Stan.

She greets Stan, a friendly looking man in his forties. Norman shakes his hand.

NORMAN  
(with a grin)  
Dr. Powell.

CLAIRE  
Sorry we're late.

STAN  
We just got here.

Claire flashes a semi-playful look back at Norman.

CLAIRE  
Where's the new squeeze?

A VOICE speaks out from behind her.

VOICE  
Here I am.

Claire turns to find A TALL, ELEGANT BRUNETTE standing behind her. The woman's face registers some shock.

STAN  
I'd like you to meet...

CLAIRE  
Elena?

ELENA  
Ohmigod...

The two women embrace, then beam at each other.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
(to Norman)  
We know each other.

NORMAN  
Hope so.

SAME - LATER

Post meal. Several empty wine bottles decorate the table.  
Elena puts her hand on Claire's.

ELENA  
He had this mop of hair that would droop  
down into his eyes...and he'd sweep it  
off with his baton every minute or so,  
and it drove us insane, remember? Anyway,  
Claire slept with him...

CLAIRE  
I didn't sleep with him.

ELENA  
...just so she could cut them off.

CLAIRE  
He was so pissed.

ELENA  
I come in from my room and there's this  
brilliant conductor in purple briefs,  
with no bangs, cursing his ass off in  
Finnish.

They dissolve into giggles. Norman and Stan smile, the  
conversation splits.

NORMAN	ELENA	*
I made an honest woman out of	How long have you been here?	*
her.		*

STAN	CLAIRE	*
Had to do it.	Norman grew up here. His	*
	father taught here.	*

NORMAN	ELENA	*
How's work?	And Caitlin?	*

STAN	CLAIRE	*
Beau Flynn? Head cardio guy	You're going to die. I just	*
at the Med School? They just	dropped her off at <u>college</u> .	*
sacked him.		*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN  
You're kidding. Why?

ELENA  
No! My God, we are so old.  
(beat)  
I can't think when the last  
time was.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

STAN  
Some stalking thing with a  
student. Some girl.

CLAIRE  
It was New York.

\*  
\*  
\*

NORMAN  
They don't mess around with  
that anymore.

ELENA  
You're right. Just after  
Michael...

\*  
\*  
\*

STAN  
(to Norman)  
No, they don't.  
(then across to Elena)  
Who's Michael?

Beat.

ELENA  
Marlov.

STAN  
The musician?

NORMAN  
Claire's ex.

STAN  
Didn't something happen...?

CLAIRE  
He died.

Beat.

STAN  
Oh, Claire. I'm sorry...

CLAIRE  
It was a long time ago.

ELENA  
We toured together...with him.  
(she gazes at Claire)  
You should have heard her. I would sit  
there on stage during her solo, tears  
streaming down my face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Beat.

STAN  
Why did you stop?

Claire glances at Norman.

CLAIRE  
I met a dashing young scientist after a  
concert one night. . .

She puts her hand on his.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
. . . and three months later I was  
married.

They have a warm moment.

STAN  
How's the house?

CLAIRE	NORMAN	*
Finished. .	Almost.	*

CLAIRE  
(smiles)  
It's nearly there.  
(filling in Elena)  
We were in Boston. They offered Norman a  
position...

STAN  
(bragging for him)  
The Dupont Chair in Genetics.

ELENA  
And now you teach at your father's  
school.

Beat.

NORMAN  
(wincing a little at that)  
I don't actually do much teaching these  
days. Mostly research.

STAN  
He's the McWhorter Chair in Genetics.

CLAIRE  
Norman's father had this stately old  
place on the lake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NORMAN  
We renovated it.

CLAIRE  
(aside)  
Practically gutted it.

NORMAN  
We did not.

STAN  
(to Elena)  
Wait till you see it. It's beautiful.

Beat.

NORMAN  
It's haunted.

Everyone turns to him.

ELENA  
Really?

NORMAN  
Claire's heard things.

Elena and Stan turn to her.

STAN  
Like what?

CLAIRE  
(slightly uncomfortable)  
I don't know...noises, whispering. A  
picture fell.

ELENA  
I totally believe in that.

STAN  
Any idea who it is?

NORMAN  
I know exactly who it is.

They all look at him expectantly, especially Claire.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
My old man. He's pissed about the house.

Stan and Elena laugh. Norman smiles at Claire.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire has the PHOTOS OF HER ROSES spread out on the kitchen table. (Norman is visible in b.g. in his study) She picks a few photos out and wax pencils "enlarge" on them. She looks at one and prepares to put it in the reject pile when something catches her eye. She picks up a loop and looks closer.

INSERT - THE ROSES. In the background, a HAZY FIGURE is visible in the TURRETED WINDOW of the study. It could be a person with a hand at their throat.

A hand rubs Claire's shoulder. She turns to see Norman, wearing his reading glasses.

NORMAN

Do you want me to take care of this?

He holds up the broken Dupont picture.

CLAIRE

Oh god. I completely forgot. Here...

She takes it from him.

NORMAN

I can take it in.

CLAIRE

Don't be silly.

Beat.

NORMAN

I'm sorry.

CLAIRE

For what?

NORMAN

I was impatient before. Guess I'm feeling the pressure.

She smiles at his apology. Then:

CLAIRE

Hey, look at this.

She hands him the photo. He looks at it.

CONTINUED:

NORMAN  
Looks like a person.  
(beat)  
It's a flare.

CLAIRE  
A flare?

NORMAN  
From the sun. It's a reflection off the  
glass.

CLAIRE  
But look. That looks exactly like a face  
and there's a hand. See? It's like this.

Claire rests a hand on her neck. Norman does a quick  
calculation.

NORMAN  
Look at the angle. It's a bounce off the  
lake. See?

She looks. He's not wrong. Norman kisses her cheek.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
Coming to bed?

CLAIRE  
In a minute.

He goes. Claire looks at the photo, then writes "enlarge" on  
it and sticks it in that pile.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Norman's sleeping, but Claire's side is empty. A light is on  
under the bathroom door. It clicks off.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A dusty old frame which has had the glass removed. It's  
resting on the kitchen counter. Pan across to:

Claire, in her BATHROBE twisting the backing into place on  
another identically sized frame. She flips it over. It's the  
repaired photo of the awarding of the Dupont Chair.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Claire replaces the picture on the sill, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Ouch.

She bends down and pulls a tiny wedge of glass from her toe. It barely broke the skin, but there's a little blood.

She tosses the piece of glass into the vent. The COPPER GLINT flashes in her eye again.

She bends down and sees that something copper has fallen into the grate. She grabs a LETTER OPENER FROM NORMAN'S DESK and pries up the grate.

She eventually manages to pry loose...a SMALL KEY, the head of which is THREE INTERLOCKING CIRCLES.

Claire TRIES IT IN ONE OF NORMAN'S DESK DRAWERS, but it doesn't fit. She stares at the key for a moment, then drops it into her robe pocket, then walks out of the study.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She arrives at the top of the stairs and heads for the bedroom. She stops.

CLAIRE - POV

STEAM wafting from the cracked bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Claire enters the steamy bathroom. It's completely empty, but The tub is nearly overflowing with water. She moves over to drain the tub, but stops, feeling watched.

She slowly peers behind her...no one's there. Claire reaches toward the water to yank the plug's chain, then freezes. In the bathwater's still reflection she sees:

A PRETTY YOUNG BLOND standing beside her.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A PIERCING SCREAM. Norman wrenches awake.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He enters to find Claire, huddled in the corner, trembling.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Norman sits on the bed. Claire stands with her back at the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

I don't need a shrink. I'm telling you,  
she was standing right there. Why would I  
make this up?

She darts into the bathroom

NORMAN

I don't think you're making it up. But  
I'm a scientist, Claire. It's my job to  
be skeptical of--

...and returns instantly with the VALIUM.

CLAIRE

(off his look)  
What?

NORMAN

(soothing)  
Nothing.  
(beat)  
Look, Caitlin's been your whole life for  
seventeen years. If you weren't upset by  
this, then something would be wrong.

CLAIRE

I never said I wasn't upset. Of course  
I'm upset. I miss her terribly and now I  
can't even get her on the phone.

(beat)  
But I know what I saw and what I  
heard...and it wasn't some "symptom" of  
something...

NORMAN

That's not what I--

CLAIRE

...and I don't think I'm some lonely,  
middle-aged woman cracking up.

Beat.

NORMAN

Are you lonely?

CLAIRE

No! And I don't need a psychiatrist!



INT. DR. DRAYTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire sits in a comfortable looking chair with her purse in her lap, arms crossed.

DR. DRAYTON  
(O.C., a smooth, mellifluous  
baritone)  
Who's idea was it?

CLAIRE  
Mine. His. We both...thought...

She trails off. Camera slowly pulls back to reveal, DR. TIMOTHY DRAYTON, a stocky, light skinned black man in his late fifties with a kind face and piercing brown eyes.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
I didn't want to come.

DR. DRAYTON  
Then why did you?

CLAIRE  
Because he was worried about me.

DR. DRAYTON  
Your husband?

CLAIRE  
Yes.  
(beat)  
I'm sure he's hoping you'll pack me full of prozac or lithium or something so he can live out his life in peace.

DR. DRAYTON  
Do you really think so?

CLAIRE  
No.

DR. DRAYTON  
Are you on any medication?

CLAIRE  
No. Well, valium.  
(beat)  
For sleeping.

DR. DRAYTON  
You have trouble sleeping?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
Sometimes. When I get anxious.

DR. DRAYTON  
Why do you get anxious?

CLAIRE  
I don't know.

Beat.

DR. DRAYTON  
Why do you think your husband's worried about you?

CLAIRE  
Because, I don't know, because ever since Caitlin left, ever since my daughter left for school, there've been...I've been...  
(beat)  
Why is this so hard?

Drayton takes a little silver bowl full of shiny, red FIREBALLS next to his chair. He proffers it to Claire.

DR. DRAYTON  
Fireball?

She looks at him, then grabs one and pops it into her mouth.

DR. DRAYTON (CONT'D)  
It's hard because I'm a complete stranger and what we're talking about is incredibly personal. Besides, the first time most people come here, a part of them is wondering if I'm gonna think they're crazy.

She sucks on the fireball and slowly nods.

DR. DRAYTON (cont'd)  
Don't worry, I'm required to have at least three sessions in order to commit.

Her eyes get a little wider.

DR. DRAYTON (cont'd)  
Now that's a joke.

She manages an unsteady smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE  
(re. fireball)  
These are good.

DR. DRAYTON  
Mm-hmm.

She studies him for a moment.

CLAIRE  
There's a ghost in my house.

He nods slightly, as if she's told him, "I have some anxiety." Claire goes on.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
She finished my solitaire game and  
knocked over a picture.

DR. DRAYTON  
How do you know it's a she?

CLAIRE  
I saw her in the water. Beside me. In the  
bathtub.

DR. DRAYTON  
What does she look like?

CLAIRE  
Me. She looks like me...  
(realizing how it sounds)  
Only...she had green eyes.

DR. DRAYTON  
Do you have any idea who she is?

She considers this.

CLAIRE  
Maybe. But I'd rather not say...just yet.

DR. DRAYTON  
Fine.

CLAIRE  
What do you think I should do?

He thinks for a moment, then:

DR. DRAYTON  
Try to contact her. Communicate with her  
somehow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Claire nearly swallows the fireball. She ponders this for a moment, then looks back up at him.

CLAIRE  
Are you humoring me?

DR. DRAYTON  
Nope.

She seems satisfied by his sincerity.

CLAIRE  
How?

DR. DRAYTON  
I don't know. My aunt used to use my  
uncle's old pajamas and a candle.

Claire nods.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A MATCH is struck. Claire lights a large CANDLE with it. Jody sits down beside her on the floor with a half-empty bottle of wine and two glasses.

JODY  
(nervous, jokey)  
Are we hoping the ghost is going to have  
to pee?

Claire turns to her, deadly serious.

CLAIRE  
This is where she was. This is where I  
saw her.

Claire pulls a shrink-wrapped box out of the bag. It's a Parker Brothers Ouija Board. She tears off the wrapper.

JODY  
Where'd you get that?

CLAIRE  
Wal-Mart. Shut-up.

Claire places the board between them. Jody looks at the box.

JODY  
You are now the proud owner of a  
"mystifying oracle." Here. Might need  
this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jody hands her the planchette, or message indicator.

JODY (cont'd)  
Can't have a proper seance without  
your...  
(reads the box)  
"message indicator."

Claire takes it and places it on the board. She produces THE SANDAL, which she sets at the top of the Ouija board.

JODY (cont'd)  
What's that?

CLAIRE  
It's hers.

JODY  
You stole her sandal?

CLAIRE  
You need something of hers.

JODY  
Who says?

CLAIRE  
Jody, please, just...Here.

Claire touches the planchette.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Place your fingers on the, the message  
indicator.

Jody puts her fingers on the other edge. Claire closes her eyes. Jody smiles and follows suit.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
(in a low voice)  
We wish to commune with the spirit of--

Jody giggles.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
What?

JODY  
"We wish to commune...?"

CLAIRE  
Jody.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JODY  
Sorry. What's her first name?

CLAIRE  
Mary.

JODY  
We wish to commune with the spirit of  
Mary Feur.

They look down at the planchette, which hasn't moved.

JODY (CONT'D)  
Nothing's happening.

CLAIRE  
Shhh.

They both focus intently. A long beat. Suddenly, the candle  
dims for a moment, then flares back up.

JODY  
(suddenly scared)  
Ok, what was that?

Then, with a creak, the bathroom door slowly pushes open...

CLAIRE  
Oh God...

And Cooper lopes, panting, into the room and starts licking  
Claire's face.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Claire walks Jody to her car.

JODY  
Maybe I was blocking.

CLAIRE  
Right. Listen...

JODY  
Norman doesn't have to know a thing.

CLAIRE  
It's just that ever since the accident,  
he treats me like this fragile,  
loopy...creature.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JODY

Well, sweetie, you wrapped your car around a tree doing, like, eighty. He was pretty shaken up. We all were.

CLAIRE

It was an accident. A year ago. I'm fine now.

(beat)

Right?

JODY

Of course you are.

(beat)

You're just not much of a medium.

Claire smiles.

JODY (cont'd)

Call you tomorrow.

They kiss. Jody gets in her car and drives off.

EXT./INT. FRONT PORCH/FOYER--NIGHT

Claire heads back inside. She carefully closes the front door until it latches, then walks toward the stairs.

As she passes the coat rack mirror, her computer can be seen booting up in its reflection.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Claire walks in and turns on the light. Startled, she bumps back against the bathroom door.

CLAIRE POV - The room is steamy, the tub again full to the brink of overflowing.

She notices that the mirror is steamed up and oddly streaked. Claire edges over to the tub and hesitantly glances into the water. This time no one's there.

When she glances into another mirror, the reversed reflection of the streaks in the first mirror spell out:

"YOU KNOW"

She draws in a breath and darts out of the bathroom.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire reaches for her coat. Something in the mirror makes her stop. She turns.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Claire's frozen in the doorway, staring at the computer. The "You Win" screen is again playing across the solitaire game, only now someone has entered blinking initials:

M - E - F

CLAIRE

Mary...Feur...

INT. NORMAN'S LAB - NIGHT

Claire, stalks breathlessly into the room. Norman is ruffled and surrounded by books. Several POST DOCS and GRAD STUDENTS work at the other end of the lab.

NORMAN

What's going on?

CLAIRE

She's dead.

NORMAN

Who's dead?

CLAIRE

You know damn well who's dead.

Norman glances at the other scientists, but they seem absorbed in their work.

NORMAN

(quietly)

This is the Feur thing?

CLAIRE

Yes.

She's in close. He smells her breath.

NORMAN

Have you been drinking?

CLAIRE

A little wine. Nothing. Listen to me: He killed her and I'm not crazy. We had a seance.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

NORMAN

Who did?

CLAIRE

Jody and I. In the bathroom. And nothing happened. But when I came back she was there, Norman, she was!

One of the Post Docs glances over.

NORMAN

You had a seance?

She nods. He regards her for a moment.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Are you angry at me?

This stops Claire in her tracks.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Maybe you resent how busy I've been.

CLAIRE

What?

NORMAN

You know what I've got at stake with this paper. You know that. I can't help but think that you're doing this now to hurt me, or to sabotage me somehow.

CLAIRE

Sabotage? This isn't about you, Norman. This is something that's happening to me. And it's not to get even, and it's not some warped bid for attention. Something's happening in our house whether you like it or not.

It's becoming a scene. He takes her gently by the arms.

NORMAN

Sweetheart--

Claire pulls away.

CLAIRE

No! Not sweetheart, no.

(beat)

I can't believe I even came down here.

She turns on a heel and walks out.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Claire races past a LARGE GLASS ENCLOSED PASSAGEWAY attached to the CONCERT HALL, then up steps to the parking lot. Muffled applause can be heard as Norman catches up to her.

NORMAN

Claire stop! You're overreacting.

She turns on him. A LARGE CROWD suddenly files out of the auditorium and into the passageway.

CLAIRE

Don't tell me how to react!

Norman nervously glances behind him.

NORMAN

Keep your voice down.

CLAIRE

I will NOT.

Some of the CONCERTGOERS stop to watch.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(still loud)

Maybe you're right. Maybe I am losing my mind...

NORMAN

(teeth clenched)

Can we please not do this here.

CLAIRE

(overlapping)

...But what if I'm not? What if she's been killed and...

Something behind him catches her eye.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Wow...

Claire walks past him toward the hall.

NORMAN

Claire, please...

There's a dangerous energy to her walk. She flings open a door and starts pushing through the crowd.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Claire weaves through the throng with Norman right behind her. Suddenly, she calls out.

CLAIRE

You!

The crowd parts to reveal...MR. FEUR. He turns to her, a startled look on his face.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

You think you're smart, don't you? You think you got away clean. Well, I know you killed her. You drowned her in the bathtub and buried her in a marsh somewhere, you murdering sonofabitch.

Feur stares, dazed, through the tirade. A LADIES ROOM SIGN is visible behind him. Norman arrives, mortified, at her side.

MR. FEUR

Who?

The stunned crowd looks on.

CLAIRE

(scoffing)

Give me that shit. Your wife.

MR. FEUR .

I didn't kill my wife.

NORMAN

(to Feur)

I'm sorry...

CLAIRE

(over Norman)

Then where is she?

He stares at both Spencers for a moment. A BLOND WOMAN appears from the bathroom behind him.

BLOND WOMAN

Honey...

She stands at his side. Feur holds out his arm. She moves in close, confused. IT'S NOT THE FACE CLAIRE HAS SEEN. Claire looks sucker punched.

INT. DR. DRAYTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire sits back in the chair. She looks drained. A soft rain taps against the windows.

CLAIRE  
And his face...it seemed so gentle. And I knew, in that second I knew that I'd imagined the whole thing.

Drayton takes this in. She seems genuinely frightened.

DR. DRAYTON  
Whether you imagined it or not, you actually saw and heard things that frightened you...that gave you reason for concern.

CLAIRE  
I don't know. I'm very confused right now.  
(beat)  
But she's fine and it's over. And I think I should feel relieved or something, but I don't.

Beat.

DR. DRAYTON  
Did you ever find out what it wanted?

Claire remembers.

CLAIRE  
She said, "You know." That I know.

DR. DRAYTON  
Do you?

Claire ponders this.

CLAIRE  
No.  
(beat)  
There was this...when it happened, this feeling of dread. Of pain. That she'd been hurt by someone...

Beat.

DR. DRAYTON  
How's your marriage?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

(wry)

Listen, don't hold back.

Drayton smiles kindly, but doesn't let her off the hook.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Um, good. Really good. We've had our moments, I guess. But he's a wonderful husband and father...

(beat)

I mean, sure, he can be obsessed with his work, and sometimes it's like...that he doesn't see me, or, you know, that I'm, that something's wrong...with me.

DR. DRAYTON

That can't feel good.

CLAIRE

No, it doesn't...Ok, ok, I see what you're doing here, but my marriage is fine. I've had some kind of "empty-nest" episode where I saw some things that weren't there. Let's deal with that. I'm willing to deal with that.

(beat)

I just don't want to go conjuring problems where none exist.

Claire finishes her tirade. Drayton lets her settle for a moment.

DR. DRAYTON

Fair enough. But you should know that I'm less concerned with whether things you saw "existed," than I am with why you saw them.

She takes in the ramifications of that.

INT./EXT. VOLVO - DAY

Claire sitting in her motionless car. Pan around to reveal that it's parked in her own driveway. She gets out.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Claire arrives at her door and finds a FANCY SHOPPING BAG. She pulls the card and reads.

"Thought you might need this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Love, J"

Claire opens the bag and removes a large ANTIQUE BOOK. She glances at the title:

"Witchcraft, Ghosts and Alchemy"

She opens the cover and immediately comes upon a beautiful, but disturbing illustration of a person being possessed by demons.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mrs. Spencer?

Claire quickly shuts the book and turns to see Mrs. Feur standing in the driveway. She approaches.

MRS. FEUR

I wanted to apologize.

CLAIRE

You do?

MRS. FEUR

For scaring you like I did. When I thought about what that must have seemed like that day...

CLAIRE

Please. Let's just...  
(holding out her hand)  
Claire Spencer.

They shake.

MRS. FEUR

Mary Feur.

CLAIRE

Your middle initial isn't E, is it?

MRS. FEUR

C...for Catherine. Why?

CLAIRE

Nothing, no reason...  
(brightening)  
Would you like some iced tea?

MRS. FEUR

Very much.

Claire leads her toward a seat on the porch.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Mrs. Feur drinks a glass of iced tea from a pitcher. She's small and delicate with big, watery eyes. Claire appears from inside.

MRS. FEUR

(awed)

Your house is so beautiful. It's like a magazine.

CLAIRE

Thank you. It's been quite a project.

MRS. FEUR

(looking around)

And your roses. They're even prettier up close. I tried to plant some bulbs and it was a disaster. Even bought this special dirt.

Claire has to smile.

CLAIRE

Would you like some help? We could plant a garden of your own.

MRS. FEUR

Oh, yes. That would be...yes.

Claire regards Mrs. Feur for a moment.

CLAIRE

I...there's something I have to ask you.

Mrs. Feur waits.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

That day at the fence. You seemed terrified. I don't think I was imagining that.

There's a pause. Mrs. Feur looks down into her lap.

MRS. FEUR

No.

CLAIRE

Of what? What were you so afraid of?

MRS. FEUR

You're going to think I'm crazy or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A tiny smile.

CLAIRE  
Not this week.

She looks away for a moment, then looks back at Claire.

MRS. FEUR  
Love.

CLAIRE  
What?

MRS. FEUR  
Have you ever felt so completely consumed  
by a feeling for someone that you  
couldn't breathe? That the time together  
is so passionate and consuming that you  
felt physical pain when they would leave?

CLAIRE  
Um...sure.

MRS. FEUR  
I couldn't catch my breath. That's not a  
metaphor, that's...And I panicked. I  
never dreamed anyone would hear me back  
there...  
(beat)  
I tried to leave him. Went to my mother's  
in Providence. He brought my things up  
and pleaded with me to come home.

Claire is mesmerized.

MRS. FEUR (cont'd)  
You must think I'm pathetic.

CLAIRE  
No. No, I don't.

MRS. FEUR  
I'm sorry that I frightened you like  
that. But I was so touched by your  
concern. I've been lonely here.  
(beat)  
Perhaps we could be friends.

Claire stares at this strange, passionate woman.

CLAIRE  
I would like that.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Mrs. Feur smiles.

INT./ EXT. VOLVO - WATERBURY TRAIN STATION - DAY

Claire drops Norman off in the Volvo.

NORMAN  
Sure I can't tempt you?  
(beat)  
Really big bed.

She smiles and shakes her head. Beat.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
I don't like leaving you here.

CLAIRE  
I'm fine, really. You don't have to  
worry.

NORMAN  
What will you do?

CLAIRE  
Catch a movie with Jode.

NORMAN  
Nothing scary. No murder, no ghosts.

CLAIRE  
(smiles)  
Nope.

NORMAN  
Be back day after tomorrow.

CLAIRE  
You said.

NORMAN  
And I'll call ya later.

They kiss. He grabs his bag and starts to walk toward the platform.

CLAIRE  
Are you glad you married me?

He turns. She's standing next to the car.

NORMAN  
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
Are you glad? I'm glad.

Norman walks back and cradles her chin with his hand.

NORMAN  
(softly)  
You know I am.

She kisses him warmly, and he goes.

INT. VOLVO - DAY

A soft rain. Claire is sitting in the Volvo, which is parked in front of a PHOTO LAB. She's cradling a cell phone to her ear as she opens an ENVELOPE OF ENLARGEMENTS. Claire pulls out the blown-up photos of her roses. The number she's calling picks up. It's a machine.

BEATRICE AND CAITLIN (O.S.)  
(on machine)  
Ola!

CAITLIN (O.S.)  
(on machine)  
Beatrice and Caitlin...

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
(on machine)  
...no in casa. (Beep)

CLAIRE  
(into phone)  
Hi, sweetheart. It's Mom.

She sorts through photos.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Thought I'd drive down and take you girls out for a nice dinner. If you're busy don't worry about it, I'll just force myself to do some shopping. Call me on the cell phone. Bye.

The pictures are lovely. She shuffles to the last one. It has the familiar shape in the window, now even clearer. She gazes at it for a moment, then:

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Of course it's a flare.

She slides the pictures back into the envelope.

INT. DORM - NIGHT

Claire walks through a hallway that is seething with young lives in motion. She walks past a number of dorm room doors and stops at one. She knocks twice, then starts to leave a message on the message board.

DIFFERENT VOICE (O.S.)

Who're ya looking for?

Claire turns to find a gangly, SHAGGY YOUNG MAN in very baggy pants standing at her elbow.

CLAIRE

Caitlin...my daughter, Caitlin Spencer. I was in town for the night and I thought...

YOUNG MAN

Right. She's not here. They're playing at the Clown Room. Probably won't be back for awhile.

CLAIRE

Who's playing?

YOUNG MAN

Krazy Bitch.

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

YOUNG MAN

Caitlin's band, Krazy Bitch.

Claire looks stunned.

INT. THE CLOWN ROOM- NIGHT

Claire moves past a huge BLACK SKINHEAD DOORMAN into an entrance area in the dark throbbing punk club. She looks out over the MOB OF SEETHING YOUNG PEOPLE, swaying to a pulsing power-pop band. PUNKS and CLUB KIDS push past her as they move into the throng. She looks up and her face changes.

CLAIRE - POV

A shaggy trio of musicians on the stage, pumping through a jangly, but surprisingly melodic song. Her eyes race across the faces of THREE GIRLS, the BUTCH FEMALE DRUMMER, an emaciated GUITARIST/SINGER and stop on the BASS PLAYER...Caitlin. She rocks back and forth to her own hypnotic bass line, EYES CLOSED, SWAYING TO THE MUSIC.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Claire is transfixed, her face a mix of pride and sadness. The song ends and Caitlin's eyes blink open. Her eyes lock with Claire's. Her eyes go wide.

INT. BACKSTAGE - THE CLOWN ROOM - NIGHT

CAITLIN  
I wanted to tell you, it just never felt right.

CLAIRE  
Why?

Caitlin stares at the ground.

CAITLIN  
I didn't want to bring up memories. I didn't want to do anything that might make you regret your choices.

Claire winces silently.

CAITLIN (cont'd)  
Besides, Norman would freak.

CLAIRE  
That's not true.

CAITLIN  
Yes it is. Can we not do that? Please? Cause it is.

CLAIRE  
Your father--

CAITLIN  
(cutting her off)  
...stepfather...

CLAIRE  
Your stepfather loves you very much.

CAITLIN  
I know, I know, I know he does.

Beat. Caitlin looks up timidly.

CAITLIN (cont'd)  
Are you mad at me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

No. But I need you to know one thing.

(take Caitlin's face in her  
hands)

There is nothing you could ever say or  
do, ever...that would make me regret the  
choice that I made to be your mother.

They hug. For a moment, Claire's got her little girl back.  
Her eyes well up.

EXT. TEMPLETON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The stately president's mansion. Claire and Norman, dressed  
up, head up the front walk. Claire slows, a look of dread  
creeping onto her face. Norman notices.

NORMAN

I'll try to make it quick. Just gotta  
find Al Sidon, get him to ok the  
discretionary funds before he takes off  
for Europe.

CLAIRE

(bravely)

Take your time.

They arrive at the door.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

(trying to remember)

What's Templeton's wife's name?

NORMAN

Lois.

CLAIRE

Lois. That's right.

NORMAN

Don't let her corner you. She'll chew  
your ear off.

The front door swings open. Claire and Norman switch  
instantly into beaming 'charming mode.'

INT. TEMPLETON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PRESIDENT TEMPLETON, a frosty-haired, avuncular chap, greets  
them with his WIFE, a sharp looking woman in her late  
fifties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLETON  
There they are.

NORMAN  
Evening, Phil. You remember my wife,  
Claire.

MRS. TEMPLETON  
(shaking hands)  
Of course.

CLAIRE  
Nice to see you again...

Stepping in gracefully

NORMAN  
Lois, how are you?

She smiles and takes their coats. President Templeton leads them into a large cocktail party. The house is crowded with PROFESSORS, ADMINISTRATORS, and their SPOUSES.

TEMPLETON  
Don't know what you put into that presentation down in New Haven, but it's all anyone's talking about.

NORMAN  
(modest)  
Well...

TEMPLETON  
I know your father would be very proud.

This seems to strike a nerve with Norman.

NORMAN  
Yeah.

Claire notices this and squeezes his hand. Mrs. Templeton sidles up to Claire. Norman rescues Claire, taking her arm.

NORMAN (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Sid!  
(to Claire)  
Honey, there's Sid.

He leads her into the party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE  
(over her shoulder to Mrs.  
Templeton)  
Excuse me.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Later. Claire stands alone at a small bar. She seems out of place.

CLAIRE  
(to bartender)  
White wine please.

She locates Norman across the room, passionately working a SILVER HAIRED BUREAUCRAT. When the guy grabs an hors d'oeuvre, Norman scans for Claire, spots her, mouths, "Sorry," points to his watch and flashes five fingers. She smiles and nods.

Claire spots THE FEURS across the party, off to the side, by themselves. She's quietly telling him some intense anecdote. He sits before her, transfixed. Suddenly, Mrs. Feur spots Claire. Her face breaks into a grin. She waves. Claire waves back. Mr. Feur turns, smiles warmly and waves as well.

Claire turns back to the bar and grabs her wine, catching sight of herself in a mirror behind the bartender. She stares at herself for a moment. Then:

MRS. TEMPLETON (O.S.)  
How're you holding up?

Claire turns to see Mrs. Templeton at the bar beside her.

CLAIRE  
Just fine. It's a lovely party.

Mrs Templeton takes her wine and leads Claire a couple of steps to one side.

MRS. TEMPLETON  
Norman was telling me the house is  
finally finished.

CLAIRE  
Almost.

MRS. TEMPLETON  
Wonderful. It's good to see you doing so  
well.

Claire looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Thank you.

MRS. TEMPLETON

Well, I was worried. I don't think I've seen you since Norman's reception here last year.

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

MRS. TEMPLETON

(off Claire's confused look)

I swear, I've become the nosy old lady I used to run from at Amherst.

CLAIRE

No, no. I'm just not sure what you mean.

MRS. TEMPLETON

You got so upset.

CLAIRE

(remembers)

At the party...

MRS. TEMPLETON

For the Dupont Chair. You remember?

CLAIRE

(comes back to her)

I remember the party...Oh god, I'd completely forgotten. I broke your crystal...

MRS. TEMPLETON

My dear, it was a cheap wine glass from the caterers. You went completely pale. You couldn't catch your breath. I thought you'd seen a ghost.

That gets Claire's attention.

CLAIRE

I'm so embarrassed.

MRS. TEMPLETON

Don't be. You're fine now. That's all that matters. Pardon my intrusiveness, but we do have to stick together, you know.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

Who?

MRS. TEMPLETON

(warm smile)

The wives.

Mrs. Templeton moves off. Claire watches her.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's raining. Once again, Norman's sleeping, but no Claire. Pan to bathroom door which is now dark.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Still raining. She walks in and stands before: The repaired photograph of herself and Norman... AT THE PARTY FOR THE DUPONT CHAIR.

She picks it up, stares at it for a moment, then replaces it and walks away. She only gets a step or two then:

CRASH!

She turns. It's face down on the floor. Broken again. Claire bends down to clean it up and grasps the picture by its EASEL STAND. The backing comes off in her hand.

For the first time, she notices the OLD NEWS STORIES on the back of the photo.

One tells of a hotly contested city council race, another contains details of a large alumni donation to the university.

She notices the bottom corner of another story. It's only a small portion of one column, but it seems to detail the search for A MISSING GIRL. She spots part of a name: Madison El...

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Still raining. Claire, online, logs onto a missing persons website. She narrows her search to NEW ENGLAND. A screen pops up with a list of names. She scrolls down the list until she finds...MADISON ELIZABETH FRANK.

CLAIRE

M-E-F.

Claire double clicks on it, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Oh my god...

She shakily hits print, then waits as the photo cranks out of the printer

IT'S THE GIRL FROM THE TUB. In the photo, she's holding her fist clenched at her throat.

Claire rifles through her desk and produces THE ENLARGED PHOTOS. She pulls out the odd one and compares the similar pose, then grabs her loop. They could be the same woman.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Claire sits on the couch, poring over the GHOST BOOK. The type is beautiful and old. She's engrossed in a chapter: CONJURING THE DEAD, complete with a haunting woodcut of a medium conjuring a spirit. The text advises the reader (in stilted 19th century language) to gather something with "a personal connection to the deceased.

The PRINTOUT and THE PHOTO are on the coffee table.

NORMAN (O.S.)  
Morning.

Norman is standing in the doorway. Claire smoothly hides the book.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
Up all night?

She hands him the printout.

CLAIRE  
Uh-huh. Remember this?

He takes a long look at it.

NORMAN  
Is this that girl from last year?

Claire nods.

CLAIRE  
Did you know her?

Norman looks again.

NORMAN  
I may have seen her on campus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
Not personally.

NORMAN  
No.  
(beat)  
I'm afraid to ask what this is about.

CLAIRE  
It's her. This is the woman I've seen.

NORMAN  
The...

CLAIRE  
Yes. The ghost.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
I thought it was Mrs. Feur, but it's  
not...

NORMAN  
(quietly overlapping)  
Stop...

CLAIRE  
I'm positive this time...

NORMAN  
(over)  
...Please stop...

CLAIRE  
(proffering the photo)  
Look at the picture. It's Madison Fra-

NORMAN  
STOP IT!

Claire falls silent.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
Claire. I've tried to be there. I know  
you're going through something that I  
can't understand...but it's enough.

Claire looks down.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
Do you want to go see someone? Together?  
Should we call Dr. Drayton?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She shakes her head

NORMAN (cont'd)  
Well then what? Claire, what? Tell me  
what I can do.

Long pause. Claire looks up.

CLAIRE  
It's her.

Norman silently walks out of the room. Claire regains her breath, then stares down at the girl's face on the printout.

INT. WORKROOM - DAY

Matchcut. Claire is staring down at the girl's face on the print out...now on her workroom desk.

CLAIRE  
And she was never found?

VOICE  
(on phone)  
Nah. She was a live wire. Had this old Mustang Fastback. It's gone too. Most of her friends think she's tooling around Mexico somewhere. Police downgraded her to a runaway. Think her mother still lives out in Addison County.

CLAIRE  
Thank you, Mr...

She glances at the byline on the back of the newspaper photo.

INSERT

"By Neil McCann"

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
...McCann.

She hangs up.

EXT. MADISON FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Claire parks in front of a small, clapboard house in a neighborhood that is decidedly less upscale than her own. She gets out and tentatively walks up to the tiny porch.

EXT. MRS. FRANK'S PORCH - DAY

Claire rings the bell. A DRAWN LOOKING WOMAN in her early fifties answers the door.

CLAIRE  
Mrs. Frank?

MRS. FRANK  
Yeah.

CLAIRE  
I'd like to talk to you about Madison.

MRS. FRANK  
You know where she is?

CLAIRE  
No, I don't.

MRS. FRANK  
Please leave me alone.

She starts to close the door. Claire leans forward

CLAIRE  
We were...friends. I've been away for  
awhile. My name is Claire.

MRS. FRANK  
I'm watching my shows.

She motions Claire in.

INT. MRS. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Claire sits on a couch in the cramped living room. Mrs. Frank serves up a mug of coffee. A soap opera plays silently on an old 19" RCA.

MRS. FRANK  
Just plain old coffee. None of that mocha  
nonsense.

CLAIRE  
It's fine.

She sizes Claire up.

MRS. FRANK  
You look a little old for a student.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

I'm not. We...we met at a party.

MRS. FRANK

Sounds about right. Never understood how a girl that wild got all A's. Sure didn't get it from me. They wanted to put her in a special school for gifted when she was young. Maddie wouldn't hear about it.

CLAIRE

She never mentioned her father.

MRS. FRANK

Well she wouldn't. He left when she was twelve. Never spoke about him after that.

There's a silence. Mrs. Frank stares at the TV.

MRS. FRANK (cont'd)

Don't need the sound. You can pretty much tell what's happening by the faces. Turn it up sometimes, though. Feels like someone's here.

Claire doesn't know what to say. Mrs. Frank turns to her.

MRS. FRANK (cont'd)

Why are you here?

CLAIRE

I don't know.

MRS. FRANK

It's like that. Doesn't seem real. No note. Nothing.

(beat)

Cops say she'll be back. I just wanna know what happened.

Claire stares at this tough, tragic mother.

MRS. FRANK (cont'd)

Wanna see her room?

Claire nods.

INT. MADISON'S ROOM - DAY

Claire enters the room. Her face freezes.

ANGLE - ACADEMIC PLAQUES AND AWARDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. FRANK

Full scholarship. Princeton too. She wanted to stay close.

CLAIRE

You must have been very proud.

She nods. Claire moves along looking at pictures. Some with different men, others with rough looking friends. Claire stops at a picture tucked into a mirror.

INSERT

The PICTURE FROM THE PRINTOUT. Larger, uncropped. She's in a restaurant booth. There's wrapping on the table. She's lovely, with striking GREEN EYES. She's clutching something around her neck.

MRS. FRANK

That's the last picture. Police had it for awhile

A phone rings in the hallway.

MRS. FRANK (cont'd)

S'cuse me.

Her eye is pulled past the picture into the mirror, the reflection of another photo pinned to the edge of a bulletin board.

Claire moves over to the bulletin board and leans in to check out what is actually THREE MORE SHOTS FROM THE SAME SERIES. They're pinned with one pin to a bulletin board. All apparently from the same evening.

She pulls the pin and looks through them, stopping briefly on the last one, which has Madison's head tilted back playfully to feature what she's been joyfully clutching. It's A DELICATELY WROUGHT SILVER ROSEBUD NECKLACE.

She replaces the photos and sees pinned to the bulletin board: A SHORT BLOND BRAID. She reaches out to touch it. Claire hears footsteps. Mrs. Frank leans back into the room.

MRS. FRANK (cont'd)

They're calling me in to work.

CLAIRE

I should be going anyway.

She starts to walk out

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
What department was she in?

MRS. FRANK  
Biology. She wanted to be a doctor.

Claire stands, frozen, as Mrs. Frank disappears down the stairs.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Claire shuts the blinds, places the large candle on the floor on top of the MISSING GIRL PRINT-OUT. She lights the candle, then slowly holds out her palm, in which lies...THE BRAID. She clasps it in her hand, then closes her eyes focusing intently.

After a moment she opens them. Nothing's happening. She closes them again.

CLAIRE  
Madison...please...

She leans over and is very still. Suddenly, the front door opens downstairs.

NORMAN  
(O.C.)  
Hello...Anybody home!?

Claire's eyes slowly open. A strange smile creeps across her face. She stands. We can see in the mirror that her eyes are a DEEP GREEN.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Norman walks toward the kitchen.

NORMAN  
Claire...!?

He takes off his coat and puts the CELL PHONE in a basket on the HALL TABLE.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Norman walks in and goes straight for the refrigerator. He opens the door and leans in. Only his ass protrudes.

He closes the refrigerator door and sees Claire standing before him, stripped down to a skirt and slip top.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

There's a different physicality to her movements...a different rhythm to her speech.

CLAIRE  
Hello, Dr. Spencer.

Norman smiles.

NORMAN  
Mrs. Spencer.

She shakes her head.

CLAIRE  
Forbidden fruit...

She takes the apple...

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
...got a problem with that...

...then takes a ravenous bite and walks out of the room.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Norman finds Claire seated provocatively on his desk, a candle at her feet.

NORMAN  
I take it your not mad at me.

CLAIRE  
Wouldn't go that far.

She grabs his belt and pulls him into her, then holds the apple to his mouth. Norman tentatively takes a bite. She mashes it slowly into his mouth until he recoils slightly.

NORMAN  
(mouth full)  
Ok...

When he chews the huge bite, a glistening drop of juice runs down his chin. Claire leans forward and licks it off.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
What's gotten into you?

She just smiles mischievously, then starts kissing him. It looks like she's eating his lips. Norman's getting hot. She bites down on a lip.

NORMAN (CONT'D)  
Ow!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
(a forceful, sexy whisper)  
What's the matter?

NORMAN  
It's too rough.

CLAIRE  
Since when?

Something about this response frightens him. Claire yanks Norman's belt open. He steps back, tripping over his castor desk chair and falls to the ground. She's astride him in a flash.

NORMAN  
Careful. You're being too--

CLAIRE  
(pinning his hands above his head)  
Why don't you shut up, Professor. Why don't you shut up and...

She leans in and whispers into his ear. She moves with a youthful, leonine physicality. He squirms in a blend of terror and excitement. Suddenly, something catches her eye...THE BILLOWING CURTAIN. Which seems to trigger a memory which, in turn, directs her eye toward the foyer:

CLAIRE'S POV - THE COAT RACK MIRROR, NOW FROM INSIDE THE STUDY. IN IT'S REFLECTION: ANOTHER CLAIRE, SHORTER HAIR, STUNNED EXPRESSION. WHERE SHE'S STANDING...IT'S DAYTIME.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Claire leans over him until they're nose-to-nose.

CLAIRE  
(tense whisper)  
I think she's starting to suspect something.

NORMAN  
(through clenched teeth)  
Who?

CLAIRE  
(leaning down)  
Your wife...

NORMAN  
STOP IT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Norman shoves her off of him. She crashes to the floor, then slowly sits up.

CLAIRE  
(glazed)  
You know.

He stands, breathless.

NORMAN  
What the hell are you doing?!

THE BRAID SLIPS FROM HER HAND. In a moment, it's Claire again, stunned and trembling. She looks up.

CLAIRE  
(her own voice)  
I know. I was there.

NORMAN  
(rattled)  
What?

CLAIRE  
(flooding back to her)  
I came to the door, there was whispering.  
I saw you in the mirror...with her...in  
our house...our dream house.

He stares, his face anguished.

NORMAN  
Claire, listen to me...

CLAIRE  
(realizing)  
She was at the Dupont party...staring at  
me.

He nods slightly.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
That's why I couldn't breathe. That's why  
I dropped the glass.

NORMAN  
Claire...

CLAIRE  
I'm a fool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NORMAN

No! Listen to me, please. It was last year. We were having troubles.

CLAIRE

So you fucked student?!

NORMAN

(reaching for her)

No, no. That's not what I'm--

CLAIRE

(pulling back)

DON'T touch me. Just get away from me.  
Get out!

He's frozen.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

I SAID GET OUT!

Norman doesn't move. He's never seen her like this.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Fine...

She bolts toward the living room. He follows her.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

NORMAN

(welling up)

Claire, please don't...

CLAIRE

What did you think I would do? Jesus Christ! I gave up my life and my music...

NORMAN

I never asked you to quit!

CLAIRE

There was never any choice! You had to topple perfect daddy and that meant perfect wife, perfect family...

He follows her as she searches for her purse and keys.

NORMAN

That's not fair. You were a single mother, touring with a baby, mourning the sainted Michael...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
(overlapping)  
Don't you dare...

NORMAN  
...when I came along, you were only too  
happy to give it up. And when you did,  
you hated me for it...so you gave it all  
to her.

CLAIRE  
Who?

NORMAN  
Caitlin!!

She wheels on him with fury.

CLAIRE  
Leave her out of this!

NORMAN  
Then, out of nowhere, some bright young  
woman found me attractive...

CLAIRE  
Stop...

NORMAN  
...would do anything just to be around  
me. And I slipped. God help me, I  
slipped.

CLAIRE  
I'm not going to listen to this.

Claire goes to leave, Norman blocks her path.

NORMAN  
I tried to break it off!

CLAIRE  
You should have tried harder.

NORMAN  
Claire...

CLAIRE  
(seething)  
Get out of my way.

She brushes past him.

INT. JODY'S STUDIO - DAY

An old barn filled with finished and half-finished oil paintings. Claire sits before Jody, stunned.

CLAIRE  
You knew...?

JODY  
I was in Adamant...

CLAIRE  
Adamant?

JODY  
This artsy little village down seven. A guy there sells my work. I had just dropped off some paintings and as I got in my car...I saw Norman sitting in this little café. He wasn't alone.

Claire waits for her to continue.

JODY (cont'd)  
I didn't think anything at first. Even started to walk over. But they were arguing. In a way that made me stop.

Beat.

CLAIRE  
Why didn't you tell me?

This gets hard for her.

JODY  
Partly because I didn't want to hurt you. But partly...partly because I was relieved.

CLAIRE  
Why?

JODY  
I had just been left by Richard. I was bitter and miserable and for some twisted reason, it made me feel better that your life wasn't as perfect as it seemed.

Claire nods.

CONTINUED:

JODY (cont'd)

And so I kept it to myself. And the closer we became, the sicker I felt. Then Stan called from the hospital. And it was too late.

CLAIRE

Too late? Jody, it was an accident.

JODY

On a deserted two lane road? Going that fast?

Claire looks stunned.

JODY (cont'd)

I thought maybe you'd found out, but when I came to the hospital, Norman was there and everything seemed...the same. I couldn't take the chance of telling you after that.

(beat)

So I let it drop away.

A tear streams down Jody's face.

JODY (cont'd)

You must hate me.

CLAIRE

No.

The machine picks up. It's Norman. They stare at the machine. His voice sounds distraught.

NORMAN

(on machine)

Jody, it's Norman. I'm looking for Claire. Please will you...will you ask her to call home.

CLAIRE

Will you call him? Tell him I'll come by in the morning.

(a new strength in her tone)

And it would be a good idea for him to be there.

Jody nods.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY - RAIN

Claire pulls up to the house in her car. It's raining.  
Norman's car is in the driveway.

INT. FOYER - DAY - RAIN

Claire walks in, takes off her wet coat. It's dark. She flips  
on a light. Nothing happens. She heads upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - RAIN

She hears the shower running and calls toward the bathroom:

CLAIRE

Norman?

No answer. She approaches the door.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - RAIN

ANGLE - CLAIRE...her face a mask of terror.

CLAIRE

Oh God...

CLAIRE'S POV

The BATHTUB, with the shower curtain drawn around it, the  
water blasting. Norman's limp hand pokes through the curtain.  
AN ELECTRIC CORD leads from the mirror socket into the tub.

Claire races over and rips the plug from the wall. She tears  
the SHOWER CURTAIN AWAY to find A BLUISH NORMAN lying,  
unconscious in the tub.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

No, no. Please no...

She hugs her face to his chest until she picks up a  
heartbeat.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Norman! Wake up! Please!

Claire shakes him to no effect.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Oh God...NORMAN!

She slaps him on the face...once, then twice. He suddenly  
sucks in a gulp of air, begins struggling and dazedly returns  
to life.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
It's me...it's me...

Sobbing, she shuts off the squeaky faucets and struggles to pull him upright. She discovers HER BLOWDRYER in the tub and hurls it across the room.

INT. NORMAN & CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - DAY - RAIN

Still raining. Candles burning. Claire sits beside Norman on the bed as two E.M.T.'s, an OLD GUY and a HEAVY WOMAN pack up. Their ambulance is visible out the window. Stan is on the phone, Elena is off to one side.

HEAVY WOMAN  
B.P.'s good, no sign of arrhythmia...but  
I'd still like to take you down.

NORMAN  
I'm fine.

Stan hangs up the phone.

HEAVY WOMAN  
(to Stan)  
Dr. Powell?

Norman shoots him a look.

STAN  
It's alright.

He signs something for the E.M.T's, who leave.

STAN (cont'd)  
(to Norman)  
They'll take you for a CAT scan tomorrow  
if you're feeling dizzy at all.

NORMAN  
That won't be necessary.

He glances at Claire as she walks Stan out.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
Not unless there's a miracle drug for  
clumsiness.

They leave.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - RAIN

Still raining. Claire and Elena walk down the final stairs into the hallway. Elena marvels at the view.

ELENA  
Look at that view. It's so beautiful.

CLAIRE  
(distracted)  
Thank you.

ELENA  
(turns to her)  
He's going to be fine, you know.

Claire nods. The power (and lights) return. Footsteps can be heard on the basement stairs.

STAN (O.S.)  
That do it?

ELENA  
Yep.

Stan emerges from the basement with a flashlight. She walks them to the door.

STAN  
(gently)  
That breaker hadn't popped, he'd be dead.

CLAIRE  
I know.

STAN  
Try to keep him quiet tonight. And in the future, I'd think twice about leaving anything electrical too close to the tub.

ELENA  
Especially when you have a ghost.

They smile. Claire forces one too.

CLAIRE  
Thank you Stan. Both of you.

Stan and Elena hug her and leave. Claire closes the door, she moves into her workroom

INT. WORK ROOM - DAY - RAIN

Claire pulls the BOOK from its hiding place under a couch cushion. She gazes down toward the floor by the leg of Norman's desk.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY - RAIN

She carefully picks up the BRAID from the floor and pops it between the pages of the book. She stands and exits.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - RAIN

Claire stops. Norman is standing at the foot of the stairs.

NORMAN

Claire, I tried to call you. I didn't expect for you to--

CLAIRE

(raising a hand)

I want you to answer one question.

He waits.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Did you have anything to do with her disappearance?

Beat.

NORMAN

Yes.

Claire goes pale. Norman walks into the living room. After a moment, Claire follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - RAIN

He's staring out at the lake.

NORMAN

I had an affair with her. And then I cut it off.

(he turns to her)

When I did, she became unstable. Finally, she showed up at the new house threatening to kill herself...or you. I never thought she'd go through with any of it, but then she vanished--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

It was her. Norman, she tried to kill you!

NORMAN

Claire...

CLAIRE

You said it yourself, she wanted you dead.

He crosses to her and sits.

NORMAN

What are you saying? That I was attacked by a ghost?

CLAIRE

(fierce, focused)

You had an affair with a girl who threatened to kill herself. And now there's a presence in our house - a young blond girl. Don't you get it, Norman? She did it. She's dead. And now she wants to hurt you...or both of us...

NORMAN

We don't know that she's dead.

CLAIRE

Of course we do. It's the only thing that makes any sense--

(pulls up, realizing)

Oh god...it's my fault. I opened the door...

NORMAN

What are you talking about?

CLAIRE

Madison. I stole a braid of her hair...

NORMAN

(overlapping)

From where?

CLAIRE

...It gave her power...and now she's trying to hurt us.

He moves closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NORMAN

Claire, nothing attacked me. There are no ghosts. I had an accident. I'm fine. It's not your fault. Are you listening to me?

CLAIRE

...yes. I'm--

NORMAN

Claire, say it. It was an accident...and it's not my fault.

It's too much. She turns and moves toward the stairs

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

CLAIRE

I, I, I need to lie down. I didn't sleep last night and I need to lie down. I want to be alone for awhile.

There's no arguing with her tone. He watches her go. After a moment he focuses on the bar in his study and walks toward it.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY - RAIN

Norman walks in, pours himself a drink, takes a slug, then stares out the window for a long moment. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

NORMAN

(into phone)

Teddy, it's me. What's that guy's name at Duke? Hodlick? The guy who does the paranormal psych...Holodnik, right.

He writes the name down.

NORMAN (cont'd)

(into phone)

Is he still there?...It's a long story. Listen, I'd really like to talk to this guy tonight. Could you get a hold of him, ask him to call me? Thanks. I'll be here.

He hangs up.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - RAIN

Claire is asleep on top of the covers, a small blanket draped across her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pull back to reveal Norman seated on the bed beside her, gazing down at her sleeping face. He reaches down and gently pulls the blanket up to cover her.

He stands and looks down. Moving the blanket has revealed (under her clenched fist) the book: "Witches, Ghosts and Alchemy." He glances at the cover of the book, then down at Claire. He leaves.

When he's gone, her fist opens revealing the BRAID. Claire's eyes blink open. They're GREEN.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY

Later. The rain has stopped. Norman finishes off a cup of coffee as he flips through the dog-eared pages of the book, stopping at a chapter entitled: EXORCISM. An elaborate woodcut portrays A WITCH BEING BURNED. The phone rings.

NORMAN

(into phone)

Hello? This is him. Thanks for calling.  
I...What?

A weary look crosses his face.

NORMAN (cont'd)

No. No, actually he was my father...A couple of years ago. Thanks.

He looks around to make sure he's alone.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Look, I'm a little out of my depth here. But I'm very concerned about a person close to me...who seems to be, or she believes herself to be...in contact with some kind of, of spirit, or entity...

He listens for moment.

NORMAN (cont'd)

No. No history of any delusional behavior. I don't really know what I'm asking, here.

Suddenly, he sees Claire walking with an oddly deliberate gait toward the dock.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Forgive me. I'm going to have to call you back.

He hangs up and walks out of the room.

EXT. LAKESIDE - DOCK - DAY

Claire's nearing the end of the dock. Norman comes up behind her.

NORMAN

Claire...

She glances back at him wearing an ODD SMILE, then she TUMBLES FORWARD (It's hard to tell if she did it on purpose or was pulled) INTO THE WATER.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Claire sinks into the depths, the braid still clutched in her fist.

When she nears the bottom, THE OTHER HAND reaches out and PLUNGES INTO THE MUD. She gazes down at the COPPER COLORED METAL OBJECT which is in her hand as it's withdrawn from the bottom.

Suddenly, Norman's arms encircle her waist and pulls her, struggling, upwards.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Norman and Claire break the surface. She's coughing up water. He pull her toward the dock. They hold onto the beams.

NORMAN

Claire, are you alright?

CLAIRE

What happened?

NORMAN

Are you alright?

CLAIRE

(remembering)

The braid...

She opens her hand, which is now empty. She looks around with some urgency.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Where's the braid?

Her eye catches on something floating in the water. She reaches out for it. Norman turns and sees the BRAID. He grabs it first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN  
(holding out the braid)  
This? Is this what you're talking about?!

CLAIRE  
Yes.

NORMAN  
This is hers? This Madison Frank's hair?

Claire nods.

CLAIRE  
What are we going to do?

NORMAN  
I know exactly what to do.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire and Norman stand, still drenched, before the fireplace. He finishes stoking the fire, then holds out the braid in his hand and tosses it in. It just sits there, sizzling for a moment, then finally catches fire. They watch it burn.

NORMAN  
What do you think?

CLAIRE  
I really don't know.

Beat. She turns to him.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Do you...Do you...?

NORMAN  
Yes.  
(beat)  
I believe you.

They watch the fire.

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Claire, dressed in a warm sweater, finishes wrapping her rosebushes for the winter. She picks up a basket of clipped flowers and heads inside.



EXT. PORCH - DAY

She arrives on the porch and freezes when the door, once again, drifts open on its own. After a moment, she pushes it the rest of the way open and listens for the whispering. All is quiet.

INT. FOYER - DAY

She looks into the mirror and sees only the study and the lake behind it.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY

Claire cautiously walks in with the roses and sees...THE CURTAIN BILLOWING IN THE BREEZE. With a relieved smile, she places the roses in a vase on Norman's desk.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Norman comes in, briefcase in hand. He stops when he hears...a single note played on a cello. Then another note. He follows the sound down the hall, then stares into...

INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY

Claire sits with her cello. She plays another note and seems to listen for something. Tentatively, she begins to play a phrase of music. Suddenly, she senses Norman and turns.

NORMAN

What are you doing?

CLAIRE

She's gone.

Puts down his briefcase and walks over to her.

NORMAN

Are you sure?

CLAIRE

Yes. She was here...and now she's gone. I can feel it.

He looks at her for a long beat, then:

NORMAN

I don't know how to apologize to you for what I've done. But if you give me another chance...I'm going to spend the rest of my life making you glad that you did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts his hand on hers. After a beat, she takes it.

The sound of water running.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

POV - The tub filling with water.

A WOMAN'S HANDS move into frame...as Claire leans forward in the full tub and turns off the faucets. She lays back in the warm water. After a moment, she reaches toward a shelf for some FANCY SOAP, accidentally knocking her BATHROBE to the wet floor.

- CLAIRES  
Great.

She leans out to retrieve her robe. When she lifts it, the COPPER KEY falls out onto the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Claire, now in her robe, looks at the key for a moment, then places it in her jewelry box (on the dresser).

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The sailboat cuts through the waves with the bridge and lighthouse in the background.

EXT. LAKE - SAILBOAT - DAY

Claire looks out. The leaves on the surrounding hills are stunning. Norman's beside her. They gaze out.

NORMAN  
Last sail of the year.

CLAIRE  
The leaves...

NORMAN  
Stunning. We should take a drive before they're gone. Spend the night at some cozy little bed and breakfast.

CLAIRE  
Look for antiques...

NORMAN  
Yep. There's some great places nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
(a reflex)  
Adamant.

NORMAN  
What?

CLAIRE  
Little village down seven. Supposed to be  
charming.

NORMAN  
Huh.

CLAIRE  
Do you know it?

NORMAN  
Don't think so.

CLAIRE  
Maybe we can stop there for lunch.

He wraps an arm around her.

NORMAN  
Whatever you'd like.

She leans against him, staring out.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jody and Claire return from a walk. Norman has the boat on  
the trailer and is securing a tarp over it. They stop under a  
tree.

CLAIRE  
But he acted like he'd never heard of it.

JODY  
Did he say that?

CLAIRE  
Jody he was lying.

JODY  
What if he was? Do you think he wanted to  
bring all that up again just when you're  
trying to make a new start?

CLAIRE  
I guess not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JODY

He's trying to put it behind him, Claire.  
You should too.

Norman smiles and waves. They wave back as they arrive at the Karman-Ghia.

JODY (cont'd)

You've got a beautiful life. And even  
with this, it's always been clear that he  
loves you.

CLAIRE

I don't know...

JODY

Trust me, Claire. You hear something...  
change the subject. You find  
something...get rid of it, throw it in  
the lake.

(beat)

You know what happened. The rest is only  
details, and no one's ever glad they got  
more of those. You really want to put  
this back together...just let it go.

Jody drives off. Claire walks over to him and then kisses  
him.

NORMAN

What's that for?

CLAIRE

Nothing.

He looks at her for a moment. They kiss.

EXT. ADAMANT STREET - DAY

Claire stands on a street in the quaint little village. She  
looks around, spots a little cafe with outdoor tables.

Claire gazes at the cafe for a moment, then turns. She  
immediately notices a shingle hung out above a little shop  
(The Sleeping Dog)...THREE INTERLOCKED CIRCLES.

EXT. SHOP - DAY

Claire stands in front of the store window. A sign in the  
window identifies it as 'The Sleeping Dog - Hand wrought  
jewelry and gifts.' Claire tries to open the door, but sees a  
closed sign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She steps back out to the window and looks in. On display are a selection of handcrafted jewelry and curios. Suddenly her eye stops on a small silver bracelet with an intricate ROSEBUD.

Her eye travels up and behind it to the back of the display where she spots, a small ORNATE COPPER CHEST. Protruding from its lock...THE INTERLOCKED CIRCLES.

INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

THE SAME INTERLOCKED CIRCLES, now on THE COPPER KEY - which rests in a palm. Claire's fingers close on it.

She's standing completely still in the moonlight watching Norman sleep. His face looks placid, his breathing soft and even. A clock chimes twice somewhere downstairs. Cooper, asleep in a corner, shifts slightly in his sleep.

Her eyes roam across the details of their life - his SWEATPANTS tossed over a chair, a picture of the two of them entwined and smiling on the sailboat.

Claire's face looks tormented as she takes in this tranquil scene. After a long, long moment, she quietly walks out of the room.

EXT. LAKESIDE- DOCK - NIGHT

Claire in her nightgown and a jacket, walks slowly down the dock. An expensive looking flashlight illuminates her path. She stops and stares out at the moonlit lake.

She holds out a fist. Her fingers unfold and in her palm lies THE KEY. She holds the key out over the water and stands there, frozen.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SLAM.

A SMALL ORNATE COPPER CHEST, now sits on the floor. Water leaks out of the mud and silt covered box.

Claire produces the key. She holds it before the lock, hesitating for a brief instant, then inserting it. CLICK. The lid springs open.

Claire looks down into it. Her face goes slack with horror. She pulls out some muddy items, A MATCHBOOK, a HOTEL KEY momentos from a relationship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE CLAIRE

Her face goes slack.

CLOSE ON

Madison's SILVER ROSEBUD NECKLACE in her hand.

NORMAN (O.S.)

You don't understand what that is.

He emerges from the shadows of his study.

CLAIRE

Don't I, Norman? You gave this necklace  
to a woman that you killed.

NORMAN

(nearly hysterical)

I did NOT! I didn't kill anyone. Jesus.  
Claire, listen to me. I walked in and she  
was lying there, dead. She killed herself  
here in our house...to destroy me.

CLAIRE

Do you think that I'm stupid?

She raises the phone, almost brandishing it.

NORMAN

IT'S TRUE. Claire, put the phone down.  
I'm telling you the truth! Will you put  
the phone down?!

She holds it in her hand, but doesn't put it down. He goes  
on.

NORMAN (cont'd)

I came out to meet the painters.

(points to the box)

She'd left that sitting in the garden for  
you with a letter. I burned the letter  
and threw the box in the lake. Then she  
showed up at the Dupont party. I was  
terrified. We agreed to meet here.

(fighting tears)

When I got here, she'd taken pills. I  
tried to revive her, but she was gone.  
There was nothing I could do. So I drove  
her car to the boat ramp...and I rolled  
it into the water...and I watched it  
sink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Beat.

NORMAN (cont'd)

I made a terrible mistake. I know that.  
But I'm asking you, Claire...should I  
have sacrificed everything, our marriage,  
the work I've spent my life on, work that  
could benefit millions of people...just  
to carry out the death wish of one  
tragic, demented girl?

(beat)

Tell me. Because it's not too late. We  
can put this behind us.

(beat)

Our life can go on.

Claire's lip is quivering with confusion.

CLAIRE

What are you asking me to do?

NORMAN

I'm asking you to forgive me.

Beat.

CLAIRE

(firm)

That girl must be brought up.

Norman seems to completely deflate. He stares at Claire for a moment, then nods. He takes the phone from her, punches in three numbers, and waits.

NORMAN

This is Dr. Norman Spencer. No, it's not  
an emergency...

He looks at Claire.

NORMAN (cont'd)

I have some information about a missing  
girl. Madison Frank...Yes. Could you send  
an officer? Fifteen Willoughby, about a  
mile before the bridge...Thank you.

He hangs up. Long silence. They look at each other.

NORMAN (cont'd)

You did the right thing.

(beat)

I'm going to get dressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He walks out. Claire walks over and starts to put the necklace in the box. She stops. For some reason, she takes it out again and walks out of the room, carrying it with her.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Claire trudges up the stairs.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Claire walks into the bedroom closet. She opens up a door and pulls out some towels. The shower curtain is drawn, the water is running. She walks out.

INT. NORMAN & CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire enters. She catches sight of her weary, distraught countenance in the mirror. She glances down.

CLAIRE POV - The necklace still in her hand.

Claire steps over to a mirror and numbly fastens on the necklace. She regards herself strangely. Suddenly, something catches her eye in the mirror.

Claire turns around revealing the CORDLESS PHONE, lying on the bed.

Claire backs up to the phone, her eyes locked forward on the cracked bathroom door. Her hand blindly finds the phone.

CLAIRE POV - the REDIAL BUTTON

She stares at the bathroom door, then hits the button. Two rings, then:

VOICE  
(on phone)  
Directory assistance...

Claire's eyes widen in terror. She backs toward the door to the hallway. She glances out. All clear.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY- NIGHT

Claire inches toward the closet/bathroom door. She eases open the door, revealing her own reflection. She sees Norman's pajamas on the bathroom floor, then starts to dial 911. Suddenly, Norman is revealed in the mirror standing behind her.

WHAM. A HAND WITH A YELLOW STAINED WASHCLOTH IS THRUST OVER HER FACE.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She drops the phone. They struggle, moving backward into the wall. Claire grabs a curtain and struggles to release Norman's grip on the door jam. She feels around and finds the door and slams it on his hand. Norman screams. The door shuts. Claire bolts for the stairs. Norman doesn't chase her.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

She's on the stairs when her body starts to falter. She reaches the landing, then topples to the floor as if slipping on ice.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire stops. Norman slowly walks toward her.

NORMAN

I begged you, Claire. I pleaded with you...but you just wouldn't let it go.

Claire's foot twitches. He sits.

NORMAN (cont'd)

She was going to the Dean. She would have ruined us.

(beat)

You can't imagine what it was like...holding her under the water...staring into her eyes as the life slipped away.

(beat)

But she'd left me no choice.

FLOOR SHOT

NORMAN (CONT'D)

And neither have you.

He gathers her up in his arms and starts to walk upstairs.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Norman slowly carries Claire up the stairs.

NORMAN

I still can't figure out how you put it all together.

(beat)

At first I thought the whole ghost thing was just some kind of elaborate trap.

BLORPH INTO BATHROOM

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Norman carries Claire through the hall to the bathroom. The shower is still running.

NORMAN

Wasn't until my little performance in the shower that I realized you actually believed it. Amazing. A passive-aggressive masterpiece.

He approaches the tub.

NORMAN (cont'd)

From the moment I laid eyes on you all I wanted was to spend the rest of my life with you.

Then he lowers her into it.

NORMAN (cont'd)

(sadly)

But that's not going to happen now

He switches the water from shower to bath faucets.

CLAIRE'S POV

Norman looks down at her sadly, then leaves the room. Claire lies in the tub a long moment. Her right foot still moves. The water rises.

Suddenly Cooper appears. He looks over the lip of the tub.

CLAIRE'S POV

Norman's hand grabs Cooper's collar.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Hey, Coop. Where's your ball?

Norman leads the dog out of frame. Claire glances frantically around. The tub is rapidly filling.

Sound of the phone being dialed.

NORMAN (cont'd)

(into phone)

Jody, it's Norman. Sorry to call so late.

CLAIRE'S POV

Norman enters frame with the cordless phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Listen, Claire and I had a huge blowout,  
so I'm going down to sleep at the lab.  
Would you mind stopping by in the  
morning? I'm worried about her. Thanks.

He clicks off the phone and puts it in his hip pocket. The  
tub is rapidly filling.

Norman notices Claire's foot twitching, then her fingers  
moving slightly.

NORMAN (cont'd)

We don't have much time.

He opens medicine cabinet and reaches for the Claire's  
VALIUM.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

It'll be hard on Caitlin. But I'm sure in  
some tragic way your suicide will bring  
us closer together.

Norman stares down at Claire.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Oh God...

He reaches down and pulls her head out of the water. He  
hesitates for a moment as if having second thoughts...but  
then he kisses her goodbye.

With a pitying look, he caresses her forehead gently, then  
pushes her down toward the rising water.

He opens the valium, taps out a handful of pills, then  
notices the necklace on her neck, and puts them back in the  
bottle. Norman reaches around her neck to remove the  
necklace. When his hands finally close on the clasp, his face  
suddenly goes pale.

NORMAN'S POV - His arms around MADISON'S BEAUTIFUL CORPSE.

Norman explodes backwards, slamming his head into the BRASS  
SHOWER NOZZLE. He staggers backwards, smashing into the  
MIRROR. He falls, crashing his jaw into the sink. He  
collapses out of sight with a thud.

The water finally rises above Claire's nostrils. She somehow  
manages to work a toe into the plug chain and yank it free.  
The water slowly descends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

When it seems that her lungs must burst, her mouth finally clears the descending water. She chokes in great gulps of air.

The drug is finally wearing off. Claire awkwardly pulls herself up, ripping several rings out of the shower curtain. She turns off the water and crawls unsteadily out of the tub. NORMAN'S GONE.

She sees a blood trail and the crumpled rug where he dragged himself out of the bathroom. She quietly moves into...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

...the bedroom. She picks up the bedside phone, only to hear the annoying beeping that signals that a phone is off the hook.

She sees a shadow moving under the closed bedroom door. She edges back into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

She picks up a shard of the broken mirror and edges to the door to the hallway. She angles the mirror and holds it out past the door frame.

POV MIRROR - The shadow was a curtain. The hall is empty.

Claire looks the other way. Still no Norman.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Claire is moving quickly and quietly down the stairs. She stops.

CLAIRE POV - Norman - face down, unconscious on the floor at the foot of the stairs. His head is bleeding.

She hears the beeping and spots the CORDLESS PHONE'S STUBBY ANTENNA protruding from under him.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

She walks over, slowly reaches out, and tries to pull the phone out of his front pocket. He stirs slightly. She stops, then pulls again. He jerks.

She jumps backwards and upsets the basket on the hall table, spilling its contents including KEYS and the CELL PHONE. Norman's still unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grabs some keys and the cell phone and bolts for the door. Norman lies still in the foreground.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Claire races over to the Volvo and yanks open the door

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

She tries to jam the keys into the ignition. They won't fit. She's picked up the keys to the PICKUP.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

She glances at the open door to the house. It's empty. She runs to NORMAN'S PICKUP, the dark hulk of THE SAILBOAT on a trailer behind it. She starts to get in, then remembers to look in the bed...nobody there.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

She starts the truck, puts it in drive...it won't move. She looks in the side-view mirror. Norman has put chocks under the trailer wheels.

CLAIRE

Shit.

She leans out of the door and puts on the gas. The wheels spin, but the trailer won't budge. She stares at the door for signs of Norman, then gets out. She pulls on a chock, it's too tightly wedged and won't budge. She moves to the other chock and manages to pull it free.

She races back to the cab, gets in, and revs the accelerator. The trailer tire bounces over the remaining chock and Claire barrels the cumbersome rig forward. She constantly watches the door in her mirror.

When she veers out of the driveway, she looks into the side-view mirror at the empty porch. (Including a still, empty rocking chair)

The trailer fishtails into view, momentarily blocking the open door. Moments later it clears. Still no sign of Norman. (But the chair is rocking slightly)

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Claire wheels the truck and trailer out onto a two-lane,

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Shivering with cold and adrenaline, she tries to work the ancient heater. She approaches THE BRIDGE.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The PICKUP and BOAT race across the deserted bridge.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

ANGLE - Claire through the windshield. Her face striped by the reflection of the bridge lights which whip one-by-one across the windshield. She flips open the cell phone, looks at it, then places it on the dash.

INSERT - The phone reads: "NO SERVICE."

She glances into side view mirror.

CLAIRE POV - A stern section of the boat's COVERING TARP untied, flapping in the breeze.

She slows to a stop. Her eyes dart from the mirror to the phone, which now reads..."In Service."

INSERT - Claire's trembling hands dial the phone.

ANGLE - The lighthouse beam sweeps past as Claire dials. Reveal empty back window of truck behind her. The light sweeps around again revealing NORMAN THROUGH THE GLASS BEHIND HER.

SMASH

A TRAILER CRANK punches through the window. Norman's arm follows, coiling like a python around Claire's neck, his grim visage pressed against the glass.

She squashes down the accelerator.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The trailer starts to weave from side to side, swerving the pickup.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Pickup and trailer smash through a fence railing, barrelling over bumpy, wooded terrain.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Claire bites into Norman's hand. Norman pulls back his hand and backs out of cab.

EXT. PICKUP BED - NIGHT

Norman standing in the truck's bed. The truck is approaching a low-slung branch. Norman's head raises into its path. He ducks out of the way at the last moment.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The branch rips away the tarpaulin which covers the sailboat.

EXT. BOAT LANDING - NIGHT

The truck hits the water at fifty and Norman is hurtled through the rear window and into the passenger side dashboard. The MAST follows him through. The SPREADER pins Norman to the dash.

INT./EXT. PICKUP - MOMENTS LATER

Claire is unconscious in the driver's seat, a trickle of blood runs from her nose. She groggily comes to. She sees Norman, unconscious, pinned in the cab. She hears a trickling sound and sees that water is leaking into the vehicle.

She realizes that the pickup, with the BATTERED SAILBOAT AND TRAILER miraculously still attached, is rolling deeper into the water.

Panicked, she tries unsuccessfully to get the door open, but the truck is half submerged. Water sprays through the seams.

When the water cascades over the smashed back window, the water level in the cab rises and she manages to swing her door open.

Norman manages to free himself from the mast, which begins to slide downward through the broken windshield. His leg is still pinned in the cab. He reaches out for Claire.

EXT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Claire has almost made it out, when she's suddenly yanked from behind. She struggles underwater.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Inside the nearly water-filled cab, Claire surfaces and finds herself face-to-face with the still pinned Norman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
Norman...please...

Norman shakes his head slowly as he blinks away blood from his eyes. The headlights pierce the darkness of the steep underwater drop off.

Water fills the cab. Claire hears the sound of the mast impact. She looks down. Norman does too.

CLAIRE - POV

Claire sees the mast piercing the ragtop of...MADISON'S SUBMERGED MUSTANG.

Madison's beautiful corpse floats up toward the truck.

NORMAN - POV

But from Norman's perspective, the corpse is horrible and decomposed.

EXT. TRUCK - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Norman is suddenly entangled by something. He tries to brush it free but comes face-to-face with MADISON'S GHASTLY, DECOMPOSED FACE. The last of his air bellows out of him in a scream as he releases Claire's ankle.

His dead staring face separates from Madison's as the truck slowly tilts back and sinks to the bottom.

EXT. UNDERWATER - LAKE - NIGHT

Claire kicks toward the surface.

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

The boat and truck slide deeper into the water. The stern of the boat rises in the air.

Claire breaks the surface with a huge intake of air.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER - DAWN

The sound of a furious cello solo.

COLD STARING EYES - Norman, half out of the truck, arms floating out.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Follow his eyes to THE PALE CORPSE, drifting above, tethered to the Mustang by an old seat belt around her ankle.

Move through the murky water toward the corpse's clothed back. As she twists into view...

MORPHS INTO: MADISON'S PALE BEAUTIFUL FACE...at peace.

Camera drifts moves upward and breaks the surface as the distant lights of EMERGENCY VEHICLES approach.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

FLOWERS. Claire places them on frosty winter ground next to another small bouquet. Snow is lightly falling. Widen to reveal Claire, standing at a grave. She steps back and looks down at the stone

CLAIRE  
Rest in peace.

Pull back to reveal the GRAVESTONE:

MADISON ELIZABETH FRANK

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

FINGERS

Racing across the neck of a cello. A full, fluid rendition of the difficult piece she had attempted before.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Claire, eyes tightly shut, brow beaded with sweat. The piece builds to a dark, passionate crescendo.

Her eyes remain shut for a moment, then flutter open.

CLAIRE'S POV

The view of the lake from the living room, a silent, heavy snow floats down on to the frozen lake. Claire sips a glass of wine, her face unsmiling, but serene.

END