

"WHAT LIES BENEATH"

by

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FADE IN:

Moving through a murky haze. Dark blues and greens, shafts of prised purple. A pale shard appears in the distance.

Gliding closer, a group of tiny fish dart before the 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 is visible is a pair of COLD, STARING GREEN EYES, which blink closed...

MORPH TO:

...then open as BLUE EYES, as a DIFFERENT FACE emerges from water. CLAIRE SPENCER awakens from this unsettling dream in her bathtub. She pivots the large BRASS SHOWER HEAD (the kind that moves up and down on a pipe) off to one side, reaches toward her feet and we hear the sound of a plug being pulled.

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. The dryer stops. She presses the red G.F.I. button on the socket. ZAP! A big blue spark shoots out. Claire pulls her hand back... and the dryer starts whirring again.

She clears the mirror and replaces the dryer on a hook. She regards herself in the mirror, and attractive, elegant-looking woman around forty.

Claire traces a finger along a small but noticeable SCAR above her left eye, then slowly drops the hand to her cheek, as if confirming her existence.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - 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. ROOM - DAY

Claire 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 Greenpeace flag and a picture of a tomboyish ten year-old girl at camp.

She gently pulls back the covers and peers down at the same face, now a waifish, pretty seventeen year-old, with chopped hair and tiny nose ring. Claire leans over and inhales the sleeping scent of her only daughter, CAITLIN. She places her hand on a cheek. The girl's eyelids flutter softly.

CLAIRE
Morning, beauty.

Caitlin lets out a grunt and rolls over onto her belly.

CLAIRE
Let's go. Or we'll never leave on
time.

From out of the pillow comes Caitlin's voice.

CAITLIN
(muffled)

I'm totally ready.

Claire glances around at the piles of unpacked clothes.

CLAIRE

Come on, I'll make you some waffles,
maybe we'll squeeze in a trip to the
mall.

(beat)

Caitlin...

Claire gently swats at the tiny lump that is Caitlin's behind.

CAITLIN

Mother...

Claire stands and instinctively scoops up some clothes from
the floor, then folds and neatly stacks them on a box.

Caitlin turns her head sideways on the pillow.

CAITLIN

You're such a morning person.

Claire turns at the door.

CLAIRE

It is unwise to heckle the keeper of
the plastic.

She starts to leave. Caitlin calls out.

CAITLIN (O.S.)

Blueberries!

Claire smiles as she closes the door behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Claire bends down to pick up one of Caitlin's socks. When
she stands, something catches her eye out a window. She gazes
down, transfixed.

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 huge old Buick. 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.

NORMAN

They at it again?

Claire nods.

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 psychotic.

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 to class.

CLAIRE
Don't.

NORMAN
Claire, I have to show up for the –

CLAIRE
It's Saturday.

Norman stops.

NORMAN
I knew that. You think I didn't know
that?

She smiles at him. After a beat:

NORMAN

It's today?

CLAIRE
(wistfully)
Yep.

They share a warm, poignant look. He turns and moves down the stairs.

NORMAN
(calling over his
shoulder)
We're going to have to leave by three
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 (O.S.)
Claire?

CLAIRE
(absently)
Three o'clock.

ANGLE

Mrs. Feur drops her face into her hands.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Claire peruses her "to do" list as Caitlin munches a panini.

CLAIRE
...and I still think we should get
you some mittens.

Caitlin puts down the sandwich and regards her mother warmly.

The bond between them is palpable.

CLAIRE
Do you have a scarf?

CAITLIN
Hey.

Claire looks up from her little pad of paper.

CLAIRE
Yes?

CAITLIN
It's only two hours away.

CLAIRE
I know that.

CAITLIN
I'll come back all the time.

CLAIRE
Of course you will.

CAITLIN
I'm just saying, you're going to be fine.

Claire smiles.

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

Caitlin smiles back and nods, her face betraying some concern. Claire takes her hand.

CLAIRE
Really.

She nods reassuringly and pulls Caitlin into an embrace. Her eyes close.

CAITLIN (V.O.)
Mother...

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

Claire's frozen in the hug.

CAITLIN
(beat)
Mom.

Her eyes open. Widen to reveal Claire, holding Caitlin on the college campus. The URBAN SKYLINE looms in the background.

CAITLIN
I have'ta go.

After a moment's hesitation, she releases her grip. Caitlin glances over her shoulder to make sure no one's witnessed this overt display of maternal affection.

CAITLIN
I'll call you.

Claire produces an ENVELOPE, which she presses into her daughter's hand. It's a book of TRAIN TICKETS.

CLAIRE
Come home anytime.

Caitlin looks at Norman.

NORMAN
Really gonna leave me, huh?

She nods. They share a tender look.

NORMAN
Be good.

She throws her arm, briefly, tightly around his waist. A bit overwhelmed, he slowly brings his hand to the back of Caitlin's head. After a moment, she steps back...

CAITLIN
Bye.

...then turns and makes her way toward the large, old Columbia dorm. A banner is draped across its portals which reads:

"WELCOME CLASS OF '04."

Claire watches her daughter melt into a crowd of similarly shaggy freshmen, smoking and talking on the front steps. Her eyes are shining. Norman wraps an arm around her waist as she daps at a tear with a Kleenex.

CLAIRE
(smiling)
I almost made it.

They turn and head for the car. Claire sneaks one last look over her shoulder.

ANGLE

Caitlin glancing back at Claire with an apprehensive smile.

INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire walks in from the bathroom wearing a sexy cotton nightgown. Norman is in bed, absorbed in some notes. 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
(slight smile)
How is it?

Claire snuggles up.

CLAIRE
Excellent. Couple of Swedish sailor
cells just gang divided a virginal
cheerleader cell.

NORMAN
(lost in his book)
Nice.

(beat)
Almost done.

She pulls slightly away.

CLAIRE
If you have to work...

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

He places his book on the bedside table and turns to her.

NORMAN
How are you?

CLAIRE
Fine.

NORMAN
It's okay if you're not.

CLAIRE
I am, really.

NORMAN
It's just she's been the focus for a
while.

CLAIRE
Not the focus.

NORMAN
You know what I mean.

Claire thinks for a moment.

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

NORMAN
You are...

CLAIRE

To get my life back. To have some time for myself. 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.

CLAIRE
I know.

He kisses her.

NORMAN
Tired?

CLAIRE
Nope.

NORMAN
Wanna fool around?

CLAIRE
Yup.

They start to kiss. It's 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.

He walks over and closes the window. It doesn't help.

NORMAN

I guess they're making up.

The woman's moaning becomes embarrassingly loud.

CLAIRE

What is he doing to her?

They lie together in silence as the cacophony drones on.

NORMAN

And we moved out here for the quiet.

CLAIRE

Mmm.

Beat. The mood has passed.

NORMAN

Maybe we should just...

CLAIRE

Tomorrow.

NORMAN

I'm finished at three. No. Squash with Stan.

CLAIRE

After that.

NORMAN

I'll be there.

Beat.

NORMAN

Love you.

She smiles.

CLAIRE

Night.

They lie together in the darkness as the Feurs finally climax.

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" ... now it's on the same T-shirt only Claire's wearing it and she's much younger. It's an old photograph in an album. Younger Norman stands next to her in the shot, his arm draped around her waist. A CELLO CASE stands beside her.

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.

– Claire and Norman in front of a UNIVERSITY BUILDING. A tiny Caitlin rests on her hip.

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

EXT. FRONT YARD - 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 women'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

Mrs. Feur?

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

CLAIRE

Wait a minute. I just want –

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

MRS. FEUR

(sniffing)

Who are you?

CLAIRE

It's Mrs... It's Claire... Spencer.
From next door. Is everything –

MRS. FEUR
You're the flower lady.

CLAIRE
Um... yes.

MRS. FEUR
I've seen you. From the window.

CLAIRE
Is everything alright?

Claire leans closer to the tiny crack. She sees a fleshy blur and what might be part of an eye. There's no response, just the breathing.

CLAIRE
Hello?

MRS. FEUR
I'm not...

She seems on the verge of losing it again.

MRS. FEUR
He's so... it's too much... and I can't... I can't breath...

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?

MRS. FEUR
I can't, no, no, I can't...

Claire edges closer to the crack.

CLAIRE

Tell me. Please.

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

Beat. Claire's taken aback by this admission.

CLAIRE
Tell me. I can help you.

MRS. FEUR
How? How can you help me? With your
flowers and your perfect life...

CLAIRE
That's not... It's not like that.

MRS. FEUR
I've never even met you.

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

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

CLAIRE
I'm sorry. It's for the flowers. Why
don't you...

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
Wait! Don't go...

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. A rainstorm pelts the windows.

NORMAN
Of what?

CLAIRE
Of him I think.

NORMAN
Did she say that?

CLAIRE
More or less.

Norman chews.

NORMAN
Honey, they're young. They're probably newlyweds.

CLAIRE
I'm telling you. There was something in her voice...

NORMAN
Remember how we were?

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

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

(overlapping)

That's not what I'm sug –

NORMAN

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

CLAIRE

But what if something happens?

NORMAN

Claire...

CLAIRE

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 in less than two weeks. I've got to stay focused on that for just a little longer.

(beat)

This is...

CLAIRE

I know.

NORMAN

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?

He gives her a "Didn't I just say so" look. She smiles.

CLAIRE

I'll make you some coffee.

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

INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Norman snores softly. Claire is awakened by the continuing
STORM. She pads out to Norman's turreted library. Rain pelts
the glass. Her face is briefly illuminated by the LIGHTHOUSE
BEAM.

She hears the sound of a DOOR CLOSING and moves to get a
better view of the Feur's. Nothing but blackness. Just as
she's turning to go back to bed. A LIGHTNING FLASH lights up
the night. Claire's eyes go wide.

CLAIRE'S POV

In the split second of brilliance, she sees Mr. Feur, in
shirt-sleeves, drenched, dragging A LARGE DUFFEL toward the
open trunk of his car.

CLAIRE

(in a hoarse whisper)
Norman!

He's dead to the world. She calls to him again.

CLAIRE
Norman, you have to look at this!

NORMAN
Mmnph.

CLAIRE
Hurry...

Another flash illuminates... Norman at her side.

CLAIRE
Look!

...an EMPTY DRIVEWAY, then blackness.

NORMAN
What is it? What's the matter?

She stares down into the darkness.

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

NORMAN
Is it gone?

THE BEACON illuminates the empty driveway. She nods.

NORMAN
Come on, let's go back to bed.

Yet another bolt of lightning reveals Claire, still at the window.

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

Claire sets up a camera and tripod. She steps back and aims her camera. She glances up at a large upstairs window at the FEUR'S HOUSE. One side of the curtain seems to be pulled open, but no one's there.

Feeling self-conscious, she turns back to the camera. The morning sun hits the flowers just right and she SNAPS SEVERAL PICTURES OF THEM against her lovely house.

She glances back at the Feur's window. The CURTAIN IS NOW CLOSED.

She walks over to the fence and tries to peek through it.

When this doesn't work, she drags a lawn chair over and peers across the fence. She can barely see over, but glimpses:

A DEEP FURROW in the mud of the driveway. Just then, a car pulls into the driveway, Claire scrambles down from her perch.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Claire walks out to find her best friend, JODY, pretty, in her forties, wearing hip, hippie-ish clothes.

CLAIRE

Hey there.

Jody hugs her.

JODY

How you holding up?

CLAIRE

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 and I'd be tripping...

CLAIRE

Okay, I'm a little tender.

JODY

Well good. So you're human.

CLAIRE

And so far my day has consisted of taking pictures of my roses for the garden club.

JODY

Wow. Got here just in time.
(reaching into her bag)
I brought you this.

She proffers several homemade tea bags.

CLAIRE

What is it?

JODY

Kombucha mushroom tea...

CLAIRE

Jody –

JODY

It soothes heart-ache and promotes psychic wellness. Sela suggested I bring –

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)
Notice anything... different?

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

CLAIRE
Oh my god. You bought it.

JODY
Yep.

CLAIRE
It's niice.

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

CLAIRE
Absolutely.

JODY
Listen, I've gotta run. I just thought I'd stop by and see if you want to take the boat out, say Thursday morning?

CLAIRE
You got it.

Jody grins.

JODY
See you then.

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

Claire arrives at the front door and reaches out to touch the doorknob. She stops. A FAINT RUSTLING can be heard from within. Claire quietly opens the door and moves into:

INT. FOYER - DAY

Claire stops inside the door. Now it sounds like WHISPERING.

Two voices, tense, impassioned. 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 has suddenly stopped.

CLAIRE
Hello?

The lovely circular room is completely empty. She looks around, puzzled. Cooper, the family's aging lab, casually ambles over.

CLAIRE
(to Cooper)
Please tell me you heard that.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Claire and Cooper, out on a walk, emerge onto large rocks at the water's edge. Claire tosses a long stick for Cooper, who bolts out onto the LONG WOODEN DOCK. Claire gazes at the LIGHTHOUSE across the lake and a long BRIDGE in the distance.

Cooper starts BARKING and looking down into the water.

Claire arrives at Cooper's side and stares down into the dark water.

CLAIRE
Cooper... what do you see?

She looks down and sees nothing but her own reflection. After a moment, she notices a FAINT WHITE SHAPE directly in the reflection of her face. Cooper rumbles a low growl. The shape seems to be gaining definition.

RRRING!

Claire gasps quietly, then reaches into a pocket in her sweater and pulls out a cordless phone.

CLAIRE

(into phone)
Hi.

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

Claire's smile fades.

CLAIRE
Oh.

NORMAN (V.O.)
Unless you need me to come home...

CLAIRE
No, no. It's fine.

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

NORMAN (V.O.)
You sure?

...but the shape is gone.

NORMAN (V.O.)
Claire?

CLAIRE
Huh? Absolutely. Take your time.

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

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Claire sits in a small workroom at a computer. She focuses
intently on the screen.

ANGLE

It's 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 suddenly has a thought and disappears into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She glances at Jody's tea, smiles, then refills her glass of red wine. She picks up the phone from its cradle and moves into:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She dials a number. LOUD REGGAE can be heard blaring through the phone.

CLAIRE
(straining to be heard)
Hello? I'm looking for Caitlin
Spencer. She's in 314... Well, could
you check?

She plugs one ear.

CLAIRE
Oh. Well, just tell her that her
mother called. Her mother. Thank
you. Excuse me, how can you study
with that?

The noise abruptly stops. Claire clicks off the phone and replaces it in the sweater pocket. She tunes the stereo to a classical music station.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

She walks in, places the cordless phone on a BASE UNIT, then hears a different set of musical notes from the computer.

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.

Without warning, the radio dial rips cacophonously past several stations and comes to a stop on some angry, punkish rock and roll.

CLAIRE
Jesus...

She bolts around a corner to the stereo. The music is chaotic and deafening. She finds Cooper growling at... no one. She turns off the stereo. Cooper suddenly bolts down the hall. She follows him.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

The foyer's empty, but the front door is open. Claire nervously walks out and looks around.

CLAIRE
Cooper!

POV - THE GARDEN

No sign of the dog.

Claire turns to go back inside. When she touches the doorknob, she hears the whispering again. A fleeting shadow draws her eye to a COAT RACK MIRROR which reflects directly into the study.

CLAIRE
Hello...?!

The whispering stops.

INT. NORMAN'S LAB - NIGHT

Claire walks in to find Norman surrounded by several GRAD STUDENTS. At school he's a very different man; pressed shirt and tie, hair neatly brushed back.

They're performing some unseen procedure on a live sheep in a containment harness. She stops by the door to watch him.

NORMAN
...and then what... Courtney?

An intense ASIAN GIRL answers.

COURTNEY
We administer the Halothane.

NORMAN
Dosage?

She glances at her notes.

COURTNEY
Three point five cc's.

NORMAN
Excellent. Properties? Andrew from downtown...

Andrew, tall razor thin, was waiting for this.

ANDREW
An organic, neuromuscular blocking agent, which when administered in aerosol form temporarily renders the subject immobile.

NORMAN
Nothing but net.

He measures out the liquid from a blue plastic bottle into an apparatus connected to an inhalation mask on the sheep.

NORMAN
Prudence here's an old friend.

He moves to the sheep's head and strokes it as he nods to Courtney who turns a valve on the apparatus. The sheep suddenly goes completely still. Norman moves around and begins a brief procedure.

NORMAN

I try to stay on her good side because I owe her my career and most of our grant money. Why else?

He completes the procedure. They look at him blankly.

NORMAN

Always do unto others as you'd have others do unto your ewe.

Groans, laughter. He stops Claire.

NORMAN

That'll do it. Write this up for Tuesday!

Andrew and Amy tend to Prudence, the rest leave. Claire moves over to him. They kiss. Norman packs notes and some of the chemicals into a LEATHER CASE.

NORMAN

(warm)

What are you doing here?

CLAIRE

There were some noises. I didn't want to disturb you.

She watches as the sheep slowly becomes reanimated and is led out of the room.

NORMAN

What do you mean? Some noises where?

CLAIRE

In the house. I was scared.

NORMAN

Did you call the police?

CLAIRE

No. Can you drive me home? I'll bring you back in the morning.

NORMAN

Of course.

He takes her arm.

INT. THE FOYER - NIGHT

Norman pushes open the front door. Cooper pads over, wagging his tail. They walk together past the stereo into...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...the living room. All is quiet. They move into...

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

It's undisturbed. Norman checks the window locks.

CLAIRE

It was there. This angry music all by itself. And I heard whispering.

NORMAN

What kind of whispering?

CLAIRE

I don't know. Just... whispering.

He nods as Cooper appears.

NORMAN

What'd you see, Coop?

The dog stares blankly.

CLAIRE

(to Cooper)

Tell him!

Norman smiles.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Norman sits on the bed and pulls off his shoes.

NORMAN

I'm gonna 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 the conference next week. I want you to feel safe.

CLAIRE

I do, I do. I'm sure I'm just... how was your day?

He goes to his dresser and fishes a little joint from a box in his dresser.

NORMAN

Think I may have cracked it.

CLAIRE

Really?

She produces a match and lights it. They sit on the bed.

NORMAN

I think so. Maybe.

CLAIRE

You are so brilliant.

NORMAN

Yep.

CLAIRE

Madame Curie, Jonas Salk, Norman Spencer...

NORMAN

(smiling)

You know what that does to me.

She takes a little puff on the joint as he kisses her neck.

NORMAN

(stopping)

Ohmigod. You'll never believe... I saw Schumway...

CLAIRE

You're kidding.

NORMAN

He's here giving some arcane spiel for the physics department, so Bob Shine introduces us...

CLAIRE

Wow.

He nods, Claire passes the joint back.

NORMAN

And he says... you'll fucking love this, he says, "Doctor Spencer, I am a great admirer of your work..."

CLAIRE

Well, that's nice.

NORMAN

"...especially Spencer's Theorem..."

CLAIRE

(overlapping)

Oh, no...

NORMAN

"...of Perpetual Distances."

(beat)

Everybody's checking their shoelaces. Pins drop. "I'm afraid you've mistaken me," I say...

CLAIRE

(overlapping)

That's...

NORMAN
"...for my father."

CLAIRE
I'm so sorry.

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

CLAIRE
That's just mean.
(indicating joint)
Oh. Jody wanted to know if I could
get her some.

NORMAN
(quickly glancing
over)
Did you tell her?

CLAIRE
What? No. No.

NORMAN
You didn't?

CLAIRE
(with a smile)
Norman, you are so funny about that.
No, I didn't.

He takes a little toke, then vanishes into the bathroom.

NORMAN (O.S.)
Cause that would be really –

She lays back on the bed. Sounds of flushing.

CLAIRE
I didn't.

He reappears without the joint.

NORMAN
Sorry. You understand.

CLAIRE

Did you call about the Feurs?

NORMAN

Oh, right. Yes. Harvey says the guy's a sweetheart. Wouldn't hurt a fly.

CLAIRE

Huh.

Claire ponders this. Norman turns off the light and joins her on the bed. He kisses her knee.

NORMAN

Do the brilliant Norman stuff some more.

Then starts working his way up her thigh.

NORMAN

And speak up.

Claire smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Claire sits frozen, cello between her legs, bow hovering in position. After an uncomfortable long pause, she touches bow to string, drawing in a breath at the power of the sound.

Claire takes another deep breath, then launches into a beautiful and melancholy piece of music. She's very, very good. Eyes closed. Her body begins to sway slightly as her left hand vibratos like butterfly wings on the neck.

She reaches a difficult transition and falters. She seems almost surprised. She attacks the transition again, and again falters. Claire bites her lower lip and tries yet again, this time failing completely.

She sits back in the chair, despondent. Almost as an afterthought, she sadly drags the bow 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 tone.

She sits up and plays a different note, then another. Each time the soft mournful voice becomes more distinct. Finally she plays a sharp, higher pitched note. The voice echoes with a distinct, unsettling shriek.

CRASH!

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DUSK

Claire walks in and sees:

INSERT –

Lying on the floor... A FRAMED NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH OF NORMAN AND CLAIRE.

The caption announces that he's being promoted to the "distinguished DUPONT CHAIR IN GENETICS." Through the spider-webbed glass, Norman can be seen shaking hands with an older academic, hugging a smiling Claire to his side.

Claire kneels down to gather the picture. A single shard of glass is missing. She finds it a foot away by a distinctive knot in the wood floor.

She notices a COPPER GLINT in the point of glass, but when she moves it, it's gone. She places the pieces of broken glass on the frame and stands.

Out of the window directly in front of her sees: Mr. Feur, removing a DIRT COVERED SHOVEL from his trunk. She glances down at the picture, then back up at Mr. Feur, who carries the shovel around back.

CLAIRE

Oh no...

Claire wraps up the broken picture. She hears a car door slam and glances out the window in time to see Mr. Feur driving off.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

A stiff autumn breeze. Claire stands at the fence.

CLAIRE

Mrs. Feur?

She looks through the tiny crack. Nothing.

CLAIRE

Hello?

(beat)

Are you there?

Silence.

EXT. THE FEUR'S - DAY

Claire glances down as she walks past THE FURROW. She looks up at the house, which seems quite placid, then slowly heads around back.

EXT. FEUR'S BACK PORCH - DAY

She takes in the lake view from the large porch. The wind is really blowing. Her eye catches on something. Propped against the back door...

THE SOIL COVERED SHOVEL

Claire takes a pinch of soil from the shovel and tastes it, then knocks at the back door. There's no answer. She knocks again. Nothing. She's turning to go, then the door swings open. The smile fades from Claire's face.

CLAIRE'S POV

The immense MR. FEUR filling the doorway.

MR. FEUR

Yes?

CLAIRE

Um...

MR. FEUR

I'm running late here. I just came back for my briefcase.

CLAIRE

Right. Well, I wanted to stop by to

welcome you to the uh, to the neighborhood. I'm Claire Spencer. From next door.

MR. FEUR

This really isn't a good time.

He starts to close the door.

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 a closed door.

JODY (V.O.)

What do you mean she's gone?

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Claire and Jody knife slowly through the water in the Spencer's sailboat heading back toward the dock, the OLD LIGHTHOUSE, the BRIDE in the background.

CLAIRE

She's not there. I haven't seen her since that morning. Well, I mean, I've never actually seen her, but I'm telling you, she's disappeared.

Jody finishes securing a line. The breeze is mild, so they

just cruise with the wind.

JODY
What are you saying?

Claire just looks at her.

JODY
You think he killed her?

CLAIRE
I don't know. When you say it, it sounds crazy. But what else could it all be?

Jody shakes her head.

CLAIRE
I mean, he's so kind of grim and daunting, and she sounded terrified of something.

Claire glances over at Jody.

CLAIRE
(laughing to herself)
Listen to me. I sound like some middle-aged Nancy Drew.

Jody regards her. After a beat:

JODY
Know what I think?

CLAIRE
What?

JODY
Seance.

CLAIRE
Jody, no...

JODY
Telling you...

CLAIRE
(overlapping)
...no... no... no...

JODY
Just bought this beautiful antique
Ouija.

CLAIRE
Please. That's all I need.

Jody shrugs, "Have it your way." Beat.

JODY
Hey, look.

CLAIRE'S HOUSE across the lake.

JODY
So pretty.

CLAIRE'S POV

A FIGURE in the turreted window of Norman's study.

CLAIRE
Someone's there.

JODY
What?

CLAIRE
In the window. Norman's at work.

JODY
I don't...

Claire looks over at Jody.

CLAIRE
(pointing)
There. In the study. Don't you see –

She looks again – nothing.

CLAIRE

Wow. I'm losing it.

JODY

No, you're not.

(beat)

But a presence in your house is not something to be taken lightly.

Claire stares back at the house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire walks in and sets down some packages. She opens one and pulls out new toothpaste and... AN ENVELOPE – the kind your pictures come back in. She absently leafs through them, then freezes. She gapes at one of the shots.

CLAIRE

Oh boy...

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Claire turns off the lights and crouches down. She raises a pair of BINOCULARS.

POV - BINOCULARS

Claire rakes the binoculars across the Feur's house... past their car parked in front until she finds A LIGHT ON DOWNSTAIRS.

The tall, powerfully built Mr. Feur walks into the room and sits by himself at the dining room table, which is set for one. He eats a TV dinner, slowly chewing and staring straight ahead. He sips from a can of beer.

Just then... A HAND GRABS CLAIRE'S ARM. She lets out a screech and turns to see Norman standing beside her.

NORMAN

What are you doing?

She glances back out the window and sees Mr. Feur standing at the window, paging the curtain. She squats down, pulling Norman with her.

CLAIRE
(shrill whisper)
Get down! He'll see.

NORMAN
(also whispers)
What's going on, Claire?

CLAIRE
Shhhh.

She peers over the sill in time to see Mr. Feur turning away from the window. She takes Norman by the hand and leads him downstairs.

INT. CLAIRE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

She leads Norman in.

NORMAN
(still whispering)
Why am I...
(full voice)
Why am I whispering in my own house?

Claire turns.

CLAIRE
He killed her.

NORMAN
What?

CLAIRE
He did. She's in the picture. I went over to look and she's gone. The table was set for one.

NORMAN
And that means he murdered his wife?
This is getting ridic –

CLAIRE
No, no, no, no. The soil on the shovel, his shovel... that's clay.
It's not from here, believe me, I...

(frustrated, she grabs
the photos)
All right, look at this.

She triumphantly thrusts one before him. Norman looks at it.

NORMAN
Our house.

CLAIRE
No. Look! In the window.

The ROSES. She points out a HAZY FIGURE in the TURRETED WINDOW of the study. Norman takes it over to the light.

NORMAN
It's a flare.

CLAIRE
A flare?

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

CLAIRE
It's her! I'm telling you. She
whispered and turned on the music.
She's trying to contact me!

NORMAN
(making sure he's got
it)
It's a ghost.

Norman shakes his head. He looks again at the picture, does a quick calculation.

NORMAN
You took this in the morning, didn't
you?

She nods slightly.

NORMAN
When the sun would be exactly right.

She's got him.

CLAIRE

Then why isn't it in any of the other pictures?

She thrusts the batch at him. He peruses the other few shots of the garden.

NORMAN

A cloud passed. Or it's a bounce off the lake. See?

She looks. He might not be wrong.

CLAIRE

Where is she then?

NORMAN

She could be out. She could be sick in bed for all we know.

CLAIRE

Okay. Okay. I'll bet there's... Look at this.

She leads him out of the room.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Claire stares at the computer screen triumphantly.

CLAIRE

See?

NORMAN

What am I looking at?

CLAIRE

(indicating completed solitaire game)

I didn't do that.

NORMAN

Who did? Mrs. Feur?

CLAIRE

Maybe. Point is... not me.

NORMAN

Right. And why is she here? If he killed her, why doesn't she haunt him?

CLAIRE

She was lonely, I talked to her. Norman, I know how it looks, but –

NORMAN

Claire, listen to me. I know you're under some strain. But there's no such thing as ghosts. They don't exist. Our neighbor did not kill his wife, and I... wait, why aren't you dressed?

CLAIRE

Dressed?

NORMAN

Dinner. With Stan and his new girl.

CLAIRE

When?

NORMAN

What do you mean? Claire, we talked about it. You didn't want Japanese, I said, our first date since...

CLAIRE

(she seems confused)

Oh.

NORMAN

...since Caitlin. You don't remember this?

CLAIRE

Tonight?

NORMAN

Yes, tonight. We're going to be –

She looks at his watch.

CLAIRE

Fashionably five minutes late.

She bolts up the stairs.

INT. NORMAN'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

They drive across the bridge.

NORMAN

(concerned, exasperated)

When you do this, I swear...

CLAIRE

(overlapping)

...Don't get all...

NORMAN

...like it never even happened...

CLAIRE

Okay, okay, I'm sure that I just...

He pulls out a cell phone and punches in a number.

CLAIRE

What are you doing?

NORMAN

Restaurant. Let them know we're running late.

CLAIRE

Five minutes?

The phone flashes... "NO SERVICE."

CLAIRE

You're not at the center.

NORMAN

(overlapping)
I know I'm not at the center of the
bridge.

CLAIRE
We're going to be fine.

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

NORMAN
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. Sorry we're late.
(too earnest)
It was my fault.

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

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.

CLAIRE
Wow.

ELENA
This is...

CLAIRE
(to Norman)
We know each other.

NORMAN
Hope so.

LATER

Post meal. Several empty wine bottle decorate the table.

ELENA
We had this Finnish conductor, Aki,
Laki, something. He had these
ridiculous bangs. And he'd sweep
them off with his baton every minute
or so, and it drove us insane,
remember?

Claire nods.

CLAIRE
He looked like one of the Monkees.

ELENA
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 came in from my room...

CLAIRE
(interjecting)
We were suite mates.

ELENA
And there's this brilliant conductor
in purple briefs with no bangs cursing
his ass off in Finnish.

CLAIRE
Oh God...

They dissolve into giggles. Norman and Stan smile.

STAN
Well...

NORMAN
(to Stan)
I made an honest woman out of her.

Elena puts her hand on Claire's.

ELENA
(to Stan)
You should have heard her play.

CLAIRE
Stop.

ELENA
We both auditioned for the
Philharmonic. One cello position
open.

CLAIRE
Do we have to?

ELENA
And I kicked ass. My best stuff.
Then I stood in the hallway and
listened to her audition... and I
cried.

CLAIRE
She's making this up.

ELENA
I'm not. Couldn't pick up my cello
for weeks.

STAN
What happened?

Elena looks at Claire, then smiles.

ELENA
She got it.
(beat)
Turned it down.

CLAIRE
I met a dashing young grad student
after a recital one night...

Claire puts her arm around Norman.

CLAIRE
...and three months later I was
married.

He squeezes her hand.

INT. WORK ROOM - DAY

Claire walks into the work room with the portable phone to her ear and a cup of Jody's special tea. She sniffs it and makes a face as she turns on the computer. After several rings a GIRL picks up on the other end.

CLAIRE

(on phone)
Caitlin?

GIRL'S VOICE
(overlapping)
Can you hang up? I'm trying to make
a call.

The line goes dead. Claire hits redial and gets... a BUSY SIGNAL. She clicks the phone off as the computer boots up.

Claire puts the phone down and starts a game of Alice's Solitaire. She turns a card and waits.

CLAIRE
Gee, that's tricky. Sure could use
some help.

She waits, the cursor blinks benignly.

CLAIRE
Come on...

Nothing happens.

INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY

She walks into the room and notices STEAM wafting from the cracked bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Claire enters the steamy bathroom. The tub is nearly overflowing with water. She squats down to drain the tub.

She stops, feeling watched, then 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 see:

A PRETTY YOUNG BLOND standing beside her. Startled, she pops up and slams into the SHOWER HEAD.

Claire collapses over the side of the tub, her head dipping underwater. A small cloud of red surrounds her. Moments later, an arm wraps around her.

CUT TO:

VOICE (O.S.)

Claire...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

CLAIRE'S POV - A FACE sharpens into focus hovering above her... Norman.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Claire sits on the bed. Norman dabs the blood from a tiny cut on the back of her head.

CLAIRE

I don't need a shrink.

NORMAN

(gently)

Harvey says he's amazing.

CLAIRE

Norman...

NORMAN

What can it hurt to talk to someone?

She goes to her dresser and gets a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE and starts to open it. Norman gently places a hand on her arm.

NORMAN

Please.

She shoots him a look...

NORMAN

You promised.

...and puts the pills down.

NORMAN

(gently)

Claire, she's been a huge part of your life for seventeen years. If

you weren't thrown off balance by this, then something would be wrong.

CLAIRE

I never said I wasn't upset. Of course I'm upset. I miss her terribly. But I know what I saw and what I heard... and it wasn't some "symptom" of something...

NORMAN

I never said...

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.S.)

(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 forties with a kind face and piercing brown eyes.

CLAIRE

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 so he can live out his life in peace.

DR. DRAYTON

Do you really think so?

CLAIRE

No.

There's a pause.

DR. DRAYTON

Why is he worried?

CLAIRE

Because, I don't know, because sometimes... sometimes I forget things... and ever since Caitlin left, ever since my daughter left for school, there've been... I fainted and...

(beat)

Why is this so hard?

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

DR. DRAYTON

Fireball?

CLAIRE

You're joking.

He shakes his head. She shrugs, then grabs one and pops it

into her mouth.

DR. DRAYTON

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

Don't worry, I'm required to have at least three sessions in order to commit.

Her eyes get a little wider.

DR. DRAYTON

Now that's a joke.

She manages an unsteady smile.

DR. DRAYTON

I have some training at helping people through the stressful moments in life, one of which you may or may not be experiencing. If you want to get some stuff off your chest, great. If not...

He smiles and shrugs, "no problem." She stares at him for a moment.

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

She finished my solitaire game and
turned on the radio... she likes
rock and roll. Angry rock and roll.

DR. DRAYTON

How do you know it's a she?

CLAIRE

I saw her in the water. Beside me.
She was filling the bathtub.

DR. DRAYTON

What does she look like?

CLAIRE

Pretty. She's a blond.

DR. DRAYTON

Do you have any idea who she is?

CLAIRE

Um... 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.

Claire nearly swallows her fireball.

CLAIRE

What?

DR. DRAYTON

Try to communicate with her somehow.

CLAIRE
You think that'll help?

DR. DRAYTON
Can't hurt. And I think it's important
you find out what she wants.

Claire 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.

He stands. Claire nods, then stands. She smiles too.

CLAIRE
Is this time okay?

He nods.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Claire walks in carrying a half-empty bottle of wine. She looks over at Jody, who turns off the lights. Jody then strikes a match and lights a LARGE CANDLE. She unveils her carved ANTIQUE OUIJA BOARD.

JODY
Sit down here.

CLAIRE
(nervous, jokey)
Are we hoping the ghost is going to

have to pee?

Jody turns to her, deadly serious.

JODY
Isn't this where you saw her?

Claire's smile fades. She nods.

JODY
Then this is where she'll be.

They sit cross legged, the board between them.

JODY
Place your fingers on the planchette.

CLAIRE
The planchette?

JODY
This.

Jody indicates the wooden pointing device. Each woman grasps an edge.

JODY
(in a low voice)
We wish to commune with the spirit
of Mrs. Feur.
(to Claire)
What's her first name?

CLAIRE
I don't know.

Jody closes her eyes. Claire follows suit.

JODY
I call forth the entity that is
haunting this house.

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

JODY
Mrs. Feur?

There's still no movement.

CLAIRE
Nothing's happening.

JODY
Shhh.

Jody focuses intently.

JODY
Reveal yourself to us.

A long moment passes. It's starting to seem like a bust.

Suddenly, THE CANDLE FLARES. Even Jody seems startled.

JODY
(to the spirit)
Who... who are you?

At first, nothing happens. Then, slowly, the planchette starts to move across the board.

CLAIRE
Are you doing that?

Jody shakes her head.

CLAIRE
I'm not doing that.

The planchette comes to rest on the letter "M." Moments later, it starts to move again drifting over and stopping on "E."

CLAIRE
Oh...

JODY
M-E...

It starts to drift again, moving slowly toward the space between "E" and "F." The planchette stops on "F." Jody removes her fingers from the device.

JODY
Mef? What's Mef?

CLAIRE
It's initials. F is Feur. It's her.

Suddenly, the CANDLE starts flickering strangely and THE PLANCHETTE SLIDES JERKILY ON ITS OWN...M-E-F, M-E-F...

JODY
Shit...

Jody stumbles backwards, gasping.

JODY
Did you see that?

Claire leans in.

CLAIRE
(to ghost)
What happened to you?

The CANDLE GOES OUT.

JODY
Oh God...

Jody bolts. Claire follows.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire catches up to the completely spooked Jody outside the work room. She holds onto her arm.

JODY
I have to go.

CLAIRE
Jody, wait.

Cooper's growling in the work room. They look in.

JODY
Claire, this is... this is...

Claire, transfixed, walks in.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

She stares at the computer screen, which is being filled with letters at an amazing speed.

MEFMEFMEFMEFMEFMEFMEF...

She hears the front door swing open.

CLAIRE

Jody!

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Claire arrives at the open front door in time to see the Karman-Ghia tearing out of the driveway. She turns and goes back into the house.

CRASH!

She edges into...

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

The picture has, once again, tumbled from its spot. She drops to her knees over the picture. This time THE GLASS IS SHATTERED. When she picks out the remaining shards, the newspaper photo slides out. Claire glances at the benign news stories on the back.

She looks around and spots a piece of glass wedged in a crack in the floor boards by the knot.

CLAIRE'S POV

The piece of glass, wedged next to what looks like A COPPER COIN in the crack. It's too big to be a penny.

She tries to use the piece of glass to pry it free, but recoils. A tiny drop of blood appears on her finger, which she pops into her mouth.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Still sucking on her finger, Claire walks in and begins to clean up the remains of the seance. She bends down to pick up the Ouija board, then stops when she notices that the tub is again full to the brink of overflowing.

CLAIRE

What do you want?!

Claire peers around, frustrated, half waiting for a reply.

There is only silence. She reaches in to pull the plug, nearly scalding her hand. When she turns for a hand towel she finds a message traced into the steamed-up mirror:

"YOU KNOW"

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

EXT. LAB BUILDING - NIGHT

Norman nods to a SECURITY GUARD as he leaves a darkened university building. He sees Claire standing at the foot of the steps.

NORMAN

What are you doing out here?

CLAIRE

He killed her. I'm not crazy. He killed her and –

NORMAN

This is the Feur thing?

CLAIRE

Yes. And he's going to get away with it.

Norman's momentarily speechless.

NORMAN

How do you know this?

CLAIRE

We had a seance.

NORMAN

Who did?

CLAIRE

Jody and I. And she was there, Norman, she was. It scared Jody so bad she had to leave.

NORMAN

How did you –

CLAIRE

Jody brought a Ouija board and we summoned her.

He regards her for a moment.

NORMAN

Are you angry at me?

This stops Claire in her tracks.

CLAIRE

What?

NORMAN

Maybe you resent how busy I've been.

CLAIRE

What are you...? No.

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?

NORMAN

Ever since the accident I've been worried that you'd been unhappy, or...

CLAIRE
The accident...?

NORMAN
But then you've been so much better...

CLAIRE
Norman, this isn't about you. This is something that's happening to me. It's not to get even... and it's not some warped bid for attention. Some strange things are happening in our house, whether you believe in them or not...

NORMAN
Sweetheart –

CLAIRE
No! Not sweetheart, no. I believe in what's happening. I don't want to, but I do. I guess I was foolish enough to think that would be enough for you.

She turns on a heel and walks toward her car.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Norman catches up to her as a LARGE CROWD is filing out of the concert hall next door.

NORMAN
You're overreacting.

She turns on him.

CLAIRE
Don't tell me how to react!

Norman glances around at the crowded sidewalk.

NORMAN
Keep your voice down.

CLAIRE

I will NOT.

Some of the bystanders stop to watch.

CLAIRE

(still loud)

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

NORMAN

(looking around)

Claire, please...

Claire leans in and lowers her voice without diminishing her intensity.

CLAIRE

...But what if I'm not? What if she died in terror and betrayal and some part of her can't move on while that's unresolved. Can't you just...

Something behind him catches her eye. She trails off.

CLAIRE

Wow...

Claire walks past him toward the parking lot.

NORMAN

Claire, please...

There's a dangerous energy to her walk. People step out of the way.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Claire walks past several cars until she sees the one she's after. MR. FEUR steps out from behind the open trunk of his old Buick.

CLAIRE

(walking up)

You!

He looks up at her.

CLAIRE

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 got rid of
her somewhere and I'm gonna find
her, you murdering sonofabitch.

Mr. Feur stares, dazed, through the tirade. Norman arrives
at her side.

MR. FEUR

Who?

CLAIRE

(scoffing)

Give me that shit. Your wife.

MR. FEUR

I didn't kill my wife.

NORMAN

(to Mr. Feur)

I'm sorry...

CLAIRE

(over Norman)

Then where is she?

He stares at both Spencers for a moment. Then calls past
them.

MR. FEUR

Honey...

Claire and Norman turn. A BLOND WOMAN backs out of the
passenger seat. She turns. 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.

Dr. Drayton takes this in. She seems genuinely frightened.

CLAIRE

What's happening to me?

DR. DRAYTON

Well, that's what we're here for.

He watches her calmly, some empathy on his face.

DR. DRAYTON

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

CLAIRE

Yes, but...

DR. DRAYTON

Your friend saw them.

CLAIRE

Isn't there something called group
hysteria?

DR. DRAYTON

You think you influenced her?

CLAIRE

Maybe. I don't know. I just know
that when all this was happening, I
felt, some part of me felt... alive.
Like somebody needed me. And the
more I reached out to, it, the fuller
it became.

DR. DRAYTON

You're saying you willed these events
to happen?

CLAIRE

I don't know, I'm very confused right now.

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
No.

DR. DRAYTON
What do you think?
(beat)
Guess.

Claire ponders this.

CLAIRE
I felt... pain. That she'd been hurt
by someone.
(beat)
This is great. I'm trying to intuit
the emotions of a figment of my –

DR. DRAYTON
Have you been hurt?

CLAIRE
Me? No. Well, in the accident I was
injured, but...

DR. DRAYTON
You were in an accident?

CLAIRE
Last year. I drove my car up a tree.
Nothing serious, this...

(she indicates her
scar)
...a minor concussion. But the car
looked bad. It could have been bad.
I think it scared the hell out of
Norman.

Beat.

DR. DRAYTON
How's your marriage?

Claire's eyes widen.

CLAIRE
Listen, don't hold back.

Dr. Drayton smiles kindly.

CLAIRE
Well, he's been amazing throughout
this whole thing. Patient and
caring...
(beat)
I mean, sure, he can be obsessed
with his work, and... it's a very
important time right now with all
that. But, sometimes... I mean with
everybody, right? Sometimes it's
like...

She trails off.

DR. DRAYTON
What?

CLAIRE
That he doesn't... see me, or, you
know, that I'm... that's something's
wrong... with me.

DR. DRAYTON
That can't feel good.

CLAIRE
No, it doesn't... Okay, look, I see

what you're doing here, and that's, I'm sorry, but that's not it. 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. Dr. Drayton lets her settle for a moment.

DR. DRAYTON

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

She takes in the ramifications of that.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Claire's carrying some cuttings into the house. She hears a knock at the gate, walks over and opens it to discover... Mrs. Feur. The real one.

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

And then you weren't there.

MRS. FEUR

Right. I'm sorry.

There's an awkward pause.

CLAIRE

Would you like some iced tea?

MRS. FEUR

Very much.

Claire leads her toward the house.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Claire pours Mrs. Feur a glass of iced tea from a pitcher.

She's small and delicate looking with big, watery eyes.

MRS. FEUR

Your house is so beautiful.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

MRS. FEUR

And these roses. They're much prettier
up close.

She regards Mrs. Feur for a moment. She seems skittish and
shy.

CLAIRE

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

Mrs. Feur waits.

CLAIRE

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.

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 Boston. He brought my things up and pleaded with me to come home.

Claire is mesmerized.

MRS. FEUR

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.

Mrs. Feur smiles at her.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Claire pulls up in front of a large NEW YORK HOTEL.

NORMAN

(on a cell phone)

...I'm pulling up, Yuri. I'll see you for dinner.

(to Claire)

Sure you won't stay?

CLAIRE

No, it's fine. I'm fine.

NORMAN

(tempting her)

Really big bed.

She smiles and shakes her head. Norman kisses her goodbye, then grabs his bag from the backseat.

NORMAN

Do I have everything?

CLAIRE

Yep.

NORMAN

Call ya later.

He starts to walk into the hotel.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
And you glad you married me?

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

NORMAN
What?

CLAIRE
Are you glad? I'm glad.

Norman walks over to her and cradles her chin with his hand.

NORMAN
(softly)
You know I am.

CLAIRE
Good.
(She gazes at him,
then softly)
You sat in front... I saw you there...

Norman takes his cue.

NORMAN
You were lost in the music... eyes
closed... your chest heaving...

CLAIRE
I felt you... looking through me...

NORMAN
We walked all night...

CLAIRE
You told me that I was...

He gently cups her chin in his hand.

NORMAN
(overlapping)
...that you were everything I'd ever
dreamed of.

She smiles, kisses him warmly, then gets in the car.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Claire stands outside Caitlin's Columbia dorm, watching young lives in motion.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire walks past a number of doors. Music booms out of one, shards of a conversation out of another. Finally, she arrives at a door that says "Fur is murder." She smiles to herself and knocks. There's no answer.

DIFFERENT VOICE (O.S.)

She's out.

Claire turns to find an attractive YOUNG MAN standing at her elbow.

YOUNG MAN

They're playing at CBGB's down on Bowery. Probably won't be back for awhile. You her mom?

CLAIRE

Yes. Who was playing?

YOUNG MAN

Bitch. Caitlin's band.

CLAIRE

(stunned)

Caitlin's band?

YOUNG MAN

Yeah. They're really good. I would have gone, but I have a paper.

(beat)

And I'm not just saying that because you're a mother.

Claire nods slightly.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

She walks down the hall.

INT. CBGB'S - 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'S POV

A shaggy trio of musicians on the stage, pumping through a jangly, but surprisingly melodic song. Her eyes race across the faces of a 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.

Claire is transfixed, her face a mix of pride and sadness.

The song ends and Caitlin's eyes open. She smiles for a moment, then the smile fades as she spots Claire. Panicked, Claire ducks behind a pillar.

EXT. CBGB'S - NIGHT

The last groups of YOUNG PEOPLE file out of the club. A couple of them glance at Claire, who seems very out of place standing on the Bowery late at night.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mom?

She turns to see Caitlin standing before her, a bass guitar case on a strap over her shoulder. There's an awkward pause.

CLAIRE

That was very good.

CAITLIN

Mom, I'm sorry. I wanted to tell

you. But it 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
Besides, Dad would have freaked.

CLAIRE
No, he wouldn't.

CAITLIN
I think playing in a band called
"Bitch" might put a dent in the whole
"perfect family" thing.

CLAIRE
That's not true.

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

Claire doesn't disagree.

CLAIRE
He loves you very much. He just –

CAITLIN
I know he does.

Beat. Claire studies her surprisingly strong daughter.

CAITLIN
Are you mad at me?

CLAIRE

Listen to me. The one thing in life
that I definitely don't regret... is
the choice I made to be your mother.

They hug. For a moment, Claire's got her little girl back.

Her eyes well up.

CLAIRE
I miss you.

CAITLIN
So much.

CLAIRE
(laughing)
It got so bad your father almost had
to put me away.

CAITLIN
What do you mean?

CLAIRE
I started seeing things.

CAITLIN
A ghost?

Beat. Claire stares at her daughter.

CLAIRE
Did you?

CAITLIN
No. But once I heard...

CLAIRE
What?

CAITLIN
Someone crying. A girl.
(beat)
I thought I was crazy.

CLAIRE
(quietly)

Then we both are.

Caitlin nods.

INT. PRESIDENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

...a large cocktail party. The house is crowded with PROFESSORS, ADMINISTRATORS, and their SPOUSES. PRESIDENT TEMPLETON, a frosty-haired, avuncular chap, greets them with his WIFE, a sharp looking woman in her late fifties.

TEMPLETON

There they are.

NORMAN

You remember my wife, Claire.

MRS. TEMPLETON

(shaking hands)

Of course. You must be so proud.

CLAIRE

I am.

MRS. TEMPLETON

(to Norman)

Everyone's very anxious to shake hands with our newest academic celebrity.

She takes their coats. Dean Templeton leads them in.

TEMPLETON

Must've been some paper. Your father would be very proud.

This seems to strike a nerve.

NORMAN

Uh-huh.

Claire notices this and squeezes his hand. Templeton leads Norman into a large living room which is filled with colleagues. Several of them turn and begin clapping. Others follow suit.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Claire stands at a small bar.

CLAIRE
(to bartender)
White wine please.

She scans the party and spots the Feurs deep in some intimate conversation with each other. She's speaking about something astonishing. He's rapt. Claire locates Norman in a corner listening as some AGED ALUMNUS holds forth. He sees her and mouths, "I'm sorry." He points to his watch and flashes five fingers. She smiles and nods.

VOICE (O.S.)
Guess I'm not much of a medium.

She turns to see Jody.

CLAIRE
Jody...

They hug.

JODY
Are you okay?

CLAIRE
I think so

JODY
I'm sorry for leaving, but I mean,
Jesus, Claire...

CLAIRE
It's alright.

JODY
I mess around with this stuff, but I
never thought anything would happen.

Claire looks uncomfortable.

JODY
Does Norman know?

CLAIRE
Jody, she's alive.

JODY
What?

CLAIRE
Mrs. Feur. She's alive. I met her.
She's really sweet.

JODY
Then what was it?

CLAIRE
Nothing. It wasn't anything. I've
been on edge lately. Maybe since the
accident. And I'd prefer, I really
would, to just –

JODY
Something was there. You saw it.

CLAIRE
Did I?

JODY
Yes. Now I talked to Sela and there's
a guy, this Pakistani guy down in
Hartford...

CLAIRE
Hartford?

JODY
And he's the real thing. Specializes
in cases like this, like yours.

CLAIRE
No. Jody, listen to me. You have to
listen to me. This is not something
that I can do right now. Whatever it
was, it's gone. I need it to be gone
now.

JODY

But Claire –

CLAIRE
Please.

Jody recognizes her fragility.

JODY
Okay. Okay.

CLAIRE
I've got to find a bathroom. I'll
call you.

Jody nods as Claire walks off.

INT. POWDER ROOM - NIGHT

Claire stands in the spacious powder room, checking her makeup in the mirror. Mrs. Templeton enters from the bathroom.

MRS. TEMPLETON
How're you holding up?

CLAIRE
Just fine. It's a lovely party.

The two women fix their makeup side-by-side in the mirror.

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

CLAIRE
(nodding)
Almost.

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

Claire looks confused.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry?

MRS. TEMPLETON
I know how hard it can be sometimes.

Claire turns to her.

CLAIRE
Uh-huh. What can be?

MRS. TEMPLETON
Well, I don't think I've seen you
since the reception at Dean Ackerman's
last year.

Claire's still in the dark.

MRS. TEMPLETON
For the Dupont Chair.
(off Claire's look)
I swear. I'm becoming the nosy old
lady I used to run from at Amherst.

CLAIRE
No. I'm just not sure what you mean.

MRS. TEMPLETON
There was just... some tension. You
were upset. I remember being
concerned.

CLAIRE
At the party.

MRS. TEMPLETON
Toward the end. You remember?

CLAIRE
(recovering)
Ohhh yes. No, no. Just a little, you
know... We're fine.

MRS. TEMPLETON
Well, I'm glad. Pardon my
intrusiveness, but we do have to
stick together you know.

CLAIRE

Who's that?

MRS. TEMPLETON
The wives.

Beat.

CLAIRE
Right.

Mrs. Templeton leaves. Claire looks into the mirror.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
What was it about?

EXT. TEMPLETON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Claire and Norman walk toward the car.

NORMAN
You don't remember?

CLAIRE
When she said it, there was something familiar... but no.

He looks at her for a moment.

NORMAN
You dropped a glass.

CLAIRE
I...

NORMAN
A cheap wine glass from the caterers.
You started crying. I tried to comfort
you...

CLAIRE
(something's triggered)
In the living room...

NORMAN
You shoved me away and ran out to
the patio. I took you home.

CLAIRE

But why? I can't understand how I could just completely –

NORMAN

It was maybe a week after the accident. We were moving. It was a hard time.

CLAIRE

But I don't remember.

NORMAN

Sweetheart, it was over a year ago.

CLAIRE

What's wrong with me?

He stops, takes her shoulders gently.

NORMAN

(reassuring)

Nothing. Nothing at all. It's been a hard year. But you're better now. And things are really looking up for us. So let's try to enjoy that.

(gently)

Please?

She thinks for a beat.

CLAIRE

Yes. Yes. That's what I want.

She takes his hand and kisses it.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY

Claire walks up to the door. When she touches the knob she hears... the WHISPERING. She opens the door and moves into:

INT. FOYER - DAY

The same intense whispered exchange. She glances into the mirror and sees... SHAPES MOVING, BODIES, A FLASH OF SILVER.

She turns the corner and again... NO ONE'S THERE.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY

She walks in and stands before:

The repaired photograph of herself and Norman... at the party for the DUPONT CHAIR.

She takes it from the wall, stares at it for a moment, then SMASHES IT ON THE EDGE OF THE DESK. She extricates the picture from the broken glass. The caption reads:

"Dr. Norman Spencer being awarded the distinguished Dupont Chair in Genetics by Dean of Sciences Torvald Ackerman."

She stares at the picture for a moment, then flips it over and scans the stories on the back. 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 she hadn't noticed before. It's only a small portion of one column, but it seems to detail the search for A MISSING GIRL.

INT. WORK ROOM - DAY

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... FRANK, MADISON ELIZABETH.

CLAIRE
M-E-F...

Claire double clicks on it, then waits breathlessly as a blurry cyber photo fills the screen. Slowly, higher resolution moves down the image.

IT'S THE GHOST.

Under the photo is the legend:

"DISAPPEARED - OCTOBER 22, 1998"

Claire stares at the familiar face, then shakily hits PRINT.

LATER

Claire is staring down at the girl's face on the print out.

VOICE
(on phone)
...she was practically a townie.
Grew up in Bradford.

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.

CLAIRE
Thank you, Mr...

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

INSERT

"by Neil McCann"

CLAIRE
...McCann.

She hangs up.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Norman is unpacking NOTES and CHEMICALS from his LEATHER BAG.

Claire walks in.

CLAIRE
Remember this?

She places the printout on his desk. 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.

CLAIRE
Not personally.

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

CLAIRE
(solemnly)
It's her. This is the woman who I've seen.

NORMAN
The...

CLAIRE
Yes. The ghost.

Norman leaves the hung frame and walks over to a window.

CLAIRE
I thought it was Mrs. Feur, but it's not...

NORMAN
(quietly overlapping)
Stop...

CLAIRE

...I'm positive this time...

NORMAN
(overlapping)
...Please stop...

CLAIRE
It's Madison Fra –

NORMAN
STOP IT!

Claire falls silent, Norman turns from the window.

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

She shakes her head.

NORMAN
Well then what? Claire, what? Tell
me what I can do.

Long pause. Claire looks up, then timidly holds out the
printout.

CLAIRE
It's her.

Norman's jaw tightens.

CLAIRE
I don't want to make you angry. But
she's here. And I don't know why...

He silently walks out of the room. Claire stares down at the

face in the photo.

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. 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
She's my friend.

The woman stops.

CLAIRE
Was. We were... acquainted. I've been away for awhile. When I came back...

She studies Claire.

MRS. FRANK

What's your name?

CLAIRE

Claire.

MRS. FRANK

She never mentioned you.

Claire doesn't know what to say to this.

MRS. FRANK

Then again, she didn't say much about her college friends.

She gives Claire the once over.

MRS. FRANK

I'm watchin' my shows.

She motions Claire in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Claire sits on a couch in the cramped living room. Mrs. Frank serves up a mug of coffee. A soap 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.

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 the 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

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

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 woman.

MRS. FRANK

Wanna see her room? Claire nods.

INT. MADISON'S ROOM - DAY

Claire enters the room. Her face freezes.

ANGLE

SEVERAL POSTERS FOR ALTERNATIVE AND METAL BANDS, side by side with ACADEMIC PLAQUES AND AWARDS.

MRS. FRANK

Full scholarships. 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

Madison singing at a recital of some kind. She's lovely, with striking GREEN EYES. Around her neck is a distinctive SILVER NECKLACE, with a perfectly wrought, SILVER ROSEBUD.

MRS. FRANK

Such a pretty voice. Surprised she
didn't major in music.
(beat)
That's the last picture.

A phone rings in the hallway.

MRS. FRANK

S'cuse me.

Claire's eye is pulled past the picture into the mirror, the reflection of something pinned to the edge of a bulletin board. She turns and moves over to:

A SHORT BLOND BRAID. She reaches out to touch it. Claire hears footsteps. Mrs. Frank leans back into the room.

MRS. FRANK

They're calling me in to work.

CLAIRE

I should be going anyway.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Mrs. Frank walks Claire out.

MRS. FRANK
Y'hear anything you'll let me know?

CLAIRE
Of course.

Claire walks to her car. She turns and calls out:

CLAIRE
What was her major?

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

Claire stands, frozen, as Mrs. Frank disappears into the little house.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Claire shuts the blinds, then places the large candle on the floor, then places the MISSING GIRL PRINTOUT at the base of the candle. On top of it, she places THE BRAID. Then Claire lights the candle, puts the braid on the picture, and hunches over it, whispering intensely:

CLAIRE
I need to know the truth.

She waits a beat. Nothing.

CLAIRE
Madison, please... help me.

Nothing happens. She looks around at the seance props. She stands and places her hands on the sink. She glances at herself in the mirror.

CLAIRE
What am I doing?

Suddenly, her head droops over, she shudders softly. When she looks back into the mirror, her eyes are a DEEP GREEN.

She hears the front door open downstairs.

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

A strange smile creeps across her face.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

POV - Gliding down the stairs and into...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The refrigerator door is open. Norman is leaning over. Only his ass protrudes.

REVERSE

Norman closes the refrigerator door and sees Claire standing before him, stripped down to a skirt and slip top. 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
Got a problem with that...

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

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - DAY

Norman finds Claire seated on his desk, her legs spread.

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)

Okay...

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

NORMAN

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

Ow!

CLAIRE

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 castered desk chair. She's

on top of him in a flash, sitting astride him. She speaks in a forceful, sexy whisper.

NORMAN

I don't like this, this...

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

She grinds up against him. Suddenly, something pulls her eye to the hallway.

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.

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!

Norman shoves her off of him onto the floor. He stands, breathless.

NORMAN
What the hell are you doing?!

In a moment, it's Claire again, stunned and trembling against the wall.

CLAIRE
(to herself,
remembering)
"You know..."

NORMAN
(rattled)
What?

She looks up.

CLAIRE
I was there.

NORMAN
Claire –

CLAIRE
(flooding back to her)
I came to work in the garden and I
saw you with her... in my house.

NORMAN
Oh God...

CLAIRE
I snuck back to my car, trying to
convince myself it never happened.
And when I woke up in the hospital...
somehow it hadn't. Until now.

He just stares at her, his face anguished.

NORMAN
It was last year. We were having
troubles.

CLAIRE
So you fucked a student?!

NORMAN
(reaching for her)
That's not what I'm sayi –

CLAIRE
(pulling back)
DON'T touch me. Just get away from
me. Go!

He's frozen.

CLAIRE
I SAID GET OUT!

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

CLAIRE
Fine...

She bolts toward the living room. He follows her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She grabs her coat.

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
...Oh BULLSHIT. 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 TRUE! You wanted to quit!
And then when you did, you hated me
for it... so you gave it all to her.

CLAIRE
Who?

NORMAN
To Caitlin!!

She wheels on him with fury.

CLAIRE
Leave her out of this!

NORMAN
And 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. FOYER - NIGHT

He catches up, beside himself.

NORMAN
PLEASE DON'T GO!

Claire's nearly disarmed by this rare emotional outburst.
She turns at the door and looks back.

CLAIRE

You made it impossible for me to be someone you could be in love with.

She leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Norman, rumpled and unshaven, is passed out on the couch, a half empty whiskey bottle beside him on the coffee table. He awakens to find Claire sitting across from him.

CLAIRE

I want you to answer one question.

He waits.

CLAIRE

Did you have anything to do with her disappearance?

Beat.

NORMAN

Yes.

Claire goes pale.

NORMAN

She was damaged and unstable. The more I tried to distance myself, the more desperate she became. Finally, she showed up at the new house...

CLAIRE

How did she know where it was?

He stares off. The reality sinks in for Claire.

CLAIRE

(softly)

Our dream house.

Norman can hardly look at her.

NORMAN

She was out of control. She said she was going to kill herself... or you. I never thought she'd go through with any of it, but then she was gone...

He trails off.

CLAIRE
She did it.

NORMAN
We don't know that for sure.

CLAIRE
Of course she did, Norman. What else could it be?

The enormity of this hits Norman. His head drops into his hands.

NORMAN
Oh God, what have I done? How could I have let this into our lives?

He looks up at her, teary.

CLAIRE
I don't know.

She gets up and walks out of the room.

EXT. JODY'S STUDIO - DAY

An old industrial loft filled with finished and half-finished oil paintings. Jody brings Claire some tea.

CLAIRE
...and everything I have, everything I thought my life was... Christ when I think of all the lies...

Jody looks down.

CLAIRE
What?

(beat)
Jody what?

Jody looks up, tears in her eyes.

CLAIRE
Oh God... you knew.

JODY
I was down in Adamant...

CLAIRE
Adamant?

JODY
Artsy little village down seven.
There's a guy there who sells my
work. I had just dropped off some
paintings and as I got in my car...
I saw Norman sitting at this little
cafe.

Claire waits for her to continue.

JODY
I started to walk over... but he
wasn't alone. A blond. I only caught
a glimpse. She was young.
(beat)
I should have said something right
away. But I didn't.

CLAIRE
Why?

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

CLAIRE
Relieved?

JODY
I had just been left by Richard. I
was bitter and miserable and for

some fucked up reason, it made me feel better that your life wasn't as perfect as it seemed.

Claire nods.

JODY

By the time I finally got up the nerve to tell you, Stan called from the hospital and it was too late.

CLAIRE

Too late? Jody, it was an accident.

JODY

Alone? On a two lane road? With a ton of Valium in your system?

Claire walks over to a window.

JODY

I got there first. Stan covered up the pills and I had it out with Norman. He seemed desperate not to lose you. He promised to handle it. And we all let it drop away.

CLAIRE

All of us.

Beat.

JODY

I'm a terrible friend.

CLAIRE

No.

Claire turns.

CLAIRE

How could I expect you to tell me something that I wouldn't even tell myself?

JODY

What are you going to do?

CLAIRE

I don't know.

JODY

If she was dangerous before –

CLAIRE

She could have hurt me if she wanted to.

JODY

You don't know that.

(beat)

If it's your belief that gives her form, then you've got to shut her out. Somehow you have to break the connection.

CLAIRE

No. She wanted me to know the truth. Now that I do... I think she's at peace.

Jody isn't as sure.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Claire walks in. She notices the clock on the range is dark.

She flips on a light. Nothing happens. Worried, she heads upstairs.

INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - MORNING

Claire enters. The bed is empty. The shower is running in the bathroom.

CLAIRE

Norman?

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

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
No, no. Please no...

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

CLAIRE
Norman!! Wake up! Please!

Claire shakes him to no effect.

CLAIRE
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.

CLAIRE
It's me... it's me...

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

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Claire sits beside Norman on the bed as two E.M.T.'s, an OLD GUY and a HEAVY WOMAN pack up. Stan's on the phone, Jody off to one side.

HEAVY WOMAN
Vitals are good. I'd take it easy for a couple of days.

NORMAN

Thanks.

The E.M.T.'s leave as Stan hangs up.

STAN

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 he walks Stan out.

NORMAN

Not unless there's a miracle drug for clumsiness.

They leave.

CLAIRE

Jody, she tried to kill him.

JODY

I know.

CLAIRE

I can't believe this is happening.

JODY

We need help. Please let me call the medium.

CLAIRE

That could take days. I need to do something now. Don't you see? She wants us dead.

Jody thinks for a moment.

JODY

Alright, alright. Stay calm. You opened this door. There's got to be a way that you can close it.

CLAIRE
Like what?

JODY
I have an idea. But, I mean, I'm
just making this up...

CLAIRE
What is it?

CUT TO:

MADISON'S SMILING FACE

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Claire's staring down at the PRINTOUT. She's kneeling at the edge of the dock. From her pocket she produces THE BLOND BRAID and a piece of TWINE. She wraps the braid up in the printout with a rock and secures it with the twine.

CLAIRE
Sorry. Better or worse, he's mine.

She tosses the little parcel into the dark water. Bubbles stream up. In the bubbles, Claire sees... THE PALE SHAPE, which slowly becomes THE DROWNED GIRL, staring up from beneath the dark water.

Claire wants to pull away, but she's transfixed. Madison reaches up toward the surface. As the bubble diminish, she seems to be FADING AWAY. When she's gone, Claire reaches out toward the water. When her finger touches the surface...

WHOOSH! She's sucked down into the water.

INT. UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - DAY

Norman glances out of the window in time to see a splash off the dock. He races out of the room.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Claire struggles furiously as the unseen attacker drags her deeper into the murky depths.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Norman sprints toward the dock.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

As he oxygen begins to run out, Claire screams desperately as her hand plunges into the muddy bottom.

Suddenly, she's released. She yanks her hand free, the silt swirls revealing... a COPPER COLORED GLINT in the mud.

NORMAN'S HAND grasps Claire's ankle and pulls her upwards.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Norman helps Claire, coughing, onto the dock. They hold each other.

NORMAN

Are you okay?

She nods, catching her breath.

NORMAN

We have to get out of here.

CLAIRE

It's alright.

NORMAN

Can't you see, she's trying to kill us.

CLAIRE

She's gone.

NORMAN

What?

CLAIRE

She can't be here without me.

NORMAN

How can you be sure?

CLAIRE

I don't know, but I am. She was there and then she was gone. I felt it.

NORMAN

Claire...

She stares into the still water.

CLAIRE

It's over.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire in bed with a blanket wrapped around her. Norman walks in with some steaming mulled cider. He stokes the blazing fire. He sits on the edge of the bed.

NORMAN

I know it's going to take awhile before things are back... until they're better than before. But you've given us a chance to make a fresh start. And I'm going to spend the rest of my life making you glad that you did.

The gaze at each other. Tentatively, she places a hand on his.

EXT. 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 turns the doorknob 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 places the roses in a vase on Norman's desk, and in doing so, accidentally knocks it over.

With a towel she mops up the water which has dripped onto the wooden floor. The stream has flowed over to the knot and dripped into the crack. Claire stares down at THE STRANGE COPPER COIN.

She grabs a letter opener from Norman's desk and pries the coin out. It's actually a SMALL BRASS KEY, the head of which is THREE INTERLOCKING CIRCLES. She stares at it for a moment, then places it in her pocket.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DUSK

Claire stands toward the bow watching the sunset. The leaves on the surrounding hills are stunning. Norman appears beside her.

NORMAN

Last sail of the year.

She gazes out.

CLAIRE

The leaves...

NORMAN

Incredible. 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.

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 that up again just when
you're trying to make a new start?

CLAIRE
I guess not.

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
You've got a beautiful life. And
even with this, it's always been
clear that he loves you.
(beat)
I've come to think that's all that
really matters.

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 a hold of those. If you
want to put this back together...
just let it go.

Jody drives off. Claire walks over to Norman. She hugs him tightly.

NORMAN
What's that for?

CLAIRE
Nothing.

NORMAN
I'm cooking you dinner.

CLAIRE

You don't have to do that.

NORMAN

I know.

CLAIRE

Fine. I'll do the shopping.

They kiss. She heads to the Volvo.

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Claire is approaching a country market. She spots a little sign with an arrow:

ADAMANT - 11 mi.

She hesitates for a moment, then take the turn.

EXT. ADAMANT - DAY

Claire stands on a street in the quaint little village. She looks around, spots a little cafe with outdoor tables. A friendly old HIPPIE WOMAN walks out of a store. She watches Claire gazing around.

HIPPIE WOMAN

What are you looking for?

CLAIRE

I don't really know.

HIPPIE WOMAN

Know what you mean.

She ambles off across the street. Claire watches her go.

Then notices a sign hung out above a little shop. THREE INTERLOCKED CIRCLES. She walks toward it.

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.

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. Claire looks like she's been punched.

INT. NORMAN AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire glances over at the soundly sleeping Norman. She gingerly slides out of bed.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Claire sits among the boxes, leafing through the photo album, tracking the years of their life. Her hands tremble. Finally she reaches the picture of their wedding, reaches behind the photo and produces... THE KEY.

EXT. 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. The lighthouse beam sweeps past her once... then again.

Claire pulls her hand back and holds the key to her chest, then carefully places it on the dock. She very deliberately takes off her jacket and slippers, steps to the edge of the dock, shines the flashlight on the dark water... then steps off the dock.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

AN ANGUISHED CRY from downstairs. Norman bolts upright in bed.

INT. NORMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Norman walks through the darkened house into the moonlit room. He pulls up short when he sees the strongbox sitting closed on his desk. He looks around, sees the room is empty and walks over to it.

The mud and silt has been wiped from the top, on which is engraved: To N.C.S. with love always, M.E.F. He pulls open the lid and tentatively peers inside.

THE LIGHTS SWITCH ON.

Claire stands in the doorway, holding out the SILVER ROSEBUD NECKLACE.

CLAIRE
Looking for this?

Norman stares at her dumbly.

CLAIRE
She's out there isn't she? She's in the lake.

NORMAN
Okay. Don't... you don't understand what this is.

CLAIRE
Don't I, Norman? YOU KEPT THE FUCKING NECKLACE. Of a woman you killed!

NORMAN
(nearly hysterical)
I did NOT! I did not kill anyone. Jesus. Claire, listen to me. I walked in and she was lying there dead. I swear to you. On my life! She took pills and she killed herself in our house to destroy me! To destroy us! If I hadn't stopped by here before school, the painters would have –

CLAIRE

I don't believe you.

NORMAN

IT'S TRUE. That's... you have to believe me! Oh God, I'm telling you the truth!

(beat, fighting tears)

I did what I had to, Claire. She was gone. There was nothing I could do for her. I did... I put her in the lake. I rolled the car in... and I watched it sink.

(beat)

And I've lived with that image ever since.

(beat)

I couldn't just stand there while everything – my career, us, everything, just washed away. Don't you see, Claire? She's doing this! This is exactly what she wants you to think!

Claire's lip is quivering with confusion.

CLAIRE

I don't know what's true anymore.

(beat)

But that girl must be brought up. Now do you want to call the police? Or should I?

Norman stares at the phone. He's a wreck.

NORMAN

Fine. I can't live with it anymore.

He takes the phone, punches in three numbers, waits.

NORMAN

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

He looks at Claire.

NORMAN

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

You did the right thing.

(beat)

I'm going to get cleaned up.

He walks out. Claire walks over and stands before the box.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire walks into the bedroom. The shower can be heard through the bathroom door, which is partially ajar. Steam drifts out through the crack.

She stands in her dressing room and catches sight of her weary, distraught countenance in the mirror. She glances down.

CLAIRE'S POV

The necklace still in her hand.

She looks up again into the mirror. Her face goes strangely blank and, almost mechanically, she clasps the necklace onto her neck.

Suddenly, she stares over at the CORDLESS PHONE lying on the bed for a long moment. She walks over, picks up the phone and looks at it.

CLAIRE'S 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 clicks off the phone, and, taking it with her, starts moving toward the door to the hall. She keeps a steady eye trained on the bathroom. She quietly pulls open the hallway door.

Suddenly, A HAND WITH A WASHCLOTH IS THRUST OVER HER FACE.

Claire shoves Norman's hand away and runs past him down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She's nearly at the top of the stairs when her body starts to falter. She tumbles over, dropping the phone, which clatters down the stairs before her.

Claire is pulling herself down the stairs, moaning in terror.

Norman can be seen calmly following her, waiting for the Halothane to take its full effect. Finally, she freezes.

Norman picks up the phone and stands over her.

NORMAN
God, how did we come to this?

He picks her gently up in his arms and starts carrying her slowly up the stairs.

NORMAN
The ghost stuff, that was impressive.

CLAIRE'S POV

Ceiling, shapes...

NORMAN
I figure you saw her that day in the house and just gradually intuited the whole damn thing. That would be pretty astonishing. A passive-aggressive masterpiece.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

And into the bathroom.

NORMAN

Wasn't until the shower that I realized you actually believed it. Nearly froze to death waiting for you. Thought the circuit breaker would kick back over and I'd be toast.

...then she's lowered into the tub.

NORMAN

The crazy thing is... I have never for one moment stopped loving you.

He actually wipes a tear from his eye. He kisses her lips.

We can feel her revulsion. His face over her.

NORMAN

Don't worry about Caitlin. I'm sure in some tragic way this'll bring us closer together.

He turns on the faucets, then moves out of her line of vision. Sound of a number being dialed.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Hey, it's Norman. Listen, we had a huge blowout, so I'm going down to sleep at the lab. I guess you're out, but... maybe... if you wouldn't mind stopping by to check on her in the morning?

She glances down and sees on the edge of the tub... a prescription bottle of VALIUM with her name on the label. Her eyes go wide.

NORMAN (O.S.)

It's just... Jody, it's bad. I've never seen her like this...
(he trails off, choking)

up)
I don't really know what to do
anymore.

Norman, lit periodically by the sweep of the light house
beacon, squats with the phone and gazes down at her.

NORMAN
If anything ever happened to her,
I'd...
(beat)
Anyway, thanks.

Claire, mute, glances frantically around. One of her fingers
begins to flutter.

NORMAN
(tearfully)
I'm so sorry.

The tub is rapidly filling. He checks his watch, then reaches
for the Valium. As much from will as the drug beginning to
fade, Claire lets out a garbled cry.

CLAIRE
(sloppy, guttural)
Mmmuh...

NORMAN
Shhhh.

CLAIRE
(slurry)
Mauduh...

Norman stops.

NORMAN
What?

CLAIRE
MADISON!

Norman seems unnerved that she's still clinging to her belief
in the ghost.

NORMAN

That's a little much, don't you think?

He sees the necklace on her neck.

NORMAN

Oops. Can't have that.

He puts down the bottle of Valium, then reaches around Claire's neck to remove the necklace. When his hands close on the clasp, his face suddenly goes slack.

NORMAN'S POV

His arms around MADISON'S BEAUTIFUL CORPSE.

Norman explodes backwards, slamming his head into the BRASS SHOWER NOZZLE. He staggers out of the bathroom before collapsing with a thud. The water finally rises above Claire's nostrils.

Claire somehow manages to work a toe into the plug chain and yank it free. The water slowly descends.

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 sits up. Norman's unconscious feet can be seen outside of the doorway. She turns off the water and stands unsteadily.

She looks around for the phone and finally spots the little antenna protruding from under Norman. She delicately pulls the phone out of his back pocket, only to discover that it's been broken by his fall. She drops it and walks quietly out of the room.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Claire stumbles as fast as she can down the stairs.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

She fumbles for some KEYS in a basket by the door, then looks at the cell phone's recharging cradle. It's empty.

She spots Norman's coat hanging on the coat rack and rifles through the pockets. She finds the phone, and flips it open to see if it's working. A drop of something splats on the phone. Then another. It's blood.

She looks up and sees Norman, his forehead gashed, glaring down from the landing.

She reaches for the door knob, but the keys and cell phone in her hand make it difficult to open. Norman hurls himself over the banister. THUD!

A BLOODY HAND yanks her backwards. Claire slams into the corner by the armoire. Norman advances on her. At the last moment, she throws her shoulder into the armoire which tumbles over on Norman.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Claire races over to the Volvo, which is blocked by NORMAN'S PICKUP, the dark hulk of THE SAILBOAT on a trailer behind it.

She starts to get into the pickup, then remembers to look in the bed... nobody there.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

The truck is cold and doesn't want to turn over. She stares at the door for signs of Norman.

CLAIRE

Come on... come on...

...and VROOM, the truck roars to life. Claire spews gravel as she barrels the cumbersome rig out of the driveway, constantly watching the door.

When she veers to the right out of the driveway, she looks into the rear view mirror. The boat momentarily blocks the open door, then clears. Still nothing.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

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

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Shivering with cold and adrenaline, she tries to work the ancient heater. She turns onto 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 and punches in 911. It blinks: "NO SERVICE."

CLAIRE

Shit.

She glances into the rear view mirror.

CLAIRE'S POV

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

Claire desperately punches the "talk" button again... "NO SERVICE." She's past the center of the bridge. She looks again: "ROAM." Claire punches the talk button again.

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. Claire chokes, then blacks out.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Pickup and trailer smash through the railing, barreling over bumpy terrain straight toward the BOAT RAMP.

The truck hits the water at fifty and Norman is hurtled through the rear window and into the passenger side dashboard.

INT. PICKUP - MOMENTS LATER

Claire is unconscious in the driver's seat, a trickle of blood runs from her nose. Norman stirs briefly as Claire groggily comes to. She hears the hissing of the smashed radiator, then sees Norman, a shattered bloody mess on the floor of the cab.

She leans over to see if he's dead, hears a squeak and realizes that the pickup, with the BATTERED SAILBOAT AND TRAILER miraculously still attached, is rolling deeper into the water.

Before she can get the door open, the truck is half submerged. She frantically manages to lower her window halfway and starts to pull herself out.

Her ribs have just cleared the glass when a bloody fist locks onto her ankle and yanks her inside. Norman pulls her down until they're face to face.

CLAIRE
Norman... NO...

She yanks the emergency brake, but it's too late... the submerged wheels lock and slide slowly down the mossy ramp.

The truck is nearly submerged.

CLAIRE
(desperately)
Norman, please...

The water is up to the windows. Norman shakes his head slowly as he blinks away blood from his eyes.

CLAIRE
Think of Caitlin...

Water sprays in through the hole in the rear window and momentarily blinds Norman. Claire jerks free and scrambles out of the driver's side window as the truck sinks.

Just as she's free of the window, she jerks to a stop. She looks down and sees Norman, half out of the window, one hand clamped onto her ankle.

There is a wrenching metallic creak. The truck lurches downward... then silence. IT DOESN'T SINK. The boat buoys it like a fishing cork as it drifts out into the lake.

The headlights pierce the darkness of the steep underwater drop off. Claire tries to swim free, but Norman's not letting go.

Suddenly metal snaps and the truck pops free of the trailer.

It hurtles downwards and the still-glowing headlights reveal...

MADISON'S SUBMERGED MUSTANG

SMASH!

When the front of the pickup lands on the hood of the car, the Mustang's windshield shatters. A PALE SHAPE FLOATS UPWARD.

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. LAKE - DAWN

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.

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:

FINGERS

...filled with moist earth. A hand tosses the clump of dirt onto...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A CASKET

Widen to reveal Claire, dressed in black, stepping away from the grave. A tiny arm snakes around her waist. She glances down to see Caitlin, her eyes shining, clasping her mother tightly. Claire takes a last look into the grave.

CLAIRE

Rest in peace.

THE GRAVESTONE - MADISON ELIZABETH FRANK

Mother and daughter turn and step back. Next to them, also in black, is MRS. FRANK.

CUT TO:

FINGERS

Racing across the neck of a cello. The solo continues and now reaches the difficult transition that had stumped Claire

before.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. A LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire, her hair short and sexy, 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

A New York apartment, the glimmering skyline visible through a large window. Cooper gazes up attentively.

Claire sips a glass of wine, her face unsmiling, but serene.

FADE OUT.

THE END