

THE POSSESSION(S)

Written by

Raffaele DiBacco

60 Hemlock Drive / Gorham, Maine 04038  
(207) 239-2902

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY 91 NORTH - DAY

A weathered gray cargo van weaves through the traffic. On the side, an illustrated man in overalls towers over faded red lettering. A hand-drawn handlebar mustache covers a third of his face, and extends across the name--

MORTY'S DRYWALL REPAIR

INT. DRYWALL VAN - AFTERNOON - PASSENGER POV

Locked on a soiled and faded journal. A flipped page. We hear the CAR STEREO O.S. A haunting melody. Contemporary, with gothic overtones.

RYAN

Welcome back. I thought you'd never  
wake up.

A GROAN O.S. The POV pivots, locks on a highway--

SIGN

As it reads, "AMHERST 90."

RYAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Less than two hours...We should be  
there by dinner.

The POV pivots back to Ryan, locks on him.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Amherst? Umass?

Beat. He motions to the cargo area. The passenger pivots  
locks on a--

WOODEN CHEST

Encircled by a ring of salt, held in place by double-sided  
tape.

RYAN (O.S.)

The phonograph. Remember?

(beat)

(MORE)

RYAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I wouldn't believe it...if I didn't see the security footage myself.

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS - FACULTY LOUNGE - DAY -  
SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE

PROFESSOR CURTIS HAGGERTY, late-fifties, unkept, retro phonograph and album in hand, charges into the lounge, locks the door. A pair of campus SECURITY OFFICERS approach, look through the small pane of glass. They POUND the door. The Professor scurries through the lounge. The camera pivots right.

RYAN (V.O.)

I got the call from the Dean. They found my e-mail to the Professor...on the college server.

(beat)

Bates...the Dean...didn't know who to call. But she knew from my e-mail that I had an idea of what was happening.

BACK TO VAN

RYAN

Professor Haggerty. He was some renowned antiques collector. Anyhow, he went full-on head trauma. Claimed that the phonograph...our phonograph was somehow sending him into the past.

(beat)

Bates sent for the authorities. They were going to put him away. Instead, he locked himself in the lounge, with the phonograph...just like that movie!

FACULTY LOUNGE - WHERE WE LEFT OFF

More POUNDING on the door.

The professor plugs in the phonograph, places the album on the turntable, lowers the arm. He sits in a cushioned chair next to the phonograph, studies the album cover, as we see the title--

## NEWS EVENTS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

The professor places it against his chest, closes his eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Six months ago I would have believed something like this was pure head trauma. Now, I don't know what to think.

The camera pivots left, towards the door. Through the window, we see a third security officer approach. He unlocks the door, swings it open, revealing the--

THREE OFFICERS

They charge into the lounge, stop, suddenly. Their faces quickly become ashen, as if they've seen a ghost.

BACK TO RYAN

RYAN (CONT'D)

That's all he shared. There's supposed to be more. He will only show it to me in person.

PASSENGER POV - ON RYAN

RYAN (CONT'D)

You still don't remember any of this...do you...the objects?

The passenger shrugs. "No."

Ryan turns off the radio, glances down briefly, then back at the passenger.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay, let's try this again.

Ryan searches the air for a moment, starts to speak, then stops.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

Helping you remember is the easy part. Helping you believe it was real is an entirely different matter.

Ryan glances at the--

## WOODEN CHEST

RYAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for you, I could chalk  
this off to a bad dream.

(beat)

If it wasn't for you...and those  
damn home movies.

Ryan returns his focus onto the passenger.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Do you remember me telling you  
about the footage? From my aunt's  
camera?

## QUICK FLASHBACK - SAWYER ESTATE

We see Ryan, as he mans a vintage Super 8 projector. The film  
snakes it way through the sprockets and across the lens. Its  
mechanical WHINE quickly fills the room. The bright white  
glow quickly surrenders to a flash of colors, as flickering  
images explode onto a--

## PROJECTOR SCREEN

Inside the Sawyer Estate...45 Years earlier.

RYAN (V.O.)

They say seeing is believing.

We are inside the dining room. SUSANNAH SAWYER, mid-twenties,  
radiant, clad in brightly-colored clothes reminiscent of the  
"disco" era, approaches the table, holding a crystal ball.

RYAN (V.O.)

Still, when I first saw it, I  
thought it was a fake.

Moments later. Susannah joins a small group of WOMEN at the  
table. They are holding hands. Three lit candles in polished  
brass candle holders form a triangle in front of them. One of  
the women calls out. Beat. Nothing. Then...the candles  
flicker violently. The table shakes.

RYAN (V.O.)

At least I know now. I know what  
drove Auntie crazy.

(beat)

They laughed at her. The  
townspeople.

(MORE)

RYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
None of them believed...But she got  
the last laugh.

A flash. Suddenly, an object flies off of a nearby shelf,  
nearly hits Madelyn. The tripod collapses, creating a sort  
of Dutch Angle.

PASSENGER POV - ON RYAN

RYAN  
Her demons turned out to be real.

Beat. Ryan monitors a highway sign.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Toll ahead.

He lowers his visor. A toll ticket falls into his lap.

Ryan scoops up the ticket, examines it, deposits it into the  
dash console.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Four bucks. Nothing is free.  
Everything has a price.

The passenger locks on Ryan's reflection in the small mirror  
attached to his visor.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
I guess you could say that's my  
personal demon.

A distant cellphone CHIMES O.S.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
(chuckles)  
And I once came face-to-face with  
the devil himself.  
(beat)  
That's how all this crap started.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING - SIX MONTHS  
EARLIER

A RINGING phone startles Ryan, asleep in bed. A scrawny  
calico cat strolls across his chest, rubs up against his  
head. Ryan pushes him away, then cocks his head towards the  
phone. Suddenly...POUNDING on the door. Ryan springs forward,  
pivots his head.

APOLLO (O.S.)  
Open up Reynolds!

Another RING. Ryan pivots from the phone back to the door. A decision. He rakes his hands through his hair.

APOLLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
C'mon pretty boy. You're not making  
this any easier on yourself.

Another RING. Ryan keeps his focus on the door, grabs his phone, reels it in. He promptly hits the "DECLINE" button without looking, swings his feet onto the floor.

He shuffles to the front door, unlocks it, opens it to reveal APOLLO SCARVETA, late-forties. A smallish man with a terrible fake tan. Someone who would have a hard time striking fear into a squirrel. Yet, his scrawny frame and badly receding hairline is contrasted by the TWO LARGE HENCHMEN on either side of him.

RYAN  
Apollo. I just need more time.

Apollo motions to the henchmen. The first henchman steps forward, grabs Ryan's arms, pins them behind his back.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
C'mon guys...you don't need to do  
this!

The second good approaches, promptly delivers a blow to his mid-section. Ryan crumples like a piece of aluminum foil.

QUICK CUT TO:

RYAN'S POV

Slightly out of focus, towards Apollo.

APOLLO  
You've got twenty-four hours...at  
one-hundred percent interest.

Apollo turns to leave, turns back. He affixes a pair of brass knuckles onto his right hand.

APOLLO (CONT'D)  
(CHUCKLES)  
I guess you could call it your  
daily double.

Suddenly, Apollo delivers a powerful blow to Ryan's face. Lights out.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN - APARTMENT - LATER

The shadows have shifted. The space is considerably darker. Ryan awakes, grabs his head.

O.S. his cellphone RINGS. Ryan WINCES. He staggers across the room, lifts his phone from the nightstand.

RYAN  
(struggling)  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
Geez, Dad. Can you speak a little softly, please. No, I'm not hungover.

Ryan turns. We now see that he has a perfectly symmetrical shiner below his left eye, that grows as his face contorts. He collapses onto the bed.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Aunt Suzie? When?  
(beat)  
Huh? Of course I'll go to the funeral...I'll need to borrow the spare van.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Ryan is considerably more well-groomed. His bruised eye has faded, slightly. Ryan grabs his backpack, hands his keys to a female NEIGHBOR, mid-twenties, Bohemian type. He bids farewell to his cat, then exits.

RYAN (V.O.)  
Like the exact time of death ever really matters. Part of me didn't care about the when or the why. I was more upset about how Aunt Suzie lived...than how she died.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan enters the van, tosses the backpack into the passenger seat.



RYAN (V.O.)  
 To be honest, I was relieved.  
 (beat)  
 Of course, I had to tell myself  
 that when I learned that she put me  
 in her will.

INT. VAN - LATER - ON RYAN

He picks up his phone, dials. Beat.

RYAN  
 (on phone)  
 Dad. I'm on my way to Maine. Are  
 you going to meet me there?  
 (beat)  
 You're not?

He focuses on a highway sign that reads simply "WELCOME TO  
 MAINE."

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 I thought you and Aunt Suzie were  
 close. Didn't you date her before  
 you met Mom?

Beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 I know, she always thought of me as  
 her kid.  
 (beat)  
 God, I haven't been in Breakwater  
 Bay since, since...I think it was  
 after the Kentucky Derby. May of  
 sixteen...the day my heart was  
 broken by a female nag...Destiny's  
 Child.

STATIC from the radio. Ryan powers it off.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 She had such great plans for me. I  
 was supposed to become her protege.

Ryan presses the phone closer to his ear.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Dad? Dad, I'm losing you. Cheap  
 phone...huh?...  
 (hurriedly)  
 No, I don't want to help you  
 drywall. That's not my game dad.

Ryan presses the phone closer.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Besides...I think...Dad?...Dad, you  
 there?

Ryan examines his phone, stuffs it in the middle console.  
 Beat. It RINGS. Ryan picks it up, presses it against his  
 ear.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 As I was saying--

His face stiffens. His eyes dart back and forth.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Uh...hi Apollo...I've been meaning  
 to call you...I have...seriously.

Beat. Ryan parks his car on a narrow dirt shoulder.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 (SIGHS)  
 Yes, I know what time it is.  
 (beat)  
 Where am I going to come up with  
 two grand in two days? I just paid  
 my rent. I'm tapped for at least  
 three weeks.

Beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 I know, I know. I just need a  
 little more time. I'm working on  
 something big, as we  
 speak...Apollo?...hello?

Ryan turns the phone over in his hand. He gets an idea,  
 presses the virtual assistant button.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 How long does it take to stop a  
 check.

No response. He presses it again.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Call Empire Savings and Loan!

Again, no response. He looks at the display. It reads "NO  
 SERVICE."

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Great. Welcome to Maine.

EXT. BREAKWATER BAY - VILLAGE SHOP - AFTERNOON

A sign affixed to the building reads "LAW OFFICE OF ALEXANDER FRANCIS." LOUD METAL MUSIC blares O.S.

INT. VILLAGE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The MUSIC is even louder inside. Ryan sits in an oversized leather chair. He fiddles with his phone, stuffs it into his pocket.

RYAN  
Alex...do you think I can use your  
landline?

ALEXANDER FRANCIS, late-fifties, clad in a black concert tee-shirt and jeans, pushes a desk phone towards Ryan.

ALEXANDER  
Knock yourself out.

Ryan rises, walks towards the desk. Alex turns off the music. Ryan shifts his focus to a large basket of pineapples on Alexander's desk.

RYAN  
What's that?

ALEXANDER  
Huh? Oh, that's from Holly. For  
you. Some wack housewarming  
tradition.  
(beat)  
Just don't forget them when you  
leave. I'm already starting to get  
fruit flies.

Ryan smirks. He dials the desk phone, retrieves the number from his cell phone.

RYAN  
You used to be so, so--

ALEXANDER  
Business like?

Ryan shrugs.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Twenty years of marriage. A shrink friend of mine told me that I needed to find an outlet.

Alexander picks up two pencils, drums atop his desk. Ryan rolls his eyes, presses the receiver to his ear.

RYAN

Damn automated menus.  
(presses a button)  
So, how long is this going to take?

ALEXANDER

Not long. Besides, my buddy and I need to catch the six o'clock ferry to the mainland. Big show.  
(beat)  
You staying the night?

Ryan presses another button.

RYAN

That depends.

ALEXANDER

On?

RYAN

If I have a reason to.  
(into phone, sternly)  
Cancel check.

Alexander engages in a drum solo, then stops, abruptly. He puts his pencils away, quietly, into his desk drawer.

ALEXANDER

It was a dank funeral...you think?

RYAN

You know, I liked you better as a nerd.

Alexander CHUCKLES. Ryan presses the receiver closer to his ear.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What the...they're closed?

He SLAMS the receiver into the carriage.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What do you know about stopping a check?

Alexander, an odd look.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Forget it.

Ryan walks over to a painting on a nearby wall - a stunningly beautiful ocean landscape. He studies it.

ALEXANDER (O.S.)

Do you still paint?

Ryan turns, smirks.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

What do you remember about her?

RYAN

Not much. They told me that I never saw the real Suzie. Alive. Vibrant. By the time I was born, she...she--

Alexander rises, joins Ryan at the painting.

ALEXANDER

Did you know that her husband left her shortly after your cousin was born?

Ryan shakes his head. "No."

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Left her high and dry...a newborn, the bills...the works. It was enough to drive anyone loco.

(beat)

But she never gave up on her art.

A brief moment of silence.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

She had high hopes for you.

RYAN

So I'm told.

ALEXANDER

I suppose she always knew that her own son wouldn't amount to much. Too much of his father in him, I guess.

Ryan turns away from the painting.

RYAN  
How is Swilly? Shouldn't he be here?

ALEXANDER  
(checks his watch)  
Let's see. Quarter past one. My bet is that he's passed out at Finn's. He likes to get a head start on happy hour.

RYAN  
(motions to Alexander)  
It's good to see that some people haven't changed.  
(beat)  
I suppose it's a small consolation for living in this shithole.

The door opens O.S. The two men pivot. Ryan's face lights up.

ALEXANDER  
Destiny!

DESTINY COYNE, mid-twenties, attractive, bubbly, approaches the two men.

DESTINY  
Well, if it isn't the prodigal nephew.  
(beat)  
Sorry I'm late.

ALEXANDER  
It's cool. Gave me and Ryan a chance to rap about old times.  
(to Ryan)  
Ryan...you remember Destiny?

Destiny moves towards Ryan, extends her hand.

DESTINY  
It's been a long time.

Ryan grasps her hand.

RYAN  
(mesmerized)  
Little Dessie? Pigtails?

DESTINY  
 Let's see...sixth grade.  
 (thinks)  
 That would be--

ALEXANDER  
 A long time ago.

Ryan snaps out of his brief trance.

RYAN  
 Yeah, well, I was here in sixteen.  
 Didn't see you though.

DESTINY  
 Susannah told me you were here. I  
 was finishing up my first year at  
 NEBC.

Ryan eyes glaze over.

DESTINY (CONT'D)  
 New England Bible College. South  
 Portland?

RYAN  
 Ah...like father, like daughter.  
 (beat)  
 How is dear old dad?

DESTINY  
 As fiery as ever...he's a snowbird  
 now. But decided to stay in Florida  
 this summer. Can't leave his flock,  
 I guess.

Ryan CHUCKLES. He moves across the room, stares at a  
 photograph of the island church.

RYAN  
 The last time I saw him, we were--

DESTINY  
 Running as fast as we could.

Ryan turns, sharply.

RYAN  
 (CHUCKLES)  
 I'm surprised he ever let you date.

Destiny lifts a piece of candy from a saucer on Alexander's  
 desk.

DESTINY  
I haven't. Not long-term at least.

ON RYAN

His interest is piqued.

DESTINY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm still waiting...for that  
special...someone.

He smiles.

ALEXANDER (O.S.)  
(lightly - to Ryan)  
You were saying about people  
changing?

EXT. ISLAND ROAD - LATER

Destiny and Ryan exit a golf cart on this narrow dirt path. They follow a trail of pineapples, leading from the cart to a stretch of beach fifty yards away.

RYAN  
This day keeps getting better.

DESTINY  
Can't say as I feel sorry for you.  
It's not every day someone gets a  
house.

RYAN  
That I can't sell.  
(beat)  
My Aunt. She couldn't get me to  
move up here when she was alive.  
She figured she'd have better luck  
from beyond the grave.

Destiny, stops, suddenly, picks up a pineapple. Ryan does the same, turns back.

DESTINY  
She used to tell me how proud she  
was of you...the plans she had for  
you.

Ryan lowers his head.

RYAN  
I know--



DESTINY  
You've got a gift.

Brief silence. Destiny strays off the path. She descends a small incline that leads to the outer edge of the--

BEACH

White and tan powdery sand. A stray piece of seaweed. A cigarette butt or two.

Destiny shuffles through the sand, seemingly enjoying the sensation of the cooling touch on a warm Summer day. Beat. Ryan approaches.

DESTINY (CONT'D)  
In a way, she thought of you as her own son.

RYAN  
I know. Everybody keeps reminding me.  
(beat)  
Except for Swilly. I think he's always been a little jealous.

Destiny stops, turns.

DESTINY  
Will? Nah, he'd trade places with you in a heartbeat. In fact, I bet he's wishes he was adopted.

RYAN  
Heh, I'll take those odds.

DESTINY  
Don't get me wrong. Will had it rough. Growing up without a father. Susannah...she felt guilty. That's why she didn't push him...the way she pushed you.

They continue their trek through the sand. POUNDING WAVES grow louder. A gray and white seagull with a chipped beak SCREECHES overhead. Beat.

RYAN  
Oh sure, I was the golden child. I had it all. Great parents, great home...the great Reynolds screw-up.

Destiny grabs Ryan's arm, spins him towards her.

DESTINY  
I never said that.

Ryan pulls his arm away.

RYAN  
You didn't have to.

Ryan bends down, picks up a broken piece of shell.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Look. I get it. I was supposed to  
make something of myself. I had the  
gift. Blah, blah, blah...blah,  
blah, blah.

Beat. Destiny lowers her head. A look of compassion spreads  
across Ryan's face.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
The fact is that I'm happy where I  
am. The city. It's exciting. It has  
everything I need.  
(beat)  
Delis, the night life...OTB  
parlors.

DESTINY

As she extends her hand.

DESTINY  
Yeah...but does it have this?

She points to a beautifully luminescent ocean. The white  
caps reflect the brilliant afternoon sun.

DESTINY (CONT'D)  
I think you'd like it here. If  
you'd just give it a chance.  
(beat)  
Stop chasing your tail...and start  
chasing your dreams.

They begin walking again.

DESTINY (CONT'D)  
Besides, Susannah's house has a  
rich...history.

RYAN  
History, huh? Is that a polite way  
to say it's haunted?

DESTINY

Say what now? That place is a historic landmark. It was built by the town's founder. It's been in scores of commercials, documentaries. For God sakes, Presidents have slept there.

RYAN

That's great. You wanna take my place?

DESTINY

As she pauses.

DESTINY

(lightly)

Hell no. That place is wack.

EXT. SAWYER ESTATE - LATER

Destiny and Ryan walk up the sidewalk. He stops, scans the exterior.

RYAN

His face tightens.

RYAN

Did you see that?

DESTINY (O.S.)

See what?

RYAN

That curtain. On the second floor. It moved.

(beat)

Didn't Alexander say that Will wasn't going to be home for a while?

Destiny walks ahead.

DESTINY

C'mon.

Destiny approaches the front door, KNOCKS. Beat. No answer. She tries again, waits.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

The key?

Ryan fumbles through his pockets, pulls out the key, hands it to Destiny. She unlocks the door, peeks her head inside.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Hello? Will?

(to Ryan)

C'mon.

They enter the house. Ryan moves into the living room, scans the furnishings.

RYAN

Hasn't changed much. Odd.

Faint FOOTSTEPS from the second floor. Destiny moves to the staircase, glances up.

DESTINY

Let's check it out.

Ryan reluctantly follows.

RYAN

I'll throw my cat into the deal.

Destiny CHUCKLES, ascends the steps, gingerly.

DESTINY

Will?

SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Destiny and Ryan weave in and out of the second floor bedrooms.

DESTINY

Will? You here?

No answer.

RYAN

As he stops, scans the master bedroom.

DESTINY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nice, huh.

Ryan jumps back, startled.

RYAN  
Don't do that!

Destiny pushes past him, enters the room.

DESTINY  
I bet this one room is bigger than  
your entire apartment.  
(scans the room)  
Too big for one person.

RYAN  
And just think. This could be all  
yours.

Ryan turns, walks through the corridor. Destiny lags behind,  
admires the bedroom.

RYAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hey, what's this lead to?

Destiny exits the bedroom, joins Ryan. They stand at a  
smaller door at the end of the corridor. He tries turning  
the door knob. Locked. Destiny pushes forward. She steadies  
the keys in her hand, tries one. No success. She tries  
another. The key turns. She forcefully pushes the door open.  
A loud CREAK.

ATTIC STAIRCASE

That seems to stretch forever.

Destiny takes a step, stops, turns back.

DESTINY  
(chuckles)  
You can stay here if you want.

Ryan follows her up the steps.

RYAN  
Not on your life. I've seen this  
movie. It's always the poor shlep  
that stays behind that gets it.

Destiny and Ryan crouch as they finish ascending the steps.

DESTINY

As she stops. Her eyes widen.

Ryan joins her, reaches for a dust-covered sheet in the middle of the space.

RYAN (CONT'D)

It's just a sheet.

He yanks it off. They cover their mouths, GAG and COUGH as a cloud of dust invades the small space.

A sliver of sunlight passes through the eave vent, slices through the swirling dust, and splashes across a collection of furnishings and artifacts...encircled within a ring of salt.

Destiny approaches, runs her hand across a wooden chest that sits atop an antique phonograph.

DESTINY (O.S.)

Roach problem?

Destiny squints, focuses on an--

EASEL

Facing the duo.

Destiny leans forward, rubs her eyes.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

That must be her.

RYAN (O.S.)

Who?

PAINTING

A gothic portrait of URSULA YORK, early-twenties, in seventeenth-century apparel. There is something unusually appealing about her.

DESTINY (O.S.)

Ursula. York.

(beat)

The founder's...lover. She--

Ryan joins Destiny, scans the painting.

RYAN

Why would Auntie paint that.

(beat)

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

For your sake, I hope the rest of  
her paintings are  
more...profitable.

DESTINY

Who says I want to sell.

Suddenly, soft FOOTSTEPS ascend the attic steps.

Ryan and Destiny turn, sharply.

RYAN

What the--

DESTINY

Shh...

They back into the corner of the attic, tremble with each  
booming STEP. Suddenly, silence. They look at each other,  
then back at the--

ATTIC OPENING

Beat. The SILENCE is deafening. Suddenly, a head pops up.  
A face veiled with a ski mask.

DESTINY AND RYAN

As they cling to one another. Suddenly, a burst of LAUGHTER  
O.S.

DESTINY

(relieved)

Geez Will!

WILL MALLORY, early-forties, enters the attic space, still  
LAUGHING.

RYAN

Same 'ole asshole.

WILL

Nice to see you to cuz. What's it  
been...twenty derbys?

(beat)

The last I heard, you were going in  
on some race horse. Mom wouldn't  
help you. I bet you figured you'd  
have better luck now that...she's  
gone.

Ryan loosens up a bit.

RYAN  
Drop dead Swilly.

WILL  
Ah, but it's Swilliam now. I've  
moved up in the world.

RYAN  
What? Gave up on the muscatel?

DESTINY  
Let's be civil--

WILL  
(chuckles)  
Now, now. There's no reason to  
fight. Like Destiny said...let's  
be civil. Let's work together.  
Hey, I'll tell you what...let me  
buy this place off you. I'll give  
you fair market value. Take the  
money, buy that race horse of  
yours.  
(beat)  
Oh wait, that's right. You can't  
sell!

More LAUGHING. Destiny moves past Will, descends the attic  
steps.

DESTINY  
Boys.

Ryan follows Destiny. Will grabs his arm, spins him around.

WILL  
Wait.

Ryan waves the air in front of him.

RYAN  
For God sakes. It's not even six o-  
clock.

WILL  
I'm serious cuz. Let's work  
together.

He motions to the pile of belongings.

WILL (CONT'D)  
There must be a few grand in all  
this crap. Fifty-fifty?



RYAN

Can't.

(mimicking Alexander)

With the provision that said property, inclusive of all furnishings at time of transition, remain in the sole possession of the aforementioned beneficiary.

WILL

Yeah, yeah, the will...I know. But who is really going to miss this crap.

RYAN

It doesn't matter. The proceeds would have to go to your mom's favorite charity.

(beat)

What's the sense.

WILL

Nobody will ever know.

Ryan hesitates. He shakes his head, walks towards the steps.

WILL (CONT'D)

Look. The truth is...I only get a monthly stipend. Enough for living expenses...crap like that. Finn is looking for a partner...for his bar.

RYAN

Not interested.

WILL

Sixty-forty...you. Think about the ponies.

Ryan stops, turns towards Will, back. He thinks. Beat.

RYAN

The paintings belong to Dessie.

Ryan descends the steps. Will follows.

WILL

Hot damn!

The attic is mysteriously SILENT. A seagull SCREAMS O.S. It's close. On one of the eaves.

ON URSULA

O.S. The SEAGULL departs, SCREECHING it's discontent.

EXT. ISLAND ROAD - MORNING

Ryan strolls down the road, holds his cellphone towards the sky.

RYAN

C'mon!

He moves it up, down, in a circle. Suddenly, A CHIME.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Finally.

RYAN

As he examines a text message. He types a reply.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(softly, to himself)

I know how much I owe now...I'm  
working on it.

Beat. He waits for a reply. A CHIME O.S. Ryan scans the message, shakes his head in disgust. He types a sequence of numbers, then lifts the phone to his ear, waits.

RYAN (CONT'D)

C'mon...pickup.

His face lightens.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Dess?...yeah...say, is there any  
way we can move the estate sale  
up...I don't know...how about this  
weekend?

Another CHIME O.S.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What's that? You're breaking up.

(beat)

Hello?...hello?

SILENCE. He examines his phone. "NO SERVICE."

RYAN (CONT'D)

Crap.

INT. SAWYER ESTATE - ATTIC - AFTERNOON

All that remains is the painting, on its easel, the wooden chest, and the antique phonograph.

Ryan cradles a clipboard and pen. With his free hand, he lifts the portrait, briefly examines it.

RYAN  
(to portrait)  
No offense honey, but you don't  
belong to me.

FOOTSTEPS O.S. Will approaches Ryan.

WILL  
(winded)  
Why do you get the cushy job.

Will turns, a smirk on his face.

RYAN  
Sorry cuz...You're the brawn...I'm  
the brains.

WILL  
Says who?

RYAN  
Says someone who's getting sixty  
percent of the cut.

Will glances over Ryan's shoulder.

WILL  
Where we at? How much we gonna  
clear?

Ryan pauses, turns slightly.

RYAN  
About five-hundred less than what  
we need.

Ryan carefully hands Will the painting and the easel.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Be careful with this. Keep it  
separate from the other crap. It's  
Dessie's.

Destiny enters the attic area, joins the two men.

DESTINY  
Whatcha got boss.

Ryan hands her the phonograph.

RYAN  
Here you go.

WILL  
Wait. Why does she always get the  
light stuff?

Destiny carries the phonograph down the attic steps. Ryan  
cocks his head, stares at him.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Brawn...I get it.

Ryan shakes his head. Will departs, followed by Ryan,  
balancing the wooden chest under his right arm.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will sets the easel in a far corner of the living room.

Ryan, chest in hand, follows Destiny down the steep  
staircase. She trips on the last step. Ryan reaches out,  
grabs her. A crystal ball flies out of the chest, lands hard  
about ten feet away.

RYAN AND DESTINY

She lowers her head, embarrassed.

DESTINY  
Thanks.

A tender moment of SILENCE.

RYAN  
Don't mention it.

Destiny lowers the phonograph on a nearby table. She picks  
up the crystal ball, inspects it.

DESTINY  
Odd.

Ryan approaches, scans the ball.

DESTINY (CONT'D)  
Not a scratch.

Destiny hands Ryan the ball. He returns it to the chest, then writes on the clipboard.

DESTINY (CONT'D)  
Whatcha writing?

Ryan glances up briefly, returns his gaze onto the paper.

RYAN  
That crystal ball is worth twice  
than what I valued it at.

SLOW ZOOM INTO:

URSULA

She seems alive.

RYAN (V.O.)  
I wish I could tell you it was all  
a dream. It sure as hell felt like  
one.  
(beat)  
But, the border between dreams and  
reality can get blurred. And  
that's when the real terror begins.

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. SAWYER ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - RYAN

Asleep on couch, wrestling with a dream.

RYAN (V.O.)  
Like what I dreamt about that  
night.

RYAN'S DREAM - ON THE WOODEN CHEST - AS SHOT IN SUPER 8 FILM

The chest vibrates, as if something inside is trying to force  
its way out.

RYAN

Standing at the foot of the staircase in the background. The  
wooden chest remains in the foreground.

CRYSTAL BALL - POV

The chest lid springs open. The ball leaps forward, collides with the wooden floor.

Ryan watches, in shock, as the ball slowly approaches.

RYAN (V.O.)  
The crystal ball lept out of the chest.

The ball rolls across the floor, stops abruptly at the end of Ryan's shoe. The faint image of a woman with long, black hair appears briefly as a reflection.

RYAN (V.O.)  
It moved across the floor, slowly...

RYAN

As he bends down, picks up the ball, examines it.

RYAN (V.O.)  
It's as if it was alive.

CHATTER O.S., followed by the sounds of boxes opening.

RYAN (V.O.)  
It wasn't alone.

A HAUNTING LAUGHTER fills the air.

RYAN (V.O.)  
Then there was this laughter.  
Chilling laughter.

RYAN'S HAND

RYAN (V.O.)  
I looked down. The ball was gone...then I noticed wet footprints...on the floor...coming towards me!

LIVING ROOM

Empty, save for a broken ring of salt.

RYAN (V.O.)  
I looked up. Everything was gone!

RYAN

As the LAUGHTER intensifies. He grabs his head.

RYAN (V.O.)  
That sound...It was everywhere!

He lowers his hands. A look of fear spreads across his face. He takes a step or two back, towards the staircase.

RYAN (V.O.)  
I couldn't believe my eyes.

URSULA'S PORTRAIT

A dark backdrop. No image.

RYAN (V.O.)  
Ursula...she was-was gone!

RYAN

As he backs into the staircase. The LAUGHTER O.S. stops, suddenly, replaced by his POUNDING heart.

RYAN (V.O.)  
It got real quiet. I could hear  
the beating of my heart.  
(beat)  
I rubbed my eyes, focused on the  
dark room.

LIVING ROOM

Everything was back in its place.

RYAN (V.O.)  
It's like nothing changed. I  
breathed a sigh of relief...then--

A pair of woman's hands reach through the staircase, grab his neck.

RYAN

As he springs awake on the couch. Sweating.

RYAN (V.O.)

John Lennon once asked...who's to  
say that dreams and nightmares  
aren't as real as the here and now.

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. BREAKWATER BAY - MORNING

A beautiful morning. Seagulls ascend and descend to the beat  
of the waves. There's CHATTER O.S.

RYAN (V.O.)

I was about to discover the answer  
to that question.

EXT. SAWYER ESTATE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

A sign in the center, reads "ESTATE SALE TODAY."

More CHATTER O.S.

TABLE

Covered with the "possessions" from the attic. Among them is  
the wooden chest and phonograph.

Ryan and Destiny greet customers. Will arrives with a  
cardboard box. He places it behind the table. Ryan spots  
someone.

RYAN

Crap.

DESTINY

What?

RYAN

She's the last person I wanted to  
see.

MADELYN FRANCIS, Alexander's wife, 60's, well-dressed, moves  
across the lawn.

DESTINY

They barely talk to one another.  
He'll never find out.

Ryan perks up. A fake smile spreads across his face.



Madelyn approaches the table.

MADELYN  
Little Ryan Reynolds.

She grabs Ryan's hand. Her expression changes.

MADEYLN  
What's it been? Fifteen years?

RYAN  
Actually, I was here--

MADELYN  
You're not so little anymore. Do you remember me?

Destiny GIGGLES. Ryan lowers his head.

RYAN  
Of course...Mrs. Francis. Good to see you again.

Madelyn fingers through some of the smaller cardboard boxes.

MADELYN  
Alex said you were back in town...Sorry to hear about Suzie dear. She was a pillar, I tell you.  
(lifts the chest)  
I remember this. How much?

RYAN  
I, uh, twenty dollars?

MADELYN  
You know, you shouldn't be selling this...

DESTINY AND RYAN

They glance at each other. Worried.

MADELYN  
At this price. You can get more.

HOLLY PEARSON, 40's, the town realtor, approaches the table.

HOLLY  
Way to haggle Maddy...You'd never make it in the realty business.

Madelyn glances up briefly.

MADELYN

Holly.

Holly extends her hand towards Ryan.

HOLLY

Holly Pearson. Breakwater Bay  
Realty.

Ryan reciprocates.

RYAN

Ryan--

HOLLY

I know who you are...Word is you're  
anxious to get back to the city.

Ryan looks at her, puzzled.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

It's a small community.

RYAN

(nervously)

Well, I--

HOLLY

Relax. That's what realtors are  
for.

Madelyn glances over, briefly, monitors Ryan's response. She turns the chest over in her hands.

RYAN

(glances at Madelyn)

I, uh--

Suddenly, Madelyn's expression changes. She jerks, as if the wind was just knocked out of her. The chest falls to the grass. Ryan rushes over, picks it up, places it back on the table.

RYAN (CONT'D)

It's okay. No damage done.

Madelyn walks away, turns back.

MADELYN

(winded)

Don't be so sure dear. She's here.

(MORE)

## MADELYN (CONT'D)

In this house. She is still with us.

Madelyn walks away. Holly pulls a business card from her purse, hands it to Ryan.

## HOLLY

Don't listen to that old coot.  
She's got the whole town spooked.  
(beat)  
Call me when you want to get back  
to the land of the living.

Holly departs. Ryan and Destiny monitor her progress.

Ryan opens the chest, extracts some of the contents inside. The crystal ball. Three candle holders. A 1970's instamatic camera. A Super 8 film camera. A silk tablecloth. A designer pen. A "cross" necklace.

Beat. Ryan lifts the pen, examines it, places it inside his pants pocket.

A CUSTOMER approaches the table, lifts the tablecloth.

In the distance, Madelyn greets potential customers, as they enter the yard. She speaks with them, then points towards the house.

## CUSTOMER (O.S.)

(to herself)  
How delightful. Daphne will just  
love this.  
(to Ryan)  
Excuse me...how much?

No answer. Ryan and Destiny watch as the new visitors turn, walk away.

The customer moves in front of Ryan and Destiny, extends the tablecloth.

## CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

How much will this cost me?

## RYAN AND DESTINY

As they are jolted back to reality.

INT. SAWYER ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The items are scattered throughout. At first glance, it appears that hardly a dent was made. Destiny, clipboard in hand, inventories the remaining items. Ryan COUNTS O.S.

RYAN (O.S.)

Two forty. Two forty-five. Two  
fifty.

Ryan places a handful of cash into Will's eager palm, then stuffs the remaining cash into his own pocket.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Sorry it's not more.

WILL

This will do...for tonight.

Will exits. Ryan joins Destiny.

RYAN

Well, I am officially screwed.  
I'll never be able to go back to  
the city.

Destiny snickers.

DESTINY

You can always stay here.

DESTINY

As she glances down at the clipboard.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

(lightly)  
Will would love the company.

Ryan turns sharply, CHUCKLES.

RYAN

Please, don't try and cheer me up.

Destiny turns to face Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What did she say to turn everyone  
away?

Ryan filters through one of the boxes. He lifts an object, examines it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

She told us that she is still in this house.

(beat)

Who? Aunt Suzie?

Destiny turns towards Ryan.

DESTINY

I don't know. Maybe.

(beat)

Madelyn always had...a gift. She can see things. Things that were once there. Things that she claims are still there.

Ryan turns sharply, then back, as he continues to filter through the box.

RYAN

You mean she thinks this place is haunted?

DESTINY

Could be. I can't be sure with her. She can be a bit...over-the-top.

RYAN

You think?

Ryan digs deeper.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You don't actually believe in that crap...do you?

(beat)

I mean, aren't you people taught not to believe in spirits...Earthbound spirits.

DESTINY

(beat)

My people?

Ryan raises his head, glances at Destiny.

RYAN

Yeah...Christians.

Destiny exhales a SIGH of relief. She spots something inside the chest, reaches in, lifts a "cross" necklace.

DESTINY

Yeah. I suppose. But ghosts are mentioned numerous times in the Bible...even Jesus talked about them.

DESTINY

As she examines the necklace. An unexplained glow splashes across her face.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

It must have belonged to your Aunt.

She lowers it into the chest.

RYAN (O.S.)

Try it on.

Destiny turns, sharply.

DESTINY

You sure?

RYAN

Yeah, what difference does it make. Take it all. Less crap I have to deal with.

Destiny places the necklace around her neck.

DESTINY

Do you mind?

Ryan reaches over, latches the necklace.

Destiny walks across the living room, stops at a--

FULL-LENGTH MIRROR

She enters the mirror's view, admires how the necklace looks on her. Ryan can be seen removing objects from one of the boxes.

She stops, focuses intently on the reflection of Ursula's portrait. The light hits the portrait in a way that highlights Ursula's steely eyes.

Destiny turns, sharply. She walks over to the portrait, examines it closely.

RYAN (O.S.)  
How much money did you say we made?

No answer.

RYAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dess?

Destiny breaks free from her trance.

DESTINY  
Six twenty-five...something like  
that.

Ryan lifts the clipboard, studies it.

RYAN  
Are you sure? The numbers don't  
add up. Plus, there are items  
missing that aren't marked as sold.

Destiny walks across the room, deposits the necklace into the chest.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? That's yours.

DESTINY  
It's just not right.

Destiny motions to the portrait.

DESTINY (CONT'D)  
And sell that. She gives me the  
creeps.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The items are now spread across the floor. The empty cardboard boxes are stacked on top of each other in a corner of the room.

Ryan counts the items on the floor, using the pen the way a conductor would use his baton.

RYAN  
Eleven...twelve...  
(turns towards Destiny)  
Thirteen.

DESTINY  
That's what I thought.

RYAN

We started out with thirty-one.  
This says we only sold fourteen  
items. We're still four items  
short...How?

Destiny scratches her head, thinks a moment.

DESTINY

Or who?

RYAN

Do you think it was--

DESTINY

Who else could it be?

Ryan charges towards the staircase.

RYAN

There's only one way to find out.

DESTINY (O.S.)

Wait!

Ryan stops, turns. Destiny approaches.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

There's no proof.

Ryan races up the steps. Destiny follows closely behind.

WILL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LOUD MUSIC blares from within. Ryan pounds on the door.

RYAN

Swilly!

The MUSIC is suddenly accompanied by Will's off-key SINGING.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(to Destiny)

No proof?

(beat)

I'd say about eighty proof.

Ryan POUNDS the door again.

RYAN (CONT'D)

William! I'm counting to three!



Suddenly, the bedroom door opens. Will braces himself against the threshold.

WILL  
(slurring his words)  
Hey cuz!  
(CHUCKLES, to Destiny)  
Future cuz.

Ryan grabs Willy by the collar, backs him into his room, presses him against his bureau.

RYAN  
Where is the rest of the cash!

Ryan tightens his grip. Destiny springs forward, tries to pull Ryan's hands away.

DESTINY  
Stop it! You're choking him!

Ryan throws her off of him. She lands hard against the wall, whacks her head. She grabs her head, WINCES.

DESTINY (CONT'D)  
What is wrong with you!

Ryan half-turns.

RYAN  
Stay out of this!  
(to Will)  
I want the rest of my money!

Destiny storms out of the room, holding her head.

DESTINY  
Jerk!

WILL  
I couldn't have said it better myself.

Ryan gets in Will's face.

RYAN  
Shut up! I want my money!

Beat. There's a series of loud BANGS O.S. Ryan and Will cock their heads towards the hallway.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
What the...Dess?

Ryan races out of the bedroom. Will staggers along, joins Ryan at the--

SECOND FLOOR RAILING

Ryan freezes, focuses on Destiny's limp body at the bottom of the--

STAIRCASE

Ryan charges down the steps. Will lingers.

RYAN

No...Dess!

Ryan checks the pulse on one of Destiny's outstretched arms. Will descends a step. Then another. Ryan checks the pulse on Destiny's neck. More steps. Ryan pulls his hand away, lowers his head. Will stops, issues a puzzled stare. Speechless.

Ryan glances down at Destiny.

RYAN (CONT'D)

How could this happen?

LIVING ROOM - LATER

The shadows have changed. Dusk has permeated the house. A faint sliver of the setting sun filters through one of the room's large windows.

Will is passed out in a chair on the far side of the room. Bottle in hand.

There is muddled CONVERSATION O.S. We move to the foyer. Ryan speaks with Alexander and Holly.

Beat. Silence.

HOLLY

Have you spoken with her dad?

(beat)

I can't even imagine.

Ryan nods.

RYAN

He was pretty shaken up. Of course. He told me to call Port City Hospital...on the mainland...have them pick her up, hold her until he can get a flight out.

ALEXANDER

And they told you tomorrow morning?

RYAN

Yeah, can you believe it?

Alexander shakes his head.

RYAN (CONT'D)

But they did say that they would call if they could send anyone sooner.

(beat)

The doc picked a great time to fly to Palm Springs.

Beat. Silence.

HOLLY

How are you holding up?

RYAN

(lowers head)

Okay...I guess.

Alexander extends his hand, places it on Ryan's shoulder.

ALEXANDER

Madelyn and I...want you to know...if you need--

RYAN

Where is Mrs. Francis?

Beat. Silence.

ALEXANDER

She couldn't make it. She--

HOLLY

Of course not.

Alexander lowers his head.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

She's spooked. Got the whole town feeling the same way.

Alexander escorts Holly out of the house, turns back.

ALEXANDER

If there's anything, let us know.

Holly snickers.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Let me know.

Ryan half-smiles. He grabs the door, swings it closed. He enters the--

LIVING ROOM

Ryan stops short of the sofa, glances at Destiny's lifeless body. She is covered head-to-toe with a sheet. He moves to a chair adjacent to the couch. He runs his fingers through his hair. SIGHS. He stares at Destiny. Beat. He notices that the section of sheet near her mouth is moving. Moisture starts to seep through, around her hairline. Black patches develop from the crown, and continue past the shoulders.

Suddenly, a GIGGLE, soft, haunting.

With trembling hands, he grabs the corner of the sheet, slowly pulls it across her forehead, stops.

RYAN

(closes his eyes)

One...two...

He rips the sheet off like a bandage, then retreats, quickly. A tense moment. He slowly opens his eyes. It's--

DESTINY

Peaceful. The moisture spots are gone. The sheet is dry.

BACK TO RYAN

He shakes his head, then thinks. Beat. He walks over to the wooden chest, lifts the "cross" necklace. A faint aura encompasses the object. He walks back to the couch, slowly clasps it around her neck. He reverently replaces the sheet across her face, walks upstairs.

LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A majestic sunrise. Bright blades of sunshine slice through the windows, filling the room with vitality.

Ryan groggily descends the--

STAIRCASE

He rubs his eyes, careful not to trip. He takes a few steps, stops. He's shocked, as he glances at the--

COUCH

Empty. The blanket is carefully folded at the end of the couch.

Ryan shakes his head, glances towards the second floor.

RYAN

Will!

Beat. No answer.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Will...get down here!

Suddenly, the kitchen door opens O.S. Will enters the living room, coffee mug in hand, approaches Ryan.

WILL

You gotta shout? God.

Ryan points to the couch.

RYAN

When did the EMT people get here?

WILL

I don't know. Early, I suppose.

(beat)

I've only been up for an hour. I didn't hear anything.

Ryan moves towards the boxes, inspects them.

RYAN

All the better. I'm leaving early this afternoon. Going back to the city. Gonna take my chances.

Will sips from the mug, looks up.

WILL  
What about the house?

RYAN  
Take it.

WILL  
And all this stuff?

RYAN  
It's all yours. I don't care  
anymore.  
(beat)  
Sell it on the net for all I care.  
Don't expect any help from this  
crazy ass town...or me.

MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Ryan stuffs some clothes into a duffelbag. He pauses, thinks a moment, then races out of the bedroom.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - OUTSIDE WILL'S BEDROOM

Ryan pauses to KNOCK on the closed door. No answer. He pivots his head around the hallway, gingerly opens the door, enters--

WILL'S BEDROOM

Still a mess from their previous encounter. Ryan rifles through the nightstand. Nothing of interest. He moves to a dresser next to the room's only window, opens the top drawer. Nothing but socks and underwear. He opens a second drawer, reaches in. He pulls out a wad of cash.

RYAN  
(quietly)  
I knew it!

His stuffs the cash into his pocket. He reaches back in, pulls out a tattered--

JOURNAL

With the title, "SUSANNAH SAWYER - 1978."

He flips through the journal quickly, examines its contents. He pauses, notices that a few pages in the middle of the book have been torn out. He flips the journal over in his hands, places it inside his duffel bag.

STAIRCASE - LATER

Ryan totes the duffelbag over his shoulder, pauses to examine the area around the base of the steps. He enters the--

LIVING ROOM

He takes in one last glance, then hastily departs the house.

EXT. FERRY DOCK - AFTERNOON

The van is parked at the dock. He waits in the shack, reads a newspaper. He turns to the--

RACING SECTION

He searches his pockets, locates the pen that he took from the chest. Beat. A deep moment of reflection. He circles a horse from the first race listing. Then another. And a third.

A GOLF CART approaches, stops. Beat. A VOICE breaks his concentration.

HOLLY (O.S.)  
Leaving us so soon?

Ryan lowers the newspaper, visually follows Holly's approach.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
(lightly)  
I hope we didn't scare you off.

RYAN  
Hardly. The only thing scary about this place is the Internet service. Had to buy a paper at Moe's this morning. Can you believe it?

HOLLY  
Some people might disagree with you...about what goes bump in the night around here.

Ryan CHUCKLES, glances around.

RYAN  
 And then there's her. Madelyn.  
 (beat)  
 She certainly has influence.

Holly returns a CHUCKLE.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Not that it was all a wash. I'm  
 leaving three hundred seventy-five  
 dollars wealthier than when I  
 arrived...caught up with some old--

Beat. A reflective moment. Ryan lowers his head.

HOLLY  
 Have they--

RYAN  
 This morning.

Holly perks up. A puzzled expression spreads across her face. She grabs his hand.

HOLLY  
 I'm so sorry Ryan. I know she was  
 one of the bright spots for you.

She removes her hand.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
 As for the dinero, maybe we can  
 figure something out. My offer  
 still stands. I'll write you a  
 check today.

SILENCE.

HOLLY  
 Legally it's yours you know. You  
 could fight it...if you wanted to.

Ryan perks up, looks her in the eyes.

RYAN  
 I've done enough damage. Let Will  
 take it.  
 (beat)  
 But for kicks, what would  
 happen...if it sold.

Holly searches the air for a suitable answer.



HOLLY

My guess is some wealthy lawyer from Boston or New York would buy it. Probably turn it into a B and B...or something.

RYAN

So, they wouldn't just tear it down...to sell the land?

HOLLY

(lightly)

Heavens no. You watch too much television.

(beat)

Besides, it's a historic landmark. Did you know that?

Ryan shakes his head. "Yes."

HOLLY (CONT'D)

And no, in case you're wondering. It's historic, not haunted.

(beat)

Still, if you want a good chuckle, check out Maddy's blog. Rumor has it...get this...your cousin has been selling the pages from his mom's journal.

(beat)

It's amusing...Your Aunt wasn't exactly all there when she wrote it...No offense.

RYAN

None taken.

Holly rises, secures her hat from the stiff breeze.

HOLLY

Well, good luck kid.

Holly departs. The sound of her CART whirrs into the distance. Ryan glances at his newspaper, lifts his smartphone, checks the display. "NO SERVICE."

RYAN

Perfect.

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - STUDIO APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

A HORSE RACE ANNOUNCER O.S. Ryan watches intently, CHEERING, until--

RYAN  
Yeah...baby!

Suddenly, A CALL from Ryan's smartphone. He lifts the phone, looks at the display. It reads, "SWILLY."

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Not now Swilliam. You're ruining  
my mojo.

He "declines" the call, scans the newspaper.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Who do we have next?  
(beat)  
Let's go Risky Business!

QUICK CUT TO:

APARTMENT - LATER

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
And it's Risky Business...by a  
nose!

Ryan leaps from his chair.

RYAN  
Keep it coming!

MONTAGE

A) The third race. Ryan pumps his fists into the air, then dances around the living room.

B) A fourth race. Ryan watches from the kitchen. He sticks his head into the living room, SCREAMS, while he tries to eat.

C) A TEXT NOTIFICATION O.S. A name on the screen appears. "APOLLO." He cradles the phone in his palms, types--

RYAN (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Come get your money...you greedy  
son-of-a-bitch.

Ryan tosses the phone.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Asshole.

He thinks, picks up the phone, dials. Beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, Petie...I know, I know. What?  
No...no! Don't cash me out. Let it  
all ride.

Ryan checks the--

NEWSPAPER

A horse named "Dirty Dog" is circled.

RYAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yes...all of it. Dirty Dog...in the  
fifth.

(beat)

I can't lose.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Night has fallen. The shadows create a certain effect on Ryan's unfinished painting. They almost make it look...presentable. The only thing that seems more out-of-place is--

RYAN'S FACE

Bruised. There's a trickle of blood on his chin.

APOLLO (O.S.)

And you lost.

ON APOLLO

As he hovers over Ryan.

APOLLO (CONT'D)

Let's me wrap my arms around this.  
You had it. Three grand. And you  
lost it on some nag named Dirty  
Dog?

Apollo walks over to the painting.

APOLLO (CONT'D)

You know, you're one of the world's  
last true losers.

(beat)

Speaking of which, have you even  
sold one of these?

Ryan lowers his head.

RYAN

I don't do it for money.

APOLLO

Good thing... 'cause otherwise this  
would cut into your profits.

Apollo's expression has changed. He motions to his henchman,  
who grabs Ryan.

RYAN

Hey...hey! What are you doing!

The other henchman steadies Ryan's right hand onto the table.

APOLLO

So, I'm a greedy son-of-a-bitch.

(beat)

Nobody...and I mean nobody...talks  
about my mom like that.

Apollo nods. The second henchman removes a small handgun from  
his jacket. He screws on a silencer.

RYAN

No...wait, wait! I'm--

ON APOLLO

A GUNSHOT O.S. Ryan SCREAMS. Apollo walks towards the door,  
slowly, turns back.

APOLLO

Twenty-four hours. No more.

(beat)

The next time his aim won't be so  
good.

(beat)

Who knows what he'll hit.

Ryan continues to MOAN loudly. He watches as Apollo and his henchmen exit the apartment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Ryan enters, soft cast on his right hand. He promptly pets his cat, then flops into an oversized chair. He notices the pen on the table. He picks it up, gets an idea. He opens his--

LAPTOP

He promptly searches for "BREAKWATER BAY BLOG."

After a few mouse clicks, he begins scanning the words on the screen.

RYAN

(to himself)

The haunting of Breakwater Bay...Madelyn Francis...As the legend goes, a young seamstress in the eighteenth-century had an affair with the town's founder...to save his ass, he accused her of witchcraft...had her thrown into the ocean...on the very land they built the Sawyer estate.

Ryan clicks on a link.

RYAN (CONT'D)

The journal of Susannah Sawyer. Nineteen seventy-eight. July twenty-first.

(beat)

Strange activity lately. Suspicious footprints have appeared in the sand...leading out of the water. Will said he has been seeing a dark woman...in an old dress. I Called Maddy. Seance Saturday.

Ryan clicks on a media link, which brings up the--

SEANCE - SERIES OF SHOTS

Shot in Super 8. Ryan clicks on "play." The first few frames explode onto the screen. Ryan leans forward, focuses.

A) A series of small footprints lead from the ocean's edge towards the Sawyer Estate in the distance.

B) Inside the Sawyer Estate. It is extremely underlit. Susannah, radiant, young, appears on screen. The "cross" necklace dangles across her neck, and nestles into a brightly colored sweater. She places an album on the phonograph, lowers the needle. She picks up a bundle of sage from the table, lights it, carries it through the living room.

C) A WOMAN with an instamatic camera enters into frame, follows Susannah.

D) Madelyn sits at the head of the dining room table. Three lit candles, in polished brass holders form a triangle in front of her.

End of video. Ryan leans back.

EXT./INT. VAN - THE NEXT MORNING

Ryan races onto the highway. He balances his wrapped hand on top of the steering wheel, WINCES, quickly replaces it with his "good" hand.

RYAN (V.O.)

There was a second reel shot that night. Nobody knew what was on it. There had been rumors.

He lifts a styrofoam cup, sips, burns his lips.

RYAN (V.O.)

It became an urban legend. Kinda. People, collectors offered to buy the objects that were used in the seance. They would have paid a pretty penny.

(beat)

My Aunt refused. She never said why.

EXT. HIGHWAY SIGN - WELCOME TO MAINE - CONTINUOUS

RYAN (V.O.)

But I'm not my Aunt. I wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. I wrote down the names on the blog, gave Gato to a friend...hailed ass out of there.

BACK TO RYAN IN VAN

As he receives a CALL on his smartphone. The display reads, "SWILLY." Ryan promptly answers it.

RYAN

Where the hell have I been? Yeah, I know you called me yesterday...it doesn't matter. I'm on my way back. Listen to me...do not sell any of those objects. You hear me?

Beat.

RYAN (V.O.)

What? The mainland Police want me to call them? Why?

(beat)

That's impossible. They must have their wires crossed. Are you sure that's what they said--

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. SAWYER ESTATE - AFTERNOON - WILL

WILL

I'm telling you. The dude was upset. Thought we were playing some kind of prank. He even threatened to bill us for the trip!

Ryan shakes his head, thinks, snaps out of it.

RYAN

Whatever.

(beat)

So, the items in the wooden chest...the candle holders, crystal ball...all of it...they're still here?

Will nods, points towards the dining room table, at the--

INSTAMATIC CAMERA

In front of the wooden chest. Vintage. The same camera used in the seance.

WILL

Had a few nibbles on the camera.  
But when the bidders found out that  
I used it recently, they backed  
out.

RYAN

I can't believe I'm saying this,  
but for once, I'm so glad you're  
such a loser.

(beat)

But why would you use it? That  
makes no sense.

WILL

Hey, I'm not going to sell  
something that doesn't work.

(beat)

I have principles, you know.

Ryan rolls his eyes. He walks across the room, stuffs the  
camera inside the chest, latches it.

WILL (CONT'D)

The funny thing is that there was  
still film in the camera. I had it  
developed. They're supposed to e-  
mail me the digital file.

(beat)

The physical photos should be here  
in three to five days.

RYAN

As his face lights up. He slowly unlatches the lid on the  
chest, opens it. He carefully removes the objects - candle  
holders, crystal ball, pad - until he discovers his  
"treasure" - a vintage Super 8 camera. He examines the feed  
window in the back of the camera.

RYAN

I'll be damned.

Will leans in for a closer look.

RYAN (CONT'D)

The second reel. Like the still  
camera. It's been here...all along.

WILL

So?



RYAN

So...I'm going to be rich.

Will delivers a puzzled look.

RYAN (CONT'D)

We...we're going to be rich.

WILL

Why? How? I don't get it.

RYAN

You never do.

(beat)

Tell me. That place, where you sent the film. Do they do Super 8?

WILL

I suppose. They said they specialize in vintage film stock.

Ryan turns, starts towards the steps.

RYAN

Good. Send me their link.

(beat)

Now the real fun begins.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - RYAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

It's dark. Through the shadows, we see a space devoid of any personal belongings, save for the easel and half-finished portrait. Suddenly, a LOUD KNOCK O.S.

APOLLO (O.S.)

Reynolds!

Beat. Another knock. LOUDER.

APOLLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I mean it...open up!

There's MUMBLING, then we hear what sounds like someone picking a lock. Suddenly, the door swings open, revealing one of the henchmen. He places a tool in his back pocket. Apollo pushes him aside, enters.

APOLLO (CONT'D)

Reynolds!

Apollo and his henchmen stroll through the empty space. He notices something on the dining room table. A note with a key on top. He walks over, picks it up, examines it.

APOLLO (CONT'D)  
 (quietly, to himself)  
 Becky...here's the key, as we  
 discussed. I should be paid up  
 until the end of the month.

Apollo moves to the window, where there is more light.

APOLLO (CONT'D)  
 As you can see, I left the place in  
 good shape. Please send the full  
 deposit to this address.

He lowers the note.

APOLLO (CONT'D)  
 That son-of-a...he owes me two g's  
 and he's shaking down an old lady?

Apollo turns around, sharply. He stuffs the note into his  
 pocket.

APOLLO (CONT'D)  
 (snickers)  
 Good shape...my ass!

INT. SAWYER ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - RYAN AND WILL

On the computer. Ryan scrolls through the digital  
 photographs. Will hovers behind.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE PHOTOGRAPHS - SLIGHTLY FADED

- A) Susannah - as in the film footage - she cleanses the  
 living room with sage.
- B) The portrait of Ursula. The reflection of the woman with  
 the camera can be seen in a mirror across the room.
- C) A YOUNGER ALEXANDER, early 20's, records the scene with  
 the Super 8 camera. The phonograph from earlier in the story  
 sits on a stand behind him.
- D) Madelyn, at the table. The same as the film footage shown  
 earlier, but from a different angle.
- E) The remainder of the photographs are overexposed. Only  
 faint outlines and multiple streaks.

BACK TO SCENE

RYAN

That's all we got...but it should  
be enough.

Will straightens up.

WILL

Enough...how? For what?

Ryan rises from the chair.

RYAN

Authentication my fickle friend.  
Look it up.

(beat)

These photos prove that the objects  
were there...at the seance. That  
should jack up the prices a bit, I  
would say.

Ryan moves over to the wooden chest, strokes it with a  
fondness normally reserved for kittens and new cars.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Get the word out. We're ready.

WILL

For what.

Ryan spins around, looks Will directly in the eyes.

RYAN

For what?

(beat)

What else...

POV - WOODEN CHEST

As if it's alive. It follows Ryan, as his face fills the  
view.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Our first virtual auction.

INT. SAWYER ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - COMPUTER SCREEN

Ryan adjusts the webcam atop the monitor. His face fills a  
small window on the screen. There are six larger windows,  
each one filled with a bidder. One of the bidders is the  
haggared professor from earlier in the story.

Ryan straightens up. He is wearing a 1970's men's suit. Behind him is Will, laying out the objects on a--

SMALL CARD TABLE - COVERED WITH THE ORIGINAL TABLECLOTH

There's the wooden chest, surrounded by the candle holders and crystal ball. On the right side sits the phonograph. The portrait of Ursula looms in the background.

PROFESSOR HAGGERTY (O.S.)  
What's with the disco threads?

Ryan spins around.

RYAN  
Huh? Oh. It's the only thing dressy I could find here. I'm guessing they belonged to my Uncle.  
(beat)  
Fits the theme though...right?

GIGGLES O.S.

PROFESSOR HAGGERTY  
Dig it.

More GIGGLES. One of the bidders, a bitter ELDERLY MAN, 70's, rolls his eyes.

ELDERLY MAN  
C'mon already. I don't have time for this.

Ryan turns to monitor Will's progress.

RYAN  
(under his breath)  
That's because you're gonna die tomorrow...you old bastard.

ELDERLY MAN  
What's that? You're gonna have to speak louder. This connection sucks.

Ryan spins around, leans towards the monitor.

RYAN  
Just putting on the finishing touches.

Will nods. Complete. Ryan retreats to the table.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Okay. We're ready.

(beat)

I'm just gonna give the camera some space, so you can see all the wonderful things we have to offer this evening.

Ryan picks up the phonograph, moves into the webcam's frame of vision.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Like this vintage phonograph.

A few GROANS O.S.

ELDERLY MAN

I thought you said these items were used in the seance....c'mon!

RYAN

I assure you, sir, this object was an integral part of that historic evening.

ELDERLY MAN

And you can prove this...how?

A few AFFIRMATIONS O.S.

RYAN

We have photographs. For each of these items...proving its presence.

Brief SILENCE.

PROFESSOR HAGGERTY

How much for the phonograph.

RYAN

Now that's the spirit!

Ryan lifts the phonograph into view.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Let's start the bidding at one-thousand dollars...do I hear one-thousand dollars.

Silence.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm not hearing one-thousand dollars.

ELDERLY MAN

Does it still work? I'll give you fifty...if it still works.

LAUGHS O.S. Will steps forward, whispers into Ryan's ear.

RYAN

Now, this is a vintage item...used by my Aunt as the guests were arriving on that fateful night.

ELDERLY MAN

A hundred bucks. And that's my final offer.

RYAN

Anyone else? What about five-hundred. A steal...considering what its seen, where its been.

More silence.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Two-fifty?

Ryan lifts a small stack of albums INTO VIEW. The album on top is the one from the beginning of our story - "NEWS EVENTS OF THE 20TH CENTURY."

The participants are unimpressed.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Fifty bucks.  
(flatly)  
Going once. Going twice. So--

PROFESSOR HAGGERTY

I'll take it. For two-fifty.

Ryan snaps to attention.

RYAN

O-kay!...Sold...Two-hundred and fifty dollars.

Ryan turns around, gently hands the phonograph to Will.

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)

The seventies sucked anyway. Nobody ever showered.

RYAN

Wrap this up for the man with the  
good taste in vintage  
memorabilia...and clothes.

Ryan half-turns.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You won't be sorry.

Ryan picks up the crystal ball, carries it into frame.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Our next item is a special one. The  
very object used to summon the  
spirit of Ursula.

RYAN

As the glow from the computer monitor filters through the  
ball and splashes across his face.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Let's start the bidding at two-  
thousand dollars.

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. SAWYER ESTATE - NIGHT - PHANTOM POV

The POV moves slowly down the island road, turns into the  
dirt driveway. There is a faint MOANING O.S., almost  
undetected, drowned by the rhythm of the pounding WAVES.

The POV moves up the weather-beaten steps and onto the porch.  
A street light casts a shadow against the wall of the house.  
The shadow moves to the--

FRONT DOOR

The shadow is less visible, bleached away by the strong porch  
light. Suddenly, an arm uncoils, reaches for the door knob.

INT. SAWYER ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The objects are no longer on the table. All that remains is  
the portrait of Ursula, and some packing materials...spare  
boxes, scissors, tape. The front door flies open O.S.

FOYER

Framed in the doorway...Apollo and company. One of his henchmen presses a gun against Will's temple. He MOANS, tries to speak through the tape that covers his mouth. He struggles to break free from the large man's grasp.

APOLLO  
(to henchmen)  
C'mon...let's go!

The henchman drags Will into the house, keeping a steady hand on his gun. Apollo follows. The second henchman enters, closes the door.

APOLLO (CONT'D)  
So this is it.  
(glances around)  
Where is he.

Silence. Apollo turns sharply, rolls his eyes. He reaches forward, rips the tape from Will's mouth.

APOLLO (CONT'D)  
Where is he!

The henchman pushes Will towards Apollo.

WILL  
I don't understand...who are you guys?

APOLLO  
Don't play dumb with me. The guy at the bar said he lives with you. Now just answer the question...where is Reynolds!

Will staggers over to the couch, sits down.

WILL  
He went to the mainland...to mail out packages. He said he has some business to take care of. Won't be back for a few days.

APOLLO  
That slippery son-of-a--

Apollo drives his hand into the table. The force knocks the portrait off of the easel. Apollo glances down, studies it, gently lifts it off the floor. He places it back onto the easel.



APOLLO (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, beautiful.  
 (beat)  
 I like you. There's something about  
 you.

He turns towards his henchmen.

APOLLO (CONT'D)  
 We take her when we leave. I'm no  
 art critic, but I bet we can pawn  
 her off for a couple c-notes.

WILL  
 How much does he owe you?

APOLLO  
 (snickers)  
 About ten times that.

Apollo stops, gets an idea.

APOLLO (CONT'D)  
 Did he get anything in the mail  
 recently?

WILL  
 What?

APOLLO  
 Like a check.

WILL  
 I don't know...I can't remember.

Apollo motions to a henchman, who positions his gun at the  
 back of Will's head.

APOLLO  
 Well, think...hard.

Will stiffens up, shakes uncontrollably.

WILL  
 Yes...yes. I guess. Yesterday. From  
 his landlord.  
 (beat)  
 He said he was going to cash it  
 while--

The henchman presses the gun further into the back of his  
 head.

WILL (CONT'D)

Wait! Stop!

Apollo nods. The henchman relaxes.

WILL (CONT'D)

I have some money...I've been saving up. I don't know how much you want, but you can have it...all of it!

The henchman picks him up by the scruff of the neck, reels him closer.

APOLLO

Where is it.

WILL

It's upstairs...in my, my room.

Apollo motions to the henchman. He pushes Will up the staircase. The second henchman follows closely behind. Apollo brings up the rear. Suddenly, a shadow passes by the bottom of the staircase. Apollo turns, sharply.

APOLLO

Let's make this quick. This place gives me the creeps.

He turns back, advances up the steps.

WILL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The henchmen are waiting inside the room. Apollo staggers inside, out of breath. He leans against the wall, as if he can stop it from falling down...or vice versa.

WILL

It's here. I'll get it.

Will reaches into his second drawer. He feels around. Nothing.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hold on.

He tosses the clothes onto the floor, sticks his head inside the drawer.

WILL (CONT'D)

What...where!

He opens the drawer above, repeats the procedure. Again, nothing.

WILL (CONT'D)

C'mon!

He starts a third drawer. More frantic searching.

APOLLO

(catches his breath)

We ain't got time for games here...where is it!

Will stops, turns.

WILL

No. He couldn't have.

Apollo steps forward, inspects the drawers. He half-turns, grabs Will by his shirt.

APOLLO

I don't like being lied to.

He releases him, steps back.

APOLLO (CONT'D)

You know, the worst you could have gotten from me was a couple of bruised eyes.

(beat)

Now I'm gonna have to kill you.

Apollo nods to the henchmen. They each grab an arm, lift him up, carry him out of the room and towards the--

STAIRCASE - HIGH ANGLE, FROM THE LANDING

The henchmen carry him to the edge.

WILL

Wait...wait! Those packages that he's sending out. They're worth alot of money. We sold them...an online auction.

The henchmen spin Will towards Apollo.

APOLLO

How much we talkin' about here?

WILL

I don't know...five grand...fifty-five hundred...something like that.

APOLLO

What good does that do me?

WILL

He's creating an account...a joint account. He's supposed to e-mail me with the information.

(beat)

You can have it all. Just don't kill me.

APOLLO

And when is this little transaction supposed to happen.

Will wiggles free from the henchmen's grasp.

WILL

I don't know. He said before he comes back.

(beat)

I'll check. Let me check.

Apollo nods. Will reaches into his pocket, pulls out his cell phone. He opens an app, scans it, shakes his head. No.

APOLLO

Of course. You know what I think? I think there are two possible outcomes. One...he lied to you. He's not opening no joint account...and he ain't never coming back...or two...

Apollo pauses, he places a hand on Will's shoulder.

WILL

(repeating)

Two?

Apollo snickers, places a second hand on his other shoulder.

APOLLO

As he swings Will towards the steps.

APOLLO

You're lying to me.

WILL  
 (frantically)  
 I swear!

Apollo retrieves brass knuckles from his pocket, grips them tightly.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 No...wait!

Apollo spins Will towards the middle of the second floor hallway. He delivers a devastating blow directly into Will's right eye. The force drives Will into the wall. He SCREAMS, covers his bloody eye.

APOLLO  
 C'mon. Let's blow this clambake.

Apollo leads the charge. The henchmen follow.

ON WILL

As he cowers at the base of the wall. FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS O.S.

APOLLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Grab the painting...you got it? Let me see...

Suddenly, there's a piercing SOUND O.S. A WOMAN'S SCREECH. Will flinches. There are two LOUD THUDS. The walls shake.

APOLLO (CONT'D)  
 What the...get away from me!

Apollo SCREAMS, then SILENCE. Will rises, carefully descends the--

STAIRCASE

The SILENCE is soon replaced by FOOTSTEPS O.S., in the living room. The front door opens, closes.

INT./EXT. SAWYER ESTATE - AFTERNOON - THE NEXT DAY

Ryan walks up the steps, and into the house. He follows the sound of MOANING, spots Will huddled in the foyer, a bloody towel covering the right side of his face.

RYAN (V.O.)  
 When I got back, I found him. He  
 was in bad condition.

Ryan quickly pulls out his cellphone, dials. Will points to  
 the--

LIVING ROOM

We follow Ryan as he shuffles past the staircase, towards the  
 center of the room.

RYAN  
 C'mon. Pick up.

He stops suddenly, squints, moves gingerly towards--

THE HENCHMEN

One on top of the other.

Ryan backs away, slowly, bumps into the couch. He turns,  
 jumps back. Apollo is sprawled across the cushions, a pair of  
 scissors protrudes from his temple.

Ryan paces across the floor, rakes his fingers through his  
 hair. His motion temporarily obstructs the view of the  
 portrait atop the easel.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Alexander? It's Ryan. I'm back in  
 town. Can you come to my Aunt's  
 house please?  
 (beat)  
 Make it quick. There's been...an  
 incident.

ON RYAN - PORTRAIT POV

Ryan continues pacing until he exits frame. Beat. A few  
 seconds pass. We hear a DISTORTED CONVERSATION O.S.  
 Suddenly...silence.

RYAN (V.O.)  
 That's the moment I knew.

Ryan enters INTO VIEW, drops his cellphone. He cocks his  
 head, steps towards the portrait, slowly. He struggles to  
 lock on the portrait, refocuses with each step. His last step  
 brings his face into FULL FRAME.

ON PORTRAIT - SLOW ZOOM

Ursula is gone, replaced by an empty black background.

RYAN (V.O.)

That's the moment I knew that I  
made a grave mistake.

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS - SAWYER ESTATE

A) Ryan opens the front door, picks up a square, manilla colored package from the doorstep.

RYAN (V.O.)

Will survived. I asked him if he  
saw what had happened. But that  
would have been impossible.

(beat)

The doctors told him that the  
impact had caused certain  
irreversible conditions. But I knew  
better.

B) Later. He threads a roll of Super 8 film onto a vintage projector.

RYAN (V.O.)

You see, Will lost vision in his  
right eye...his good eye.

(beat)

His viewfinder  
eye.

C) He places the empty portrait in the attic, pours salt around its perimeter.

RYAN (V.O.)

After I got back from the mainland,  
I had to take some time to sort  
everything out. I needed to get  
away from all that craziness.

D) He removes Susannah's journal from Will's dresser, stuffs it into his duffel bag.

EXT. BREAKWATER BAY - AFTERNOON

Ryan drives down a narrow dirt road. The ocean looms large in the background.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan slows down, focuses on something, stops. He gets out of his car, totally perplexed.

RYAN (V.O.)  
And it wasn't long after that I  
found you.

BACK TO VAN - CARGO AREA - PRESENT DAY

Ryan in foreground. We see a sign through the open doors -  
"UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS."

Ryan bends over, carefully places the phonograph within the  
ring of salt.

RYAN  
Holly...she was right.

EXT. BREAKWATER BAY FERRY LANDING - AFTERNOON - HOLLY - QUICK  
FLASHBACK

As she mouths the words, "And no, in case you're wondering.  
It's historic, not haunted."

RYAN (V.O.)  
The house isn't haunted...

BACK TO RYAN

RYAN  
Just small pieces of it...to be  
precise, the items that were  
present at the seance.

Ryan retreats, closes the back doors. Beat. The driver's side  
door opens. He ducks inside, sits behind the wheel.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Ursula. She was possessed by her  
love for the founder. But, she was  
nothing more than a possession.  
(lifts his gloved hand)  
Is that the curse that we must  
bear? In the end, are we the  
possessors...or are we simply the  
possessed?

He grips the steering wheel with his free hand.



RYAN (CONT'D)

Or maybe it's more coincidental  
than cosmic...I don't know.

Ryan lifts his "gloved" hand. It is formed into a permanent  
semi-fist.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I have all this cash, from the  
auction. Can't feel it...touch  
it...count it. At least not with  
my good hand.

SERIES OF SHOTS - QUICK FLASHBACKS

A) Madelyn uses the pen for "automatic" writing.

B) Ryan uses the pen to circle the race horses.

RYAN (V.O.)

But...maybe I'm not cursed. Maybe  
it's just nerve damage...like the  
doctor said.

(beat)

Either way, I can no longer feel  
that which I love the most...money.

C) A woman uses the instamatic camera to take photographs  
prior to the seance.

D) Will points to the instamatic camera.

RYAN (V.O.)

Will tested the camera to help him  
make money for his dream...the bar.

(beat)

But in the end, he would never be  
able to see his dream come true.

BACK TO VAN

Ryan pauses, collects himself.

RYAN

And the necklace...

QUICK FLASHBACK

Suzy grabs the necklace prior to the seance, kisses it.

RYAN (V.O.)  
 Maybe it wasn't magic...maybe it  
 was a mistake? My mistake. Maybe  
 we made the wrong diagnosis.

Ryan starts the car, fastens his seat belt.

RYAN  
 Still, we need to try. She's still  
 out there...somewhere. If we can  
 find all the objects...if we can  
 find her...I don't know...maybe we  
 can break this...curse. If that's  
 what it is.  
 (beat)  
 Maybe you will be able to remember  
 again.

Ryan reaches over, grabs the passenger's hand. It is a  
 woman's hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Anything's possible. I mean, you're  
 here with me...right?

Ryan pauses, searches for the words to say.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 You're not like the rest of us.  
 You're not like Will or me. You're  
 special.  
 (beat)  
 It's not money you want. Or  
 objects. It's life.

Ryan reaches over to lower the passenger-side visor.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Maybe...that's what it gave you.  
 And your curse is that you can't  
 remember the things that make life  
 truly memorable.  
 (beat)  
 Still, we need to try. Do you  
 remember anything now...do You  
 remember anything at all?

The passenger shrugs. "No."

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Okay...I'm not giving up. From the  
 beginning...

Ryan grabs the passenger visor, flips down the--

MIRROR

In the reflection...it's Destiny! The cross necklace hangs loosely around her neck.

RYAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Your name is Destiny Coyne. You're  
twenty-eight. You live in  
Breakwater Bay...Maine.

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END**

INTERCUT END CREDITS WITH SEANCE SEQUENCE

Shot on Super 8 film.

A series of small footprints lead from the ocean's edge towards the Sawyer Estate in the distance.

Inside the Sawyer Estate. It is extremely underlit.

Susannah, radiant, young, appears on screen. The "cross" necklace dangles across her neck, and nestles into a brightly colored sweater. She places an album on the phonograph, lowers the needle. She picks up a bundle of sage from the table, lights it, carries it through the living room.

A WOMAN with an instamatic camera enters into frame, follows Susannah.

Madelyn sits at the head of the dining room table. Three lit candles, in polished brass holders form a triangle in front of her.

Later. The Super 8 camera is now "locked down," as on a tripod. Madelyn leans over a plain piece of paper. She holds the pen in her hand, trance-like, jots down a message on the paper.

Susannah approaches the table, cradles a crystal ball.

The women and men around the table lock hands. Madelyn "calls" for Ursula. Beat. Nothing. Then...the candles flicker violently. The table shakes.

Suddenly, an object flies off of a nearby shelf, nearly hits Madelyn. The tripod is toppled, creating a sort of Dutch Angle.

Madelyn is attacked. Chairs and other furnishings are toppled. Susannah and the other women help Madelyn to her feet. They flee the scene.

Beat. A figure appears at the far end of the table. Barely visible. As it walks past the camera, it's evident that the figure is wearing a 17th-century dress.

End of reel.

CUT TO BLACK.