

"THE SIXTH SENSE"

by

M. Night Shyamalan

Final Draft

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

ceiling
A NAKED LIGHTBULB SPARKS TO LIFE. It dangles from the
of a basement.

stairs.
LIGHT, QUICK FOOTSTEPS AS ANNA CROWE moves down the

She
dress
across
bottles
Anna is the rare combination of beauty and innocence.
stands in the chilly basement in an elegant summer
that outlines her slender body. Her gentle eyes move
the empty room and come to rest on a rack of wine
covering one entire wall.

tiny
She walks to the bottles. Her fingertips slide over the
labels. She stops when she finds just the right one. A
smile as she slides it out.

still
AIR.
Anna turns to leave. Stops. She stares at the shadowy
basement. It's an unsettling place. She stands very
and watches her breath form a TINY CLOUD IN THE COLD

She's visibly uncomfortable.

step
Anna Crowe moves for the staircase in a hurry. Each
faster than the next. She climbs out of the basement in
another burst of LIGHT, QUICK FOOTSTEPS.

WE HEAR HER HIT THE LIGHT SWITCH.

THE LIGHTBULB DIES. DRIPPING BLACK DEVOURS THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

coffee
china.
Two place settings are arranged on the living room
table. Take-out Chinese food sits half eaten on good

Chinese

An empty bottle of red wine sits between boxes of food.

a
to

Anna arrives with the backup bottle and is now wearing a sweater. She hands a collegiate rowing team sweatshirt to Malcolm.

ANNA

It's getting cold.

his
overcoat

MALCOLM CROWE sits on the floor at the coffee table, vest and tie on the sofa behind him. A jacket and an lay on a briefcase next to him.

striking,
study.

Malcolm is in his thirties with thick, wavy hair and intelligent eyes that squint from years of intense

He

His charming, easy-going smile spreads across his face. He points.

MALCOLM

That's one fine frame. A fine frame it is.

up on
type

Malcolm points to the HUGE FRAMED CERTIFICATE propped a dining room chair. It's printed on aged parchment-type paper. The frame is a polished mahogany.

He slips on the sweatshirt.

MALCOLM

How much does a fine frame like that cost, you think?

Anna hands the backup bottle over to Malcolm.

ANNA

(smiling)

I've never told you... but you sound a little like Dr. Seuss when you're drunk.

empty

Malcolm uncorks the wine and starts pouring in the glass.

MALCOLM

Anna, I'm serious. Serious I am, Anna.

doesn't

Anna giggles. She's clearly buzzed herself. Malcolm
get it. Anna takes a few calming sips of her wine. Her
attention slowly moves to the framed certificate.

ANNA

Mahogany. I'd say that cost at least
a couple hundred. Maybe three.

MALCOLM

Three? We should hock it. Buy a C.D.
rack for the bedroom.

ANNA

Do you know how important this is?
This is big time.

(beat)

I'm going to read it for you, doctor.

MALCOLM

Do I really sound like Dr. Seuss?

forward

Anna ignores Malcolm and clears her throat. She leans
her seat and reads the certificate out loud as Malcolm
tries
to tickle her.

ANNA

In recognition for his outstanding
achievement in the field of child
psychology, his dedication to his
work, and his continuing efforts to
improve the quality of life for
countless children and their families,
the City of Philadelphia proudly
bestows upon its son Dr. Malcolm
Crowe... That's you... the Mayor's
Citation for Professional Excellence.

Beat. The power of the words sobers the two of them.

ANNA

Wow. They called you their son.

MALCOLM

We can keep it in the bathroom.

Anna turns to Malcolm. He smiles.

MALCOLM

It's not real, Anna. Some secretary
wrote that up. Don't tell me you
thought it was real?

Anna's expression becomes serious.

MALCOLM

What?

She just keeps staring. Beat.

MALCOLM

Don't do the quiet thing. You know I hate it.

Beat.

ANNA

This is an important night for us. Finally someone is recognizing the sacrifices you made. That you have put everything second, including me, for those families they're talking about.

Malcolm plays softly with her face. Anna takes his hands and holds them steady.

ANNA

They're also saying that my husband has a gift.

ANNA

Not an ordinary gift that allows him to hit a ball over a fence. Or a gift that lets him produce beautiful images on a canvas... Your gift teaches children how to be strong in situations where most adults would piss on themselves.

(beat)

Yes, I believe what they wrote about you.

Anna lets go of his hands. Anna's eyes are emotional.

Malcolm smiles softly.

MALCOLM

Thank you.

Anna leans towards him. They hold each other tight.

Beat.

MALCOLM

What are we hugging about again?

Anna laughs as she wipes her eyes.

ANNA

Nothing. There wasn't supposed to be any crying at this celebration. Just a lot of drinking and sex.

Malcolm's charming, easy-going smile returns.

MALCOLM

I would like some red wine in a glass.

Anna hands him his glass. He stares at it.

MALCOLM

I would not like it in a mug. I would
not like it in a jug.

crack Malcolm looks at Anna surprised at what he said. They
up laughing. THEIR SWEET LAUGHTER FILLS THE HOUSE.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They try TWO GIGGLING SHADOWS APPEAR IN THE BEDROOM DOORWAY.
to turn on the light. It doesn't come on.

MALCOLM

Bulb's out.

across Anna giggles some more as Malcolm's shadow stumbles
the bedroom.

MALCOLM TURNS ON THE BATHROOM LIGHT.

corner A SHAFT OF LIGHT falls on Anna as she stands in the
of the room.

sways Anna smiles playfully and pulls off her sweater. She
to a pretend striptease song.

She's Malcolm can't hold back his grin. He joins in -- slowly
peeling off the sweat-shirt. He looks back to Anna.

stopped her playful dance. She's facing away from him.

Malcolm's He walks towards her. HIS GRIN QUIETLY DISAPPEARS.

SHATTERED face turns to rock as his attention is drawn to the
WINDOW in their bedroom. The wind moves through the
room.

quiet A lamp lays broken on the ground by the window.
Malcolm kneels down. Beat. Anna's eyes fill with a
awareness.

ANNA

He's still in the house.

A SHADOW FROM THE BATHROOM FLATS OVER BOTH OF THEM.

ANNA SCREAMS.

Malcolm spins around. His heart stops.

know Malcolm and Anna stare at the bathroom doorway. They
someone is inside. Beat.

that Malcolm slowly starts towards the door. The first thing
comes into view are the clothes on the bathroom floor.

stands Then the figure of a man comes into view. A STRANGER
bare chested in the back of the bathroom.

black NO ONE MAKES A SOUND.

The STRANGER is about nineteen. Drugged out. Pitch
eyes bulging. His body is covered in scars and bruises.

His hands are folded in front of him. He shakes ever so
slightly. He has a patch of white in his hair.

eyes Malcolm speaks in a very calm voice. Never takes his
off the stranger.

MALCOLM

Anna, don't move. Don't say a word.

Anna barely nods her understanding.

MALCOLM

(to the stranger)

This is forty-seven Locust Street.
You have broken a window and entered
a private residence. Do you understand
what I'm saying?

eyes The stranger slowly looks up for the first time. His
lock on Malcolm.

STRANGER

You don't know so many things.

Beat.

MALCOLM

There are no needles or prescription
drugs of any kind in this house.

Malcolm The stranger suddenly comes forward into the doorway.
stumbles back onto the edge of the bed.

drains Anna sees the stranger for the first time. Her face
of color.

The stranger looks at Malcolm. He half grins.

STRANGER

Are you drunk?

The stranger's stare slides to Anna.

STRANGER

Did you get him drunk?

The stranger gazes at Anna. Gazes directly into her eyes.

A penetrating, unwavering stare.

STRANGER

Do you know why you're scared when you're alone?

Anna's expression instantly changes.

STRANGER

I know.

BEAT. THE ROOM GOES SILENT.

MALCOLM

What do you want? I don't understand what you want.

The stranger turns and glares at Malcolm.

STRANGER

What you promised.

Malcolm stops all movement.

ANNA

--My God.

MALCOLM

--Do I know you?

STRANGER

Let's all celebrate, Dr. Malcolm Crowe. Recipient of awards from the Mayor on the news. Dr. Malcolm Crowe, he's helped so many children... And he doesn't even remember my name?

Malcolm can't speak. Beat. The stranger's face starts to tremble.

STRANGER

I was ten when you worked with me.

Beat. Malcolm's intelligent eyes race for answers.

STRANGER

Downtown clinic? Single parent family?

(beat)

I had a possible mood disorder...

(beat)
I had no friends... you said I was
socially isolated.
(beat)
I was afraid -- you called it acute
anxiety...
(beat)
You were wrong.
(beat)
Come on, clear your head... Male,
nine... Single parent... Mood
disorder... Acute anxiety.

Malcolm looks like someone hit him with a sledgehammer.

STRANGER
I'm nineteen. I have drugs in my
system twenty-four hours a day... I
still have no friends. I still have
no peace. I'm still afraid.

Tears jump into the stranger's eyes.

STRANGER
...I'm still afraid.

Malcolm stands.

MALCOLM
Please give me a second to think.

the
Malcolm's shaking hands touch his mouth as he stares at
stranger. Beat.

MALCOLM
Ben Freidken?

STRANGER
Some people call me freak.

MALCOLM
...Ronald... Ronald Sumner?

Tears fall down the stranger's face.

STRANGER
I am a freak.

clicks
Malcolm looks up at the sound of those words. Something
in his head.

MALCOLM
--Vincent?

THE ROOM GOES SILENT AGAIN.

MALCOLM
Vincent Gray?

VINCENT GRAY stares with surprise through his tears.
Malcolm lets out a deep breath like he just emerged
from deep waters.

MALCOLM
I do remember you, Vincent. You were
a good kid. Very smart... Quiet...
Compassionate... Unusually
compassionate...

Vincent's eyes burn at Malcolm.

VINCENT
You forgot cursed.

VINCENT is fully crying now.

VINCENT
You failed me.

MALCOLM
(whispers)
Vincent... I'm sorry I didn't help
you... I can try to help you now.

Vincent turns to the sink. His hand goes in. He turns
around and raises a gun at Malcolm. He FIRES. A VIOLENT,
folds EARSATTERING ECHO. Malcolm clutches his stomach and
like a rag doll onto the bed.

Vincent instantly moves the gun to his own head.
ANOTHER HORRIFIC BLAST SPIKES THE AIR. Vincent crumples onto
the bathroom floor.

ANNA'S CHILLING SCREAMS FILL THEIR HOME.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BENCH - AFTERNOON

The legend, "Two Years Later" appears.
A man flips open a worn file folder on his lap.
Handwritten notes fill every line. At the top of the first page
reads, "Vincent Gray, age 10, Referred January 19, 1989."
The man's hand touches the name almost reverently.
He glances through the page. Words and phrases are
circled throughout the file.

"...Acute anxiety"
"...Socially isolated"
"...Possible mood disorder"
"...Parent status -- Divorced"
"...Communication difficulty between mother-child dyad"

page
The man's hands flip the page. At the top of this new
reads, "Cole Sear, age 8, Referred September 1998."

see
As the man's fingers move through the notes we again
history.
words and phrases circled throughout this new case

"...Acute anxiety"
"...Socially isolated"
"...Possible mood disorder"
"...Parent status -- Divorced"
"...Communication difficulty between mother-child dyad"

shaking
The hands close the notepad. The hands are slightly
now.

Malcolm
WE PULL BACK to reveal the shaking hands belong to Dr.
Crowe.

brownstone
brownstones.
Malcolm sits on a sidewalk bench facing a row of
homes across the street. He gazes blankly at the

Beat.

of a
everything
A door opens. Malcolm is brought out of his trance.
COLE SEAR steps out his front door. Cole is a munchkin
boy with large, black eyes that seem to take in
around him.

the
His hair is dark, with a small patch of jet white on
side. Cole carefully locks the door behind him.

He moves to the bottom of the stairs and looks around
nervously. Anxiously.

slips
him.
The eight-year-old child reaches into his pocket and
on a pair of VERY LARGE GLASSES. They look comical on

Looks
down and buttons his jacket.
Malcolm rises to his feet. He smooths out his shirt.

When he looks up, Cole is gone.

at
SNEAKERS

Malcolm barely catches a glimpse of the boy. Cole runs full speed down the street and turns the corner. TINY SCREECHING ON THE SIDEWALK.

He

For a second, Malcolm doesn't react. The second passes. He stuffs the file in his bag and starts running too.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

stop at
into a

Malcolm hauls down the sidewalk. He comes to a hard a street intersection. Searches. Spots Cole running parking lot.

of a
the

COLE sprints across the empty lot and reaches the doors building. He has to use all his strength to push open highly ornate doors. He slips inside.

walk

Malcolm jogs into the parking area. His pace slows to a and then to stillness as he gazes up at the building.

the
the

Its old stone and huge towers make it stand out from modern buildings all around it. Malcolm stares up at historic Philadelphia church quietly.

to it

A SHOOTING PAIN PIERCES HIS SIDE. Malcolm's hand goes quickly.

doors.

He waits for it to pass before starting for the ornate

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

looking

Only a few people sit and pray in the sea of oak pews. Malcolm scans the majestic room and finds what he's for in the last row of the church.

He moves down the center aisle towards the back.

green

Malcolm finds Cole playing in his pew with a set of

talk to and beige plastic soldiers. Cole makes the soldiers
each other.

COLE

(soft)

Pro... Fun... Add...

The words are unintelligible.

staring at Cole senses someone. He looks up and sees Malcolm
body him. The boy immediately goes white. Every cell of his
still with fear.

MALCOLM

It's okay, Cole. Don't be frightened.

Cole stays rigid. Hands clutching a handful of plastic
riflemen.

MALCOLM

My name is Dr. Malcolm Crowe. I was
supposed to meet you today. Sorry I
missed our appointment.

Malcolm waits for a response. None comes.

MALCOLM

Do you mind if I sit down? I have
this injury from a couple of years
ago and it flares up every once in a
while just so I won't forget it.

most Beat. Cole slowly slides down the pew, giving Malcolm
of the seat. Malcolm sits.

over and Cole fidgets with his soldiers. Beat. Malcolm looks
them stares at Cole's glasses. He leans forward to inspect
more carefully.

MALCOLM

Your eye frames. They don't seem to
have any lenses in them.

COLE

(soft)

They're my dad's. The lenses hurt my
eyes.

MALCOLM

I knew there was a sound explanation.

Malcolm returns to staring at his lap. Beat.

MALCOLM

What was that you were saying before

with your soldiers? Day pro fun.

COLE

...De profundis clamo ad te domine.

Malcolm stares surprised.

COLE

It's called Latin. It's a language.

Malcolm nods at the information.

MALCOLM

All your soldiers speak Latin?

COLE

No, just one.

Malcolm smiles at Cole. His eyes drift down to Cole's arms.

Malcolm's smile slowly disappears.

Cole's arms are covered in TINY CUTS AND BRUISES. Some almost healed. Some fresh. Malcolm looks around to gather himself.

Beat.

MALCOLM

I like churches, too.

(beat)

In olden times, in Europe, people used to hide in churches. Claim sanctuary.

Cole looks up.

COLE

What were they hiding from?

MALCOLM

Oh, lots of things, I suppose. Bad people for one. People who wanted to imprison them. Hurt them.

COLE

Nothing bad can happen in a church, right?

Malcolm studies Cole's anxious face.

MALCOLM

Right.

Malcolm and Cole just stare at each other.

COLE

I forgot your name.

MALCOLM

Dr. Crowe.

COLE

You're a doctor. What kind?

MALCOLM

I work with young people who might be sad or upset or just want to talk. I try to help them figure things out.

Beat.

COLE

Are you a good doctor?

Malcolm smiles.

MALCOLM

I got an award once. From the Mayor.

COLE

Congratulations.

MALCOLM

Thank you. It was a long time ago. I've kind of been retired for a while.

(beat)

You're my very first client back.

COLE

You use needles?

MALCOLM

No.

COLE

Not even little ones that aren't supposed to hurt?

MALCOLM

No.

COLE

That's good.

Cole pockets his soldiers and rises from his pew.

COLE

I'm going to see you again, right?

MALCOLM

If it's okay with you?

Cole thinks it over carefully.

COLE

It's okay with me.

Cole and Malcolm just stare at each other.

MALCOLM

And Cole, next time I won't be late
for you.

COLE

Next time I won't be scared of you.

Malcolm Cole turns and starts to the rear of the church.
loses himself in his thoughts.
doors When Malcolm looks back, he sees Cole stop by the exit
and take a tiny STATUE OF JESUS off the back table.
Cole pockets the statue and quietly leaves the church.
Malcolm just sits and stares.

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - EVENING

HALLWAY The house is dimly lit. Malcolm has to turn on the
LIGHT.

MALCOLM

It's me.

table. He stops before a pile of mail collecting on a thin
"Over He stares at it blankly. Almost every envelope has
Due" or "Final Notice" stamped on it.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING TABLE - EVENING

only Malcolm stares down at the remains of a meal on the
place setting on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

LIGHT Malcolm quietly walks into his bedroom. Only A READING
IS ON. THE SOFT LIGHT FALLS ON ANNA AS SHE SLEEPS.
Malcolm moves to her side. The sight of her stops him.
He stares at his wife...

hand. She huddles under a blanket, a wad of tissues in her

He takes it in silently.

over her His eyes move to her face... One wisp of hair falls
Crowe soft lips. OUTLINED IN THE SOFT READING LIGHT, Anna
truly looks like an angel.

Malcolm forms a tiny smile.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

hallway. Malcolm turns and moves for a narrow door in the

Malcolm THE DOOR KNOB. He tries to open it. IT'S LOCKED.
reaches into his pockets. Searches for his keys.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

file The empty basement is no longer empty. It's piled with
desk cabinets and boxes of psychology and medical books. A
sits in the corner next to the wine racks.

The room still feels unsettling.

stack Malcolm hunches over one of the books. Rifles through a
of dusty books. Pulls out a thick text.

Dictionary." The spine of the text reads, "The Meridian Latin

Malcolm sits back at his desk and opens Cole's file.

profundis Handwritten on the first page are the words, "De
calms ad te, domine"

comes Malcolm starts working through the Latin text. As he
to each word, he jots it down underneath the Latin.

Malcolm translates the last word.

He stares quietly at the paper. The new words reads...

"Out of the depths, I cry to you Lord."

Beat.

MALCOLM
(whispers)
...The mass for the dead.

The words seem to hang in the air forever.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DAWN

we're
Old Philadelphia awakens... For a moment, it's like
back in time.

A golden sun dances on the waters of Penns Landing.
Historical old ships sit docked in its harbor... The
dark
bronze surface of the Liberty Bell reflects the dawn...
A
majestic Independence Hall stands watch as its city
begins
to stir... A thirty foot statue of Ben Franklin makes a
proud
silhouette against the morning sky...

AND THEN 1997 COMES CRASHING IN.

and
FLUORESCENT HOUSE LIGHTS COME ON IN WINDOWS... Jeeps
Neon
hatchbacks start roaming the cobblestone streets...
helicopters
restaurants signs flicker to life... Traffic
make their rounds... CAR ALARMS PIERCE THE AIR.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

news.
A hand turns off a radio, shutting off the morning

head
A small dog with two different colored eyes sticks his
out of the dryer, where he plays with the newly-dried
clothes.

LYNN SEAR reaches in and pulls out a blouse.

She shakes it in the air and slips it on as she dresses
hurriedly for work.

percent
Lynn is a woman in her late twenties. One hundred
morning
South Philly. Hair teased. She chews on an early

attractive piece of Trident. Under all of it, Lynn Sear is an
and sweet-looking young woman.

Lynn enters THE KITCHEN through a swinging door.
A bowl of cereal and milk sit on a table in an empty
kitchen.

Lynn stares at a handful of kitchen CABINETS and
DRAWERS that are open.
Lynn shakes her head.

LYNN
Cole.

She closes them one at a time before moving to the
coffee machine.

Lynn shivers a little. She leans over the thermostat
and raises the heat. She returns to her post at the coffee
machine.

TINY FOOTSTEPS.

Lynn turns to see Cole standing in his private school
uniform.

LYNN
Your Cocoa Puffs are getting soggy.

Lynn walks over to Cole. Checks his tie.

LYNN
You got a spot.

Lynn unclips the tie. Cole takes a seat at the kitchen
table as Lynn walks back into the laundry room.

The dog is gone now. Lynn reaches into the dryer,
digging for a new tie. She finds one, then turns and steps back
into the kitchen and SCREAMS AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS.

Every cabinet and every drawer is wide open.

Cole sits at the kitchen table. His hands are pressed
flat on the tabletop.

He looks shaken.

Neither says anything for a beat.

LYNN

(shaken)
Something you were looking for, baby?

Beat.

COLE
(shaken)
Pop Tarts.

pop
Lynn looks over to the open cabinet near the sink. The
tarts are clearly visible.

LYNN
They're right here.

COLE
Oh.

Doesn't
Cole gets up from the table. Takes his pop tarts.
make eye contact.

COLE
What are you thinking, Momma?

LYNN
Lots of things.

COLE
Anything bad about me?

Lynn leans down.

LYNN
Look at my face.

Cole does.

LYNN
I wasn't thinking anything bad about
you, got it?

He looks at her eyes. Beat.

COLE
Got it.

THE DOOR BELL RINGS.

COLE
(soft)
That's Tommy, Momma.

out.
Cole quietly kisses his mother on the cheek and starts

LYNN
Don't you want this?

back
Cole turns to see Lynn holding the pop tarts. He walks
and takes them from her before leaving.
on
Beat. Lynn glances to the kitchen table. Her gaze stops
the TWO TINY HAND PRINTS OF SWEAT formed on the table's
surface.
wraps
Lynn stands motionless in the kitchen. She looks up and
her arms around her shivering shoulders.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE STREET - MORNING

Italian
in
TOMMY TAMMISIMO is a tough-looking, eight-year-old
kid who waits at the bottom of Cole's brownstone stairs
his school uniform.

steps.
Cole emerges from the brownstone and moves down the

Lynn's face appears in the kitchen window.

school.
The two boys begin their walk down the street to

back.
Tommy puts his arm around Cole. Lynn waves. Cole waves

sight,
When the two boys turn the corner and are out of Lynn's
Tommy rips his arm away.

TOMMY

Hey freak, how'd you like the "arm
around your shoulder" bit. I just
made it up. Went with it. That's
what great actors do. It's called
improv.

Tommy starts to run ahead, he turns and back pedals.

TOMMY

(taunting)

Be careful... I hope no one jumps
out and gets you.

Tommy runs away.

Beat. Cole looks around nervously.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S ACADEMY - MORNING

doors The last uniformed boys and girls rush into the front
of St. Anthony's Academy as the FINAL BELL SOUNDS.

there. Cole is the last one to go in. He stands alone on the
sidewalk. He looks like he'd rather be anywhere but

Beat.

walk He buries his hands in his pockets and begins a quiet
by himself into the school.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLE'S HOME - AFTERNOON

school. The front door CREAKS open as Cole walks in after

on He looks around before closing the door. His eyes stop
seated Lynn seated in the open doorway of the den. Malcolm is
with her. They both look up.

front of Lynn comes out. She reaches Cole -- kneels down in
him.

LYNN

(whispers)

How was school, baby?

Cole shrugs.

LYNN

(whispers)

You know, you can tell me things if
you need to.

Cole doesn't respond. Beat.

LYNN

(whispers)

Well, you know what I did today?

Cole shakes his head "No."

LYNN

(whispers)

I won the Pennsylvania Lottery in
the morning. I quit my jobs. Ate a
big picnic in the park with lots of
chocolate mouses pie and then swam
in the fountain all afternoon...

(smiling)

What did you do?

Cole starts to smile too. He thinks.

COLE

(whispers)

I was picked first for kickball teams at recess. I hit a grand slam to win the game and everyone lifted me up on their shoulders and carried me around cheering.

Cole and Lynn smile at each other. Beat.

Lynn tries to hide the utter sadness behind her smile.

LYNN

I'll make triangle pancakes. You got an hour.

Lynn takes Cole's school bag and jacket before moving to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - AFTERNOON

The den doubles as a playroom. Boxes of old toys sit in the corner. A small, plastic, multi-colored table sits on the rug.

Cole appears in the doorway. Malcolm sits up and smiles.

He points to the chair on the other side of the coffee table.

MALCOLM

You want to sit?

Cole nods very softly, "No."

MALCOLM

Don't feel like talking right now?

Cole nods again very softly, "No."

MALCOLM

How about we play a game first?

Cole looks a little more interested.

MALCOLM

It's a mind-reading game... Did I mention I could read minds?

Cole nods, "No."

MALCOLM

Here's the game. I'll read your mind.
If what I say is right, you take a
stop forwards the chair.

MALCOLM

If I'm wrong, you take a step back
toward the doorway. If you reach the
chair, you sit. If you reach the
door, you can go. Deal?

Cole tilts his head, then nods, "Yes."

vaudeville

Malcolm presses his fingers to his temples like a
magician. He closes his eyes tight.

MALCOLM

Just after your mom and dad were
divorced, your mom went to a doctor
like me and it didn't help her. And
so you think I'm not going to help
you.

Beat. Cole, surprised, takes a small step forward.

MALCOLM

You're worried because she said she
told him things. Things she couldn't
tell anybody else.

(beat)

Secrets.

right at

Cole takes a step. Malcolm opens his eyes. He looks
Cole.

MALCOLM

You have a secret. But you don't
want to tell me.

him at

Beat. Cole takes another step. The next step will put
the chair. Malcolm lowers his fingers from his temple.

MALCOLM

(whispers)

You don't have to tell me your secret
if you don't want to.

A

could

eyes.

Malcolm smiles. Returns his fingers to the mind-reading
position. Malcolm looks to Cole's arm. Cole is wearing

LARGE SILVER WATCH. It swims on his thin wrist. It

probably slide up to his shoulder. Malcolm closes his

MALCOLM

Your father gave you that watch as a
present before he left.

Cole takes a step BACK. Beat. Malcolm lowers his hands surprised.

COLE

He forgot it in a drawer. It doesn't work.

Beat. Malcolm puts his fingers to his temple. This time
a little bit slower. He gazes at Cole's school uniform.

MALCOLM

You don't like to say much at school.
You're an excellent student however.
You've never been in any kind of
serious trouble.

Beat. Cole takes a slow step back. Beat.

COLE

We were supposed to draw a picture.
Anything we wanted... I drew a man.
He got hurt in the neck by another
man with a screwdriver.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE OVERTAKES THE DEN.

MALCOLM

You saw that on T.V., Cole?

Cole answers by taking a small step back. Beat.

COLE

Everybody got upset. They had a
meeting. Momma started crying.
(beat)
I don't draw like that anymore.

MALCOLM

How do you draw now?

COLE

I draw people with smiles, dogs
running, and rainbows.
(beat)
They don't have meetings about
rainbows.

MALCOLM

(soft)
I guess they don't.

Malcolm looks down at Cole's feet. They're almost at
the doorway. One more step and he's there. Cole is very
the still.

He doesn't move at all.

COLE

(whispers)
What am I thinking now?

No Malcolm takes his time before speaking. He just stares.
fingers to the temple. No games. He just stares. Beat.

MALCOLM
You're thinking...
(beat)
I don't know what you're thinking,
Cole.

other Cole quietly takes a step back into the doorway of the
room.

COLE
(whispers)
I was thinking... you're nice.
(beat)
But you can't help me.

helplessly at Cole's tiny figure steps away. Malcolm stares
the empty doorway where his client used to stand.

THE DEN IS SUFFOCATED WITH SILENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

the Malcolm hurriedly enters a spacious, dimly-lit Italian
restaurant. He stops in the dining room and searches
many candle-lit tables. He finds Anna.

half- Anna sits alone at a corner table. The remains of her
table. A eaten dinner lay on the only place setting on the
small PIECE OF CAKE WITH A CANDLE in it sits untouched.

seat Anna stirs sugar in her coffee as Malcolm sits in the
look across from her. She gently stops stirring, but doesn't
up. Beat.

MALCOLM
I thought you meant the other Italian
restaurant I asked you to marry me
in.

Anna isn't laughing. Not even close.

MALCOLM
I'm so sorry.
(beat)

I can't seem to keep track of time.

Anna quietly takes a sip from her coffee.

MALCOLM

It didn't go well today. Spent some time after trying to get my head together.

Anna looks around for the waiter.

MALCOLM

They're so similar, Anna. They have the same mannerisms. The same expressions. The same thing hanging over them.

(beat)

It might be some kind of abuse.

table,
That makes Anna turn back. She glances across the
then looks down.

MALCOLM

There are cuts on Cole's arms. Fingernail marks, I think. Looks like defensive cuts.

his
Malcolm demonstrates by holding up his arm to shield
face.

MALCOLM

(beat)

Possibly a teacher, neighbor.

(beat)

I don't think it's the mother. Just a gut thing. The way she deals with him. It doesn't fit.

(beat)

Hard to say this early. Could just be a child climbing a lot of trees.

off
and
Malcolm loses himself in his thoughts. The waiter drops
the check on the table. Anna grabs it before Malcolm
quickly signs it.

MALCOLM

I know I've been kind of out of it for a long while and you resent it. You do. I know you're mad. I know it's put some distance between us.

Beat.

MALCOLM

But I'm getting a second chance here. I can't let it slip away.

pushes Anna waits till he's done and rises from the table. She
her chair in hard and walks away without a word.
a Malcolm sits alone and stares at the piece of cake with
candle on it.

MALCOLM
(soft)
...Happy Anniversary.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT STEPS - AFTERNOON

the Cole is seated on the front stoop of his brownstone. On
the steps and on the landing are his plastic soldiers in
grips of a war.

to Malcolm sits with his bag and overcoat on the step next
him. Malcolm just observes quietly. Beat.

Cole glances up as he plays. Sees Malcolm's expression.

COLE
You want to ask me a question?

MALCOLM
See, this is why I lose at poker.
Yes, I do have a question.

To On the step are two rows of soldiers facing each other.
Malcolm one side are a couple soldiers covered by a tissue.
points to them.

MALCOLM
What happened to those two? Being
under tissue paper can't be a good
thing.

Cole removes the tissue.

COLE
That's Private Jenkins and Private
Kinney. They got killed. Private
Jenkins has a baby girl that was
born seven pounds, six ounces. He's
never seen her. He wanted to get
back to Blue Bell, Pennsylvania and
hold her...

Cole points to the other soldier.

COLE

Private Kinney's wife is really sick --
she has something called a brain
aneurysm.

MALCOLM

(soft)

You mean aneurysm.

COLE

Yeah, Private Kinney needed to get
back safe to take care of her.

Beat. Cole's face becomes emotional. Tears fill his
eyes.

COLE

It's sad they died, isn't it?

Beat. Malcolm falls into silence and stares at his client.

Cole wipes his eyes quickly.

COLE

Don't look at me.

(beat)

I don't like people looking at me
like that.

Malcolm takes in Cole's gesture and expression.

COLE

Stop looking at me.

Malcolm looks down.

MALCOLM

Where should I look then, Cole?

COLE

Look over there.

Cole points to the corner of the street. Malcolm slowly
turns.

He sits in profile to Cole. Beat.

MALCOLM

It's very unusual for someone your
age to understand the kind of problems
that Private Jenkins and Private
Kinney have or even to be thinking
about them at all...

Malcolm continues to stare at the street. Beat.

MALCOLM

It is okay if I look back now?

Cole doesn't answer.

MALCOLM

Tap the foot once for "No" and twice
for "Yes."

Cole taps his foot once.

for a Malcolm sits patiently. Beat. They don't say anything
while.

MALCOLM

You wouldn't want to take a walk,
would you?

far Cole looks up from his soldiers. Malcolm stares at the
side of the street.

Cole taps his foot twice.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

from a The two of them walk down a row of brownstones across
park where children Cole's age are playing.

COLE

I walk this way to school with Tommy
Tammisimo.

MALCOLM

He your best buddy?

Cole almost smiles.

COLE

He hates me.

MALCOLM

You hate him?

Cole shakes his head, "No.!"

Malcolm thinks for a bit.

MALCOLM

Your mom set that up?

Cole nods "Yes."

MALCOLM

You ever tell her about how it is
with Tommy?

COLE

I don't tell her a thing.

MALCOLM

Why?

COLE

Cause she doesn't look at me like everybody and I don't want her to. I don't want her to know.

MALCOLM

Know what?

COLE

That I'm a freak.

Malcolm stops walking. The words hit him hard. He
stares at
Cole.

MALCOLM

Listen to me. You are not a freak. Don't you believe anybody that tells you that. It's bullshit and you don't have to grow up believing that.

Beat. Cole is surprised.

COLE

You said the "s" word.

MALCOLM

Yeah. Sorry.

Malcolm's face is filled with emotion. Cole is suddenly
hit
looks at
by Malcolm's passion. Beat. Cole nods slowly as he
looks at
Malcolm with different eyes.

They start walking again in silence. They turn a corner
and
move down another street. Cole spots an old man with a
cane
standing at the gate of a brownstone.

COLE

Is it okay if I do something? I have to do something.

Malcolm nods "yes" as they continue walking. Cole slows
as
they approach the old man. As we get closer, we make
out the
man can barely see.

COLE

Hi, Mr. Marschal.

MR. MARSCHAL leans over his gate and stares at Cole for
a
few seconds.

MR. MARSCHAL

Guten Tag, Cole.

squints

Mr. Marschal has a thick German accent. The old man
down the block with a concerned expression.

COLE

What's wrong?

MR. MARSCHAL

Mrs. Marschal. She went food shopping.
She's running late.

Beat.

COLE

Ich Habe Durst.

Malcolm's eyes dart to Cole.

MR. MARSCHAL

Wunderbar! Where did you learn to
speak German?

COLE

I just know a couple lines.

MR. MARSCHAL

Yes, you may have a drink. What would
you like?

COLE

Lemonade, please.

his

Mr. Marschal smiles at Cole before walking back inside
house.

Cole turns back to Malcolm.

COLE

(sad)

Mr. Marschal gets real lonely.

MALCOLM

What about Mrs. Marschal?

COLE

(whispers)

She died a long time ago.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. MARSCHAL'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

many,

This brownstone has been home to the Marschal's for
many years. It's filled with a lifetime of memories.
Memories shared by two people.

that
wooden
Two rocking chairs sit side by side near the windows
overlook the street... A corner table displays fancy
chess set. The game half-finished, frozen in a layer of
dust...

color
piano
An easel stands before a piano. The incomplete water
painting of a smiling elderly woman sitting on the
bench sits sadly on the faded yellow paper.

near
the open door.
Malcolm takes in the living room silently. He stands

carefully.
Cole walks through the room. Tiny eyes searching

He leans behind the sofa looking for something. Malcolm
watches Cole with a crinkled brow.

wall.
Cole peeks behind the old piano crammed against the

MR. MARSCHAL
Maybe Jill will play for us when she
gets back.

of
Cole turns to find Mr. Marschal standing with a glass
lemonade. Cole takes it from his shaking hands.

COLE
Thank you.

finally
at
BREEZE.
Mr. Marschal shuffles over to the sofa. Takes a seat.
Cole begins surveying the room again. Beat. His eyes
come to rest on a plant seated in the corner. He stares
it... THE LEAVES OF THE PLANT SHAKE SLIGHTLY FROM A

the
plant
Cole puts down his glass on a table and walks over to
plant. Cole kneels down and starts to push the potted
aside. THE POT SCREECHES ON THE WOODEN FLOOR.

Malcolm calls to Cole under his breath.

MALCOLM
Cole--

MR. MARSCHAL
What's going on there?

Mr. Marschal strains to see across the room.

continues to
right
They
to Mr.

Cole doesn't answer either of them. Instead, he push the plant aside revealing AN AIR VENT. Cole gently reaches over and takes off the metal face. It slips off.

Cole's hands disappear into the darkness of the vent. reemerge holding a STACK OF NOTEBOOKS.

Malcolm becomes very still.

Cole rises to his feet and carries the notebooks over Marschal. Cole carefully places them on his lap.

MR. MARSCHAL
Is this for me?

thick
tip of
face.

Mr. Marschal fingers the notebooks then reaches for his glasses hanging from his neck. He places them on the his nose and inspects the notebooks six inches from his face.

MR. MARSCHAL
What's this? Jill's keeping a diary.

Malcolm takes an involuntary step forward.

Mr. Marschal starts flipping through the notebooks.

MR. MARSCHAL
She's full of surprises...

stares

He gets to the last book. His hands become still as he at the final page of writing.

MR. MARSCHAL
(whispers)
She hasn't written anything for some time.

Looks
realization.

Beat. Mr. Marschal slowly looks up from the notebooks. up to Cole. Cole just stands quietly.

Mr. Marschal's eyes slowly fill with tears of They gently spill down his weathered face.

MR. MARSCHAL
Oh no...

himself.

Cole takes a deep breath. Trying hard not to cry

The sight of Mr. Marschal weeping shakes Cole.
Cole softly lays his hand on Mr. Marschal's silver hair.
Mr. Marschal reaches up and clutches his small hand.
They stay like that for a while. Beat. Mr. Marschal lets go and brings the notebooks tighter to his body.
Cole quietly walks to Malcolm who stands motionless. He stares down at Cole in a daze.
Cole turns his head, crying.

COLE
(softly)
Stop looking at me.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

Malcolm sits still in his office chair. His eyes are fixed at a point in space. He brings a slim, black tape recorder to his mouth.

CLICK.

MALCOLM
April or March of Eighty-seven. Two weeks into sessions with Vincent Gray. I was treating a couple, Donald and Robin Wagner, who had lost their child to Leukemia. They were waiting with Vincent in the reception room of the downtown clinic. They were alone together maybe fifteen minutes. When I entered the room, all three were crying. The Wagner's progress from that afternoon was dramatic and sudden... As if some door had been opened for them.

(beat)

I'm not at all clear what happened in those fifteen minutes. But I now believe Vincent tried to tell me something, show me something and I didn't listen.

(beat)

Cole Sear allowed me to witness something today.

(beat)

This time I'm going to listen.

A long silence. CLICK. The tape recorder turns off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Lynn holds a laundry basket on her hip as she fiddles with the thermostat in the hall. The house is cold. Lynn wears a winter jacket in the house.

Lynn turns and moves into the shadowy hallway. No lights.

The house seems somewhat ominous. Beat.

Lynn's eyes dart to an open guest room like she just saw something.

She stares in the doorway until a SOUND TURNS HER IN THE DIRECTION OF THE FAMILY ROOM.

She picks up balled-up boy's sweat socks and dirty T-shirts laying on the carpet. When she reaches the end of the hall, she HITS A LIGHT SWITCH. The hall LIGHTS UP REVEALING A WALL OF PHOTOS. Lynn forms a tiny smile.

Snapshots of Cole and Lynn's life hang before her eyes. Cole's birthday parties... Lynn and Cole at an amusement park...

Cole under the Christmas tree... Cole on Lynn's shoulders in a pool... Cole with a group of neighbors at a barbecue...

Lynn takes a step forward. Lynn's face betrays the fact that she notices something she never noticed before. She touches a photo of three-year-old Cole.

WE MOVE INTO THE PHOTO -- COLE'S FACE SMILES AT US. LYNN'S FINGER GENTLY BRUSHES A THIN STREAKS OF LIGHT THAT CURVES IN THE BACKGROUND BEHIND COLE. THE STREAK OF LIGHT IS BLURRED, LIKE SOMETHING CAUGHT IN MOTION.

Lynn looks to the adjacent photo -- the barbecue photo

--

the
WHITE
Everyone stands with hot dogs and sodas. Lynn searches
picture. Her eyes suddenly stop at the TINIEST BLUR OF
LIGHT STREAKING AROUND COLE.

SAME --
SEEN,
WE MOVE FROM FRAMED PHOTO TO FRAMED PHOTO -- EACH THE
SOMEWHERE HIDDEN IN THE FRAME, SOMEWHERE NOT EASILY
LYNN FINDS A BLUR.

Lynn takes it all in curiously.

CUT TO:

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

balanced
up
Lynn moves into Cole's room with the laundry basket
on her hip. The Walkman headphones on her head blares A
MUFFLED TECHNO DANCE BEAT. Lynn starts picking clothes
around Cole's room.

make
antiques
This bedroom is an eerie place. The shadows seem to
shapes and figures. All the furniture is wood -- old
fashioned. The lamps, the paintings on the wall --
as well.

to
room.
The most striking feature of the room, however, is the
homemade tent created from bedsheets and blankets tied
chairs and bureaus. It takes up a large corner of the
room.

A sign hangs over the bedsheets.

"DO NOT ENTER"

tent.
Lynn grabs the spiderman P.J.s that drape over the

lifts
his
A German Shepherd Puppy sleeps on the pillow. SEBASTIAN
his head sleepily and peers at Lynn before returning to
slumber.

from
PHOTO
every
Lynn slowly reaches for a picture frame that peeks out
under Cole's pillow. Slides it out... It's a VACATION
of a couple. Lynn and Cole and a man. The man looks in
way a larger version of Cole.

a
place.

The picture has a visible effect on Lynn. She lets out
shaky breath before returning the photo to its hiding

wooden

Lynn pulls a pair of school uniform pants off the
roll cover desk next to the bed.

The desk is covered with loose leaf papers filled with
writings.

Lynn's eyes are drawn to the papers.

bit

Her curious gaze turns serious. Her mouth opens a tiny
involuntarily.

Countless
vertical...

THE PAPERS are strewn with lines of handwriting.
lines. Thousands of words... Some horizontal, some

written
stroke --

The writing moves in arcs and flows in various size --
at great speed -- every word connected by a single pen
everything written in one continuous motion.

phrases...

Lynn slowly spins the papers, taking in some of the

the
swear it
you

...Christ break the freaking glass oh no God no what
hell is going on Quiet the damn baby I'll cut you I
someone stop the burning I'll kill you I'll kill all
bastard... The words go on and on.

Lynn removes her hands from the paper. She pulls her
headphones off slowly.

THE

THE MUFFLED TECHNO DANCE BEAT FILLS THE DEAD SILENCE OF
EERIE ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - AFTERNOON

den.

Malcolm stares as the rain pelts the windows of the

MALCOLM
...So your dad lives in Pittsburgh
with a lady who works in a toll booth.

COLE (O.S.)
What if she has to pee when she's

working? You think she just holds it?

MALCOLM

I don't know. I was just thinking the same thing.

Beat.

COLE (O.S.)

You ask a lot of questions about my dad today. How come?

Cole is playing behind the couch. All we see is the top of his head.

MALCOLM

Sometimes, we don't even know it, but we do things to draw attention. Do things so we can express how we feel about issues... Divorce or whatever.

Every now and then we get glimpses of things Cole is playing with peeking over the back of the couch, but we can't quite make out what he's doing.

MALCOLM

One night, as an example... leave something on a desk for someone to find.

The top of Cole's head stops moving.

MALCOLM

Cole, have you ever heard of something called free-writing? Or freeassociation writing?

Cole shakes his head, "No."

MALCOLM

It's when you put a pencil in your hand and put the pencil to a paper and you just start writing... You don't think about what you're writing... You don't read over what you're writing... You just keep your hand moving.

Cole has become very still. He looks right at Malcolm.

MALCOLM

After awhile if you keep your hand moving long enough, words and thoughts start coming out you didn't even know you had in you... Sometimes they're things you heard from

somewhere... Sometimes they're
feelings deep inside...

(beat)

Have you ever done any freeassociation
writing, Cole?

Beat. Cole nods, "Yes."

MALCOLM

What'd you write?

COLE

Words.

MALCOLM

What kind of words?

COLE

Upset words.

Beat.

MALCOLM

Did you ever write any upset words
before your father left?

Beat.

COLE

I don't remember.

Malcolm watches him carefully. Beat. Malcolm waves the
question off casually.

MALCOLM

Can you do something for me?

Malcolm smiles. He rises and grabs his coat.

MALCOLM

Think about what you want from our
time together. What our goal should
be?

COLE

Something I want?

MALCOLM

If we could change something in your
life, anything at all, what would
you like that to be?

Cole's brow furrows as he thinks about it carefully.

MALCOLM

You don't have to answer now.

Malcolm heads for the door, stops when Cole emerges
behind the couch. Cole is wearing his father's jacket,

from
it

hangs to the ground like a dress.

COLE

Instead of something I want, can I
have something I don't want?

Malcolm turns back to Cole. Malcolm nods "Yes." Beat.

COLE

I don't want to be scared anymore.

Cole's sad eyes stare up at Malcolm.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

The surface of Malcolm's desk is covered with open
texts.

Malcolm pours over a thick reference book.

He circles a phrase...

"...resulting bruises and abrasions on arms and legs
may, in fact, be self-inflicted."

Malcolm appears disturbed by the thoughts running
through his head.

ANNA'S MUFFLED VOICE CARRIES DOWN THE STAIRS.

His face turns up to the ceiling.

MALCOLM

(loud)

Are you calling me?

WE HEAR ANNA'S FOOTSTEPS MOVE ACROSS THE BASEMENT
CEILING.

WE HEAR THE FRONT DOOR OPEN.

ANNA (O.S.)

What? You don't see enough of me at
the store?

Malcolm gets up and moves closer to their voices as he
stretches his legs.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

On my way to the flea market in Amish
country. Thought maybe you want to
come. Show me how to buy at these
things.

ANNA (O.S.)

I trust you... Besides, I don't know

if I'm up for the Amish today. You can't curse or spit or anything around them.

Malcolm smiles at Anna.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I thought you'd want to get out.
You've been kind of down.

Malcolm slowly stops smiling.

ANNA (O.S.)
That's very sweet. I'm okay.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Do you think I should stop by on my way back? Show you what I got? It's not a problem.

Malcolm shakes his head in disbelief.

ANNA (O.S.)
You know that's probably not the best idea. I'll just wait to see them in the store.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Okay. Fine. Understood.
(beat)
I'm off then.

ANNA (O.S.)
Don't step in the horse manure.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Thanks.

WE HEAR THE FRONT DOOR SHUT.

Malcolm moves to the narrow basement window.

INT./EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - DAY

We see SEAN, an attractive young man in his late twenties.

He gets into his car across the street. He just sits there for a moment before putting his forehead to the steering wheel.

MALCOLM
(under his breath)
Give it up, kid.

Malcolm turns away from the window as Sean's car starts up and pulls away from Malcolm's house.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

STANLEY CUNNINGHAM is a teacher in his late forties. He writes a question on the board.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

Can anyone guess what city was the capital of the United States of America from 1790 to 1800?

Mr. Cunningham turns and stares at his class of eight and nine year old private school students. They stare back at him blankly.

Cole rests his chin on his desk and watches the class with big eyes.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

...I'll give you a hint, it's the city you live in.

The class says the answer in unison.

CLASS

Philadelphia.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

Right... Philadelphia is one of the oldest cities in the country. A lot of generations have lived and died in this city... Almost every place you visit has a history and a story behind it.

(beat)

Even this school and the grounds they sit on... Can anyone guess what this building was used for a hundred years ago, before you went here, before I went to this school even?

Stanley Cunningham looks over the class of blank faces. He's just about to answer his own question when he sees a hand go up.

Mr. Cunningham looks surprised to see who it is.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

Yes, Cole?

COLE

They used to hang people here.

Mr. Cunningham furrows his brow. Beat.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
That's not correct. Where'd you hear that?

COLE
They'd pull the people in crying and kissing their families bye... People watching would spit at them.

Beat.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
Cole, this was a legal courthouse. Laws were passed here. Some of the first laws of this country. This building was full of lawyers. Lawmakers.

COLE
They were the ones who hanged everybody.

Mr. Cunningham chuckles. Cole's face turns cement grey.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
I don't know which one of these guys told you that, but they were just trying to scare you, I think.

Tommy Tammisimo leads the class in a wave of snickering.

Cole glances up. Sees all the eyes on him. He glances at the teacher who is still staring.

COLE
I don't like people looking at me like that.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
Like what?

COLE
Stop it!

Mr. Cunningham sees the traumatized expression on Cole's face and instantly stops smiling.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
I don't know how else to look--

COLE
You're a stuttering Stanley!

Mr. Cunningham's face becomes still. So does the classroom.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

Excuse me?

COLE

You talked funny when you went to school here. You talked funny all the way to high school!

takes
The class falls into stunned silence. Mr. Cunningham
an involuntary step towards Cole's desk.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

What--

COLE

You shouldn't laugh at people. It makes them feel bad.

Mr. Cunningham moves closer to Cole.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

How did you--?

COLE

Stop looking at me.

Cole covers his eyes with his hands.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

Who have you been s-speaking to?

We see Cole's mouth under his covered eyes.

COLE

Stuttering Stanley! Stuttering Stanley!

MR. CUNNINGHAM

Who!

Mr. Cunningham is standing right over Cole's desk now.

COLE

Stuttering Stanley!

MR. CUNNINGHAM

S-ssstop that!

COLE

Stuttering Stanley! Stuttering Stanley!

MR. CUNNINGHAM

S-sssstop it!

COLE

Stuttering--

MR. CUNNINGHAM

--Shhhhhhut upppp you fffffffreak!

hands

MR. CUNNINGHAM SLAMS HIS HAND ON COLE'S DESK. Cole's drop from his eyes. The teacher's face is burning red.

startled.

The children in the room are frozen. Completely

Cole's eyes are filled with tears.

Sear

Mr. Cunningham's expression drains of anger as Cole begins to cry.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTHONY'S LIBRARY - SAME AFTERNOON

sits at

Cole is seated in the school library by himself. He

laying on

a long center table near the windows. His head is

his folded arms on the table.

the

Malcolm peeks his head in the door -- unsure if he's in

silently

right place. He spots Cole and enters the room. He

up.

takes a seat across from Cole. The eight-year-old looks

Cole's eyes are hard -- filled with anger.

MALCOLM

Hey, big guy.

Cole stares for a second.

COLE

I don't want to talk about anything.

Cole lowers his head. Malcolm just sits and thinks.

FILTER

THE SOUND OF BOYS PLAYING SPORTS ON THE FIELD OUTSIDE

IN THROUGH THE LIBRARY WINDOWS.

takes

Cole turns his head and stares at the windows. Malcolm

in the sad vision of this boy. It affects him. Beat.

MALCOLM

Do you like magic?

and

Cole's face softens a bit. He turns from the windows

looks to Malcolm. Beat. Cole nods, "Yes."

in

Malcolm pulls out a penny from his pocket. He places it

his right hand.

MALCOLM

Watch the penny closely.

Malcolm closes his hand around the penny.

MALCOLM

I do the magic shake...

hand

Malcolm shakes his hand in circles. Cole watches his carefully.

MALCOLM

And suddenly the penny has magically traveled to my left hand...

doesn't

Cole looks to Malcolm's closed left hand. Malcolm open it.

MALCOLM

But that's not the end of the trick.

shirt

With another magic shake, the penny travels into my pocket...

pocket

Cole's eyes lock on Malcolm's shirt. Malcolm taps the but doesn't open it.

MALCOLM

But that's still not the end!... I do a final magic shake... and suddenly... The penny returns to the hand where it started from.

the

Malcolm opens his right hand. The penny sits quietly in center of his palm.

Beat.

Cole looks at the penny and then up to Malcolm's face.

Cole cracks a smile.

COLE

That isn't magic.

MALCOLM

What?

COLE

You just kept the penny in that hand the whole time...

MALCOLM

Who me?

on
Malcolm smiles a mischievous smile. He places the penny
the table. Cole stares at it and then looks to Malcolm.

COLE
I didn't know you were funny.

MALCOLM
I forgot myself.

Malcolm and Cole share a warm look.

FIELD
THE SOUNDS OF KIDS LAUGHING AND PLAYING OUT ON THE
COME POURING INTO THE ROOM AGAIN.

to the
Cole's expression changes back to sadness as he looks
windows. Malcolm leans across the table and whispers.

MALCOLM
Cole...

Cole looks at Malcolm.

MALCOLM
One day...
(beat)
You're going to sound just like them.

Beat. Cole's chin starts to tremble. His voice cracks.

COLE
(whispers)
Promise?

Beat.

MALCOLM
(whispers)
Promise.

OF
Malcolm and Cole sit in silence and listen to THE SOUND
CHILDREN PLAYING.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

Malcolm sorts through the many bills on the mail table.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Malcolm, sit your cute butt down and
listen up.
(beat)
Are you listening?

the
Malcolm turns AT THE SOUND OF THE WOMAN, and moves into

empty living room where the T.V. is on. A blanket lays crumpled on the sofa.

VCR.
DRESS
CAN SEE

THE WOMAN'S VOICE IS COMING FROM A VIDEO PLAYING ON THE
IT'S A WEDDING VIDEO. A LARGE WOMAN IN A BRIDESMAID
STANDS HOLDING THE MICROPHONE. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE
THE DANCE FLOOR.

BRIDESMAID

(T.V.)

No doubt about it. Anna's like my sister. You better make her happy... And I'm not talking about -- mmm this tastes like real butter -- kind of happy... I'm talking about Julie Andrews twirling around like a mental patient on a mountain top -- kind of happy.

THE LARGE BRIDESMAID BECOMES VERY EMOTIONAL.

BRIDESMAID

(T.V.)

You're really lucky. She's got so much love for you. Don't tell her I told you, but she said she loved you from the first time she met you on the street. She'd do anything for you.

(crying)

I love you guys.

(more crying)

My nose is running. Why isn't someone getting me a tissue?

THE
FLOOR.
AND

THE WOMAN HANDS THE MICROPHONE TO SOMEONE OFF SCREEN.
CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM HER AND ZOOMS IN ON THE DANCE
MALCOLM AND ANNA ARE SLOW DANCING. THEY'RE WHISPERING
LAUGHING WITH EACH OTHER.

THE HAPPINESS FROM THEM IS TANGIBLE.

flickering

Malcolm can't help smiling as he stares at the
images.

He turns and looks down the hall to their bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Malcolm moves into their bedroom.

THE SOUND OF A SHOWER CAN BE HEARD FROM THE BATHROOM.

Malcolm moves to the bathroom door and opens it slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Malcolm steps into the bathroom quietly. He stares at the silhouette of Anna's body through the smoked glass of the shower.

Anna stands still, her head tilted back.

Malcolm watches quietly. By his experience, it's clear he's taken by his wife's beauty.

Malcolm starts towards the shower when his eyes glance to the sink. Malcolm locks on a tiny bottle resting on the marble surface.

He reaches out and picks it up. The label on the plastic bottle reads,

"Zoloft Anti-depressant"
"To be taken twice daily"

Malcolm gently puts down the plastic bottle. He gazes at the still figure of his wife as the water covers her.

Malcolm leaves the bathroom. He makes sure not to make a noise with the door as he closes it shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DARREN'S HOUSE - DAY

Colorful balloons flutter in the wind in front of an old grey stone home.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Cole and an overweight boy named BOBBY are seated at a dining table covered in colorful paper. A stack of birthday presents are sitting on the table next to a cake.

The house is filled with the SOUND OF CHILDREN PLAYING AND

LAUGHING.

dining
Cole and the overweight boy are the only ones in the
room.

hand
Bobby watches with a dull expression as Cole moves his
in circles in the air.

COLE
...Then you do the magic shake. And
now the penny moves from my pocket
all the way to the hand it started
in.

reveal
Cole smiles and holds out his hand. His fingers open to
the penny.

Bobby stares.

BOBBY
That's stupid.

Cole loses his smile.

COLE
It's supposed to be funny.

BOBBY
It's stupid.

Cole and the overweight boy stare at each other.

BOBBY
Give me my penny back.

Bobby.
Cole gives the boy his penny. Beat. Cole gazes at

COLE
(almost inaudible)
...Don't be sad.

Bobby looks up sharply.

BOBBY
(hard)
What'd you say?

COLE
(shaken)
...Nothing.

to
Bobby stares down at him before returning his attention
his tattered napkin.

The two boys sit in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

open
Lynn
different
to

Cole sits alone in the corner of the living room. The kitchen doorway is next to him. Inside the kitchen are and DARREN'S MOM speaking. It's clear they're from worlds. Lynn is wearing tight clothes with hair teased dramatic heights. Darren's mom is in a designer suit.

LYNN

...He doesn't get invited places.

DARREN'S MOM

It's our pleasure.

LYNN

The last time was a Chuck E. Cheese party a year ago. He hid in one of those purple plastic tunnels and didn't come out.

DARREN'S MOM

Chuck E. who?

LYNN

Cheese. It's a kid's place.

catering
sterling

Darren's mom smiles formally and turns to give the people instructions on how to lay out the food on her silver trays.

LYNN

He's my whole life.

her

Darren's mom turns back to Lynn, the forced smile on face.

LYNN

I work at an insurance place and at Penny's, so Cole can go to that good school.

DARREN'S MOM

J. C. Penny's?

Lynn nods "Yes."

DARREN'S MOM

(bullshit)
Good for you.

LYNN

I wish I could be like my momma
though. She always knew what was
wrong. Knew just what to say.

Darren's mom glances at her expensive watch.

LYNN

Cole's going through something bad.
He won't talk to me.

(beat)

I'm his momma.

(emotional)

And I don't know what's wrong and I
don't know what to say.

kitchen
Lynn drowns in her thoughts. Cole moves away from the
with sad eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - AFTERNOON

hors
Cole walks past two expensively-dressed mothers eating
d'oeuvres as they move down the hallway.

MRS. WESTON

Did you have the Brie?

MRS. SAUNDERS

It tasted like cheese whiz.

They pass when Cole moves down the shiny mahogany wood
hallway.

The women's conversation FADES AWAY behind him.

white
away.
Cole turns a corner and comes to a dead stop. He turns
as he stares at an open CRAWL SPACE CLOSET a few feet

Beat.
Cole's eyes are riveted in the darkness of the closet.

FROM
THE HALLWAY ERUPTS WITH NOISE AS THE CHILDREN RUN IN
THE BACKYARD.

the
Tommy Tammisimo is one of the children. He talks with
birthday boy, DARREN, a skinny kid in a party hat.

TOMMY

I even got a trailer.

DARREN

For what? You only had one line.

TOMMY

You're slow, you know that. The star of the commercial always has his own trailer. You need to think about your character alone.

frozen Tommy glances down the hall and sees Cole standing staring at the crawl space closet.

Tommy grabs Darren.

TOMMY

Darren, check it out.

DARREN looks down the hall to Cole.

DARREN

My dad made me invite him.

from Tommy nudges Darren to move down the hall. Cole breaks his trance as Tommy and Darren walk up.

COLE

Happy birthday, Darren.

TOMMY

Something you want to see in there?

Tommy points to the crawl space.

COLE

(too quick)

--No.

Beat. Tommy looks to Darren and then back to Cole.

TOMMY

We're going to put on a pretend play. You want to be in it?

Beat.

COLE

...Okay.

TOMMY

It's called, "Locked in the Dungeon."

Tommy stares at Darren. Darren finally gets it.

DARREN

Yeah, Cole... you get to be the one locked in the dungeon.

Tommy It happens too quick for Cole to react. Darren and the shove Cole backwards. He stumbles into the darkness of the crawl space.

COLE

Don't!

They Tommy slams the door closed. Darren turns the lock.
crack smiles at each other as Cole bangs on the door.
STOPS. The BANGING GOES ON FOR A FEW SECONDS AND THEN IT JUST

SILENCE.

the Darren and Tommy look at each other and then back at
crawl space door.

Then THE SCREAMING BEGINS.

SCREAMS IN Darren and Tommy back away from the door as COLE
OVER TERROR at the top of his lungs. He CRASHES OVER AND
The against the door. HIS BODY SLAMMING AGAINST THE WOOD.
DOOR RATTLES like it's going to break off its hinges.
FILL The two boys are statues as Cole's BLOOD-CHILLING YELLS
THE HALLWAY.

running FOOTSTEPS SPIKE THE AIR AS children and mothers come
down the hall. Lynn is one of them.

Darren's mother turns the corner.

DARREN'S MOTHER

Who's making that noise?

THROUGH She looks to the closet. THE HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMS CUT
THE HALL.

LYNN

Cole!

knob... Lynn and Darren's mom rush to the door and turn the

Cole. The door flies open. Lynn reaches in and pulls out

He's UNCONSCIOUS.

nothing Darren's mom looks into the crawl space -- there's
looks inside except a couple packing boxes in the back. She
to Lynn.

She turns around with Cole in her arms.

LYNN
(desperate whispers)
Help me get him in the car.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION AREA - AFTERNOON

Colorful murals don the curved walls of the pediatric reception area.

A spattering of children accompanied by adults sit and wait.

Lynn and Malcolm are seated at a children's play table. A game made of a maze of wires sit on the table in front of them.

A young resident DR. HILL takes a seat at the table with them. He opens up his notes.

LYNN
What's wrong with Cole?

Beat.

DR. HILL
The tests indicate he did not have a seizure. In fact he's doing fine. After some rest, he could go home tonight.

Lynn closes her eyes. Lets out a tense breath. Beat. Malcolm eyes the doctor as he glances back to an academic looking woman standing at the reception room door.

MALCOLM
There's something else going on, Lynn.

Lynn opens her eyes and catches the doctor's expression.

LYNN
What is it?

DR. HILL
There are some scratches and bruises on your son that concern me.

MALCOLM
Oh, man.

LYNN

Those are from sports, from playing.
He's not the most coordinated kid,
but I don't want him to stop trying,
you know what I mean?

Doctor Hill gestures to the woman standing near the doorway.

DR. HILL

Mrs. Sloan over there is our social worker at the hospital. She's going to ask you some procedural questions.

LYNN

You think I hurt my child?
(emotional)
You think I'm a bad mother?

DR. HILL

At this point it's just procedure.
And you should probably calm down.

MALCOLM

How do you expect her to react?

LYNN

You want me to answer your questions?

DR. HILL

(sarcastic)
I'm sorry if I was being vague --
yes, I do.

LYNN

Who's going to answer mine, you dick.

Dr. Hill stares at her before closing up his files.

LYNN

(raising voice)
What happened to my child today?

Dr. Hill gets up.

LYNN

Something was happening to him --
physically happening. Something was
very wrong.

reception Dr. Hill hands his files to MRS. SLOAN and exits the room without looking back.

Sloan Everyone in the reception room stares at Lynn. Mrs. walks up to the table and waits.

considerable Lynn takes a second. Wipes her eyes. Gathers her strength. Beat.

LYNN
How long will these questions take?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

around
window.
Cole lays rigid in the hospital bed. Blankets bundled
him as if to shield him. Cole's eyes fixed out the

the
room. Cole spots him. Visibly relaxes.
Malcolm quietly enters through the half-opened door to

MALCOLM
I've decided we shouldn't schedule
sessions anymore. I'll just follow
you around.

metal
chair.
Cole smiles weakly as Malcolm takes a seat on a rolling

hospital
folds
ride up all the way to his knees.
Malcolm notices Cole's legs emerging from under the
gown. Cole is wearing A MAN'S DRESS SOCK. The baggy

MALCOLM
Your father ever tell you bedtime
stories?

COLE
Yes.

rolls in
the chair across the room as he thinks. Beat.
Malcolm looks at Cole. Malcolm makes a decision. He

MALCOLM
Once upon a time there was a prince,
who was being driven around... He
drove around for a long, long time...
Driving and driving... It was a long
trip... He fell asleep...

(beat)
When he woke up, they were still
driving... The long drive went on--

COLE
Dr. Crowe.

MALCOLM
Yes.

COLE

You haven't told bedtime stories
before?

MALCOLM

No.

COLE

You have to add some twists and stuff.
Maybe they run out of gas.

MALCOLM

No gas... Hey, that's good.

They sit in silence. Malcolm works on a new plot in his
head.

COLE

Tell me a story about why you're
sad.

Beat.

MALCOLM

Do you think I'm sad?

Cole nods, "Yes."

MALCOLM

What makes you think that?

COLE

Your eyes told me.

Beat. Malcolm's affected by his client.

MALCOLM

(rote)

I'm not supposed to talk about stuff
like that.

Cole smiles softly.

Malcolm stares at the tired child sitting before him in
the hospital bed.

Malcolm rolls his stool away from his client as he
thinks.

Beat. He slowly moves the rolling chair closer to
Cole's bed.

MALCOLM

...Once upon a time there was this
person named Malcolm. He worked with
children. Loved it more than anything.

(smiles)

Then one night, he finds out he made
a mistake with one of them. Didn't
help that one at all. He thinks about

that one a lot. Can't forget.

(beat)

Ever since then, things have been different. He's become messed up. Confused. Angry. Not the same person he used to be.

(beat)

His wife doesn't like the person he's become. They don't speak anymore. They're like strangers.

watches

Malcolm breaks from his thoughts and looks at Cole who him with unwavering attention. Malcolm smiles.

MALCOLM

And then one day this person Malcolm meets a wonderful boy who reminds him of that one. Reminds him a lot of that one. Malcolm decides to try to help this new boy. He thinks maybe if he can help this boy, it would be like helping that one too.

Malcolm leans forward, whispers with emotional eyes.

MALCOLM

I don't know how the story ends. I hope it's a happy ending.

COLE

Me too.

Malcolm

Cole looks at Malcolm's caring eyes. Cole stares at a long time.

EVERYTHING THAT'S SAID FROM THIS POINT ON IS WHISPERED.

COLE

I want to tell you my secret now.

Malcolm blinks very slowly.

MALCOLM

Okay.

them

Cole takes an eternal pause. A silent tension engulfs both.

COLE

...I see people.

Malcolm just gazes quietly.

COLE

I see dead people... Some of them scare me.

Beat.

MALCOLM

In your dreams?

Cole shakes his head, "No."

MALCOLM

When you're awake?

Cole nods, "Yes."

MALCOLM

Dead people, like in graves and
coffins?

COLE

No, walking around, like regular
people... They can't see each other.
Some of them don't know they're dead.

MALCOLM

They don't know they're dead?

Beat.

COLE

I see ghosts.

his

Malcolm becomes completely motionless. Works to hide
shock. He and Cole stare at each other a long time.

COLE

They tell me stories... Things that
happened to them... Things that
happened to people they know.

nothing.

Beat. Malcolm's words are extra-controlled. Revealing

MALCOLM

How often do you see them?

COLE

All the time. They're everywhere.

(beat)

You won't tell anyone my secret,
right?

Beat.

MALCOLM

...No.

COLE

Will you stay here till I fall asleep?

chin

Malcolm nods, "Yes." Cole pulls the covers up to his

still

and turns to the window in the room. Malcolm is very

and stares at Cole.

find

MALCOLM'S EYES -- slowly turn and survey the room. They
nothing. Malcolm returns to watching Cole.

ON

COLE'S EYES LOOK AROUND THE ROOM WARILY... WE MOVE IN
THEM -- TILL HIS EYES FILL THE FRAME.

Beat.

hospital
building.

And then we see what he's staring at. Through Cole's
room window we see the adjacent wing of the hospital

windows
DRESSED IN

Rows of hospital room windows are visible. In the
are patients... SOME OLD, SOME YOUNG... SOME ARE
MODERN HOSPITAL GOWNS... SOME FROM DECADES PAST.

WATCHING,

THEY STAND UNNATURALLY STILL IN THEIR WINDOWS...
WAITING.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

his
CAR
MALCOLM.

Malcolm hails a cab. He steps off the sidewalk lost in
thoughts. Steam rises from a street vent. HEADLIGHTS. A
SUDDENLY EMERGES FROM THE STEAM, NARROWLY MISSING

the

Malcolm jerks out of the way. His briefcase falls to
ground. His tape recorder falls to the sidewalk. Beat.
Malcolm reaches down and picks it up.

MALCOLM

Cole...

(beat)

His pathology is more severe than
initially assessed.

(beat)

He's suffering from visual
hallucinations, paranoia -- Symptoms
of some kind of school age
Schizophrenia.

(beat)

Medication and hospitalization may
be required.

his

CLICK. Malcolm's hand with the tape recorder drops to

side.

MALCOLM
(whispers)
I'm not helping him.

thoughts
Malcolm stares into the night. He stands alone as
crash like thunder in his head.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

hospital
The STREETS TURN RED as Lynn drives home from the
in silence. She glances down to her right.

his
He
Cole is curled up asleep on the passenger seat, back in
regular clothes, a tiny party hat clutched in his hand.
looks like a four-year-old.

Cole's
The sight of him exhausted and still, hits Lynn hard.
Lynn's face drowns in deep concern. She lays a hand on
head as she drives.

CUT TO:

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

on
BEDROOM.
The front door opens, Lynn carries Cole in. He's asleep
her shoulder. She carries him down the hall to his

Shepherd
Lynn lays Cole gently on his bed next to his German
Puppy. Cole curls up with Sebastian.

Cole is
hands.
Lynn watches the two youngsters sleep for a moment.
curled up asleep with a tiny party hat clutched in his

Cole's
begins
fingers
Cole.
SMALL
He looks like a four-year-old. Lynn has been carrying
sweater from over her shoulder. She pulls it off and
to fold it. Her attention is drawn to the sweater. She
the fabric of the back. IT'S RIPPED. Her eyes move to
In the middle of the back of his T-shirt are THREE

TEARS. Lynn pushes the fabric open with her fingers and
sees
DEEP FINGERNAIL LIKE SCRATCHES on his skin.
Lynn looks around helplessly, fear creeping into her
eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Lynn emerges from Cole's room. She turns OFF THE HALL
LIGHTS
as she moves into her room and closes the door.

WE HEAR LYNN PICK UP A PHONE AND DIAL. Beat.

LYNN

Hi, this is Lynn Sear, Cole's mother.
I wonder if we could talk about your
son and his friends keeping their
goddamn hands off my boy?

The thermostat on the wall reads seventy-eight degrees.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

A few hours later. The house seems threateningly still.
Too still.

CUT TO:

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An unnatural silence fills each room of the house.
The thermostat on the wall now reads, fifty-two
degrees.

A LIGHT TURNS ON FROM UNDER COLE'S DOOR.

Eyes
Cole's
Cole
his
The door opens a crack. Cole's tiny face peeks out.
scan the darkness. The door opens a little bit more.
knees are pressed together. His body dances a little.
has to pee. He moves cautiously into the hall.
Cole moves briskly to a door halfway down the corridor.
Opens it. Cole turns on the LIGHT IN THE BATHROOM.
He checks behind the shower curtain, before he turns

back and pees into the toilet.

A LARGE FIGURE MOVES PAST THE DOORWAY.

Cole instantly stops peeing. His body becomes very still.

He slowly reaches for the toilet handle and flushes. He closes his pants and turns. He doesn't come out of the bathroom at first. He just stands there and stares into the darkness of

the hall. HIS BREATH FORMS TINY CLOUDS IN THE COLD AIR. Beat. Cole finally steps out into the hallway. His eyes catch a SLANT OF LIGHT now coming from the kitchen.

Cole hesitates before being drawn to the kitchen. He moves down the hall and turns the corner -- coming to a stop in the doorway of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cole stares at the back of a person cooking food on the stove.

Cole's fear slowly fades away. Beat.

COLE

Momma?

(beat)

Dream about daddy again?

The person turns. It's not Lynn. It's a strange woman.

The woman's face is demented. A purple gash cuts across her forehead. ALL THE CABINETS AND DRAWERS ARE OPEN BEHIND HER.

WOMAN

DINNER'S -- NOT -- READY!

Cole's face turns the color of ash.

WOMAN

What are you going to do?

Cole backs up to the doorway.

WOMAN

You can't hurt me anymore!

The woman smiles menacingly as she thrusts her wrists

forward... They've been savagely cut.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cole turns and runs down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cole runs across his room.

corner
legs
come

He heads right for the homemade tent seated in the
with the "DO NOT TOUCH" sign on it. He scurries in. His
disappear as the bedsheets flap closed behind him.
The crazed woman stands at the end of the hall. Doesn't
any closer.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

moment
are
statues
statue

Cole is curled up in the tent. He lays still for a
reaching over and FLICKING ON A FLASHLIGHT.
The red interior of the tent gets LIP UP.
It's a striking sight. The bedsheet walls of the tent
lined with religious pictures taped to the walls. Tiny
of saints surround the interior perimeter. We see the
Cole stole from the church is in here... This tent is a
sanctuary made by an eight-year-old to hide in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE - AFTERNOON

THE
STAGE AS THE CURTAINS MOVE TO THE SIDES...

fourth
grade presents -- Rudyard Kipling's "The Jungle Book."

STAGE in
The parents APPLAUD AS TOMMY TAMMISIMO WALKS OUT ON

a villager's outfit.

TOMMY

(Decent British accent)

There once was a boy, very different than other boys. He lived in the jungle, and he could talk with the animals.

children.
BACKSTAGE, Mr. Cunningham cues the rest of the

COME
and
THE AUDIENCE APPLAUDS AS THE FULL CAST OF THE ACTORS
OUT. Some are villagers, others are dressed as trees
animals.

Cole comes on stage holding a painted cardboard monkey.
MALCOLM APPLAUDS FROM THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

posted
The arched halls of the private school are lined with
drawings and test papers.

Cole and Malcolm walk down an empty hall.

COLE

Did you think the play sucked big time?

MALCOLM

What?

COLE

Tommy Tammissimo acted in a cough syrup commercial. He thought everybody was self-conscious and unrealistic. He said the play sucked big time.

MALCOLM

I know every child is special in their own way, but Tommy sounds like a punk.

(Cole smiles)

I thought the play was excellent. Better than Cats.

COLE

Cats?

MALCOLM

Never mind.

takes Beat. They continue down the hall in silence. Malcolm
his time.

MALCOLM

Cole, I was really interested in
what you told me in the hospital,
I'd like to hear more about it.

-- Malcolm stops at a set of doors at the end of the hall
to realizes Cole is no longer next to him. Malcolm turns
find Cole frozen about ten feet back.

he Malcolm walks to him. He notices Cole's expression as
gets closer.

MALCOLM

What's wrong?

Cole points to the doors.

MALCOLM

Is something in there?

Cole doesn't say anything. Beat.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

wood It's a large shadowy GYM. Climbing ropes hang from the
beamed ceiling.

Malcolm. Cole is trembling slightly as he stands next to

MALCOLM

What is it?

gym. Malcolm follows the child's gaze to the ceiling of the

MALCOLM

I don't see.

Beat.

COLE

Be real still.

ceiling. Malcolm looks to Cole and then turns back to the

Malcolm's body becomes very still. Beat.

COLE

Sometimes you feel it inside. Like
you're falling down real fast, but
you're really just standing still.

Malcolm looks at the wood beams and climbing ropes.

COLE
You ever feel prickly things on the
back of your neck?

Beat.

MALCOLM
Yes?

COLE
And the tiny hairs on your arm. Are
they all standing up?

Malcolm glances at Cole. Surprise on his face.

MALCOLM
-- Yes.

Beat.

COLE
(whispers)
When they get mad, it gets cold.

MALCOLM
Them?

Cole. Malcolm looks at the empty stairwell and then back to

Nothing is said for a few moments.

MALCOLM
I don't see anything.
(beat)
Are you sure they're there?
(beat)
Cole?

tears in Malcolm turns back to Cole, he finds the child with
his eyes. Cole looks at Malcolm desperately.

COLE
Please make them leave.

Malcolm stares helplessly.

MALCOLM
(whispers)
I'm working on it.

Malcolm gently leads Cole away from the stairs.

COLE GLANCES BACK AS HE MOVES OUT OF THE STAIRWELL.

at
THREE

and no
WHITE
face,
pants,
follow
stairwell.

COLE'S P.O.V. -- The ropes and school banners dangling
the top of the stairs sways a little... But so do THE
BODIES HANGING BY THEIR NECKS FROM A WOODEN BEAM.

It's a truly horrific sight. A BLACK MAN in britches
shirt, face beaten to a pulp, hangs in the center. A
WOMAN in a torn white frilly dress -- tears soaking her
hangs to the right. A small MIXED RACE CHILD in half
hangs to their left. The family stares at Cole. They
Cole with their tortured eyes as he exits the

CUT TO:

EXT. HISTORIC PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

streets
and

Malcolm walks from the bus stop over the cobblestone
in front of Head House Square. The streets are quiet
dark. Night time has fallen over the city.

He

He slowly comes to a stop in front of an old building.
holds his arm up.

arm's

Uses his other hand to gently touch his hairs on his
surface.

fill

Malcolm looks up slowly. Looks around. The dark shadows
the corners of the historic building...

Malcolm stares into the darkness... Beat.

MALCOLM

(whispers)

...Is anyone there?

then

A long moment as he waits. The shadows seem to move,
becomes still.

his
Philadelphia

Malcolm shakes off the moment. He returns his hands to
pockets as he moves through the dark streets of
to his home.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

STRAINED
The doorway to Malcolm and Anna's bedroom is open.
VOICES SPILL OUT INTO THE HALLWAY.

MALCOLM (O.S.)

Look, he's an eight-year-old child.
He's my only client. If he invites
me to his play, I'm not thinking
about how late I get back... I go. I
have to go. You know that. That's
the only way I know how to work.

(beat)

Vincent said I failed him.

(raising his voice)

I WON'T GIVE COLE A CHANCE TO SAY
THOSE WORDS TO ME! I WON'T!

Beat. THE PORTABLE PHONE RINGS OUT IN THE HALL.

MALCOLM (O.S.)

Please let it ring.

raw.
WE HEAR MOVEMENT. Anna emerges from the bedroom. Eyes

She wipes her tears.

She picks up the phone and moves down the stairs.

the
Malcolm walks out into the hall. Stops at the top of
stairs.

ANNA'S VOICE CAN BE HEARD SPEAKING ON THE PHONE from
downstairs.

ANNA

I can't talk now.

person
starts
Malcolm doesn't hear anything as Anna listens to the
on the phone. She smiles as she wipes her tears. He
for the basement door again.

ANNA

(whispers)

I thought about you too.

stairs.
Malcolm turns. He stands frozen at the top of the

Anna's HUSHED WORDS RISING IN THE AIR LIKE A GUN BLAST.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

herself Lynn adjusts the thermostat as she tries to keep warm.

LYNN
I don't care what they say, this thing is definitely broken.

the Lynn fiddles with the dials. Cole is standing before beat-up twelve inch kitchen T.V.

in ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN is Tommy Tammisimo. He stands his pajamas in a doorway. He coughs.

TOMMY
(on T.V.)
Mommy, my throat hurts.

a Cole watches as Tommy's T.V. mother and father give him spoonful of medicine.

NARRATOR
(on T.V.)
Pediaease Cough Suppressant... gentle, fast, effective.

background, Tommy waves to the camera smiling and healthy. The T.V. goes BLACK as Cole throws his shoe at the power button.

sits. He moves to the dinner table where Lynn is seated. Cole father's His hands go on the table. He's wearing a pair of his even extra large LEATHER GLOVES. Cole's small hands don't up fill the palm area. Cole has difficulty trying to pick his milk glass with the gloves.

LYNN
Take 'em off.

next Cole removes the gloves from his hand and places them to his plate.

LYNN
I don't want them on my table.

Cole moves them to the floor.

Lynn is irritated, this is a sore point between them.

Lynn and Cole eat quietly. Beat.

LYNN

I saw what was in your bureau drawer
when I was cleaning.

Cole looks up. An anxious expression on his face. Beat.

LYNN

You got something you want to confess?

Cole just stares.

LYNN

The bumble bee pendant. Why do you
keep taking it?

Cole looks down at his lap.

LYNN

It was Grandma's. It's not for
playing.

(beat)

What if it broke? You know how sad
I'd be.

COLE

You'd cry. Cause you miss grandma so
much.

LYNN

(soft)

That's right. So why do you take it,
sweetheart?

COLE

Sometimes people think they lose
things and they didn't really lose
them. It just gets moved.

LYNN

Did you move the bumble bee pendant?

Cole shakes his head, "No." Lynn just stares.

LYNN

You didn't take it before. You didn't
take it the time after that. And
now, you didn't take it again?

COLE

Don't get mad.

LYNN

So who moved it?

Cole doesn't answer.

LYNN

There's only two of us.

(beat)

Maybe someone came in our house --
took the bumble bee pendant out of
my closet, and then laid it nicely
in your drawer?

(beat)

Is that what happened?

COLE

(soft)

Maybe.

Lynn just stares at Cole.

LYNN

I'm so tired, Cole. I'm tired in my
body. I'm tired in my mind. I'm tired
in my heart. I need a little help
here.

(beat)

I don't know if you noticed -- but
our little family isn't doing so
good.

Lynn folds her napkin quietly.

LYNN

I'm praying for us, but I must not
be praying right.

(beat)

It looks like we're just going to
have to answer each other's prayers.
If we can't talk to each other --
we're not going to make it.

(beat)

Now baby, tell me... I won't be mad,
honey... Did you take the bumble bee
pendant?

Beat. Cole's eyes start to water up.

COLE

No.

Lynn goes cold.

LYNN

You've had enough roast beef. You
need to leave the table.

Cole just stares at his mother's expression.

LYNN

(yells)

Go!

and
Cole gets up -- never taking his eyes off his mother --
leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

SOUND

Cole enters the DARK HALLWAY. He gets startled by the
OF HIS PUPPY GROWLING.

Cole.

Sebastian comes racing down the hall and scurries past

under a

Cole watches his puppy dart into the living room and
couch.

Cole slowly turns back and looks down the hall.

CORRIDOR.

THE DOOR TO COLE'S ROOM SITS AT THE END OF THE

OPEN

IT'S ALMOST SHUT. COLE WATCHES AS THE DOOR BEGINS TO
VERY SLOWLY. IT OPENS WIDE. COLE DOESN'T MOVE AN INCH.

FIGURE

SUDDENLY IN THE STILLNESS AND THE DARKNESS, A SMALL

COLE'S

SCURRIES FROM ANOTHER BEDROOM INTO THE BLACKNESS OF
ROOM. IT HAPPENS LIKE A FLASH.

Cole stops breathing.

THE FIGURE SLOWLY STEPS OUT FROM COLE'S DOORWAY.

IT'S A BOY. A FEW YEARS OLDER THAN COLE.

THE BOY WHISPERS IN A LOW, HOARSE VOICE.

BOY

Come on... I'll show you where my
dad keeps his gun... Come on.

MISSING

THE BOY TURNS. WE SEE THAT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD IS

AS HE DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARKNESS OF COLE'S ROOM.

Cole is too terrified to move.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

the

Lynn is kneeling on the kitchen floor trying to coax
puppy out of the broom closet.

COLE (O.S.)

Momma.

eyes
back of

Lynn turns -- surprised to hear her son's voice. Lynn's
are red from crying. She wipes them quickly with the
her hand.

Mother and son look at each other. Beat.

COLE

If you're not very mad... Can I sleep
in your room tonight?

Lynn fights back some tears.

LYNN

Look at my face, Cole.

Cole does. Lynn smiles at her son.

LYNN

I'm not very mad.

Lynn hugs him. Beat.

LYNN

Baby... Why are you shaking?

Cole doesn't answer.

LYNN

Cole, what's wrong?

Cole just closes his eyes and holds his mom tight.

LYNN

(desperate)
...Please tell me.

Cole doesn't say a word.

LYNN

(crying)
Please.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

with

We are in an antique store. Filled floor to ceiling
furniture and knickknacks.

and

Anna stands with a YOUNG COUPLE. All three lean over
peer into a glass cabinet.

An antique engagement ring sits on a velvet stand.

ANNA

It's Edwardian. Beautifully worked.

Entirely platinum with a mine cut diamond and an actual color Burmese Sapphire... It's timeless.

YOUNG MAN

You got anything a little plainer?

The young woman looks at her beau.

YOUNG WOMAN

Plainer? You want a plain ring to go with your plain fiance. Is that how it is?

YOUNG MAN

No, baby. Don't get in a tizzy. It's just... you're so beautiful... you're like a Burmese Sapphire all by yourself. You don't need all that.

YOUNG WOMAN

(disbelief)

Uh-huh.

Anna smiles as she takes the ring out of the cabinet.

ANNA

Why don't you two hold it?

She places it in their hands.

ANNA

Do you feel longing?

YOUNG WOMAN

Excuse me?

ANNA

When I touch this piece I feel a longing. I imagine the woman who owned this, loved a man deeply she couldn't be with.

The young woman looks at Anna with great intrigue.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did he have wavy hair and broad shoulders?

The young man throws an odd glance at his fiance.

ANNA

I don't know... But maybe...

(beat)

A lot of the pieces in this store give me feelings. I think maybe when people own things and then they pass away -- a part of themselves gets printed on those things -- like fingerprints.

silently.

Beat. The young man and the young woman gaze at Anna

it

They look down at the ring. They place their hands on
reverently, delicately -- like checking for a pulse.

Anna can't hold back her sweet smile.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

down and

Anna moves to the back desk where SEAN comes out. He's
carrying an antique bench in his arms. He places it

takes a much needed seat.

SEAN

You don't need someone with a masters.
You need a wrestler guy whose neck
is larger than his head.

ANNA

I need a wrestler with a masters.

Anna fills out the paperwork for the ring.

SEAN

What's this?

a

Anna looks over to find Sean standing at his desk where

her.

BIRTHDAY PRESENT sits on his tabletop. Sean looks at

SEAN

From you?

Anna nods, "yes."

SEAN

Is it wrestling tights?

tear

Anna smiles as she moves to his desk. Sean begins to

off the wrapping paper like a kid at Christmas.

"THE

Anna laughs. Sean holds up a weathered hardback copy of

GREAT GATSBY." Beat.

ANNA

It's a first edition.

SEAN

Wow, this is too much. It's perfect,
Anna.

little, Sean puts down the book and hugs her. He pulls back a
still holding her. They smile at each other.
a Beat. The moment goes on just that crucial fraction of
second too long. Their smiles slowly melt away as they
longest continue to hold each other. Nothing happens for the
time.
CRASH! A SHATTERING DOOR SLAM ECHOES THROUGH THE STORE.
man Anna and Jeffery pull apart. They rush past the young
and the young woman to the front of the store. They
find the glass front door cracked in a spider web pattern.
They carefully push open the door and step out onto the
sidewalk. Look around. No one in sight.
expression on Anna stares down the empty street. A concerned
her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

his Malcolm walks angrily down the sidewalk. He stops as
hand goes to his side. He winces with pain as he keeps
walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

of Lynn and Cole emerge from the supermarket.
Cole rides inside the shopping cart tucked between bags
food.
car. Mother and son are quiet as they move towards their
Beat.
face. Lynn leans over, looks at the side of her son's pensive
back. She starts pushing the cart faster. Cole wakes from his
thoughts as his hair flutters in the wind. He looks
his Lynn is smiling as she pushes. Cole turns and raises

hands in the air like he's on a roller coaster.

Beat.

They slow and come to a rest at the bumper of their car.

Lynn leans over -- sees the side of Cole's face smiling.

Lynn's face shows a little happiness for the first time. A

little hope enters her eyes as she starts to load the groceries into the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Cole and Lynn ride home with a back seat full of groceries.

Cole finishes off a cherry popsicle as he watches out the window.

Lynn looks over.

LYNN

Let's rent a movie.

Cole bites off the last of the popsicle and glances at his mom.

LYNN

Your pick.

Cole stares at his mom quietly.

LYNN

It can even have Jean Claude Van Damme in it if you want.

Cole smiles at that. He nods, "Yes" joyfully.

His smile fades away as he notices his mother fiddling with the HEATER controls.

Cole gazes out the front windshield as the car moves towards home.

Suddenly a piece of paper sticks to the windshield. It's a page from a Playbill. A 1941 Playbill. It flies away revealing a woman in a flowing flowery dress from the 40's suddenly

walks into the middle of the street as the pages of her Playbill swirl in the air.

COLE

(yells)

Momma, look out!

her
The woman in the flowery dress turns. Her hand rests on stomach. WE SEE SHE IS PREGNANT.

Playbills stick to the windshield obstructing the view. Lynn slams the brakes... Too late.

HER
RIGHT
GLASS...
THE WOMAN SMASHES INTO THE FRONT GRILL OF THE CAR...
TERROR-STRICKEN FACE COMES OVER THE HOOD AND CRASHES
THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD IN A SHOWER OF BLOOD AND

STOP IN
COLE SCREAMS. LYNN SCREAMS... THE CAR SCREECHES TO A
THE MIDDLE OF A CONGESTED INTERSECTION.

and
few
The line of cars behind them suddenly hit their brakes swerve to one side avoiding a mass collision. After a few seconds, the entire intersection has come to a halt. Cole who has shut his eyes... slowly opens them.

windshield.
He looks around fearfully. His eyes move to the

cars
No broken glass. No blood. And no woman. Cole looks out through the pristine windshield onto the street where cars are stopped and staring all around them.

staring
clutch the
Cole slowly looks over to his mother. He finds her at him in complete and utter disbelief. Her hands wheel. The whites of her knuckles showing her fear. She has no idea why he screamed.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - AFTERNOON

plastic
over
The den is very quiet. Cole and Malcolm sit around the multicolored table. Malcolm leans back in his small chair -- arms folded over his chest. Cole sits slumped over the table -- eyes peering out over his arms.

They both look like shit.

COLE
You don't wanna ask me questions
today?

Malcolm nods, "No." Beat.

COLE
Can I ask you then?

MALCOLM
Yes.

COLE
What do you want more than anything?

MALCOLM
I don't know.

COLE
I told you what I want.

MALCOLM
I don't know, Cole.

COLE
Why don't you think about it for a
while?

Malcolm doesn't respond. Cole watches him. Beat.

MALCOLM
I know what I want.
(beat)
My goal is to speak to my wife. The
way she and I used to speak. Like
there was no one in the world but
us.

Beat.

COLE
(soft)
How are you going to do that?

Beat.

MALCOLM
(whispers)
I can't be your doctor anymore.
(beat)
I haven't given my family enough
attention. Bad things happen when
you do that. Do you understand?

The room falls into silence again. Cole speaks extra
soft.

COLE

You want to go home?

Malcolm stares across at Cole.

MALCOLM

I have to.

COLE

When?

MALCOLM

Soon. One week.

Malcolm looks down at his eyes full with emotion.

MALCOLM

I'm going to transfer you. I know
two psychologists that are exceptional--

COLE

(whispers)

Don't fail me.

Malcolm looks up sharply.

MALCOLM

--What?

COLE

Don't give up. You're the only one
who can help me. I know it.

Beat. Malcolm tries to stay composed. It doesn't work.

MALCOLM

You want to know a secret?... I was
a paper champion.

(beat)

Do you know what that means?

Cole shake his head, "No." Tears fall down Malcolm's
cheeks.

COLE

Don't cry.

MALCOLM

It means I wasn't what everyone
thought I was...

(beat)

I was a fake.

COLE

You weren't a paper champion.

MALCOLM

Someone else can help you. Someone
else can make you happy.

Cole is crying now.

and
Cole wipes his eyes with his sleeve. They sit quietly
stare at each other. Beat.

Cole whispers.

COLE
Dr. Crowe?

MALCOLM
Yes.

COLE
You believe me, right?

A long pause.

COLE
Dr. Crowe, you believe my secret,
right?

They both just stare.

MALCOLM
I don't know how to answer that.

finds
Cole searches for the answer in Malcolm's eyes... He
it. It's not the one he wanted. Malcolm looks down.

COLE
How can you help me if you don't
believe me?

Cole reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a PENNY.

Cole pushes it across the table.

eyes.
Malcolm gazes at it, then looks up at Cole's pained

Beat.

COLE
(whispers)
Some magic's real.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

eyes
Malcolm sits stoically at his desk in his basement. His
gaze at the dusty FRAMED CERTIFICATE FROM THE CITY OF
PHILADELPHIA shoved between two packing boxes.

into
Malcolm leans his head back against the chair. Stares
the shadows. Drowns in his thoughts.

Malcolm's Beat. THE CHAIR CREAKS as he slowly sits up again.
with eyes scan the room and come to a stop on a box marked
the label...

"SESSION TAPES -- VINCENT GRAY"

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

desk. A tape slides into the tape player seated on Malcolm's

Malcolm hits play.

THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING IS HEARD.

MALCOLM

(on tape)

Sorry about that. Hope I didn't leave
you alone too long... Wow, it's cold
in here.

SILENCE. WE HEAR A CHAIR MOVE AS MALCOLM SITS DOWN. And then

Beat.

MALCOLM

(on tape)

Vincent... Why are you crying?

(beat)

Vincent?

A TEN-YEAR-OLD'S VOICE ANSWERS.

VINCENT

(on tape crying)

Yes?

MALCOLM

(on tape)

What happened?

(beat)

Did something upset you?

Beat. VINCENT SNIFFLES.

VINCENT

(on tape)

You won't believe.

MALCOLM

(on tape)

I won't believe what?

Beat.

VINCENT
(on tape)
I don't want to talk anymore. I want
to go home, okay? I want to go home.

Beat.

MALCOLM
(on tape)
Okay, Vincent, you can go home.

CLICK. THE TAPE GOES TO SILENCE.

Malcolm just sits in the shadowy basement. He doesn't
move
for a while.

Then he hits the rewind button. Stops it. Presses play.

MALCOLM
(on tape)
--about that. Hope I didn't leave
you too long... Wow, it's cold in
here--

Malcolm hits the rewind button again. Lets it rewind
for a
while. Presses play.

MALCOLM
(on tape)
--like needles either. When I was a
kid, I had this blood test down --
threw up chill cheese fries all over
this male nurse.

WE HEAR VINCENT CHUCKLE SOFTLY.

THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING IS HEARD.

SECRETARY
(on tape)
Excuse me, Doctor Reed is on line
two.

MALCOLM
(on tape)
Vincent, I have to take this. Give
me a minute.

VINCENT
(on tape)
Okay.

THE
FOOTSTEPS AS MALCOLM AND THE SECRETARY LEAVE THE ROOM.

DOOR CLOSES. AND THE SILENCE.

SUDDEN
Nothing happens for a long time. AND THEN WE HEAR A

QUICKENS.
CHAIR SCREECH ACROSS THE FLOOR. VINCENT'S BREATHING
A SLIGHT STATIC STARTS TO FILTER IN ON THE TAPE.
Malcolm's eyes are locked on the spool of audio tape as
it spins in the player.
Malcolm's fingers move to the volume dial. He turns it
way up. THE STATIC NOISE FROM THE TAPE FILLS THE BASEMENT.
Malcolm leans closer to the tape player. Closes his
eyes and listens... Beat.
DEEP IN THE STATIC... ANOTHER SOUND EMERGES,
WHISPERING.

A MAN'S VOICE IS HEARD IN THE ROOM WITH VINCENT

MAN'S WHISPERING
(on tape)
Familia... No dejen que esto me
pase... Mi familia... Yo no quiero
morir... Familia...

Malcolm's mouth opens in disbelief.

MALCOLM
...Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Malcolm stands on a familiar sidewalk. He stares into
the bay window of Mr. Marschal's brownstone.
Inside the window we see Mr. Marschal seated with a
group of older gentlemen his age. They sit around a table eating
sandwiches and talking. Malcolm watches as Mr. Marschal
tells a story to his friends. WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT HE'S SAYING,
but when he finishes everyone at the table laughs. Mr.
Marschal smiles.
Malcolm can't help smiling as well. This is not the
same man he saw before. Life has returned to this house. Beat.
Malcolm turns and moves down the street. Each step
faster than the next.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

center
Malcolm moves to the front of the church down the
aisle.

His eyes scan the empty seats. No one in sight in any
direction.

holds
Malcolm stands in the aisle a little out of breath. He
his hand to his side as he winces a bit.

soldiers
Malcolm's eyes float up to the balcony where toy
sit on the banister. Cole's head pops up.

MALCOLM

Hello again.

He looks down and studies Malcolm.

COLE

You been running around?

Malcolm nods, "Yes."

COLE

It makes you feel better?

Malcolm nods, "Yes" again.

COLE

I like to run around. It's good
exercise.

(beat)

You want to ask me questions now?

Malcolm shakes his head, "No."

COLE

You want to be a lance corporal in
Company M, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines?
We're being dispatched to the Quang
Nam province.

he
Cole holds up his plastic rifleman. Malcolm's eyes show
understands now.

MALCOLM

Maybe later.

Beat.

COLE

Something happened, didn't it?

MALCOLM

Yes, it did.

COLE

Are you wiggling out?

MALCOLM

Yes, I am.

COLE

We're not gonna start crying again,
are we?

MALCOLM

No, we're not.

COLE

What happened?

Beat.

back

Malcolm glances around the empty church before looking
up to Cole.

MALCOLM

These people... People that died and
are still hanging around. Maybe they
weren't ready to go.

Cole studies Malcolm's passionate face. A new face.

COLE

You really look better.

MALCOLM

Maybe they wake up that morning
thinking they have a thousand things
to do and a thousand days left to do
them in... And then all of a sudden,
it's all taken away. No one asked
them. It's just gone...

COLE

You have nice red in your cheeks
now.

MALCOLM

Do you know what 'Yo no quiero morir'
is?

Cole shakes his head, "No."

MALCOLM

It's Spanish. It means... 'I don't
want to die.'

(beat)

Not all the ghosts are scary, are
they? Like Mrs. Marschal?

COLE

No.

MALCOLM

What do those ghosts want when they talk to you? Think real careful now, Cole...

Cole stops moving. He looks over the balcony railing at Malcolm.

COLE

Just help.

MALCOLM

Yes! I think that's right!... I think they all want that. Even the scary ones...

COLE

You believe now?

Malcolm's stare is unwavering.

MALCOLM

I believe both of you now.

(beat)

And I think I might know how to make them go away.

COLE

You do?

Malcolm nods "Yes."

MALCOLM

I think they know you're one of those guys rare people can see them.

(beat)

You need to help them. Each one of them.

(beat)

Everyone wants to be heard. Everyone.

Cole takes a big sigh. Fiddles with his rifle.

COLE

What if they don't want help? What if they're just angry and they want to hurt somebody?

MALCOLM

I don't think that's the way it works, Cole.

Cole looks nervous.

COLE

How do you know for sure?

Malcolm's eyes are drawn to Cole's arm. Peeking out

from

at under his shirt sleeve are a set of cuts. Malcolm gazes
them.

MALCOLM

I don't.

the Cole and Malcolm stand silently in the center aisle of
back of the church.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

surges Malcolm moves around the corner on his street. His mind
to a with thoughts. And then he glances up. His steps slow
complete stop.

of Further down the sidewalk, coming out of the front door
his house is SEAN.

down Malcolm's face turns to stone. He watches as Sean comes
the front stairs and starts across the street.

fast. A sudden rage surges up. Malcolm moves towards Sean

the Sean reaches his car and enters it. He doesn't notice
figure closing in on him.

late. THE ENGINE STARTS. Malcolm reaches the car a second

as Sean pulls away into traffic almost hitting another car
he does.

Malcolm watches the car disappear down the next street.

Beat.

anger Malcolm turns and looks up at his home with unchecked
and overwhelming pain erupting his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Malcolm stands in his foyer.

faces Anna is sitting on the stairs, phone in her hand. She

away from the front.

into

Malcolm's a ball of tension as he listens to Anna talk
the phone.

ANNA

...You just walked out. You're probably on your way home. I'm leaving this message... I just didn't get to say what I meant...

(beat)

I know you're confused. It's just... I'm not prepared to do this, Sean.

(beat)

I don't want to be ashamed of that. I don't want to have to make excuses for that.

(beat)

And I wanted to tell you... I bought your present wholesale from a friend. I didn't even pay tax on it. You don't need someone cheap like that.

(beat)

By the way, it's a non-refundable item, it's scratched on the bottom.

(beat)

Are you smiling?... I hope you're smiling.

(beat)

I'll see you at the store.

Beat. A long silence. Then WE HEAR ANNA GENTLY HANG UP.

Malcolm leans back against an old radiator. Beat.

RISES UP

His eyes close as the SOUND OF HIS WIFE'S FOOTSTEPS
THE STAIRS.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The house is silent. No movement.

Cole is in his pajamas asleep on the floor of the TENT.

surrounded by

Curled up next to him is Sebastian. They sleep
statues and pictures.

VOICE.

Cole's eyes open as he hears HIS MOTHER'S DISTANT

LYNN

Cole...

(beat)

Cole, what's happening...

foot
stumbles
loose.

Cole quickly gets up and rushes out of the tent. His catches one of the chairs the tent is fastened to. He out. He doesn't realize one of the bedsheets comes

It folds to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

and
pushes open his mother's bedroom door.

He doesn't stop as he moves through the shadowy hall

CUT TO:

INT. LYNN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

looks
over the room carefully. Everything is still.

Cole stands in the doorway to his mother's bedroom. He

bed
sewing
machine fills the other side of the room.

Lynn's room is sparse. No paintings, no accessories. A without a frame sits in the corner. A table with a

HIS MOTHER'S VOICE turns his attention back to the bed.

LYNN

Cole, what's happening to you?

Her
sleep.

Cole looks down and finds his mother laying in her bed. face contorted in deep sadness as she speaks in her

LYNN

Is someone hurting you?... I'll beat their asses.

Touches
her face with his tiny fingers.

Cole smiles at his mother as he moves to her side.

COLE

(whispers)

Momma, you sleep now.

in her
sleep. Cole watches her carefully.

His touch seems to have an effect. Lynn becomes still

COT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

stands Cole closes the door to his mother's bedroom shut. He still in the hallway. Lets out a heavy sigh...

HIS BREATH ROLLS IN A TINY CLOUD IN FRONT OF HIM.

the Cole's brow furrows. He breathes again. This time intentionally. Watches as his breath materializes in suddenly ice cold air.

rigid. Every muscle in Cole's eight-year-old body becomes

darkness of He takes a second before moving through the inky the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

bedsheet Cole hurries to fix his tent. He ties the collapsed carefully in a knot on the edge of the chair. He checks it before entering the tent.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

When Cole turns around, he stops breathing.

She AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL VOMITS ON HERSELF IN HIS TENT. finishes and looks up at Cole with drawn eyes.

GIRL

I'm feeling much better now.

hands -- The girl reaches out with her withered and emaciated he tiny tubes hang from her wrists. She scratches Cole as tumbles back terrified out of the tent. The whole tent collapses --

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

the Cole runs hard out of his bedroom and down the hall to

under the living room. He gets down to the ground and slides wooden-legged couch.

Cole Sebastian is already huddled in fear under the couch. presses as far back as he can and waits.

legs. COLE'S P.O.V. -- is of the living room floor. Chair Coffee table base. Rugs... Everything is still.

for Cole holds his breath. He waits. Beat. Nothing happens. He takes his first short breaths and watches the room any sign of movement.

CUT TO:

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

doorway. A few minutes later. Cole is now standing in his He stares at the hunched figure covered by the collapsed tent.

to BEAT. Cole makes a decision. He looks like he is going cry -- fights it back.

sheet He walks towards it. Reaches down and slowly pulls the off the figure. The girl vomits one more time before looking up at Cole.

GIRL
I'm feeling much better.

Cole Cole and the little girl stare silently at each other. holds her stare with trembling eyes.

come He opens his mouth -- it takes a while before the words out.

COLE
Do you want to tell me something?

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC BUS - DAY

the
A downtown Septa public bus. Malcolm and Cole are among
spattering of passengers.

They're both wearing suits.

window.
Cole leans his head against the glass of the scratched

Cole's large eyes drink in the passing scenery.

for an
UNIFORM
THE
WINDOW.
COLE'S P.O.V. -- A dark, abandoned building stretches
entire block on one side. A MAN IN A GREY, FULL-BODIED
WITH NUMBERS PRINTED ACROSS HIS CHEST... RISES OUT OF
TALL WEEDS IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING. HE HOBBLER HIS WAY
DESPERATELY TOWARDS THE BUS. HIS HANDS AND LEGS ARE
SHACKLED... HE LUNGES OUT FOR COLE IN THE PASSING

SHACKLED MAN

My name's not Sullivan!

IN RED
A GUNSHOT ECHOES IN THE AIR. THE MAN'S CHEST EXPLODES
AS HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES SCREAMING.

Cole jerks back from the window.

The bus quietly drives past THE OLD PRISON BUILDING.

anywhere.
Cole stares down at his lap and tries not to look up

Beat.

COLE

She came a long way to visit me,
didn't she?

MALCOLM

I guess she did.

dress
Cole falls into deep thoughts as he stares down at his
shoes. Malcolm slips back into silence.

streets
The city bus slithers through the old Philadelphia
working its way downtown.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME - AFTERNOON

driveway
A modest home sits on a corner. Its small lawn, groomed
carefully. Rows of parked cars spill out from the

onto the streets.

out of

People in suits and dark dresses move somberly in and the front door of the home.

towards

Cole and Malcolm join the visitors as they walk slowly the doors.

dark

A frail, little girl about four years of age sits in a dress on the swings in front of the house. Visitors say to her as they pass. She doesn't say anything back.

hello

MALCOLM

Her little sister?

Cole nods, "Yes."

following

Malcolm and Cole watch her for a moment before others into the modest corner home.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - AFTERNOON

mourners is

The home is packed with people. The gathering of standing room only. The AIR IS FILLED WITH DOZENS OF CONVERSATIONS.

HUSHED

VISITOR #1

...can you imagine being a child in a bed for two years?

We move to.

VISITOR #2

...I think it was six.

We move to.

VISITOR #3

...Six separate doctors?

We move to.

VISITOR #4

(whispers)

...the little one's falling ill now...

We move to.

VISITOR #5

...God help them...

one
mother
staircase.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT HANGS NEAR THE FRONT DOOR. Two girls, bigger, one smaller sit on the ground in front of their and father. Their smiling faces welcome the mourners. Malcolm and Cole are standing at the bottom of a

Waiting.

nods

The front door opens as another group arrives. Malcolm to Cole as the foyer fills up. The two of them quietly disappear upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

supplies.

The narrow hall is lined with boxes of medical

process of
bedroom

I.V. stands, sterile needles and pads are in the being taken away. The boxes are piled outside a closed door.

in.

Cole stares at the shut door like he doesn't want to go

that
and

His eyes move to the large, colorful map of the world dons the hallway wall. He gazes at the many countries continents.

Beat.

COLE

I wish I were somewhere else.

MALCOLM

(soft)

Where will you go, where no one has died?

Cole stares at the map and then turns to Malcolm.

COLE

Don't go home, okay?

MALCOLM

I definitely won't.

long

Cole turns and stares quietly at the door. He waits a time before reaching for the doorknob.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

the
girl's bedroom. There's a hospital bed near the window.
The walls are covered with get-well cards and drawings
from
family, friends, and school children.

sizes of
camcorder
Her shelves are filled with puppets. All shapes and
puppets. Next to the shelf is a puppet stage and a
on a mini tripod sitting next to it.

DANCER.
Cole walks to the shelf and picks up a FINGER PUPPET

He places it in his pocket.

cassettes.
On the girl's desk, is a large collection of video

Show
The labels read, "Puppet Show Christmas 96," "Puppet
Birthday party," "Puppet Show class trip"...

the
Cole reads the labels carefully before moving towards
closets. He passes the bed.

GRABS
AN EMACIATED HAND REACHES OUT FROM BENEATH THE BED AND
COLE'S ANKLE.

slips
Cole jerks back startled. He watches as the girl's hand
back under the bed. Cole stays very still. Waits.

Nothing happens.

tilts
He slowly bends down. His hands touch the floor. He
his head and looks under the bed.

curled
across
the
word.
The emaciated little girl who came to his tent lays
on the floor. Her bulging eyes glare at Cole. She moves
suddenly. Thrusts a jewelry box forward. It slides
the wooden floor and stops just before Cole. Cole and
sickly girl stare at each other. Neither of them say a

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

around
As
the
condolence.

The room is thick with mourners. Most are gathered
the GIRL'S MOTHER, a young woman in her late twenties.
she moves through the room to the kitchen, she receives
many cards, hugs, and flowers that are offered as

Mrs. Collins leaves the living room.

moves

Malcolm watches breathlessly from the doorway as Cole
through the many adults across the room.

His
him.

The girl's father, MR. COLLINS, a thin man in his late
twenties, is seated on the reading chair next to a T.V.
face is granite. No one in the room dares to talk to

He stares statue-like at an abstract point in the room.

COLE

Mister?

the

The man doesn't react. Some of the guests look oddly at
little boy standing before the man.

COLE

Excuse me, Mister.

standing

Beat. The man slowly turns and looks down at the boy
next to him. Cole is very shaky.

Malcolm watches everything anxiously.

Cole stares at Mr. Collins.

COLE

Are you Kyra's daddy?

softly.

The man's face begins to crumble. Beat. He nods, "yes"

hands.

Cole holds out the jewelry box. It trembles with his

The father just stares at it. Beat.

COLE

It's for you...

(beat)

She wanted to tell you something.

storm of
reaches

The father becomes very still. His eyes fill with a confusion and pain. After the longest time, the father and gently takes the box out of Cole's small hands. Cole begins to back away...

Cole

The father gazes at Cole as he melts into the crowd. reaches Malcolm and the two then slip out of the house. The father looks down in a daze. He goes to open the jewelry latch

latch

box. His movements are slow and strained. He lifts the and open the box.

Mr. Collins stares at an unlabeled video cassette.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mr.

People in the room start to turn as the T.V. comes on. Collins is seated now.

IMAGE.

THE STATIC SNOW ON THE SCREEN IS QUICKLY REPLACED BY AN TWO PUPPETS DANCE ON STAGE. WE HEAR KYRA'S VOICE SING FOR

FOR

THE PUPPETS AS THEY DANCE AROUND.

smiles as

Her father's face forms the most heartbreaking of he watches the performance.

The entire room has stopped what they were doing.

T.V. SCREEN

limp.

WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS COMING UP THE STAIRS. The puppets go

by

The entire stage gets lifted up. We see it carried away seated

Kyra. We can view the whole bedroom now. The camera is on her desk in the corner.

door

Kyra climbs in bed and pretends to be sleeping when the and

opens. It's Mrs. Collins. She carries in a tray of soup a sandwich.

LIVING ROOM

takes
The crowd watches in riveted silence. The father never
his eyes off of the screen.

the
The image of the mother prepares the meal. She uncovers
fruit and the soup. Places a straw into the drink.
And then it happens.

inside.
The image of the mother walks to a closet. Opens it. An
assortment of household cleaners and sponges are kept

label for
She pulls out a bottle of floor cleaner. Reads the
the ingredients. Walks back to the food tray, where she
unscrews the cap on the floor cleaner. The mother pours

some
into the cap. Checks it.

MRS. COLLINS
(video tape)
That's too much.

goes
The mother pours some into the bottle. The remainder
into the child's soup. She replaces the cap and puts
the
bottle back in the closet.

tray.
The image of the mother turns to the bed carrying the

swings
She places the food on a metallic rolling table and
it over the bed.

MRS. COLLINS
(video tape)
Kyra, time for lunch.

Kyra pretends to wake from a deep sleep.

KYRA
(video tape)
I'm feeling much better now.

The image of the mother smiles.

MRS. COLLINS
(video tape)
I'm glad, honey.
(beat)
Time for your food.

KYRA
(video tape)
Can I go outside, if I eat this?

MRS. COLLINS

(video tape)
We'll see. You know how you get sick
in the afternoon.

crinkles Kyra picks up the spoon and takes a sip. Her face
at the taste. She looks up at her mother.

MRS. COLLINS
(video tape)
Don't say it tastes funny. You know
I don't like to hear that.

another Kyra slowly brings the spoon to her mouth and swallows
spoonful.

hands. The father SHUTS OFF THE TELEVISION with his trembling

He presses his hands to his eyes like they're burning.
The ROOM IS UTTERLY SILENT.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

of Mrs. Collins is seated at the dining room surrounded by
friends and family. She fixes one of the many bouquets
feels flowers on the table. It takes her a beat before she
the stare.

She looks up.

Collins. Standing in the doorway to the dining room is Mr.

behind A group of ashen faced guests stand in the distance
him.

softly. Husband and wife's eyes meet. Mrs. Collins smiles

Mr. Collins' eyes tremble with tears.

MR. COLLINS
(soft)
You were keeping her sick...

The whole world stops.

slow The mother's face registers confusion at first. Then
her. realization. Her eyes glance at the many faces around

Rage
down
She looks back at her husband. His glare is painful.
filling every cell of his body. Tears falling faster
his cheeks.

She
begin to
Mrs. Collins turns her attention back to the flowers.
concentrates with all her strength. Beat. Her hands
shake.

MRS. COLLINS
(to no one)
I took care of her...

stream
hand
Her words are met with ice cold stares. The first tears
down her face. The pretty flowers of consolation in her
tumble to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

sister.
Cole sits on the swings next to Kyra's four-year-old

She doesn't look up.

distance.
Malcolm waits in the driveway. Watches them from a

FINGER
Cole reaches into his pocket and pulls out the little
PUPPET. He holds it out.

COLE
You liked it, she said.

quietly
The four-year-old stares at the finger puppet, then
takes it in her small hands.

Malcolm
the
The two children don't say anything for a while.
glances to the house, where all movements in and out of
home has ceased.

Cole turns to the four-year-old.

COLE
She watched out for you.

eyes.
The little girl finally looks up. She has the saddest

FOUR YEAR OLD

Kyra's not coming back.

Beat.

COLE

Not anymore.

lightly The little girl stares down at the finger puppet. Cole places a hand on her shoulder.

Nothing else is said. Nothing else is done.

One Malcolm looks across the two children on the swings. mourning. One consoling.

Malcolm takes it in, overwhelmed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PROP ROOM - AFTERNOON

to a Stanley Cunningham moves between two curtains and comes prop room door in the back. He puts an ear to the door, listens and then knocks. After a second, he enters.

costume Mr. Cunningham finds Cole sitting in a poor villager as a FEMALE TEACHER kneels next to him and makes final adjustments. Cole and the woman glance at Mr. Cunningham.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

They're calling for the stable boy.

at Mr. Cunningham looks around the room and then directly Cole.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

Who were you talking to?

The Female Teacher looks to Cole and nods.

FEMALE TEACHER

Poor Stanley.

been She stands up. The entire left side of her face has burnt horribly. Grotesquely disfigured.

FEMALE TEACHER

My favorite student.

THE THE FIGURE OF THE WOMAN MOVES PAST MR. CUNNINGHAM IN DOORWAY. SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARKNESS.

Cole puts on his tattered hat.

COLE
Thanks for giving me this part, Mr.
Cunningham.

Mr. Cunningham smiles.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
You're welcome, Cole.

and They share a look before walking out of the prop room
entering the hall.

We see them walking away.

MR. CUNNINGHAM
You know when I was in school, there
was a terrible fire in this section
of the theater. They rebuilt the
whole thing.

Beat.

COLE
I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

head as It begins to rain. Malcolm pulls his jacket over his
he scurries up the stairs of the school.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - AFTERNOON

of St. Malcolm stands and catches his breath in the corridor
Anthony's Academy.

costumes. A teacher rushes in the hall with an armload of

MALCOLM
Has the play started yet?

without The teacher hurries past Malcolm and down the hall
saying a word.

MALCOLM
Is that a yes?

her The teacher scurries around a corner. Malcolm watches

curiously.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

Malcolm moves quickly to a set of double doors and opens them. He steps into the DARKNESS OF THE AUDITORIUM. The play is in full swing... Cole and a large group of costumed children are on stage. Cole holds a broom and wears a worn-down costume. He stands to the side -- hidden by others. A boy in a shiny-armored costume walks to the center of the stage where a large cardboard stone is seated. A sparkling HANDLE sticks out of the top. The armored boy tries to lift it. It won't budge. Bobby, the chubby boy from the party, is dressed in a magician's costume. He is Merlin. He steps forward.

MERLIN

Only he who is pure of heart can
take the sword from the stone.

Merlin looks to the group on stage. Looks right at Cole.

MERLIN

Let the boy try.

The group of villagers on the stage LAUGH AND MOCK THE SUGGESTION.

Tommy Tammisimo is dressed in a mismatched costume -- he hops around, clearly embarrassed.

TOMMY

(half-heartedly)

But he's the stable boy. He cleans
after the horses.

MERLIN

Silence village idiot! Let the boy
step forward.

Tommy turns a deep shade of red and hobbles off the stage.

Merlin looks to Cole. He smiles a true friend's smile.

MERLIN

Arthur...

hesitates.

Cole hesitates. Not because he's acting. He really

It takes him a moment before he steps forward.

the

Cole steps up to the stone. He places his hand around
handle. Begins to pull. The sword starts to come out.

The villagers GASP.

above

Cole raises the shiny sword out of the stone and high
his head.

Merlin and everyone on stage bows. A SILENCE FILLS THE
AUDITORIUM.

spot

Malcolm watches his client, standing unafraid in the
light for the first time.

and

The villagers rise and rush to Cole. They scoop him up
carry him around the stage in celebration. Cole
then starts laughing as the group of eight-year-olds

chuckles and

try

unsuccessfully to keep him up. They slowly sag and then
collapse. All the students are laughing as they try to
untangle themselves.

giggling

Malcolm watches with utter joy as Cole becomes
indistinguishable among of a group of twenty children
and enjoying themselves on stage.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

stained

The rain comes down a little stronger now on the
glass window.

back and

the

Malcolm sits on the stairs in the lobby. Cole walks
forth in front of him. Cole still holds the sword from
play.

COLE

How come we're so quiet?

Malcolm shrugs his shoulders.

MALCOLM

I think we said everything we needed
to say.

(beat)

Maybe it's time to say things to
someone else? Someone close to you?

COLE

Maybe.

Cole keeps moving. Beat.

COLE

I'm not going to see you anymore, am
I?

head,
Malcolm doesn't respond for a while. He shakes his
"No." Beat.

MALCOLM

You were great in the play, Cole.

COLE

Really?

MALCOLM

And you know what else?

COLE

What?

MALCOLM

Tommy Tammissimo sucked big time.

as he
Cole smiles huge. Beat. Cole's sword drags on the tile
continues to circle around the hall. We get the idea he
doesn't want to be still.

COLE

...Maybe we can pretend we're going
to see each other tomorrow?

Cole glances at Malcolm.

COLE

Just for pretend.

Beat. Malcolm exhales very slowly as he gets up.

MALCOLM

Okay, Cole, I'm going to go now...
I'll see you tomorrow.

entrance.
Cole watches as Malcolm walks down the stairs to the

Cole stops moving.

COLE

(soft)
See you tomorrow.

emotions.

Malcolm's face shows his losing battle against his

He doesn't turn to look back.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

lane
jumped
driver
flares

A rain-soaked bridge. A two-lane road merges to one
around a severe car accident. A rear-ended car has
the sidewalk and hit the guard rail of the bridge. The
is helped out by police. He's shaken but okay. Police
guide the cars as they crawl by.

traffic.

Lynn and Cole are standing still in bumper-to-bumper

stare

Lynn leans her chin on the steering wheel. She tries to
through the layer of water on the glass. She hits the
windshield wipers.

LYNN

I hope nobody got hurt.

silently.

Beat. Lynn glances over to Cole who sits in his seat

LYNN

You're very quiet.

(beat)

You're mad I missed the play, aren't
you?

Cole shakes his head, "No."

LYNN

I have two jobs, baby. You know how
important they are for us.

Beat.

LYNN

I'd give anything to have been there.

COLE

I'm ready to communicate with you
now.

Beat.

LYNN

Communicate?

COLE

Tell you my secrets.

The way he says the words gives Lynn a chill.

LYNN

What is it?

Cole takes a long time.

COLE

You know that accident up there?

LYNN

(confused)

Yeah.

COLE

Someone got hurt.

LYNN

They did?

COLE

A lady. She died.

LYNN

Oh my God.

windshield
Lynn leans over the steering wheel. She wipes the
with her palm to see better.

LYNN

You can see her?

COLE

Yes.

lights.
Lynn gazes out the windshield at the line of red tail

Beat.

LYNN

Where is she?

COLE

Standing next to my window.

MATTED
PASSENGER
A WOMAN IN HER LATE FORTIES, HELMET CRACKED, HAIR
WITH RAIN AND BLOOD, STANDS STARING THROUGH COLE'S
WINDOW.

outside his
Lynn looks over slowly. She doesn't see anything
window. She eyes Cole.

LYNN

Cole, you're scaring me.

COLE
They scare me too sometimes.

LYNN
They?

COLE
Dead people.

LYNN
Dead people?

COLE
Ghosts.

Beat.

LYNN
You see ghosts, Cole?

COLE
They want me to do things for them.

LYNN
They talk to you?

Cole nods, "Yes."

LYNN
They tell you to do things?

with
Cole nods "Yes" again. Lynn becomes upset. She nods
grave understanding. Cole watches her.

COLE
What are you thinking, Momma?

LYNN
...I don't know.

COLE
You think I'm a freak?

Lynn's eyes moves to Cole.

LYNN
Look at my face.

Cole gazes at her intense expression.

LYNN
I would never think that about you...
ever... Got it?

COLE
Got it.

BEAT. Cole smiles a tiny smile. Lynn glances down.

LYNN

Just let me think for a second.

She drowns in her thoughts. Beat.

COLE

Grandma says hi.

Lynn looks up sharply.

COLE

She says she's sorry for taking the
bumble bee pendant. She just likes
it a lot.

LYNN

What?

COLE

Grandma comes to visit me sometimes.

speaks,
Lynn becomes still. Her face is unreadable. When she
her words are extremely controlled.

LYNN

Cole, that's very wrong. Grandma's
gone. You know that.

COLE

I know.

Beat.

COLE

She wanted me to tell you--

LYNN

(soft)

Cole, please stop.

COLE

She wanted me to tell you, she saw
you dance.

Lynn's eyes lock on Cole's.

COLE

She said when you were little, you
and her had a fight right before
your dance recital. You thought she
didn't come to see you dance. She
did.

Lynn brings her hands to her mouth.

COLE

She hid in the back so you wouldn't
see... She said you were like an
angel.

Lynn begins to cry.

COLE

She said, you came to her where they
buried her. Asked her a question...
She said the answer is "Everyday."

Lynn covers her face with her hands. The tears roll out
through her fingers.

COLE

(whispers)

What did you ask?

Beat. Lynn looks at her son. She barely gets the words
out.

LYNN

(crying)

Do I make her proud?

Cole moves closer to Lynn. She cradles him in her arms.

Mother and son hold each other tight.

BUMPER

WE PULL BACK FROM THE WINDSHIELD, BACK PAST THE FRONT

COLE

WHERE THE FIGURE OF THE BLOODED WOMAN STANDS STARING AT
AND HIS MOTHER.

CAR ON

WE SEE A MANGLED BIKE PULLED OUT FROM THE REAR-ENDED

BRIDGE.

THE SIDEWALK. WE MOVE UP AND AWAY FROM THE RAIN-SOAKED

CUT TO:

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

home.

Malcolm walks quietly down the sidewalk towards his

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

sees.

Malcolm enters the living room and smiles at what he

In a

Anna is asleep in a chair. She's curled up in a ball.

way, she looks like a little girl.

Their WEDDING VIDEO PLAYS SOFTLY ON THE TELEVISION.

cake.

Malcolm watches himself and Anna cutting their wedding

THE CROWD APPLAUDS AS THEY FEED EACH OTHER PIECES.

Malcolm turns from the television and takes a seat next to Anna. He gazes upon his wife softly.

MALCOLM

(whispers)

Anna, I've been so lost.

(beat)

I need my best friend.

Silence. Malcolm gazes for a beat before looking down.

ANNA

I miss you.

Malcolm's eyes move back up. He looks at his sleeping wife.

ANNA'S TALKING IN HER SLEEP.

Malcolm can't believe it.

MALCOLM

I miss you.

Beat. Her lips move again. Eyes never open.

ANNA

Why, Malcolm?

MALCOLM

What, Anna? What did I do? What's made you so sad?

Beat.

ANNA

Why did you leave me?

MALCOLM

I didn't leave you.

Beat. She becomes silent. Anna falls back into deep sleep, her arm slides down. SOMETHING SHINY FALLS OUT AND ROLLS ON THE GROUND.

Malcolm's eyes watch as it comes to a stop... Beat. He gazes curiously at a GOLD WEDDING BAND laying on the wood floor.

Confusion washes over his face. He looks to Anna's hand...

An identical gold wedding ring sits on her finger.

RING
Beat. Malcolm looks down at his own hand... HIS WEDDING
IS GONE.

back.
Malcolm is completely lost. He takes a couple steps

Looks around in confusion...

His eyes come to rest on the door to his basement
office.

He looks in disbelief at the set of DEAD BOLT LOCKS on
the
door.

Malcolm doesn't know what the hell's going on... His
eyes
are drawn to the dining table... Only ONE PLACE SETTING
is
out on the tabletop.

His eyes search again -- they finally lock on the
WEDDING
VIDEO PLAYING. Malcolm watches images of himself on the
screen... His eyes fill with a storm of emotions...

Malcolm looks to Anna's face and becomes very still.
Beat.

CLOSE ON ANNA... TILL HER SLEEPING FACE FILLS THE
FRAME...

BREATHS
IT'S NOW WE NOTICE FOR THE FIRST TIME, THAT ANNA'S
ARE FORMING TINY CLOUDS IN THE COLD AIR.

MALCOLM
(like he's falling
down a deep hole)
No...

CUT: SLAM

FLASHBACK: INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
VIOLENT GUN SHOTS RING THROUGH THE BEDROOM.
Anna rushes across the room to a crumpled Malcolm
laying on
the floor. Malcolm's hands are clutched at his side.
his
Anna pries his hands away to reveal the tiniest tear in
shirt. Anna's eyes catch something dark -- moving... A
POOL
OF BLOOD IS FORMING UNDER MALCOLM. She slowly turns him
over
on his side... A horrific sight... An enormous exit
wound on

his lower back pours out blood uncontrollably.

Malcolm's jaw is locked open. His breaths are long and strained.

ANNA IS SCREAMING, BUT HER VOICE SOUNDS FAR AWAY.

then
hands
Malcolm's open jaw releases a long strained breath and becomes silent. Anna tries to cover the wound with her desperately.

SLAM

CUT:

PRESENT: INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MALCOLM

(screaming)

ANNA!

MALCOLM'S VOICE SHAKES THE ROOM.

Anna just sleeps.

Malcolm staggers back. His breathing erratic.

and
He takes a seat across from her. He looks at his wife suddenly becomes very still.

from
Anna's still curled up asleep, but tears are falling her shut eyes.

Beat.

MALCOLM

Don't cry.

faster.
Anna doesn't move, but her tears seem to fall a little

MALCOLM

I think I have to go.

Malcolm's mind is racing.

MALCOLM

(realizing)

I just needed to do a couple of things.

(beat)

And I needed to tell you something.

ANNA

Tell me.

Beat.

MALCOLM

You were never second... Ever.

Malcolm gazes at his wife. Tears fall from both their eyes.

MALCOLM

You sleep now, Anna. Everything will be different in the morning.

Anna lays still.

ANNA

Goodnight, Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Goodnight, sweetheart.

The room falls into silence. Malcolm sits still across from his wife. He drinks her in with his eyes.

Malcolm leans back in the chair. Slowly closes his eyes.

They close shut.

A WE ARE TIGHT ON ANNA... WE SEE HER SOFT BREATHS FORMING TINY CLOUD IN THE COLD AIR...

THE WITH EACH BREATH, THEY BECOME LESS AND LESS VISIBLE... ROOM BECOMING LESS AND LESS COLD.

GENTLY, SOON HER BREATHS AREN'T VISIBLE AT ALL. SHE BREATHES FALLING BACK INTO A PEACEFUL SLEEP.

WE PULL BACK to reveal Anna alone in the living room.

AT THE THE WEDDING VIDEO PLAYS ITS LAST SCENES... MALCOLM IS MICROPHONE ON THE DANCE FLOOR IN FRONT OF ALL THE GUESTS.

HE'S HOLDING A GLASS OF WINE.

MALCOLM

(on tape)

...I think I've had too much to drink.

they Malcolm smiles as he takes a sip. The guests chuckle as watch. Beat.

MALCOLM

(on tape)

I just have to say, this day today has been one very special day... I wish we all could stay and play.

The crowd erupts in LAUGHTER.

MALCOLM

(on tape)

What?

Malcolm looks around at everyone's smiling faces.

Beat. Malcolm takes his time. He looks just past the camera.

MALCOLM

Anna, I never thought I'd feel the things I'm feeling. I never thought I'd be able to stand up in front of my friends and family and tell them what's inside me... Today I can...

Malcolm's eyes fill with water.

MALCOLM

(softly)

Anna Crowe... I am in love. In love I am.

FADE TO

BLACK:

THE END