

BACK TO THE BEYOND
an original screenplay by
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FINAL DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. ISLAND HARBOR - DUSK

A November mist. PEOPLE on the wharf, under a sign that reads, "WELCOME TO PINE ISLAND."

A crewman anchors a ferry, as we hear

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The coast of New England...A favorite American vacationland. Specializing in codfish, the legends of witches and their broomsticks, fresh lobster, and haunted houses...

EXT. THE ADAMS HOUSE - LATER

A majestic home, modern, with a hint of old Yankee charm.

The porch light flickers.

FRONT STEPS (A PHANTOM P.O.V.)

As it approaches. It's shadow envelops a DOOR PLAQUE that reads, "THE ADAMS."

INT. ADAMS HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

An pulsing orange glow splashes across the face of an antique GRANDFATHER CLOCK. 10:58.

There's a blazing fire in the fireplace. A rifle and fire extinguisher is anchored on the wall above. We move to

ALAIN EDWARDS,

Late-twenties. He operates a video switcher, deck, scans a split screen monitor. The left half for the FIRST FLOOR CAMERA, at the base of the main staircase. The right half for the SECOND FLOOR CAMERA, outside the attic steps.

ALAIN

Bri, lock that camera and get down here. We wasted enough time already.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Aye!

BRIAN OSTRANDER,

Early-twenties, dons a headset, and a sweatshirt with the initials "GSU." He secures the SECOND FLOOR CAMERA.

ALAIN

Brock, you set the camera up yet?

ATTIC

Typical...cluttered, dimly lit. RAIN on the roof. We see

BROCK PETERS,

Mid-twenties, tall, muscular, sports a similar headset. He steadies a digital camera on a tripod. He turns, gazes into a dusty mirror, squints.

ALAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Brock!

BROCK

(faintly)

Yeah.

A reflection. He steps back, tugs on a white sheet.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

STATIC from the FIRST FLOOR CAMERA. Alain makes adjustments.

ALAIN

What the--

MAIN STAIRCASE (THE PHANTOM P.O.V.)

As it ascends. A flickering wall light. Brian turns the corner. A near collision. The P.O.V. passes through him, casts a faint shadow through the second floor corridor.

ALAIN

As he examines the monitor.

BRIAN

All set.

ALAIN

Good. Where the hell--

(into headset)

Brock, where are you?

STATIC from the SECOND FLOOR CAMERA. More adjustments.

ALAIN (CONT'D)

Now what is that!

(half-turns)

Go get him...please.

Brian turns, walks towards the staircase.

BROCK

As he studies a half-finished sketch of a nineteenth-century fishing vessel. He looks down, lifts a

SECOND SKETCH

It's of a seafarer, CAPTAIN MICHAEL CLAUSEN...a worn man with penetrating eyes. He has gray hair, beard, a scar across his right cheek. He's wearing a dark blue coat, with gold buttons on the cuffs.

BROCK
(an intense gaze)
You guys should see this.

ALAIN
Just get down here!

ATTIC STEPS (THE PHANTOM P.O.V.)

As it ascends. A FAINT PIANO MELODY echoes through the small space. More flickering lights.

BRIAN

As he stops on the staircase, pushes microphone towards lips.

BRIAN
You hear that?

ALAIN (V.O.)
Hear what?

He takes a few more steps.

BRIAN
It can't be. Cassie said she heard piano music and--

He reaches the second floor corridor. Another CREAK. Then a STEP and a DRAG, a STEP and a DRAG.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Strange footsteps.

He looks down, puzzled, approaches the attic door.

BACK TO ATTIC

Brock cocks his head, breaks free from his trance.

BRIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Brock? Brock, are you hearing this?

BROCK
Yeah.

ALAIN (V.O.)
I don't hear shit. Just get down here...both of you!

The FOOTSTEPS stop. A stiff breeze blows across Brock's face. More Flickering lights. He folds his arms, shivers. He backs away, slowly, looks at the window. It's closed. A dim shadow takes shape behind him, materializes.

BROCK (THE PHANTOM P.O.V.)

Approaching from behind, slowly. Brock turns. His eyes widen. He backs into the wall. A SUITCASE crashes down.

BRIAN

BRIAN

Brock, what are you doing in there?

MONITOR

A FLASH underneath the attic door. A CLOCK CHIME O.S. 11:00.

ALAIN

(glances at door)

C'mon you guys!

BACK TO PHANTOM P.O.V.

More CHIMES. Brock is sweating, trembling. He tries to SCREAM, can't. He struggles. His headset falls off.

MIRROR

Another CAMERA FLASH, then ANOTHER. It's wild, out of control. Suddenly, an arm enters INTO VIEW, grabs his neck. It's a dark blue sleeve...gold buttons on the cuff.

ALAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Brock!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY HARBOR - DUSK

The next day. A distant FIRE ENGINE. A thin ray of sunlight bursts through the clouds. Seagulls hover, descend on a weathered wharf.

EXT. WATERFRONT TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

A faded brick building on the water's edge.

A car pulls into the

PARKING LOT

Parks next to a late-model van, with lettering that reads "THE P.A.R.A. FORCE."

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

A suitcase in the passenger seat. We see

CASSANDRA (CASSIE) HARTLEY,

Mid-thirties, petite, soft eyes, ponytail. Her eyes are red, swollen. She grimaces, checks a neck bruise in the rear-view mirror. She knocks the mirror away, nearly topples a GPS device.

CELL PHONE

A unique RING. "FRANK" on the display.

Cassie checks her watch, exits. She ANSWERS the call, walks through the parking lot.

INT. WATERFRONT TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

The walls are lined with sea relics. A FOLK BAND plays THE SAILOR'S DREAM O.S. Cassie enters, struggles to listen.

CASSIE

(a British accent)

You're where? You're in Maine?
Were you following me?...Look Frank,
I have nothing more to say. This is
something I have to do.

She scans the DINING AREA, focuses on a corner booth.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

How do you expect me to react after
what you've said...Look, I can't
talk right now. I have to--
(louder)
I have to go!

She SLAMS the phone shut, pauses, moves through the lobby.

CORNER BOOTH

A jacket with the words, "The P.A.R.A. FORCE" covers the back of an empty chair. On the table, glasses, appetizer trays. TWO WOMEN sit with their backs to the front entrance.

M.J.

I see a man...entering. I don't
know, mid-forties. A comb-over...Did
I get it right?

MORGAN JANE (M.J.) PARKER,

Mid-twenties, tall, muscular, attractive. She turns towards

JASMINE PECK,

Late-forties, a bit robust. She turns towards the entrance.
A forced smile that quickly fades.

A brief glimpse of Cassie's ponytail.

JASMINE

(troubled)

Sorry...You can do it. You just
need to tap into your inner vision.
You have it...everyone does.

M.J. sips from her glass. She glances across the table at

DR. RICHARD BOURNE,

Mid-thirties, wire-rimmed glasses, wears a faded sweatshirt
with the letters "GSU," and

RICO CROMARTIE,

Mid-twenties, medium height, well built. He's busy with his
PDA.

DR. BOURNE

See if your inner vision can show us
where your brother went.

He squeezes a lemon wedge into his ice water, sips.

M.J. shakes her head.

JASMINE

Ah, spoken like a true skeptic.

M.J.

That's not the word I would use.

The women stare at each other. A light moment.

WAITRESS

As she approaches the booth, fills the water glasses.

JULIAN PECK,

Early-forties, medium build, leader of the P.A.R.A. Force,
passes her. He tucks away his cell phone, sits.

DR. BOURNE

Ah, speak of the devil.

JASMINE

Were you able to reach Cassie?

JULIAN
 No luck. I'll try again in a few.
 (clears his throat)
 Sorry it took me so long. Autograph
 hounds. You guys know the drill.

He checks his watch. 5:51.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 What time is the last ferry again?

WAITRESS
 6:30...sorry.

JULIAN
 Thank you...Kelly is it?

WAITRESS
 You're very welcome. Can I get you
 folks anything else?

JASMINE
 No, we're good, thank you.

DR. BOURNE
 All set.

JULIAN
 You guys sure? Another beer?
 (looks at Rico)
 Sorry. Or soda? We've still got
 thirty-nine minutes.

No response. Julian turns towards the waitress.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
 Just the check I guess.

The waitress leans across the table. She places the empty
 glasses, plates onto the tray, reveals part of herself.

WAITRESS
 Let me get these out of your way.

M.J. turns to Rico, expects a reaction. Nothing. Rico
 glances up, briefly, hides his PDA. M.J. leans over.

WAITRESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 So, the P.A.R.A. Force...You guys
 drive up from New Haven?

RICO'S PDA

A changing view from a nearby woman's camera phone.

JULIAN (O.S.)
 Yes ma'am.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
I didn't see your van.

ADJACENT TABLE

The woman lifts the phone from her lap.

JULIAN (O.S.)
(clears throat)
It's out there...I hope.

M.J. scans the room, stops on the shapely DARK-HAIRED WOMAN.
She straightens, punches Rico. He lowers his PDA.

BACK TO BOOTH

WAITRESS
Where you guys headed?

JULIAN
Pine Island.

WAITRESS
The Clausen curse?

JASMINE
You've heard of it?

WAITRESS
Heard of it? This is Maine. There
are no secrets here.

She points to the wall.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
There's a photo of the old Clausen
house on the wall...weird stuff.
You know, there was an old t.v. show
based on it...Another step forward--

RICO
Beyond. Another step beyond.

WAITRESS
Yeah, that's it...I think.

DR. BOURNE
(secures eyeglasses)
Actually, it was called One Step
Beyond...And loosely based at that.

JULIAN
(to Rico)
I see you were paying attention.
(to Dr. Bourne)
Well said Doc.

DR. BOURNE

I've done my homework...Where did you say that photo was?

WAITRESS

(points to wall)

Well, it was before my time...I'll be right back with your check.

DR. BOURNE

This I have to see.

Dr. Bourne rises, departs with the waitress. The DARK-HAIRED WOMAN passes the booth. Julian checks his watch.

JULIAN

I hope everything's alright. It's not like her being late.

Stares.

M.J.

What is she like?

JULIAN

Cassie? She's a real gem, one of a kind. A woman who knows what she wants...and knows how to get it.

M.J.

Can't wait to meet her.

JULIAN

It's her show. I want you all to remember that. She and the owners are good friends.

DR. BOURNE

As the CLAUSEN HOUSE PHOTO reflects off his eyeglasses.

BACK TO BOOTH

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Jason teaches with Cassie and Richard at Granite State...Do you know she is considered an expert on nineteenth century New England history?

M.J.

What's this about a Clausen curse?

JULIAN

It seems that just before the turn of the last century, the house's original owner, a sea captain,

(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
murdered his wife and her lover in
that house.

JASMINE
(jokingly)
Thus the need for an expert on
nineteenth century New England
history.

JULIAN
There appears to be some unexplained
phenomenon in the new house.

M.J.
New house?

JULIAN
The Adams place. Cassie will talk
more about them on the ride
over...when we're all together.

RICO
Speaking of which, what's the deal
with Doctor Boredom? Why is he even
here?

A hand on Rico's shoulder.

DR. BOURNE
I can see you haven't mastered your
inner vision...My name is Richard.
But please, call me Doctor Bourne.

M.J.
Busted.

DR. BOURNE
If you must know, Cass invited me.
It's for a paper I'm researching.
Paranoia...and the paranormal.

Icy stares.

DR. BOURNE (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
I so want to believe. I want to see
a real live ghost...Casper, Jacob
Marley. I'm not picky.

JULIAN
(to Dr. Bourne)
Didn't you two meet at GSU?

DR. BOURNE
As a matter of fact, yes.

Julian glances at his watch.

DR. BOURNE (CONT'D)

She helped me with a presentation I was doing on the Brattleboro Retreat. A remarkable woman.

M.J.

So we've heard.

RICO

Retreat? You mean, a campground or something?

M.J.

No, you dumb ass, a mental hospital. You know, looney bin, funny farm, wacky shack.

RICO

Oh.

Rico stares ahead, puzzled.

JASMINE

So, you're a professor of psychology?

DR. BOURNE

Guilty as charged.

JASMINE

I'm a parapsychologist. We're not that different really.

DR. BOURNE

Why no, I suppose not. I get people to let go of their demons, and you go chase them.

Rico looks down, sips his soda. M.J. follows, with her beer.

RICO

(muffled)

Well said...Dick.

M.J. spews her beer across the table, tries not to laugh. Rico reacts.

M.J.

Dammit Rico!

RICO

Good thing I'm quick.

JULIAN

What? What did he say?

She rises.

M.J.
Nothing...If you'll excuse me--

She turns, departs.

JULIAN
M.J., do you mind giving Cassie
another try?

M.J.

As she stops, walks back towards Julian, smiles.

M.J.
Anything for you boss.

JULIAN
Her number is--

M.J.
You already gave it to me. I just
put her on speed dial.

M.J. pulls out her cell phone, dials. Rico turns.

RICO
What? Wait! I'm not even on your
speed dial.

She looks up, puts the phone to her ear.

M.J.
That's because I try to avoid you.

M.J. walks away, nearly collides with the waitress, as she
places the check on the table.

WAITRESS
Thank you Mr. Peck. I'll take that
when you're ready.

JASMINE
(folds her hands)
Well doctor, I must say, I sure hope
we can help you find your ghost.

LADIES ROOM

A unique RINGTONE. Cassie opens phone, ducks into a vacant
STALL

CASSIE
You have to stop calling me!

She peeks through the stall. The DARK-HAIRED WOMAN dries her hands, exits. Beat. The DOOR opens. M.J. enters INTO VIEW, phone to ear.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(softly)

Look, we've been over this a million times already...I have to go...I have another call!

M.J. stops, terminates her call.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Alright!...Do I have a choice?...I have to go. Just call me when you get here...bye!

(presses button)

Hello?...Hello!

M.J. closes her phone, tucks it in her pocket, steps forward.

Cassie adjusts her ringer to VIBRATE, SLAMS her phone shut. She exits the stall, approaches the

MIRROR

M.J. moistens a handful of paper towels, wipes her shirt.

Cassie washes her face, unties her ponytail. She rises, moves to the paper towel dispenser. Empty. She SLAMS her fist into the dispenser.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

Why me!

Cassie wipes her face, exits the restroom. M.J. stares.

DINING AREA

Cassie tries to compose herself. She spots Julian. She summons the waitress, points, hands her a credit card.

JULIAN

As he places his credit card on top of the check.

JASMINE

Her eyes widen. A disturbing expression. The men rise.

DR. BOURNE

Cass! You made it.

CASSIE

Hi Richard, Julian.

Julian hugs Cassie. She flinches, offers a limp embrace.

JULIAN

It's been too long...Let me introduce
you to the gang.

(points)

That's Rico.

CASSIE

(lightly)

Julian warned me about you.

RICO

Don't worry, I don't bite...unless
you want me to.

Cassie blushes, lowers her head.

JULIAN

You remember my sister Jasmine.

She struggles to rise.

JASMINE

It's been too long Cass.

Jasmine turns, looks Cassie in the eyes. Her face goes pale.
Her knees buckle. She quickly sits.

JULIAN

Jazz!

CASSIE

Are you okay Jazz?

JASMINE

(unconvincingly)

Yeah, I got up too fast, that's all.

She struggles to look at Cassie.

JULIAN

Well, just rest for a while. We're
in no hurry--

CASSIE

About that, I apologize for my
tardiness. My GPS lied. I should
have been here thirty minutes ago.

M.J. approaches from behind, taps Julian's shoulder.

JULIAN

This is M.J. My right hand ma--woman.

M.J.

Person. Nice to meet you...finally.

CASSIE
 (awkwardly)
 Uh, the pleasure is mine.

Julian removes his jacket from the chair, looks at watch.

JULIAN
 (to Cassie)
 Okay, we've got about half an hour.
 How do you want to do this? M.J.
 has the money for the tickets. I
 just need to take care of the check--

CASSIE
 Too late, I already took care of it.

JULIAN
 O-kay.
 (turns towards M.J.)
 Why don't you give Cassie the money
 for the tickets.

CASSIE
 Actually, M.J. is it? Would you
 mind doing the honor? I need to
 take care of some family business
 first...I'll meet you guys at the
 terminal?

Julian returns his credit card to his wallet.

JULIAN
 Is everything okay?

CASSIE

CASSIE
 (unconvincingly)
 Never better.

JULIAN
 Frank...I knew he wasn't going to
 make this easy for you.

CASSIE
 No, that's not it--

The waitress approaches, taps Cassie on the shoulder.

WAITRESS
 Ma'am, I'm sorry. Your card was
 declined.

CASSIE
 Declined? That's impossible. It's
 a brand new card.

WAITRESS

I'm sorry.

Julian retrieves his card, hands it to the waitress.

JULIAN

That's okay, I'll take care of it.

CASSIE

Are you positive?

Julian nods.

JULIAN

My sister will sign for it.

WAITRESS

It was a real pleasure meeting you guys. I hope you find everything you're looking for.

JULIAN

Thank you Kelly.

The Waitress departs. Cassie returns her card to her purse.

CASSIE

Thank you Julian. Well, this is embarrassing.

(a nervous grin)

My husband's going to murder me.

Julian forces a smile.

The team members rise, put on their jackets. Jasmine folds her hands, chews on ice. Cassie focuses on air.

JULIAN

Where are you parked?

No response.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Hello...Cass?

CASSIE

Huh, yes, next to your van. I just need to retrieve my bag.

JULIAN

We can help you with that...Rico!

RICO

Aye-aye.

Rico gawks at a passing waitress, escorts Cassie out of the tavern. The rest of the team follows. Julian stops, turns.

JULIAN

Take as long as you need Jazz. We still have a few minutes. We'll be next door, at the terminal.

Jasmine waves, refuses to look at Cassie. He turns, joins the team as they exit. Patrons stare. Jasmine lifts her head. She is as pale as a ghost. She trembles, stares ahead.

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - LATER

The full moon ascends over the terminal. A CLOCK. 6:27. M.J. hands the tickets to the team, as they wait to board.

JASMINE (O.S.)

Jules! Hey Jules!

Julian steps out of line, greets her.

JULIAN

Jazz, slow down. We have time--

She grabs Julian's wrist, pulls him away from the team.

JASMINE

Jules, I need to speak with you...Where's Cassie?

JULIAN

She's still at the tavern, I guess.

She leads him into an

ALLEY

They pass a MAN with a cigarette. He hurriedly lights a match, turns. She leads Julian to the rear of the alley.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Slow down Jazz. What's the matter?

JASMINE

Call it off Jules, call it off now! We can't go through with this!

JULIAN

What are you talking about?

JASMINE

I have a bad feeling about this. A real bad feeling!

Julian grabs her arm.

JULIAN

Jazz, you're shaking like a leaf.

She pulls back.

JASMINE

It's Cassie. Something bad's gonna happen. I know it, I can feel it!

JULIAN

(lightly)

What, you some psychic or something?

JASMINE

This isn't funny Jules!

STATIC on a LOUDSPEAKER.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Now boarding. Service to Pine Island, Collinsport, Mariner's Landing. Now boarding.

JULIAN

Ah c'mon Jazz, how long have we been doing this, twenty years?...How many times have we faced something, anything that we couldn't handle?

Jasmine lowers her head.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

We're a team Jazz. You got me into this biz. I'd still be covering town hall meetings if it weren't for you...Are you sure it's not just the big sister thing?

JASMINE

No! This is different.

JULIAN

Is it?

Her face tenses. She turns, looks at the man. He puts out his cigarette, quickly exits the alley.

JASMINE

Look Jules--

JULIAN

You look Jazz, you have to trust me on this one. I'm not the little brother anymore. I can take care of myself. I can take care of all--

M.J. turns the corner, waves.

M.J.

C'mon guys, they're boarding!

JASMINE

As she lowers her head.

JULIAN
We'll be right there!

Julian grabs her hand, guides her towards the ferry.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
C'mon, everything will be alright.
You'll see.

She lowers her head, realizes that she can't win.

JASMINE
Go ahead Jules. Go if you have to.
But I'm not getting on that ferry.

Julian looks away, back.

JULIAN
Jazz, you can't. Where are you going
to stay tonight?

JASMINE
I'll find a room.

Beat.

JULIAN
Alright, if that's what you
want...I'll call you when we get
there. You'll see, we'll be fine.

She leans forward, plants a kiss on his cheek. An embrace.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
What about your bags?

JASMINE
I'll get them when you come back.
(tightens grip)
Just come back.

Julian walks through the alley, turns as Jasmine lifts her hand, waves. He glances up at the clock, walks towards the

FERRY TERMINAL

M.J. hands the remaining tickets to Julian.

M.J.
What's the matter with Jazz?

JULIAN
She's not coming...Something about--

CASSIE (O.S.)

Julian!

He turns.

JULIAN

There you are. I didn't think you'd
make it...again.

(beat)

You ready?

She shrugs.

CASSIE

(nervously)

He's not here yet.

JULIAN

Well, what do you want to do?

She turns towards the tavern, then back towards Julian.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Cass?

She lowers her head.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Final call. Service to Pine Island,
Collinsport, Mariner's Landing. Now
boarding.

CASSIE

Let's go.

JULIAN

Are you sure?

She grabs Julian's hand, steps towards the ferry.

CASSIE

No. But let's do it before I change
my mind.

Julian hands Cassie her ticket, stuffs other ticket in pocket.

BACK TO ALLEY

Jasmine moves, slowly, sits on a

BENCH

She watches as Julian leads M.J. and Cassie towards terminal.

MATCH CUT TO:

SAME BENCH

Jasmine is gone.

A car pulls up to the

FERRY TERMINAL

It stops, suddenly. The driver exits. It's FRANK HARTLEY. He watches the ferry depart the bay. He SLAMS his fist into the roof, retrieves his cell phone, dials.

INT. FERRY - MOMENTS LATER

Julian and Dr. Bourne huddle around a table, view pictures on Rico's PDA. Cassie leans against the window, struggles with a dream. Rico and M.J. approach, snacks in hand.

JULIAN

Oh my God, we just ate.

RICO

What can we say, ghost hunting gives us the munchies.

Dr. Bourne lifts his head. A VIBRATING CELL PHONE O.S.

DR. BOURNE

Speaking of which, where's Jasmine?

JULIAN

Excuse me?

DR. BOURNE

The ghost hunting part not the munchies part...sorry.

JULIAN

She wasn't feeling well, decided to sit this one out. She was so looking forward to working with Cassie again.

CASSIE'S PHONE

Rico reaches over, plucks it from the table.

CASSIE

(subconsciously)

No!

Stares. Cassie awakens. She turns, reaches for her phone.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Please...don't.

She rips the phone out of Rico's hand.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, it was an anniversary gift.

JULIAN

You okay?

Cassie straightens, turns.

CASSIE

Never better...truth be told, I haven't been sleeping well lately.

JULIAN

Are you going to be up for this?

CASSIE

Positive. It will probably do me some good to get away.

JULIAN

Can I get you a drink, anything?

CASSIE

No, thanks, I'm fine.

Julian leans forward.

JULIAN

Okay. Just to get you up to speed, I started telling the gang about the Clausen legend, the murders, the alleged haunting.

DR. BOURNE

Did you tell them that Jason is on the faculty at GSU?

JULIAN

As a matter of fact, yes.

M.J.

Yeah, what's their deal?

A brisk Autumn gust rocks the boat. The team braces. Cassie rubs her eyes, straightens.

CASSIE

The Adams? Jason and Elizabeth...nice folks. She's been a bit spooked though.

RICO

Spooked?

CASSIE

Elizabeth is an artist.

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

She's been consumed with this one portrait, possessed almost. She is a very sensible person, normally.

DR. BOURNE

(secures eyeglasses)

Aren't they all.

The team leans forward. Cassie follows.

CASSIE

She's changed.

M.J.

How?

CASSIE

She claims she has been hearing piano music, strange footsteps. Jason wants her to get psychiatric help.

CASSIE

As she chokes back the emotion.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

It's tearing their marriage apart. I need--we need to help them discover the truth. We need to help them save their marriage.

M.J.

How come he doesn't hear it? Jason--

CASSIE

They just finished the house two months ago, in September. He's travels the lecture circuit quite frequently.

DR. BOURNE

When did she first start experiencing the...phenomenon.

CASSIE

Shortly after they moved in. But they're not the first couple to experience something extraordinary in this location.

Reflection.

DR. BOURNE

One Step Beyond.

JULIAN

The Captain's Guests to be exact.
The episode was based on the original
Clausen house.

DR. BOURNE

Yeah, but how much of that was true?

JULIAN

The investigators could not discredit
their story, the possession, the
fire...1959, that's when it burned
down.

M.J.

I don't get it. You're saying that
the captain is haunting the new
owners, even though his house no
longer exists?

JULIAN

It's not uncommon for spirits to
manifest themselves on the land where
they originally dwelt, especially if
they have...unfinished business.

M.J.

How did it burn down?

CASSIE

More reflection.

CASSIE

A domestic quarrel...

She stares out the window.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

It was built at the beginning of the
nineteenth century by Cylus Clausen,
Michael's...the Captain's father.

She traces an object in the window steam.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Cylus was a good man, a good
husband...Michael was anything but.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLAUSEN HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK (1899)

ELSPETH CLAUSEN, mid-forties, sits at a roll-top desk in her
second floor bedroom. She writes in her diary, pauses to
gaze at a distant fishing vessel through the window.

CASSIE (V.O.)
 There had been reports of Michael
 beating...

EXT. NINETEENTH CENTURY FISHING VESSEL - DAY

CAPTAIN MICHAEL CLAUSEN, mid-fifties, cradles a rifle, flogs
 a bare-backed crew mate that's bound, hands and feet.

CASSIE (V.O.)
 Even murdering his own crew.

A SECOND INCIDENT. The Captain keyhauls another crew mate,
 tosses him overboard.

CASSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Finally, when the crew had enough...

A THIRD INCIDENT. A mutiny. The Captain is bound and tossed
 overboard.

CASSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They returned the favor.

BACK TO FERRY

RICO
 They killed him?

CASSIE
 Not quite. It crippled him for life
 though.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

The Captain hobbles through the brush, rifle in hand.

CASSIE (V.O.)
 When Michael retired from the sea,
 he set his sights on other things.
 He had changed...

He aims his rifle, FIRES. He smiles.

EXT. CLAUSEN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The Captain exits the woods, stops. He watches as Elspeth
 hangs clothes. GIDEON, early-fifties, the family friend,
 sits in a lawn chair, sips ice tea. He rise, focuses on

THE CAPTAIN

As he limps across the lawn. His bloody hands clench the
 rifle. His face is flush. He stops, stares at Elspeth. He
 moves past Gideon, cradles rifle, a maniacal grin.

CASSIE (V.O.)
 (voice breaking)
 For the worse.

BACK TO FERRY

Cassie's reactions have slowed. She is shaken.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 That was her last entry...August 1,
 1899.

M.J.
 Her last entry?

CASSIE
 Elspeth's, his wife's diary...It
 perished in the fire. Supposedly.

GASPS.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 According to other residents, the
 next evening there were gunshots.
 11:00 it was recorded. They were
 heard halfway across the island.

M.J.
 Oh shit.

CASSIE
 Elspeth and Gideon, a family friend,
 were never seen again.

RICO
 What happened to the Captain?

CASSIE
 There wasn't enough evidence to
 convict him...But he accomplished
 what his crew and the local
 authorities couldn't.

THE TEAM

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 According to town records, they found
 his body a few years later, 1902 to
 be exact. He had hung himself in
 the attic...with the same rope he
 used on his ship.

Shocked faces. SILENCE, broken by Cassie's VIBRATING PHONE.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 If you'll excuse me.

She rises, departs. She opens the ferry door, enters the deck area. We see her through the glass. She braces herself from the strong gusts, presses the phone against her ear.

M.J.

So how do we know for sure it's the Captain haunting the Adams house?

JULIAN

Good question. The Captain was quite the piano player. He had studied classical music in Boston.

DR. BOURNE

As he adjusts his eyeglasses.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You heard Cassie, Elizabeth swears she's heard piano music in the middle of the night.

DR. BOURNE

Could be the family cat. That's been known to happen.

JULIAN

Except for one small detail.

DR. BOURNE

And that is?

JULIAN

JULIAN

They don't own a piano...The footsteps are even more perplexing. From what I understand, Elizabeth describes them as dragging feet.

RICO

This ain't no Casper Doc.

DR. BOURNE

Oh please, spare me the dramatics.

Rico blows Dr. Bourne a playful kiss.

M.J. watches as Cassie closes her cell phone.

M.J.

I've had enough testosterone for one day.

She rises, exits the cabin. Julian studies Cassie with compassion and curiosity. Through the window, we see M.J. approach her. Rico and Dr. Bourne BICKER.

EXT. FERRY DECK - MOMENTS LATER

M.J. places a comforting hand on her shoulder. Cassie backs away, slightly. A full moon over the water.

M.J.

You okay?

Cassie glances up, half-smiles.

CASSIE

Never better.

(softly)

Actually, I've had better days.

M.J.

I kinda figured that when I bumped into you in the tavern.

CASSIE

Yes, about that. Thank you for not telling anyone.

M.J.

We're even. I wasted about twenty dollars in paper towels. Besides, they're just uncivilized apes. The less they know the better.

Cassie straightens, glances inside at the three men.

CASSIE

(grins)

I disagree, I would have to say that Julian is fairly civilized...for an ape.

M.J.

A spark in her eyes.

M.J.

Yeah, I guess. He taught me everything I know about investigative Journalism. He believed in me when no one else would...So, you two known each other a while?

CASSIE

Ten years...approximately.

M.J.

(nervously)

Is there...a past there?

CASSIE

Is it that obvious?

M.J.

I am a woman, despite what Rico says.

Cassie straightens, more.

M.J. (CONT'D)

What happened? If you don't mind--

CASSIE

We met on a documentary. About haunted lighthouses. My husband and I were separated...the first time.

M.J. folds her arms. A silent SIGH.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What we shared, Julian and I, was nothing really, perfectly harmless. He was in the right place at the wrong time. We're still good friends.

M.J.

The first time?

CASSIE

Yes, my husband and I have been separated four times...including today.

M.J.

Ah, that explains it. I'm sorry.

CASSIE

Not as sorry as I am. He always thinks 'I love you' will make up for it. He doesn't realize they're just words--

M.J.

As she looks across at the seemingly endless sea. SIRENS in the distance.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

He doesn't realize that true love can only be shown. It's sacrifice. It's putting someone else's well-being above your own. You know?

A soft nod.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What about Rico?

M.J.

Huh, Rico? He was a deadbeat.

(MORE)

M.J. (CONT'D)
 Julian thinks he's an asset.
 (beat)
 I just think he's a pain in the ass.

CASSIE
 I mean...is there a past there?

M.J.
 Me and Rico? Are you kidding
 me?...Yeah, for about fifteen minutes.
 Although he'll tell you it was longer.
 How did you know?

CASSIE
 I am a woman after all.

The two women CHUCKLE, share a light moment. Another CALL.
 Cassie opens her phone, checks the display.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 He is not going to let it go.
 (presses phone to ear)
 If you will excuse me. Tell the
 apes I will be back in a few minutes.

M.J.
 You betcha.

M.J. turns, walks into the

CABIN

Dr. Bourne and Rico are still BICKERING. M.J. approaches.

M.J. (CONT'D)
 You guys don't know when to give it
 a rest, do you?

Rico and Dr. Bourne lift their heads. Julian follows.

RICO
 M.J., can you believe this guy?
 He's saying that Elizabeth imagined
 the whole thing!

DR. BOURNE
 It's not uncommon for someone to
 distort something that's perfectly
 explainable. It's better known as--

RICO
 Some cuckoo disease! Can you believe
 this guy?

DR. BOURNE

Actually, it's referred to as Paranoid Schizophrenia.

M.J. sits next to Dr. Bourne.

DR. BOURNE (CONT'D)

Look, all I'm saying is that the mind is capable of some pretty remarkable things.

M.J.

Yeah, except for Rico's.

RICO

Julian, what do you believe? Is this guy off his rocker or what?

Julian glances up.

JULIAN

We're not in this business to speculate. We're here to investigate, to gather and interpret facts, nothing more.

RICO

But--

JULIAN

Look, we have a job to do. You know the drill. Cassie is counting on us to help the Adams determine if their house has an unfriendly host.

M.J.

Don't you mean unfriendly ghost?

RICO

You see Doc, I told you we're not dealing with Casper here.

Dr. Bourne smirks.

JULIAN

Whatever. They've given us twenty-four hours...to help save a marriage, to find out if their house is truly haunted, or--

RICO

Or what?

DR. BOURNE

(smiles, towards Rico)

Or, it's some cuckoo disease.

Rico POUNDS his fist into the table.

RICO
Son-of-a--

JULIAN
That's enough, both of you. Twenty-
four hours. That's all we have!

M.J. punches Rico in the arm.

M.J.
You heard the man, we have a job to
do...What's the plan boss?

JULIAN
(to Rico)
Go get Cassie. Let's see what she
wants to do.

RICO
Aye-aye!

JULIAN
Please don't do that.

Rico rises, walks towards the door. Cassie enters, POWERS
OFF her cell phone.

CASSIE
Are you looking for me?

RICO
You have the plan.

Cassie sits at the table. Rico follows.

JULIAN
Everything okay?

CASSIE

As she lowers her head.

CASSIE
Never better.

JULIAN
How do you want to do this? The
investigation I mean.

CASSIE
We should pick up the key first.
It's at Rachel's...unless you have
something you want to do first?

JULIAN
 (clears throat)
 You're the boss.

CASSIE
 Great. It's settled. That's our
 first stop. Rachel's office. It's
 directly across the landing--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HARRIMAN REALTY - LATER

A small house bathed in the glow of the moon. The P.A.R.A. Force van sits in the driveway, next to a station wagon with a purple ribbon hanging from its rear-view mirror, and behind a lawn post with a sign that reads, "HARRIMAN REALTY."

INT. HARRIMAN REALTY - CONTINUOUS

A fire in the gas fireplace. Cassie enters. The team follows. Rico steps behind M.J.

RICO
 Age before beauty.

M.J. pushes him inside, follows. There's PHOTOGRAPHS on the wall. Leach Realty from the 'ole days. CHATTER O.S. from

RACHEL HARRIMAN,

Late-fifties. She's clad like an islander. She motions for them to enter.

RACHEL
 (on phone)
 It was so good to speak with you
 again. I should have an answer for
 both of you soon...bye-bye.

Rachel hangs up.

CASSIE
 Rachel? Rachel Harriman?

RACHEL
 Why yes. Let me guess, you must be
 Cassie. Jay and Lizzie has told me
 so much about you.

Cassie lowers her head, blushes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 And this must be the world renowned
 P.A.R.A. Force...Pleasure to meet
 you all.

GREETINGS. Cassie steps forward.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Please, please come in.

JULIAN
The pleasure's ours.

CASSIE
Rachel, this is a colleague, a dear
friend of mine, Doctor Richard Bourne.

Dr. Bourne extends his hand, glances back at Rico.

DR. BOURNE
Please, call me Richard.

RACHEL
A real pleasure to meet you Richard.

The team enters the main area. Rico heists candy from a jar, squeezes in between Dr. Bourne and M.J. on the couch. Julian and Cassie hover.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Can I get anyone a beverage?

The team nods. Rico hesitates, raises his hand.

RICO
I--

JULIAN
Thanks, but we just came for the--

Rico retracts his hand.

RACHEL
Key. Yes, as a matter of fact, I
was looking in on it a few days
ago...while Jay is gone.

JULIAN
Gone?

RACHEL
Why goodness yes. They never stay
past Halloween. They have a house
in Tampa you know...Lizzy is there
now.

RACHEL

Troubled.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Jay is on a lecture tour. When he gets back, he's going to take their boat out, spend time with friends...A real tragedy, the two of them.

RICO

Yeah, two houses and a boat...a real tragedy.

JULIAN

Rico!...Sorry Rachel.

RACHEL

Oh, no need to apologize. They have it all. They've been so blessed, and they'd be the first to admit it.

THE TEAM

RACHEL (CONT'D)

But, they've given so much back. Did you know they helped raise over three million dollars for the new children's clinic in Yarmouth?

CASSIE

The words strike a chord in her soul.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Such a dynamic couple. I really don't know how we'd get along without them...Yes, a real tragedy.

Cassie lowers her head, reflects.

CASSIE

That's why we're here Rachel.

Brief silence.

JULIAN

Actually, do you know exactly why we're here?

RACHEL

Well of course Julian.

JULIAN

(clears throat)

So you know the kinds of things that can happen--

RACHEL

Oh, yes.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

But you're in the business of chasing away nightmares. I'm in the business of chasing down dreams.

DR. BOURNE

Very well said.

Rachel nods towards Dr. Bourne.

RACHEL

We get young couples in here all the time. Some looking for a place to enjoy the beautiful Maine summers. Some, a place to hibernate for awhile.

CASSIE

Envy.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

They all come in with great enthusiasm. They all are looking to us to grant them their dreams.

Rachel sits down. Julian lowers his head.

RICO

Are you sure you know why we're here?

RACHEL

Oh, goodness yes. The Clausen legend?...I do admit on those rare occasions, the dream will seem more like a nightmare.

The team leans forward.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Such was the case the summer the Clausen house burnt to the ground.

(beat)

You know, there was a famous television show based on it.

DR. BOURNE

(sarcastically)

We've already been over it.

JULIAN

What can you tell us about the real story?

CASSIE

Yes, can you tell us exactly what happened?

RACHEL

Why of course...It was the summer of 1958.

JULIAN

I thought it was 59.

RACHEL

The show aired in 59. The events in question occurred a year earlier, in 1958.

LEACH REALTY PHOTOGRAPH

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

It was an unusually hot summer, as dad remembered it.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. LEACH REALTY - DAY - FLASHBACK (1958)

ANDY COURTNEY, mid-thirties, slim, stops his convertible in front of a lawn sign that reads, "LEACH REALTY."

He exits the car, escorts his wife ELLEN COURTNEY, late-twenties, towards the entrance of this large, luxurious house.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Dad was inside, playing chess with one of his friends, as he did every morning...when they arrived.

INT. LEACH REALTY - MOMENTS LATER

The decor is classy, but casual. There's a few sea-inspired paintings on the wall. A couple of ferns. The realtor, MR. LEACH, late-fifties, pipe in mouth, plays chess with his FRIEND, also late-fifties. The door opens.

ANDY AND ELLEN

Andy leads his wife inside, closes the door. She approaches, slowly, carefully. Mr. Leach shows little interest. Andy places a comforting hand on her shoulder.

ANDY

Um...hope we're not disturbing your game.

Mr. Leach maintains his focus.

MR. LEACH

Well, you are.

Andy looks at his wife. He grabs her arm, leads her down the steps towards Mr. Leach.

ANDY

Look, we're interested in renting a house. Do you handle that sort of thing?

MR. LEACH

I do...and I don't.

ANDY

What's that supposed to mean?

Mr. Leach cups his pipe, barely looks towards the couple.

MR. LEACH

I do when there's houses to rent...and don't when there ain't.

(beat)

Right now, there ain't.

ANDY

What about that two-story job on Cape Anne Road?

Mr. Leach gazes towards his friend. He looks up, genuine concern on his face. Finally, eye contact.

MR. LEACH

You mean the Clausen house?

ANDY

You know it?

MR. LEACH

Yeah, I know it.

ANDY

Well, the place is empty. We thought it might be for rent.

Mr. Leach glances at his friend, back at the chess board.

MR. LEACH

I wouldn't fool with it.

ELLEN

Why not?

Mr. Leach removes his pipe, gazes straight into Ellen's eyes.

MR. LEACH

It's an unfriendly house ma'am...it don't like people.

ANDY

But it is for rent?

Beat. He fidgets.

MR. LEACH

Yeah.

BACK TO HARRIMAN REALTY

RACHEL

The Courtneys were so enamored with the beautiful house on Cape Anne Road, as Dad told it...But their dream turned out to be short-lived.

BACK TO LEACH REALTY

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ellen came back a few months later to speak with dad. She was shaken.

Mr. Leach at front desk, scans his ledger. A DOOR opens O.S. He turns, stands. Ellen softly closes the door, approaches the front desk.

ELLEN

Mr. Leach?

MR. LEACH

Yes ma'am?

ELLEN

I'm Ellen Courtney...We rented a house from you, several months ago?

MR. LEACH

Yes ma'am.

(beat)

I remember...what can I do for ya?

ELLEN

Well, I'm not sure...may I sit down please?

MR. LEACH

Why of course, of course.

He leads her to a chair behind the desk.

MR. LEACH (CONT'D)

Right here.

He follows into his seat, grabs the arm of her chair. He leans back. The chair MOANS.

MR. LEACH (CONT'D)

Now--

ELLEN

I thought perhaps you might...you might tell me something.

MR. LEACH

Like what?

ELLEN

About the house.

MR. LEACH

Yes ma'am. I know what you mean.

(beat)

I expected ya a long time before
this.

She focuses, digests his every word.

MR. LEACH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It was built in eighteen-one, by a
man by the name of Cylus Clausen...He
left it to his son Michael.

(beat)

Michael was a sea captain. And a
good one, so they say...but he was
mean...mean!

She GASPS.

MR. LEACH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Killed alot of his men...finally, a
crew mutinied, and they keyhauled
'im.

She turns her head, puzzled.

ELLEN

What does that mean?

MR. LEACH

Drug him back and forth, across the
bottom of his boat. Barnacles chewed
him up pretty bad I guess...Near
tore off his right leg.

(beat)

And after that...he was different.

Beat.

MR. LEACH (CONT'D)

When the mutineers was all hung, he
retired from the sea.

She pauses, searches for the right moment.

ELLEN

Was he married?

MR. LEACH

He was.

ELLEN

What was her name?

She tenses, awaits an answer.

MR. LEACH

Elsbeth.

ELLEN

And what--what happened to her?

Mr. Leach straightens, looks her in the eyes.

MR. LEACH

Don't you know Mrs. Courtney?

BACK TO HARRIMAN REALTY

Julian springs forward. Rico follows.

DR. BOURNE

Wait a minute here. Ellen Courtney?
Are you telling me that the producers
used real names, for everyone?

RACHEL

That's right, Ellen Courtney.

DR. BOURNE

They used everything, just like it
was.

RACHEL

Well, no, I suppose not.

DR. BOURNE

(secures eyeglasses)
I thought not.

RACHEL

Ellen was a blonde.

GASPS.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

She was a beautiful woman. We talked
after the fire. I was a child then.

RACHEL

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Do you know she's still alive? She
lives in a retirement home on Block
Island. She still likes the sea. I
get a card from her every so often.

DR. BOURNE

DR. BOURNE

But what about the name, Leach Realty.
They didn't get that right.

RACHEL

But didn't they Richard? Harriman
is my married name. We bought the
business from dad. My maiden name
is Leach...Rachel Leach.

SILENCE.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Speaking of significant others,
Cassandra dear, your husband, Frank
is it? He's has been trying to reach
you. He's a persistent little bugger.

Rachel hands a few phone messages to Cassie. She lowers her
head, plucks them from her hand.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And lest I forget to give you the
coveted key.

Rachel extends a key. Cassie takes it, gently.

CASSIE

(shocked)
Thank you.

RACHEL

You're welcome my dear. Please call
should you need my help.

DR. BOURNE

There's one thing I can't understand.

RACHEL

Yes Richard?

DR. BOURNE

What exactly happened for Ellen to
come back to speak to your father.

Rachel straightens, looks him in the eyes.

RACHEL

Why, don't you know Richard, my dear?

EXT. PINE ISLAND - LATER

The P.A.R.A. Force van winds through the narrow roads. A
full moon over the water.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Julian drives. Cassie rides shotgun. M.J. leans forward.
Rico pulls candy from his pocket.

RICO
(child-like)
Fireball anyone?

Julian scans the street signs.

JULIAN
Cape Anne Road. We're looking for
Cape Anne Road.

CASSIE

She's mesmerized, turns the messages over in her hands.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Hello?

She snaps out of it.

CASSIE
Excuse me? I apologize. My mind
must be somewhere else.

M.J.
Or on someone else?

CASSIE
My husband and I spent a week here,
when we were first married.

RICO
Is he...dead or something? You make
it sound like he's dead.

M.J.
Nice, Rico.

CASSIE
That's quite alright. No, technically
he's not dead. His brain still works,
but his heart gave out years ago.

RICO
No shit. So, he's a vegetable.

M.J.
Rico, you dumb ass.

M.J. lowers her head. Sympathy for her new friend.

CASSIE
I haven't told you this, but I moved
out of my house this morning...Tonight
may be the last night I spend in a
real house, for awhile.

M.J. rubs her shoulder, a kind gesture. More reflection.

JULIAN

He glances in the rear-view mirror, focuses on Cassie.

JULIAN
Well, if you ask me the guy's an
idiot. He never did deserve you.

M.J.

She retreats.

CASSIE

Tension building.

CASSIE
How can you say that?

JULIAN
Excuse me?

CASSIE
You don't know him. You don't know
what he's really like.

JULIAN
(clears throat)
I just--

CASSIE
You don't know what he's been through.

JULIAN
Look, Cass--

Brief SILENCE. Dr. Bourne secures his eyeglasses.

DR. BOURNE
Tell me Julian, were you ever married?

JULIAN
Save it Doc, I don't need anyone
picking my brain right now.
(beat)
Once...almost.

DR. BOURNE

Let me guess, a broken heart. Maybe even a tragedy.

JULIAN

Yeah, so.

DR. BOURNE

You started hunting these so-called spirits soon after.

JULIAN

Get to the point Doc.

DR. BOURNE

You have a deep fear of losing someone, someone you could love...So you don't even try.

RICO

Holy crap--

M.J. elbows Rico.

DR. BOURNE

You have to find evidence that life goes on, after death, before you can even think of taking another risk.

JULIAN

That's bullshit. I've been doing this for over twenty years...I'm an investigator Doc. I search for evidence on that which defies logic.

M.J.

(lightly)

Like Rico's brain.

Some GIGGLES.

JULIAN

Look, we're here to do a job. The Adams are counting on us.

Julian looks in the rear-view mirror.

RICO AND M.J.

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

We're not here to amuse each other...

DR. BOURNE

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

Or to analyze each other...

CASSIE

JULIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Or to pity each other...

JULIAN

JULIAN (CONT'D)
We have a job to do!

SILENCE.

EXT. VAN - AERIAL SHOT - CONTINUOUS

The van hugs the coastline, approaches the island's end.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Through the windshield, we see the ADAMS HOUSE, bathed in moonlight. There's a large woodshed off the

DRIVEWAY

Julian rolls forward, stops. SILENCE, as the team admires the dwelling.

INT. WOODSHED - CONTINUOUS (A PHANTOM P.O.V.)

Looking out window. A faint reflection. A flickering light.

Julian stops the van, exits. Cassie follows, then M.J. and Rico. Dr. Bourne leaps from the van.

EXT. ADAMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DR. BOURNE
Well, well. So this is it. The
house that nightmares are made of.
(secures eyeglasses)
I wonder if the Lutz's are home.

A distant GUNSHOT.

THE TEAM

Heads turn.

RICO
What the hell was that!

The team moves towards the house, slowly. M.J. moves ahead.

M.J.
Didn't Rachel say she left a light
on for us?

JULIAN
Yeah, maybe she was mistaken. Rico,
grab a flashlight from the van.

Julian tosses Rico the keys.

RICO
What about the equipment? The bags?

JULIAN
Leave them. We'll get them later.

BACK TO PHANTOM P.O.V.

Again, through the window. A closer view. The VAN DOOR
opens, closes. Rico jogs towards the team, shines the light
on Julian. Julian sees something, squints.

JULIAN

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Let me see that.

Rico hands him the flashlight. Julian directs the beam onto
tire tracks, large, from a truck or van.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Interesting.

M.J.
What?

JULIAN
Doesn't Rachel own a station wagon?

M.J.
Yeah?

JULIAN
I thought so.

Julian walks ahead of the team, approaches the door. He
extends his hand towards Cassie. CLOCK CHIMES O.S. 8:00.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(clears throat)
Shall we?

Cassie cuts in front of him, readies the key. She examines
the door, cocks her head.

CASSIE
That's odd.

She pushes the door, gently. It opens.

RICO

Holy crap.

Cassie extends a hand towards Julian.

CASSIE

If you don't mind--

He hands her the flashlight. She moves inside, slowly. Julian follows, then Dr. Bourne. Rico steps aside.

RICO

Ladies first.

M.J. shakes her head, enters.

THE PHANTOM P.O.V.

Now through the living room window...as Rico crosses the threshold.

INT. ADAMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Moonlit shadows. The faint glow of a FIRE ALERT MONITOR, and a hurricane lamp on a table near the staircase. The door SLAMS, suddenly. GASPS. Dr. Bourne SCREAMS. The flashlight SHATTERS on the floor. They turn quickly, towards

RICO

(child-like)

Sorry.

M.J. pivots, punches him in the gut.

M.J.

Asshole!

JULIAN

Dammit Rico, what's it going to take!
This isn't a game!

Rico lowers his head. Cassie turns away.

CASSIE

I never will understand American
humor...

She steps over a desk phone, bends down, lifts it to her ear. DEAD. She rises, walks past the grandfather clock. 8:01. She squints, examines the lamp.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Or logic...Is this what Rachel meant
about leaving a light on for us?

Julian walks over, lifts the lamp.

JULIAN

Interesting.

(beat)

Maybe she blew a breaker, didn't know how to fix it.

RICO

Maybe she's off her rocker.

JULIAN

Rico, go find the breaker box.

RICO

Aye-aye...with what? The flashlight is in a million pieces.

JULIAN

You should have thought of that before your little stunt.

He hands him the lamp. Rico steps forward, stops a few inches from Dr. Bourne.

RICO

Boo.

Dr. Bourne flinches, turns, with penetrating eyes.

RICO (CONT'D)

A bit jumpy for someone who doesn't believe in this sort of thing.

Rico exits. Cassie repairs the flashlight, turns it on. It fades, flickers. She moves forward, stops. She directs the beam on an overturned tripod, camera, then follows a wire, taped down, leading into the living room.

JULIAN

M.J., could you please call Rachel, find out what happened?...Oh, and see if you can reach Jazz.

M.J.

Sure boss.

M.J. takes out her phone. It toggles between "NO SIGNAL" and ONE BAR. She walks across the room, exits the house.

KITCHEN

Rico moves through the kitchen, gingerly. He lifts the lamp, squints. An open door. He closes it, moves into a small

UTILITY AREA

He lowers the lamp onto the washing machine.

RICO

There you are.

The BREAKER BOX opens O.S.

FRONT STEPS

M.J. dials. Again, it toggles between "NO SIGNAL" and ONE BAR. The porch light comes on, suddenly, then flickers.

M.J.

At least she's not off her rocker.

More flickering lights in the

LIVING ROOM

The team searches the air, puzzled.

DR. BOURNE

Bad wiring?

Julian follows a trail of mud.

JULIAN

That's odd...look.

MUDDY FOOTPRINTS

It's more like a left footprint, and a smudge where the right footprint should be.

CASSIE

She focuses across the room, towards the staircase.

CASSIE

That's not odd...look at this.

She moves closer, slowly.

JULIAN, DR. BOURNE

Puzzled looks.

DR. BOURNE

What the--

RICO

As he blows out the lamp and places it on the counter. He passes liquor bottles in an open cabinet. A light catches his eye. The woodshed. He turns, exits house.

PORTRAIT

The portrait of Captain Clausen, from the opening of the story, hangs on the wall above the small table.

CASSIE

The Captain.

She turns, walks towards the fireplace. The men follow. The rifle is missing. Dr. Bourne breaks free, turns a corner.

DR. BOURNE

His eyes widen.

DR. BOURNE

Over here.

Julian and Cassie approach an equipment table in the hallway...video switcher, deck, monitor.

CASSIE

What is it?

JULIAN

It's video equip--

CASSIE

I understand that! Why is it here?

EXT. ADAMS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Rico moves slowly, cautiously, approaches the

WOODSHED

The door is padlocked. He peaks inside one of the windows.

RICO

His eyes widen.

It's Brian from the beginning of the story. He's tied in sailor's knots, as one who would be keyhailed. He spots Rico, wiggles. Rico removes an axe from a nearby stump, breaks the lock, drops the axe. He races inside.

INT. WOODSHED - CONTINUOUS

Brian wiggles violently.

RICO

Hold on! I'll get you out of this.

He tries to remove the knots. Too tight. He thinks, races back to get the axe, then back inside.

RICO (CONT'D)
Hold still...very still.

Rico cuts through the rope.

INT. ADAMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The FRONT DOOR opens, closes O.S. More flickering lights.

JULIAN
I wonder if Rachel knows about this.

M.J. approaches.

M.J.
We may never know...What's this?

JULIAN
What did Rachel say?

M.J.
I don't know. The signal keeps fading.

DR. BOURNE
(sarcastically)
So, an unfriendly host and an unwanted guest.

JULIAN
Guests...
(to M.J.)
It looks like we have some local wannabees to deal with.

DR. BOURNE
Does that happen often?

JULIAN
More often than you think.

M.J.
(to Dr. Bourne)
Wouldn't want to wager on that hallucination thing, would you?

DR. BOURNE
(secures eyeglasses)
This doesn't mean anything. Where's your proof?

M.J. moves in, powers up the video deck.

M.J.
I'm betting it's on this tape.

Julian grabs her hand.

JULIAN

Not so fast. Let's find out what
Cassie wants to do first.

He releases her hand.

CASSIE

(to Julian)

Fair enough, what do you want to do?

JULIAN

(clears throat)

I say we have a quick look around.

Cassie reaches towards the deck, turns it on.

CASSIE

It's settled then...we watch the
tape.

INT. WOODSHED - CONTINUOUS

Brian throws off the rope, rises. He pushes Rico aside,
flees out of the woodshed.

RICO

Hey!

BRIAN

As he pauses, then sprints into the

DRIVEWAY

He removes the keys, then SLAMS the van door.

BACK TO WOODSHED

Rico exits. An ENGINE O.S. Rico approaches, as Brian backs
the van out of the driveway, then peels away.

RICO (CONT'D)

Hey! Stop!

INT. ADAMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The team turns towards the noise of the fleeing van.

JULIAN

What the hell is he doing now!

The BACK DOOR opens, closes O.S. More flickering lights.
The team turns, frightened. GASPS. Julian steps forward.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Easy everyone.

He stops, focuses on the

KITCHEN DOOR

As it swings open, slowly. Rico enters.

CASSIE

It's just Rico.

JULIAN

Dammit Rico! This better not be one
of your sick jokes.

Rico lowers his head.

RICO

I wish it was.

(beat)

You're not going to believe this.

EXT. ADAMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (THE PHANTOM P.O.V.)

Looking through the living room window, as it moves closer.

JULIAN

(muffled)

What!

A faint shadow develops on the glass.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ADAMS HOUSE - LATER (M.J.)

As she turns sharply, towards window. An uneasy gaze.

MONITOR

Split screen. Two different vantage points. The FIRST FLOOR CAMERA pointed at the main staircase. The SECOND FLOOR CAMERA pointed at the attic steps. No SOUND. RANDOM INTERFERENCE. Again, flickering lights.

JULIAN

Fast forward a bit.

Rico operates the controls, nimbly, like a concert pianist.

SECOND FLOOR CAMERA

Brock approaches the attic door. He YELLS, slaps the camera away. Beat. He presses the headset against his ear, responds. The camera steadies. Brock disappears into the attic. A light appears underneath the attic door.

RICO

This sucks. Where's the plot?

JULIAN
You guys had enough?

DR. BOURNE
Finally, some common sense.

Brian looks into the camera, steps away quickly.

CASSIE

As her eyes widen.

CASSIE
Wait! Rewind it a bit...Stop!

Rico pauses the video. Brian's face fills the screen.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Brian?

RICO
That's him! That's the guy who took
the van.

JULIAN
Brian? You know that guy?

CASSIE
He's one of my students. Brian
Leferrier.

JULIAN
Are you sure?

CASSIE
Positive.

DR. BOURNE
He does look familiar. I don't
recognize the other gentleman though.

CASSIE
Nor do I.

M.J.
I don't understand. Why would one
of your students be here?

CASSIE
I told my class that I was coming up
here. A few students took a keen
interest...Brian more than anyone.

Beat. Cassie searches the air.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
(softly, to herself)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

So that's how he knew. He called my students.

JULIAN

What was that? That's how who knew?

CASSIE

(sharply)

Nothing...keep it going.

Rico resumes the video. The team focuses on the

MONITOR

FAINT STATIC. A faint vapor enters INTO VIEW, ascends the staircase.

RICO

What the hell is that?

Brian turns the corner, walks down the stairs. The vapor passes through him. He walks down the steps, OUT OF VIEW. Beat.

More STATIC.

CASSIE

There it is again!

The vapor ascends the attic steps, disappears.

Brian ascends the staircase, stops. He pauses, cocks his head. He EXITS VIEW, enters the SECOND FLOOR CAMERA.

He moves forward, ascends the attic steps. A few seconds of NOTHING. The team relaxes, then... QUICK FLASHES from the attic. Brian backs down the steps, slowly. He trips, falls into the corridor. He tries to run, can't. Brock approaches.

M.J.

What the hell is happening?

He drags his right leg, totes the Captain portrait under his left arm. A few more steps. We see his face. It is different. His hair is grayer. A small scar stretches across his right cheek. He jacks Brian against the wall.

Alain enters into the FIRST FLOOR CAMERA.

JULIAN

Now who the hell is that?

CASSIE

I don't know.

(to Dr. Bourne)

Do you?

Dr. Bourne squints, focuses.

DR. BOURNE

No.

Brian collapses to the floor, unconscious. Brock turns, knocks over the SECOND FLOOR CAMERA. A new angle. He limps towards the staircase.

Brock descends the staircase. He stops, YELLS. Alain turns, quickly EXITS VIEW.

RICO

What the--

Brock approaches the FIRST FLOOR CAMERA, knocks it over. A new angle. Brock enters the kitchen.

Severed lights. Total darkness. A tense moment, then

STATIC.

Brief SILENCE, reflection. Suddenly, a LOUD RING.

GASPS. Julian powers off the video deck. He lifts his cell phone, reads display, "JAZZ." He presses phone against ear.

JULIAN

Hello?...Hello!

NO SIGNAL. Julian places phone in pocket. Rico turns.

RICO

(towards monitor)

Explain that Doc.

DR. BOURNE

(secures eyeglasses)

Obviously, some sort of college prank.
A hazing perhaps.

CASSIE

Possibly. Still, I want us together,
at all times...until we know what we
are dealing with.

JULIAN

Oh c'mon Cass, you can't--

CASSIE

We stay together!

Beat.

M.J.

Doc, there's one thing I don't get.
Maybe you can enlighten us?

DR. BOURNE

And that is?

M.J.

If it was just a hazing, whatever,
why is their equipment still here?

Reality sinks in.

RICO

(lightly)

Maybe this equipment isn't really
here...Maybe it's an hallucination.

A few GIGGLES.

CASSIE

I wonder how much Rachel knows.

DR. BOURNE

Look, that still doesn't prove--

M.J.

(to Dr. Bourne)

She said you knew.

DR. BOURNE

Excuse me?

M.J.

Rachel...You asked her what happened
to cause Ellen to visit Leach...The
Captain's Guests. What exactly did
happen to the Courtneys?

DR. BOURNE

It doesn't matter. It was just a
dramatization, remember?

M.J.

(sarcastically)

Yeah, with real names...remember?

RICO

C'mon Doc, you said you did your
homework.

JULIAN

He's right. How's that going to
help us?

Cassie steps forward.

CASSIE

We are on an island with no food, no
clothing, and no phone. What exactly
will help us?

Dr. Bourne looks over at Julian.

JULIAN

Go ahead, they won't listen to me.

Dr. Bourne lowers his head, straightens.

DR. BOURNE

Okay...The Captain's Guests.

CASSIE

Reflection. She glances across the room.

DR. BOURNE (CONT'D)

Like Rachel said, despite warnings from her dad, the Courtneys decided to take the house on Cape Anne Road. They were as happy as newlyweds.

CLAUSEN PORTRAIT - NEW

MATCH CUT TO:

CLAUSEN PORTRAIT - ORIGINAL

A haunting portrayal of a man hardened by a life on the sea.

INT. CLAUSEN HOUSE (ATTIC) - DAY - FLASHBACK

A small space, dusty, cluttered. Ellen shifts her focus to an antique trunk.

DR. BOURNE (V.O.)

They would soon realize that their honeymoon was over...It all started when Ellen found the alleged diary.

She lifts an antique leather-bound journal, opens it. Something catches her eye.

ELLEN

The diary of Elspeth Clausen...1899.

She carefully flips the fragile pages, stops randomly.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

March five, 1899. Michael went hunting again today.

She flips more pages, stops.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

August first...1899. Michael spends most of his time these days in the fields, hunting.

(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(beat)

He shouldn't. It only makes his leg that much worse.

Beat. She struggles with the words.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

And when he returned, he was limping... badly. Also, there was blood on his hands.

(beat)

I did not like the way he looked at me. His face was flush, and his eyes burned.

She GULPS.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

He is jealous of Gideon, so many years his friend.

Andy enters, lit lantern in hand. She lowers the diary.

ANDY

Whatcha got?

ELLEN

Nothing. It's just an old book.

He reaches down, lifts the diary, turns it in his hands. His face tenses. He tosses it across the room. CRASH. He quickly SLAMS the trunk lid.

ANDY

Forget it, c'mon, let's take a look at the rest of the place.

He grabs her arm, leads her out of the attic. He stops, turns towards the diary, stares. He SLAMS the attic door.

DR. BOURNE (V.O.)

Just like our Captain friend sixty years earlier, he was changing...for the worse.

CLAUSEN HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Andy lifts a rum bottle, fills a glass. Ellen approaches.

ELLEN

I wish you wouldn't do that!

ANDY

Do what?

ELLEN

Drink. The way you've been doing lately.

He issues a deadly gaze. He pours some rum down his throat, limps towards the drawing desk. He rubs the glass with a special fondness, then rubs the desk.

ANDY

As he descends onto a piano bench. A model clipper ship sits on top of an old upright piano. He lowers his glass, carelessly. A MUSICAL CHARGE fills the room. He SIGHS, looks ahead, bangs out a HAUNTING MELODY.

ELLEN

As she approaches.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Andy, listen to me. I don't know why. Maybe it's my fault, but something's terribly wrong with us.

(beat)

We came here to be together, and we've never been so far apart...never!

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

ANDY

You'd like to leave here, wouldn't you?

ELLEN

Yes I would.

ANDY

Why?

ELLEN

Because we're not happy here.

ANDY

You're not!

(beat)

That's quite understandable. You miss New York, don't you.

ELLEN

That isn't it.

ANDY

No, not exactly. You miss some thing...someone.

ELLEN

Andy, I don't follow.

Andy snaps forward, stops playing.

ANDY
Bill...my esteemed partner!

ELLEN
(shocked)
What?

ANDY
He kept you from being lonely in New York, didn't he?
(beat)
Why don't you stop pretending. Do you imagine for one moment I didn't know what was going on from the beginning!

ELLEN
That's a dreadful thing to say!

Andy turns slowly, delivers an icy stare. He rises, limps across the room.

ANDY
Hasn't been pleasant for you has it? Being locked up here with me...away from him.

ELLEN (O.S.)
I don't know what you mean.

ANDY

As he stares at the portrait. An intense gaze.

ANDY
You know exactly what I mean...Elspeth!

ELLEN

ELLEN
Elspeth?

DR. BOURNE (V.O.)
And that's when Elspeth, I mean Ellen, decided to visit her favorite realtor.

BACK TO ADAMS HOUSE

M.J.
So, the dead captain's ghost was taking over Andy.

DR. BOURNE

I suppose, if you want to believe such a thing.

RICO

You never heard of possession Doc?

DR. BOURNE

(secures eyeglasses)

Demonic possession, yes, which is still unsubstantiated, but a ghost? A bit far-fetched, don't you think?

M.J.

He wasn't just a ghost, he was evil! You heard what he did to his wife...I swear I'll never let any man hurt me like that!

CASSIE

She turns away, stung.

CASSIE

What happened after Ellen visited Leach?

M.J.

Yeah, that couldn't have been how it ended.

Beat.

RICO

Or maybe you didn't do your homework after all.

DR. BOURNE

(secures eyeglasses)

Oh I remember the ending. It had a fabulous Hollywood ending.

Julian studies Cassie a moment, turns.

DR. BOURNE (CONT'D)

After Ellen got back from Leach's place, she wired the only person she knew that could help her, Andy's best friend Bill.

M.J.

Wait. Wired? This was 1958, not 1858.

DR. BOURNE

Yeah, well, in the show our sweet Andy disconnected the phone.

M.J.

Evil.

DR. BOURNE

Anyhow, like any good daytime drama,
the husband just got in from
hunting...when the other man arrived.

INT. CLAUSEN HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Andy spins. He's changed, physically.

ANDY

Why don't you say what you mean
Gideon!

BILL

Why do you keep calling me that?

ANDY

Why don't you drop this pose? Admit
you came here for Elspeth!

BILL

I'm afraid you're going to have to
make yourself clear.

ANDY

Gladly! I accuse you of consorting
with Elspeth, my wife!

BILL

Consorting?

Andy hobbles past Bill, tosses the glass. SMASH.

ANDY

You haven't betrayed to me and lied
to me enough! Now get out of here!

ELLEN

Andy!

Andy limps towards Ellen, lifts then cocks a rifle.

ANDY

Get out!...Go on, get out!
(beat)
Get out!

Bill darts through the living room, separates Andy and Ellen.
She reaches out, grabs his arm as he passes. He pauses,
briefly, then moves into the foyer.

ELLEN

Oh Bill!

DR. BOURNE (V.O.)

Ellen would soon be fighting for her
life.

A DOOR opens, closes O.S. Andy grabs her arm, flings her into the living room. He turns sharply, regrips the rifle. He limps rapidly towards her, tosses rifle into the couch. He leans forward, face-to-face. She flinches.

ANDY

I should have killed you both!

ELLEN

Andy, you're sick!

ANDY

Yes, I'm sick of your deceits and
your lies!

He shoves her across the room.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Sick of them all Elspeth!

ELLEN

I'm not Elspeth! I'm not Elspeth!

Andy grabs her arms, shakes her violently. She crashes into a table. A porcelain oil lamp falls, SHATTERS. A diversion. She pushes Andy aside, flees. She charges through the living room, towards the staircase. Andy hobbles after her.

CLAUSEN HOUSE STAIRCASE

She takes a step. Andy extends himself, grabs her wrist, spins her. He clenches his large hands around her throat.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Ahh!

Her BREATH escapes her. Andy bends her across the banister. A look of sheer horror on her face. Suddenly, CRACKLING O.S. Andy releases his grip, turns. He limps towards the living room, quickly EXITS VIEW.

ANDY (O.S.)

Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!

ELLEN

As she straightens, moves towards Andy, stops.

ELLEN

Andy! An-dy!

DR. BOURNE (V.O.)

Bill came back. They were able to get out in time. The house and portrait weren't as fortunate.

BACK TO ADAMS HOUSE

DR. BOURNE (CONT'D)

You see, as the portrait withered, Andy returned to his normal self.

(beat)

What did I tell you, a great Hollywood ending.

Unfriendly stares.

CASSIE

It's getting late. We'll get started fresh in the morning. We're going to need to get in touch with Rachel first thing--

JULIAN

At least we know the van will be somewhere on the island. Until the first ferry--

M.J.

What about our luggage?

CASSIE

Well, I'm sure Jason and Elizabeth won't mind if we borrowed some of their clothes.

JULIAN

I'm going to see if I can scrounge up some wood for the fireplace. It's supposed to be cold--

CASSIE

(sharply)

Please, no. I really wish you wouldn't.

JULIAN

As he lowers his head, stung.

JULIAN

You're the boss.

EXT. ADAMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (THE PHANTOM P.O.V.)

Through the living room window. The crew separates. The shadow remains.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ADAMS HOUSE - LATER

Faint light escapes under the bedroom doors. The broken tripod, video camera leans against the wall, cable attached.

CRAFT ROOM

Bathed in the glow of a night light. Dr. Bourne is asleep on an air mattress. He wears Jason's pajama bottoms, his faded "GSU" sweatshirt. An empty air mattress next to him.

MAIN STAIRCASE

Rico descends the stairs, carefully steps over the cable. He wears a tank top, sweatpants. He moves past the clock. 9:49. He moves through the living room, into the

KITCHEN

He rummages through the refrigerator...a stick of butter, a bruised apple, three cans of soda. The interior light flickers. He glances back at the liquors, shakes his head. He grabs a can, SLAMS the door.

RICO

Yeah, nice people.

MASTER BEDROOM

A handmade quilt covers the queen-sized bed. M.J. is on the floor, doing sit-ups. She wears a tee-shirt, sweatpants. The FAUCET runs O.S., stops. The BATHROOM DOOR opens.

CASSIE

I told him that we would talk about it. But that if he doesn't get help, we're through...for good.

M.J. stops, glances up. CREAKS O.S.

M.J.

I'm sure he loved that...what does your family think?

Cassie enters. She wears a large tee-shirt, to her knees.

CASSIE

My parents want me to move back to London.

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

My friends have been wonderful, very supportive. I know they just want what is best for me.

M.J. shakes her head, barely breaks stride.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What got you interested in bodybuilding? If you don't mind me--

M.J.

My dad.

CASSIE

Oh, was he a bodybuilder?

M.J. stops, stares.

M.J.

No, he was an abusive son-of-a-bitch.

(beat)

Until I laid him out. Broke his jaw after he called my mom a little whore.

CASSIE

Shocked.

CASSIE

Oh.

M.J.

Never again.

M.J. resumes her sit-ups, COUNTS. Cassie opens the door, nearly walks into Rico. He opens his mouth, stares.

RICO

I come bearing a gift.

M.J.

Bye Rico!

RICO

Ah c'mon. It's much more fun here than with Doc Dick-less.

He offers the soda. He's turned down.

RICO (CONT'D)

Say, I never got to go to no sleepovers.

Rico fondles the sleeve of Cassie's oversized tee-shirt. She reacts, squeezes his wrist in a moment of self-defense.

RICO (CONT'D)
Ow, take it easy will ya!

She loosens her grip. He retracts his wrist.

RICO (CONT'D)
Damn, where'd ya learn that?

Rico massages his wrist. Cassie lowers her head.

CASSIE
I'm so sorry. You surprised me.
Are you okay?

M.J.
Nice going Rico.

RICO
I'll live.

Cassie half-smiles, turns towards M.J.

CASSIE
If you will excuse me.
(turns towards Rico)
Are you sure you're okay?

Rico nods. She steps towards the doorway.

RICO
Are you kidding me? I like a woman
who's rough.

He steps inside. She moves past him, turns.

CASSIE
(to M.J.)
Good luck.

She enters the corridor.

RICO
Ah, c'mon, where ya going? The
party's just starting.
(towards M.J.)
Looks like we got the whole room to
ourselves.

M.J. stops, glances up.

M.J.
Look, you've already had your fifteen
minutes of Morgan Jane.

RICO
Ah, but no means yes.

She rises, grabs a towel, wipes her forehead and chest. She walks past Rico, grabs door. She glances into the hallway. Cassie approaches the guest bedroom, KNOCKS. Julian opens door. He wears his day clothes, eyeglasses, book in hand.

JULIAN
(faintly)
Cassie...come in.

Cassie steps inside.

M.J. SLAMS the door, turns.

M.J.
(emotionless)
It depends.

RICO (O.S.)
On what?

M.J.
If saying yes will get you to leave
me alone.

GUEST BEDROOM

Cassie lowers her head, points towards a crate of books. A TELEVISION PROGRAM O.S.

CASSIE
When does he have time to read?

JULIAN
I don't know, but did you know he's
into sci-if? Jules Verne, H.G. Wells,
all the greats.

She moves closer.

CASSIE
Julian, I just wanted to say good
night, and--and apologize for what I
said in the van...No hard feelings?

She extends her hand. Julian grabs it.

JULIAN
Of course not.

He grabs the remote, turns off the

TELEVISION

A quick black and white clip..."The Captain's Guests."

JULIAN (CONT'D)

(clears throat)

You want to join me. I was just on my way downstairs for some tea.

CASSIE

A man after my own heart.

Julian leads Cassie towards the staircase. He stops, points.

JULIAN

Be careful.

They gingerly step over the cable.

Cassie and Julian pass through the living room, enter the

KITCHEN

She sits at the table. Julian rummages through the cupboards.

CASSIE

He wasn't always like this.

JULIAN

Excuse me?

CASSIE

Frank, my husband. He's used to be such a loving, caring man.

JULIAN

Okay.

CASSIE

He was!

JULIAN

I said okay.

Discovery. He extracts a tea kettle, fills it with water. He places it on the stove, turns on the burner. Cassie lowers her head, turns. Tears stream down her cheeks.

CASSIE

Why do you have to be that way!

JULIAN

What way?

(beat)

Look, does it really matter what I think of him?

CASSIE

You're my friend, of course it matters!

JULIAN
 (clears throat)
 Okay, like I said before, I don't
 like the guy. Alright? But I don't
 have to live with him.

She searches the air. Her face trembles. She tries to
 maintain control, but loses. Julian approaches.

CASSIE
 Oh Julian, I'm so confused. Part of
 me wants to believe that he can change--

JULIAN
 Well, have you thought that maybe,
 just maybe, he doesn't need to change?

CASSIE
 What?

JULIAN
 Maybe it's you who needs to change.
 Maybe you shouldn't fall down any
 more stairs, run into any more walls--

A light moment. Cassie catches on, half-smiles.

CASSIE
 I can change...there's always time.

Julian moves across the kitchen, pulls two mugs from the
 cupboard. He turns, stops, notices the large bruise on her
 neck. He shakes his head, approaches.

She straightens. Tears descend her rosy cheeks.

JULIAN
 It's time to stop hiding Cass. Now.
 It's time for the whole world to see
 who he really is.

CASSIE
 I know, I know...I just don't want
 to hurt him the way he's hurt me.
 He hasn't exactly had an easy life...

Julian cocks his head. An uneasy look.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 But God help me, I don't want to be
 one of those poor girls on the news
 who waited a day too late.
 (beat)
 Do you know what he said today?

JULIAN
 I can hardly wait to hear.

CASSIE

He said that if I try to divorce
him, he'll burn down our house...burn
it down, before I see a penny!

JULIAN

(sarcastically)
Oh yeah, he'll change.

CASSIE

That's the thing. He has changed.
He wasn't always like this.

Julian pulls away, examines her lost innocence.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

A friend signed me up for these self-
defense classes. I went to a couple
of sessions. I quit. I was so afraid
that he would find out.

Cassie cups her head into her trembling hands.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I'm afraid all the time Julian. I'm
afraid to sleep, and God help me,
sometimes I'm even afraid to wake
up...

Cassie lifts her head. Tears stream down her cheeks.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Oh Julian, sometimes I feel like
Elspeth.

JULIAN

Elspeth?

CASSIE

Yes, sometimes I don't know who I am
married to, the man...or the monster.

They fall into each other's arms. A tender embrace.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to do?

JULIAN

I know you'll do the right thing.
You always have.

Julian tightens his grip.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Whatever you decide, I'm be there
for you.

A flickering light.

EXT. ADAMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (THE PHANTOM P.O.V.)

As it approaches the kitchen window. It moves forward, slowly, then stops. A faint shadow. Steam forms on the glass. A bloody hand enters INTO VIEW, wipes away the steam. A GRUNT as Julian and Cassie rock in each other's arms.

INT. ADAMS HOUSE - LATER

Julian is asleep, eyeglasses on, book in hand. MOANS O.S.

CRAFT ROOM

Empty.

MASTER BEDROOM

No quilt. M.J. asleep on the bed. Rico lies on the floor.

LIVING ROOM

Cassie asleep on the couch, restless. We move inside her

NIGHTMARE

A dense fog lifts. Cassie drifts up the staircase, through the second floor corridor. A VOICE from the attic.

CAPTAIN CLAUSEN (V.O.)

Cassie...

She floats up the attic steps, stops. The door SLAMS shut.

JULIAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

It's time to stop hiding Cass. Now.
It's time for the whole world to see
who he really is.

She opens the door, drifts into the

ATTIC

The LIGHT flickers off and on, goes out. GUSTS through an open window. Moonlight on an endless sea.

M.J. (V.O.)

(filtered)

He wasn't just a ghost, he was evil!
You heard what he did to his wife...I
swear I'll never let any man hurt me
like that!

She looks behind the door. Nothing. Sudden SILENCE.

CASSIE (V.O.)
 (clearly)
 Yes, sometimes I don't know who I am
 married to, the man...or the monster.

Something catches her eye. She pivots, focuses on the--

MIRROR

As it catches on fire. Cassie's in her wedding gown. A
 ghastly figure appears behind her...the CAPTAIN in Frank's
 clothes. He reaches out, grabs her neck. She's pulled from
 the room, as if in a vacuum. She falls down the

ATTIC STEPS

She loses her ability to float, falls. LOUD THUMPS.

CASSIE

As she springs forward.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 No!

She awakens, struggles to catch her breath.

DR. BOURNE (O.S.)
 Help! Someone help me!

She leaps off the couch, charges towards the staircase. She
 passes the clock, leans over Dr. Bourne. 10:57.

CASSIE
 My God! Someone help! I need help!

Thundering FOOTSTEPS.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 It's okay. It'll be okay.

Julian approaches.

JULIAN
 (clears throat)
 What happened?

DR. BOURNE
 (winces)
 The power. It's out again. I
 tried...the cable.

He WINCES. M.J. arrives.

DR. BOURNE (CONT'D)
 My ankle. I think it's broken.

Julian inspects his ankle.

JULIAN
Dammit, I can't see a thing.

He senses M.J.'s presence.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
M.J., can you grab me a flashlight?

M.J.
Sure thing.

She charges up the stairs, past Rico.

RICO
What happened?

She turns slightly, continues up the stairs.

M.J.
The doc...took a header.

Rico approaches.

RICO
Should I get a shovel?

JULIAN
Not now Rico!

DR. BOURNE
(winces)
I'm still conscious you know.

Dr. Bourne tries to rise.

CASSIE
Easy, we need to check your ankle.
(beat)
Rico, could you find your way into
the kitchen, for towels and ice.

RICO
Aye...sure.

Julian squints, focuses. He reaches out, grabs Rico's leg.

JULIAN
Rico, didn't you put out the lamp?

RICO
Yeah, when the power came back.

JULIAN
And leave it in the kitchen?

RICO
I thought I did.

FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. M.J. extends the flashlight to Julian. He refuses.

JULIAN
(clears throat)
Alright, listen up. Here's the drill.
If I'm not back in five minutes, I
want you all in the attic. Lock the
door. Don't move until I return.

RICO
What are you talking about?

JULIAN
Just do what I say!

Julian carefully descends the steps. He picks up the lamp, moves through the living room. Cassie examines Dr. Bourne's ankle. M.J. hovers.

CASSIE
No apparent break. Can you move it?

Slight movement. Heavy WINCING.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
I don't think it's broken.

DR. BOURNE
Just a sprain I guess, huh?

CASSIE
Rico, M.J., can you help me get him
to the couch?

They lift Dr. Bourne, lead him into the living room.

KITCHEN

Julian moves forward, slowly. He extends the lamp, rotates it around the kitchen. A tea kettle on the stove. Two mugs in the sink. Another few steps. He stops.

TABLE

A bottle of rum. A glass. Bloody fingerprints on both.

He follows a trail of muddy footprints from the door. Again, a LEFT footprint, and a smudged RIGHT footprint. A closer look. Blood on the doorknob. He moves into the

UTILITY AREA

CLOCK CHIMES O.S. 11:00. A shadow rises behind him, slowly.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

M.J. and Rico lower Dr. Bourne onto the couch. More CHIMES, louder. A THUD O.S.

RICO
Man, you are no lightweight.

M.J.
(turns sharply)
Shh! Did you hear that?

RICO
I didn't hear nothing.

CASSIE
What? What was it?

M.J.
I don't know...probably nothing.

M.J. backs away. A troubled expression. She focuses on the

KITCHEN DOOR

A light appears underneath. SILENCE, then a faint FOOTSTEP. The light grows brighter. The door swings open, slowly. A shadowy man emerges, lamp at his side.

CASSIE
Julian?

He steps, with his left foot, stops.

UTILITY AREA

Faint moonlight. Julian, unconscious on the kitchen floor. Blood pours from his forehead.

RICO, CASSIE, M.J.

As they focus on the figure. M.J. shines the beam on the kitchen door. It fades, flickers.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Julian, this isn't funny.

M.J.

She steps forward, a concerned look.

DR. BOURNE
What? What's going on?

M.J.
Be quiet.

She directs the flickering beam towards the door.

M.J. (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 Rico, help me with the doc.

RICO
 What? Why?

M.J.
 Just do it!

Beat. Suddenly, a DRAGGING FOOT O.S. Their faces go pale.

BROCK
 Els-peth!

A different VOICE. Deeper, harsher, like that of a nineteenth-century sea captain.

M.J.
 Rico!

M.J. lifts Dr. Bourne off the couch. Rico races over.

M.J. (CONT'D)
 Let's go!

RICO
 Go? Where?

M.J.
 The attic!

Rico and M.J. lead Dr. Bourne across the living room. Cassie follows, replaces M.J., as they approach the

MAIN STAIRCASE

They ascend, rapidly. M.J. retreats, stations herself behind the railing. She lifts the flashlight, directs the beam on

BROCK

As he shields his eyes. His hair is totally gray. A large scar stretches across his scruffy face. He takes a step, repositions his rifle. The light fades, slightly.

BROCK
 Elspeth!

M.J. struggles to steady the flashlight.

He steps forward, slowly at first, then with more vigor. He passes the couch. M.J. pauses, then charges up the stairs.

SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

She catches up with Rico, Cassie, and Dr. Bourne. They skip towards the attic steps.

Brock places the lit lamp on the small table. He pauses, stares at the portrait, turns towards a

MIRROR

An odd reflection. The CAPTAIN in Brock's clothes. He raises his rifle, FIRES.

ATTIC

SHATTERING GLASS O.S.

They flinch, quickly enter the attic, lock the door.

DR. BOURNE

(winces)

Who the hell is that!

CASSIE

I have no idea!

RICO

(breathlessly)

More importantly, what the hell do we do now!

CASSIE

Again...no idea!

M.J.

What do you mean what do we do now? We need to go back. I need to find Julian...God knows what that maniac did to him!

CASSIE

No! You heard what Julian said. We need to wait, together. We need to hope that he doesn't find us, whoever he is...that'll he leave us alone.

M.J.

We need to be strong!

RICO

I like Cassie's idea better.

M.J.

You would...We have to find something to defend ourselves with.

M.J. scans the attic. Rico spots something, walks over.

RICO
Hey, wait a minute!

He picks up a tiling rod.

RICO (CONT'D)
What about this?

M.J. turns, focuses.

M.J.
Won't work...you heard the
gunshot...You saw the rifle!

GASPS.

M.J. searches the attic, focuses. The white sheet on the floor. The half-finished portrait. The headset. She walks over, unscrews the camera from the tripod.

M.J. (CONT'D)
Hey guys, look at this.

Cassie leans over. M.J. cradles the camera, hands the flashlight to her. Rico steps in front of the camera. She presses the shutter. A BRIGHT FLASH. He rubs his eyes.

RICO
Ow! Dammit!

M.J.
(half-smiles)
Now this might just work.

BACK TO STAIRCASE

As Brock reloads his rifle, ascends the staircase.

RICO

RICO
Let me see that.

He rips the camera out of her hand, presses the REVIEW button.

CASSIE, M.J., RICO

They huddle together. A CLICK. Their FACES light up.

CAMERA

The first photo is of Rico, just taken. CLICK. A photo of Brock. His hair slightly gray. A small scar across his right cheek. He swings his arm back. CLICK. He limps towards the camera. CLICK. He spots the camera. CLICK. He braces himself against the wall.

BROCK

Elspeth!

THE TEAM

They jump. Rico drops the camera. FOOTSTEPS in the second floor corridor. A STEP and a DRAG, a STEP and a DRAG.

CASSIE

As she listens intently. A DOOR slams open O.S. She flinches.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Where are you Elspeth!

A SECOND DOOR slams open. She flinches again, starts to cry. Rico presses his ear against the door.

RICO

What--

CASSIE

Be quiet, listen!

MASTER BEDROOM

The door SLAMS open. Brock enters, rifle readied.

BROCK

Elspeth...I'm home.

He moves into the

BATHROOM

He gazes into the vanity mirror. Again, the CAPTAIN in Brock's clothes. He steadies his rifle, aims at the mirror.

BACK TO ATTIC

The team listen intently at the door. Suddenly, a GUNSHOT, SHATTERING GLASS O.S. They FLINCH.

M.J.

He's in the bathroom.

RICO

So?

M.J. rises, moves towards door.

CASSIE

What are you doing?

M.J.

I need to find Julian.

RICO
You heard what he said. We need--

CASSIE
M.J., you can't. He'll kill you.

M.J.
That man, whoever he is, is going to
find us. He'll kill all of us.
It's only a matter of time. I've
got to find Julian!

She swings open the door. Cassie hands her the flashlight.

DR. BOURNE
You shouldn't be doing this.

M.J.
Just stay put.

RICO
We got no problem with that.

She descends the attic steps. Rico closes door, locks it.

RICO (CONT'D)
Crazy bitch.

UTILITY AREA

Julian, still unconscious on the floor.

MAIN STAIRCASE

M.J. pivots her head, moves to the staircase. A CREAK. She
descends, rapidly.

SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

Brock reloads his rifle. He hears something, cocks his head,
walks towards staircase.

BACK TO ATTIC

Cassie reaches into her pocket, POWERS up her phone.

DR. BOURNE
What are you doing?

CASSIE
I am trying to get some help. I'm
calling Jazz.

CELL PHONE

It toggles between "NO SIGNAL" and ONE BAR.

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

C'mon!

Suddenly, a loud, unique RINGTONE. "FRANK" on the display.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Please, not now dammit!

The RINGING stops, suddenly.

BROCK

As he turns towards the attic door, grins.

BROCK

Elspeth.

M.J.

As she approaches the kitchen door. She turns towards the staircase, back to the door.

M.J.

Shit!

She races through the living room, up the staircase, two steps at a time, flashlight in hand.

ATTIC DOOR

As Brock swings it open.

M.J. (CONT'D)

Stop!

He turns.

She shines the flashlight on him, then herself. It flickers.

CASSIE

As she pushes her ear against the door.

M.J. (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's me, Elspeth. It's me you want!

BROCK

As he LAUGHS, coldly, maniacally.

BROCK

You're not Elspeth.

He steps towards her. She turns to run, drops the flashlight. CRASH. She trips on one of the batteries. He limps forward, carefully steps over the batteries, flashlight. He extends his large hand towards her.

BROCK (CONT'D)
You don't want to be Elspeth!

CASSIE

As she flinches violently, covers her ears.

M.J. (O.S.)
No! Don't touch me! Leave me alone!

SILENCE. Cassie lowers her hands.

CASSIE
No! No! No!

She rises, races towards the door.

RICO
Hey, where are you going?

DR. BOURNE
What are you doing?

CASSIE
I'm not hiding anymore!

RICO
You're as crazy as she is!

She grabs the tiling rod, flings open the attic door. Fire in her steps. She descends, recklessly, nearly trips twice.

SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

Brock jacks M.J. against the wall, closes his large hand around her throat. She GASPS for air, unable to speak.

BROCK
Where is she!

Cassie charges towards them, raises the rod over her head.

CASSIE
Leave her alone!

She swings the rod. It bounces off Brock's skull. He falls, releases his lethal grip, and his rifle. M.J. slithers down the wall. She GASPS, CHOKES, tries to breathe.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
M.J.! M.J., are you okay?

She nods.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Oh God, if I only got here a few seconds sooner.

M.J.'s eyes widen. Suddenly, a large shadow rises over Cassie. She stands, focuses on M.J.'s frantic eyes, half-turns. Brock grabs the back of her neck. She struggles, unable to break free. M.J. tries to rise, can't.

BROCK

Why have you kept me waiting Elspeth,
my beloved? It's time. It's time
for you to join Gideon...in hell!

Brock directs her towards the staircase.

CASSIE

(winces)
You're sick!

She stops. A tighter grip.

BROCK

(gritting teeth)
Yes, I'm sick. I'm sick of your
deceits and your lies!

She steps forward, wiggles to get free.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Sick of them all Elspeth!

M.J.

As she massages her throat. She reaches out, retrieves the rifle. She raises it, slowly, then FIRES. A CHUCKLE O.S.

BROCK

As he turns towards a hole in the wall. He LAUGHS, tightens his grip on Cassie, moves towards M.J.

BROCK (CONT'D)

I should have taken care of you when
I had the chance.

He lifts the rifle, strokes her cheek with it.

BROCK (CONT'D)

I'll be back for you, my pretty little
wench.

He drags Cassie towards the staircase, turns back.

BROCK (CONT'D)

But first, I need to take care of my
wife. I am a married man still. I
took a vow...

A few more steps. A tighter grip.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Till death do us part.

Brock LAUGHS, uncontrollably.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Shall we my beloved...It's time!

CASSIE

She struggles. There's FIRE in her eyes. She braces herself, then drives her foot into Brock's right leg.

CASSIE
No, not anymore!

BROCK
(wincing)
Ow!

CASSIE
You're not going to hurt anyone
anymore!

She grabs the rifle, swings him towards the staircase. He loses his balance, falls down the stairs. He lands hard, plows into the small table, the lit lamp. Flames quickly ascend the wall, then drifting smoke. ALARMS blare.

FIRE ALERT MONITOR

As it springs to life.

Cassie quickly lifts M.J., leads her towards the staircase.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
C'mon, we have to leave!

M.J. stops, turns.

M.J.
(barely audible)
Ri-co. The doc.

Cassie looks to the attic, turns back.

CASSIE
Go! I'll get them.

M.J. hesitates.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Go!

Cassie carefully weaves through the batteries, tiling rod, rifle. She charges up the attic steps. M.J. steps towards the staircase, retreats.

A KITCHEN SMOKE ALARM.

Julian rises, CHOKES. Blood pours from his forehead. He reaches for the breaker box.

BACK TO ATTIC

Light restored. Cassie POUNDS on the attic door. Rico rises, grabs an object, wields it haphazardly. More POUNDING.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Rico! Let me in dammit! It's me--

Rico unlocks the door. Cassie forces herself in.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

C'mon, we have to go!

(beat)

Help me with the doc, please.

They lift Dr. Bourne, lead him down the attic steps.

LIVING ROOM

Julian enters. He shields his mouth, lifts Brock by the shoulders, drags him outside.

SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

Rico and Cassie lead Dr. Bourne towards the staircase. M.J. enters INTO VIEW.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I told you to go!

M.J. glances up, determined, replaces her. They descend a few steps. A SMALL EXPLOSION. More flames. They shield themselves from the drifting smoke.

RICO

To hell with this!

He leaps off the staircase. He dances across the shattered glass, then through the kitchen door.

M.J.

(faintly)

Ri-co!

Cassie, stuck at top of staircase, frozen. M.J. stares at her. An emotional plea.

CASSIE

Well...go!

M.J. turns, leads Dr. Bourne through the foyer, out onto the

FRONT STEPS

The light is on. M.J. and Dr. Bourne collapse next to the unconscious Brock.

JULIAN
(gasping)
Where's Cassie!

She tries to speak, can't, points inside. Julian turns.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Stay here!

M.J.

SIRENS in the distance. She grabs him, pulls him back, then races inside the house.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
M.J., what are you doing!

He collapses, rubs his head.

INT. ADAMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

M.J. charges into the foyer, stops. It's too hot, too smoky.

CASSIE
Hello...I need help!

M.J. bolts towards the fireplace, grabs the fire extinguisher, returns. She battles the flames with surgical accuracy. It empties. The flames are damaged, but not destroyed.

CASSIE

She sees M.J., briefly.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
M.J.?

M.J.

As she steps forward, motions for her to descend. Cassie takes a step, stops. The fire returns...with a vengeance.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
I can't do this! The fire...I can't!

M.J. weakens, CHOKES violently, then falls to her knees.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
M.J.!

Cassie takes one step, stops, focuses on her fallen friend.

CASSIE

She takes another step, then another. A moment of introspection. She picks up speed, bolts down the remaining steps. She lifts M.J., leads her out onto the

FRONT STEPS

SMOKE ALARMS O.S. Cassie closes the front door, struggles to catch her breath. Rico approaches.

JULIAN

Where the hell were you?

RICO

Look!

Brock changes. His hair darkens. His wrinkles, scar fade.

RICO (CONT'D)

Ho-ly crap!

PORTRAIT

As it melts in the intense heat.

THE TEAM

As they watch, astonished. The light flickers, briefly, stays lit. A shadow quickly slides across the house, OUT OF VIEW. M.J. GAGS.

BROCK

His hair is totally back now. His face normal, but scruffy.

RICO AND JULIAN

Puzzled, searching for answers.

CASSIE

She CHOKES, glances up, perplexed.

More SIRENS. Brock awakens. A bruise covers his forehead.

CASSIE

He's waking up!

She leans forward, shields her friends.

RICO

Well, do something!

Cassie stands, readies herself. Brock lifts his head, glances at Julian, the team. A nervous look.

JULIAN

Wait!

BROCK

(normal voice)

Where am I? Hey, I've seen you before.

(rubs his head)

Ow, where am I?

Cassie scans the team, stops on Dr. Bourne.

DR. BOURNE

(painfully)

Amnesia?

The SIRENS grow louder.

JULIAN

C'mon, that's our cue.

Julian helps Brock to his feet. M.J. tries to lift Dr. Bourne, again. She kicks Rico, points. Rico steps forward. A RINGTONE O.S. Julian opens his

CELL PHONE

The display reads, "RACHEL HARRIMAN." Four bars.

THE TEAM

Silhouettes in the faint glow of the moon. Julian presses the phone to his ear, talks. Cassie stops, turns towards the house. Reflection. She catches up.

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - MORNING

A FERRY HORN. Julian, M.J., and Dr. Bourne approach the ramp. Julian has a bandage around his head, Dr. Bourne, a temporary leg cast, crutches. Cassie leans over the rope railing, her hair in a ponytail. She turns her phone in her hands.

CASSIE

(to Julian)

Go on. I'll catch up.

Julian nods, notices Rachel pulling into her driveway. Jasmine jogs down the ramp. A tight embrace. Frank quickly descends the ramp, past Julian and team.

JASMINE

Oh Jules, thank God you're alright!

JULIAN

I'm okay. I should have listened--

JASMINE

I'm just thankful you're not hurt.

She pulls away.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

And you guys? You okay?

Nods.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Oh thank God...where's Cassie?

M.J. pivots, points.

CASSIE

She turns the phone over in her hand. A half-smile. She turns, spots Frank. The smile quickly fades.

FERRY RAMP

The team members turn, walk towards the ferry. Frank and Cassie converse in the distance. He tries to hug her. She quickly turns away.

RACHEL

Julian!

Julian stops, turns. Rachel approaches.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh Julian. I just wanted to say good-bye. I just wanted you to know that they were able to save the house...Are you kids okay?

JULIAN

(clears throat)

We'll live. And Brock?

RACHEL

He's got some broken ribs, a pretty bad concussion...not to mention a very sore leg. Nothing that a little time and rest won't heal.

Julian glances at Cassie. She appears calm, in control.

JULIAN

That's great.

M.J.

(raspy, but audible)

Did he remember anything?

RACHEL

Not a thing. He seemed very apologetic. He kept insisting that he was just trying to help his friend, Brian.

Julian smirks.

DR. BOURNE

Did the local authorities get a chance to speak with him? With Brian?

RACHEL

Oh goodness yes. He spent the whole night under the wharf.

Julian focuses on Cassie.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I don't know what happened, but it must have been pretty traumatic.

(beat)

You know, they found their vehicle fifty yards from here, abandoned.

Rachel reaches out, touches Julian's shoulder.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

How about you kids? Did you guys find everything you were looking for?

JULIAN

(a fixed gaze)

I don't know...

CASSIE

She glances out at the endless water, braces herself from a chilly breeze. She tosses her phone into the water. It floats a second, sinks. She turns, walks past Frank, towards the ferry. Frank grabs her arm, sees M.J., Julian, lets go.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Maybe.

Julian extends his hand towards Rachel.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

I'll send my report to The Adams.

RACHEL

That's wonderful Julian. I'm sure Jay and Lizzy will just be grateful that nobody was seriously hurt. You kids come back soon.

Julian and team move towards the ferry. Rachel walks away.

JULIAN, M.J., JASMINE, DR. BOURNE

Cassie races up the wharf, joins them.

JASMINE

Tell me doctor, did you ever get to see your ghost?

DR. BOURNE

No, nothing this time.

M.J.

(faint, but fiery)

Nothing! How can you say that?
That was a kick ass possession!

DR. BOURNE

That's not the word I would use.

M.J.

Excuse me?

Dr. Bourne stops, turns towards M.J., secures his eyeglasses.

DR. BOURNE

Stendhal syndrome. All the classic symptoms. Check it out...and you don't even need a p.h.d. It's on the net.

M.J.

Oh yeah, then why couldn't he remember anything?

DR. BOURNE

You saw the bruise. You heard Rachel. A clear case of short-term amnesia. Nothing more.

Frustration.

M.J.

Julian, can you believe this guy?

JULIAN

People will believe what they want to believe...one way or another.

M.J.

Well then, what do you believe?

Julian stops, turns. Cassie approaches.

JULIAN

I believe in the next investigation.

CASSIE (O.S.)
Where are we going?

Julian stops, turns around.

JULIAN
Everything okay?

CASSIE
(a big smile)
Never better.
(beat)
So, where are we going? Another One
Step Beyond episode perhaps?

JULIAN
Who knows. Anything's possible.

Rico charges up the wharf.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
But first we have to get off this
island...Where the hell is Rico?

Rico approaches, joins the team.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
There you are...Everything locked up
and accounted for?

RICO
Aye Cap--

JULIAN
Save it!

M.J. turns, playfully punches Rico.

M.J.
Can you believe this guy?
(points to Dr. Bourne)
Now he's saying that Brock, the
possession, it was all some syndrome.

DR. BOURNE
Stendhal syndrome, to be exact.

Rico stops, collects his thoughts.

RICO
Stendhal what?

M.J.
What about the gray hair? The scar?

DR. BOURNE

I don't know, some self-induced
stigmata perhaps.

(beat)

If such a thing actually existed.

M.J.

What!

RICO

C'mon!

THE P.A.R.A. FORCE

On the wharf. They BICKER, approach the

FERRY

A crewman unties the anchor. A FERRY HORN. Beat. It slowly
pulls away from the dock, as we hear

NARRATOR (V.O.)

No inanimate object can have a
personality, we are told...But we
forget. For example, we look at a
house. We say that it's cheerful,
melancholy, gloomy. Now what we're
doing of course is simply describing
our own reactions. There are some
cases, however, which seem to defy
this handy explanation.

EXT. ADAMS HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

CLOCK CHIMES O.S. 11:00. Through the moonlight, we see
swirling smoke, charred shingles, a tarp. Suddenly, a shadow
moves across the

MASTER BEDROOM WINDOW

It takes shape, materializes. An arm rests on the window
sill. It's a dark blue sleeve...gold buttons on the cuff.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On the New England coast, even today,
there are certain houses which can
be classified only...as unfriendly.

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS

THE END