

DEMON'S PLAYGROUND

By

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EXT. MOONLIGHT MOTEL - NIGHT

A mini-van pulls up to a condemned looking, two-story motel. Dirt flies into the air as the mini-van stops.

Dense woods surround the motel, creating an eerie darkness.

A SECURITY GUARD (female, 20s) enters a room near the middle of the motel.

TRAVIS BURNS (mid-30s) rushes out of the driver's side. He wears a wrinkled grey suit and stained tie.

He scans the line of doors on the upper level and spots one marked "203." He holds the mini-van door open, takes in a deep breath, closes the van door, then heads upstairs to the second floor.

EXT. MOONLIGHT MOTEL - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Travis stops at the door to room 203. The blinds are drawn, but lights are on inside. He glances around him, then knocks.

Beads of sweat pour down Travis's forehead.

He knocks harder. Still no answer. He is about to knock again when the door slowly creaks open.

TRAVIS

Tara?

He opens the door to see TARA (early 30s) hanging from a ceiling fan. The noose is made of ripped bed sheets.

Her pale, ashen skin stands out in contrast where it is exposed from under her long black dress.

TRAVIS

TARA!

Travis dashes into the room.

INT. ROOM 203 - NIGHT

Frantic, Travis grabs Tara's legs and tries to lift her off the ceiling fan, but can't. He lets her go and her body swings around.

Travis realizes he's too late and starts to break down, then struggles to calm himself.

He notices a note pinned to Tara's dress. He holds her steady as he reads it, and wipes his forehead with his sleeve.

TRAVIS

No!

He dashes out of the room. He slams the door behind him, but the lock fails to catch and it stays ajar.

EXT. MOONLIGHT MOTEL - NIGHT

Travis rushes into the mini-van. Gravel from the dirt road spits everywhere as the van speeds away.

From under the upper stairs of the motel, a dark figure watches the mini-van disappear.

The Security Guard walks toward room 203.

A loud moaning sound comes from inside room 204. The Security Guard knocks on the door. A voice inside replies, annoyed.

VOICE (O.S.)

It says, "do not disturb"!

The Security Guard sees the sign on the floor and hangs it back on the doorknob, then moves to room 203. She notices the door slightly open. She knocks.

SECURITY GUARD

Hello?

She gently pushes the door open, looks in, sees Tara's body, and screams.

EXT. ROUTE 9 - NIGHT

The curved two-lane road runs through dark woods. Only a few scattered street lamps add to the moonlight.

Travis's mini-van speeds down the sharp curves of the road. The van moves across the double-yellow lines several times.

INT. TRAVIS'S MINI-VAN - NIGHT

Travis stares at the dark road in a trance. He drives along, wiping away tears with his sleeve.

He turns on the radio. "Return of the Phantom Stranger" by Rob Zombie plays.

He spots a female figure standing in the middle of the road ahead. He yells out AD LIB and jerks the wheel to the right.

EXT. ROUTE 9 - NIGHT

The mini-van bounces against a guardrail, spins out and comes to a stop on the shoulder of the road.

INT. TRAVIS'S MINI-VAN - NIGHT

Travis is slumped forward against the airbag, unconscious.

He comes to as the airbag deflates. A small cut on his forehead drips blood into his eye. Dazed, he wipes the blood away, sees his bloody hand and panics.

EXT. ROUTE 9 - NIGHT

Travis stumbles out of the mini-van. He hears a woman's voice with a European accent.

TARA (V.O.)

Travis.

Travis looks around. He searches the dark road, looks behind him and sees a female figure, standing about twenty feet away.

TRAVIS

Tara?

Tara reaches out for him.

TARA

I need you.

Travis passes out.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

SEAN BURNS (early 30s) stands by Tara's body, which lies stretched out on an examination table, covered by a white sheet up to the chest.

Sean wears a white medical examiner's lab coat and white latex gloves.

ERIN DAYSPRING (mid-30s), dressed in a police uniform, stands beside him. She bends down and looks at Tara.

ERIN

So, suicide or homicide?

SEAN

Homicide. See the fingertip imprints on the neck and throat? The bruises from the noose came after. Someone choked her first, then made it look like she hanged herself.

ERIN

That's interesting.

SEAN

Why?

ERIN

Because we both know who did it.

Sean gives Erin a look as he takes off his gloves.

SEAN

You can't be serious.

ERIN

Your brother had an affair with her.

SEAN

That's all over. He's trying to patch things up with Blair now.

ERIN

Exactly. So he kills Tara to put the past behind him.

SEAN

That's crazy! This is Travis we're talking about. You've known him since high school.

ERIN

Yes, I have. He's always been a bit sicko. And that's why I know that in his mind, killing Tara would make perfect sense.

SEAN

Come on, Erin. Travis can be a little bizarre, but he isn't a killer.

ERIN

You sure about that?

SEAN

Erin... She'd been dead hours before Travis even got to the motel.

ERIN

Got to the motel the second time, maybe? He could have made two trips. One to kill her, and one to stage his "discovery" of the body.

SEAN

You've got to be joking.

ERIN

Just doing my job.

She leans in close to him.

ERIN

(sotto)

You're a decent guy, Sean. I really hope you're not covering up for Travis. It'd be a shame to see you go down for accessory to murder.

Erin grabs her police officer's hat, places it on her head, and leaves the room.

Sean covers up Tara's body. Frustrated, he throws his gloves in the trash.

INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sean talks with a colleague.

BLAIR BURNS (female, early 30s) rushes down the hallway toward them.

BLAIR

Sean!

She heads to Sean, who holds her by the arms.

BLAIR

Where's Travis?

SEAN

Calm down, Blair. He isn't here.

BLAIR

What's going on, then?

Sean looks her in the eye.

SEAN

Tara was found dead at the Moonlight Motel.

Blair paces back and forth, taking a second to process the news. Disbelief is on her face.

BLAIR

Tara is dead?

SEAN

Travis found her body and had a breakdown.

BLAIR

How did he find her? Did he --

SEAN

No way he could have done it. She was dead hours before he showed up.

BLAIR

No, I mean he said he was with you. Was he seeing her instead? Are you covering for him?!

Blair grabs at Sean. He tries to calm her. She breaks away from him and sits on a nearby bench.

SEAN

Blair, it's not what you think! You have to listen. Erin thinks Travis killed her. They've got him in custody at the mental hospital.

BLAIR

I'm just... This is too much.

SEAN

He's in bad shape, Blair. The E.M.T.'s had to sedate him. He was ranting about seeing ghosts.

Blair freezes.

BLAIR

I thought we got past this.

Blair turns around. Her eyes begin to tear up. Sean puts his hand on her shoulder.

SEAN

It's going to be okay. He got through this before, and he can do it again. Maybe he can see Doctor Chambers again.

Blair takes in a deep breath and gives Sean a hug.

BLAIR

I hope so.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - ISOLATION ROOM - DAY

Travis is curled up in a ball at the corner of the room, clearly in distress and anguish. His face is bright red, his eyes shut tight.

He wears a white mental patient's shirt and pants.

TRAVIS

Go away! You're not real!

A mysterious woman wearing a long, white mental patient's gown stands in front of Travis. Her eyes are black as coal, her appearance dishevelled and neglected, though she was obviously beautiful once.

She holds out her hands as though begging Travis for something. Travis wraps his arms around his head to hide his face.

He puts his arms down. The woman is suddenly crouching beside him, imploring. He covers his face with his arms again.

The door to the room unlocks and opens.

Blair rushes over to Travis, kneels down next to him and touches his shoulder gently.

BLAIR

Travis?

He recoils.

TRAVIS

LEAVE ME ALONE!

BLAIR

Travis, it's me. Open your eyes.

Travis uncovers his face, opens his eyes and sees Blair looking at him. He throws his arms around her.

The mysterious woman is gone.

Sean stands in the doorway, a worried look on his face.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DR. CHAMBERS' OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: FIVE WEEKS LATER

The office is tidy and organized. Framed awards, certificates and diplomas decorate the walls.

DR. STEPHEN CHAMBERS (mid-40s) sits behind a metal desk. He wears a turtleneck shirt under a dark suit.

A file is open across his desk.

Travis sits across from him. He is wearing all white clothes with a grey handmade wool sweater. He has a beard.

DR. CHAMBERS
How do you feel, Travis?

TRAVIS
Pretty good.

DR. CHAMBERS
And the apparitions?

TRAVIS
The new medicine seems to be working.

DR. CHAMBERS
That's good, right?

TRAVIS
I can finally sleep at night.

DR. CHAMBERS
Excellent! So, do you think you feel well enough to tell me about what happened with Tara?

Travis wriggles in his chair, uncomfortable. He clears his throat.

TRAVIS

That night I was going to talk to her about getting help.

DR. CHAMBERS

And why did she need help?

TRAVIS

She was depressed about losing Lucas.

DR. CHAMBERS

Lucas?

TRAVIS

Our...

Travis looks down at the floor.

TRAVIS

Her son.

DR. CHAMBERS

Then what happened next?

Travis shakes a little.

TRAVIS

I got to her room. I saw her swinging from the ceiling fan. I tried to get her down.

He breaks down.

TRAVIS

She had that note on her dress...

Tears well up in his eyes. Dr. Chambers writes a few notes.

DR. CHAMBERS

And what did you think when you read the note?

TRAVIS

She had problems, but I don't see how she could've done it. Not over me...

DR. CHAMBERS

I know this was very traumatic for you, Travis, but you just made a breakthrough.

Travis wipes his eyes and looks up at Dr. Chambers.

TRAVIS

Thank you.

He composes himself. Dr. Chambers leans back in his chair.

DR. CHAMBERS

So tell me. How do you feel about your stay here?

TRAVIS

It's okay. Mostly I'm bored, actually. I like to have something to do. Mom used to say idle hands are the devil's workshop.

DR. CHAMBERS

She was probably right. I'm thinking about setting you up for a work-release program. It's a custodial job. Not rocket science, but it's pretty low-key, and it'll keep you busy.

TRAVIS

Oh yeah?

DR. CHAMBERS

Would you like to try that for a couple of months? Think of it as work therapy.

TRAVIS

Do I have a choice?

Dr. Chambers shrugs.

DR. CHAMBERS

Stay here indefinitely.

TRAVIS

Then sign me up, doc.

Travis extends his hand. Dr. Chambers shakes it.

EXT. BURNS HOUSE - DAY

A two-story house with a medium-sized yard and a one-car garage.

Blair drives Travis's mini-van up to the garage. She gets out and heads inside.

Travis gets out the passenger side. He takes in a deep breath and looks at the house.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room has a brand-new entertainment system. Framed pictures of the Burns family fill one wall: they show Travis, Blair, and their daughter Crystal (7 years old).

Travis goes to the couch and sits down. He looks around the room. Dolls, girls' toys and DVDs lie on the floor by the TV.

TRAVIS
How's Crystal doing?

Blair remains standing. She puts her cellphone on the table.

BLAIR
She's good. She'll be happy to see you.

Travis gets up and tries to hug Blair. She doesn't react.

TRAVIS
Aren't you?

She moves away from him.

BLAIR
It's a bit complicated.

TRAVIS

Blair, nothing happened between me and Tara that night. I went just to tell her she should move on, and that was it. I wanted her gone so we could get on with our lives.

BLAIR

If it's that innocent, why didn't you just tell me the truth?

TRAVIS

I didn't want you to get the wrong idea.

BLAIR

So what's the right idea, Travis? Telling me you were with your brother at the bar? Then going on a rendezvous with your old fling at some motel? Is that the "right idea"?

She turns away from him.

TRAVIS

I wasn't thinking. I'm so afraid to hurt you again. I just want to put it all behind --

BLAIR

Don't protect me with lies, okay? Just don't.

TRAVIS

I promise you, no more secrets. I just want things back the way they were.

BLAIR

Travis, I don't know if --

Blair's cellphone rings. She picks it up and answers it.

BLAIR

(into phone)

Hello? Yes. Oh. Okay, I'll be right there.

Blair hangs up and heads toward the front door.

BLAIR
I have to pick up Crystal from school.

TRAVIS
Why?

BLAIR
Just let me handle it.

Blair grabs her purse and starts to leave.

BLAIR
I picked up your medication this morning. It's in the bathroom by the sink. Remember, just two to start. I have to go.

Travis watches her leave.

He hears the mini-van drive away, then heads to the first-floor bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Travis turns the light on and spots a pharmacy bag by the sink. He goes over to the sink and takes a deep breath as he looks at himself in the mirror and strokes his beard.

He grabs the pill bottle from the pharmacy bag, opens it up and tosses two pills into his mouth.

Travis fills up a cup with water and washes them down.

He hears banging on the front door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Travis looks through the peephole, then opens the door.

TRAVIS
What are you doing here?

Sean stands on the porch with his hands on his waist.

SEAN

You were supposed to call me when the zoo let you out.

Sean gives Travis a big hug, then playfully pushes him away.

SEAN

Can your little brother come in or what?

TRAVIS

Against my better judgment, yes.

Travis lets him in and shuts the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sean goes over to the couch and sits down.

SEAN

Sorry I couldn't visit you. Their hours are retarded and my work schedule's been all over the place.

Travis sits down next to Sean.

TRAVIS

It's okay. I wouldn't go there if I didn't have to, either.

SEAN

Don't be like that, man. You needed it.

TRAVIS

So how's work?

SEAN

Brutal.

Sean stares hard at Travis.

SEAN

Erin's not gonna let it go. She thinks you're just like dad. And you know what she thinks about dad.

TRAVIS

That's nuts. Dad did not kill her dad.

SEAN

Try to convince "Chief Dayspring." So, how are you feelin'?

TRAVIS

Better. The new meds don't make me so edgy.

SEAN

So long as you're not seeing spooks, we're good.

Travis looks away.

TRAVIS

Real funny. Do you remember where dad worked when he was a custodian?

SEAN

Man, I was younger than you. Wasn't it at some youth shelter or something?

TRAVIS

That's probably it.

SEAN

Why do you want to know?

TRAVIS

Just curious. Doctor Chambers put me in a work release program at the REAL building. I think it's the same place where dad worked.

SEAN

Oh.

TRAVIS

I just hope I don't screw things up.

Sean realizes Travis isn't talking about the job.

SEAN

Just stay on the level with Blair and things'll be fine. Your kid needs a father.

TRAVIS
Even a crazy one?

SEAN
You're nothing like dad. You're not crazy.

TRAVIS
Dad wasn't crazy. But he knew...

SEAN/TRAVIS
".. Plenty of ghosts that were."

They laugh. Sean stands up.

SEAN
That was his best one. Well, I have to get going or the wife will kill me.
(yawns)
Speaking of which, don't use me as your alibi again unless I give it the all-clear. I was using you as my excuse that night.

TRAVIS
I'm not going to need any alibis soon.

Sean heads to the front door.

SEAN
Hope so.

He stops in the doorway and turns around.

SEAN
Hey, do you ever think dad could see ghosts for real?

TRAVIS
Ghosts aren't real, so no.

Sean looks back outside.

SEAN

Yeah, me neither. Well, good luck with the job.

He leaves and shuts the door behind him.

Travis walks over to the window and watches Sean walk to his Jeep. He hears a MAN'S VOICE whisper in his ear.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Help me.

Travis shivers, then looks around. No one is there.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sean drives the Jeep down the street, then turns.

Standing on the corner is RUTH WATSON (early 70s), holding a rolled up newspaper. She watches the Jeep drive by, then looks down the road toward the Burns's house.

RUTH

Please be ready.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A blonde TEACHER (female, late 30s), writes the names of the presidents on a chalkboard.

The ten students in the classroom wear blue and white school uniforms.

CRYSTAL BURNS, seven years old, sits in the middle of the classroom. She nods her head, drifting off to sleep.

GHOST BOY (V.O.)

Stop ignoring me.

Crystal looks up. She notices the GHOST BOY (7) standing in front of her with a blank expression on his face.

CRYSTAL

(hushed whisper)

Stop staring at me!

GHOST BOY
You have to help.

CRYSTAL
SHUT UP!

The class turns to look at her. Crystal puts her hands over her ears and closes her eyes.

The Teacher turns and notices that Crystal is sweating and her face is red.

TEACHER
Crystal, are you okay?

GHOST BOY
I need you.

Crystal opens her eyes again.

The Ghost Boy holds out his hands to her.

CRYSTAL
Leave me alone!

The Teacher rushes up to Crystal and touches her on the shoulder.

TEACHER
Crystal?

Crystal jumps up like she just woke up from a bad dream.

TEACHER
Crystal, calm down. I just want to help.

Crystal gets up from the desk, runs to the back of the classroom and crouches to the ground, trying to hide.

The class turns back to stare at her.

CRYSTAL
Get him away from me!

TEACHER

I'll call your mother, Crystal. You just have to come with me, okay?

The Teacher squats down and holds out her hands toward Crystal.

Crystal takes her hands, then wraps her arms around the Teacher.

The Teacher picks her up and takes her out of the classroom.

TEACHER

Okay, everyone, five minutes. I don't want any fooling around while I'm gone.

She carries Crystal out of the room.

The Ghost Boy looks at Crystal imploringly and disappears into thin air.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Blair holds Crystal's hand as they head toward the mini-van.

Crystal climbs in and Blair helps put her seatbelt on. Crystal notices that her mother's eyes are red.

CRYSTAL

What's wrong, Mommy?

BLAIR

Nothing, baby.

CRYSTAL

Is daddy home?

BLAIR

Yes, darling, he is.

Blair closes the side door. She rests her forehead against the mini-van and takes a deep breath.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Blair fidgets about the kitchen tidying up, something obviously nagging at her.

Travis stands in the door between the kitchen and the living room. He glances at Crystal in the living room as she watches cartoons on TV and plays with her toys.

He turns to Blair.

TRAVIS

So, what happened?

Blair pours herself a cup of orange juice. She drinks, then leans against the counter.

BLAIR

She had another moment.

TRAVIS

A "moment"?

BLAIR

Crystal tells me there's a boy at her school who keeps bothering her.

TRAVIS

So bad she has to come home? Why don't they do something about this kid?

BLAIR

Nobody else sees him. She says this "boy" wants her to help him with something.

Travis thinks for a beat.

TRAVIS

Maybe it's an imaginary friend.

BLAIR

He doesn't sound like a friend. The teacher said she was scared out of her wits.

TRAVIS

How long has this been going on?

BLAIR

Since you've been away. She's been having these weird spells. The school nurse thinks she's acting out over your...institutionalization.

TRAVIS

What for?

BLAIR

She's probably mimicking you to get attention.

TRAVIS

Do you want to set up an appointment with someone to see her?

BLAIR

I don't know what to do anymore!

She throws the empty glass in the sink. It breaks.

Travis heads over to the doorway.

TRAVIS

Well I'm home now. If that's the reason for it, things will get better. We'll be stronger together.

BLAIR

You've said that before.

Travis smacks the wall.

TRAVIS

Here we go! Blair, nobody will come between us again.

BLAIR

You can't just make promises like that, Travis. And you going to that motel doesn't help me trust you.

TRAVIS

Look, Tara was already dead to me before she... I mean...

Blair inches away from Travis.

BLAIR

It's funny, sometimes it sounds like
you wanted her dead.

Travis walks up and tries to hold her, but she pulls away,
trembling.

TRAVIS

Blair, I told you what happened. If I
did it, I'd be in jail for good and I'd
never get the only thing I want, to be
with you and Crystal. Things are going
to be different.

Crystal appears in the doorway, looking at them. Blair
pushes past Travis toward her.

BLAIR

Baby, what's the matter?

Crystal passes by Blair and hugs Travis.

CRYSTAL

I'm glad daddy's home. Please don't
fight.

Travis lifts her up and holds her tightly. A tear rolls
down his cheek.

TRAVIS

I just want us to be a family again.

Crystal scratches Travis's beard.

CRYSTAL

Daddy, your beard is itchy.

He puts her down.

TRAVIS

Don't worry, baby. I'll shave it off.

He looks at Blair. She crosses her arms.

EXT. REAL BUILDING - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A three-story brick building from the 1920s. Many of the walls sport graffiti and most of the windows have bars across them.

Only a few cars are parked in the lot.

Travis steps up to the entrance wearing casual clothes, his hair combed back and wet. He pushes the buzzer on a communications panel and shivers from the cool night air.

JIM (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hello?

TRAVIS
Um, hi. My name is Travis Burns. I was sent by Doctor Chambers.

JIM (V.O.)
(filtered)
Be right there.

Travis places his hands in his pants pockets.

JIM TIPPET (late 40s), wearing a brown security guard uniform, lets Travis in.

The door shuts automatically behind them.

INT. REAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Jim and Travis walk across the main lobby area. It is clean and tidy, but still looks tired and old.

JIM
James Tippet. People call me Jim. If you have any problems or concerns, come to me.

TRAVIS
Thanks. You been working here long?

JIM

Twenty years and counting. In a place like this, that means I've seen and heard everything.

EXT. REAL BUILDING - NIGHT

A dark figure stands by a group of large bushes at the back of the parking lot.

DARK FIGURE'S POV

Seen through the windows, Jim and Travis travel through the building.

The exterior lights outside the building flicker.

INT. REAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim and Travis head toward a row of offices.

JIM

I was told to give you the ten-cent tour, so here it is. The building was built in 1921 as an upscale apartment complex, but with the Great Depression it went into disuse. The state purchased it and turned it into a shelter for abused and homeless kids in the sixties. A fire in 1980 almost gutted it, but it was rebuilt.

TRAVIS

Okay.

JIM

The first floor is where the counseling offices are. Second floor has the cafeteria and rec rooms, and third floor is the dorms. Part of your job will be to look out for kids who sneak around at night.

They stop outside of a large office.

JIM

This is my office. If you catch them,
you report them to me here.

Travis glances in. The furniture and security TV screens
are badly outdated.

JIM

Not quite state-of-the-art, I admit.
Okay, let's show you the rest of it.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jim and Travis enter. The door closes then the elevator
goes up instead of down. Jim pushes the basement button
again.

JIM

Sorry. The elevator's a bit wonky. You
got to hold down the button for the
floor you want at least five seconds.
It usually works, but sometimes you
just have to ride it out.

The elevator jerks as it passes the second floor.

Jim holds onto the railing, steadying himself.

They reach the third floor. The door opens then shuts. It
goes down.

JIM

So, how is Doctor Chambers doing?

TRAVIS

Good.

JIM

He was my shrink too for a while. I
used to be an alcoholic.

TRAVIS

That right?

JIM

He helped me a lot. Thanks to him, I
kept this job. You'll probably see him

around on the weekends. He's got his hands full counseling some of the kids around here.

The elevator jerks again as it passes the second floor.

Travis looks around. He hears a whispering sound. Jim notices him.

JIM
What is it?

TRAVIS
I didn't hear anything.

JIM
I didn't ask if you heard anything.

The elevator stops at basement. The door opens and stops halfway.

JIM
Damn thing!

Jim rolls his eyes, pushes the door open the rest of the way, then exits.

JIM (O.S.)
You coming, or what?

Travis follows.

INT. BASEMENT - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The room has three rows of lockers, two tables and a stack of boxes in the corner.

There is a full coffeemaker and a box of donuts on one table and on a second table is an old-fashioned punch clock and a stand with punch cards.

JIM
This is where you clock in. You can take your breaks here, but you can also use the cafeteria upstairs. I'll know either way.

Jim waves to a security camera in the top corner of the room. Travis notices it.

JIM

Patrick, the other custodian, will be here in a bit. He volunteers with the kids, so sometimes he's late. He'll show you the ropes.

Jim holds out his hand. Travis shakes it.

TRAVIS

Sounds good.

JIM

(re: donuts)

Help yourself, and just wait here for Patrick. Good luck and welcome to the team.

Jim exits.

Travis sits down at the table with the coffee and donuts. He picks up a plain donut and takes a bite.

He hears the elevator door closing.

Travis pours a cup of coffee and hears a whimpering sound. He spills coffee across his hand.

TRAVIS

Shoot!

He grabs a napkin and wipes his hand.

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The whimpering sound gets louder. It is a woman's voice.

Travis follows the sound toward the women's restroom.

He reaches for the door handle.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Hey there.

Travis spins around and sees PATRICK HOLDEN (early 20s), spikey hair with blond highlight tips, spiderweb tattoos across his arms. Slight Southern accent, acts like he's from New York.

He wears a custodian uniform and has an iPod around his neck and one earphone in his ear. The song "Demonoid Phenomenon" by Rob Zombie can be heard playing from it.

PATRICK

Sorry dude. Didn't mean to freak you out. Are you the new guy?

TRAVIS

Yeah. Travis.

They shake hands.

PATRICK

Patrick.

(re: washroom)

If you need to let the dogs out, you're barking up the wrong tree, my man. Men's restroom's that-a-way.

Patrick points to the other end of the hallway. Travis spots a door with a rusted men's restroom sign.

TRAVIS

Oh, thanks.

Travis heads to the men's washroom while Patrick looks at him, amused.

INT. BASEMENT - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick leads Travis to a stack of boxes and looks over them.

Inside them are one-piece custodian uniforms like the one he is wearing.

PATRICK

Ah-ha, this should fit you. I'm usually good at sizing people up.

He gives a uniform to Travis.

Travis holds it out in front of him.

PATRICK

Looks good. Pick a locker so your duds
got a home to hang in.

Travis inspects a locker covered in graffiti with strange symbols. He stares at the writing like he's seen it before.

PATRICK

That stuff is everywhere in here.
Somebody back in the day was all about
the occult. I guess people thought this
place was haunted up the ying-yang.

Travis opens the locker and looks inside.

TRAVIS

Doesn't bother me.

PATRICK

Good, get changed and I'll show you
where the supply closet is.

Patrick exits.

Travis starts taking his shirt off, reading the graffiti the whole time. Inside the locker are the initials "M.B."

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Travis walks out of the locker room wearing the custodian uniform. He looks around.

Patrick is at the other end of the hallway, past the women's restroom.

Patrick taps his fingers across the wall to the beat of the song in his earphones. Beside him are a cleaning cart and an industrial floor buffer.

Travis sneaks a furtive look at the women's restroom door as he walks past it toward Patrick.

TRAVIS

Ready.

Patrick nods his head to the beat of the song.

He takes the cleaning cart as Travis takes the buffer. They head to the elevator.

PATRICK

The elevator can hold only so much weight, so I'm going up first, then you. It's slow as hell, so when you're not using any of this stuff, take the stairs. I'll meet you up on second.

The elevator door opens and Patrick steps in with the cleaning cart. The elevator doors close.

Travis looks around at the furniture piled in the other hallways. Some of it is decades old, but barely used.

He hears the whimpering sound again.

He glances back down the main hallway. The women's restroom door opens slightly.

Travis moves closer to the elevator, then turns the buffer so that it is between him and the main hallway.

The elevator door opens, but stops halfway.

The women's restroom door opens wider. A shadow appears through the open restroom doorway, as though someone were standing inside.

Travis bumps into the elevator door. He shoves it open, then pulls the buffer into it.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The cafeteria has the same old look as the lobby, but is clean and tidy.

Patrick is waiting in front of the elevator. The doors open.

Travis is inside, gripping the buffer, his face white.

PATRICK

Finally! Dude, are you okay?

Travis looks around like he has just been woken up.

He pushes the buffer into the cafeteria.

TRAVIS

Wha? Yeah, I'm fine.

Travis wipes a few beads of sweat from his forehead with his sleeve.

PATRICK

Okay then. Lets get to work.

Patrick pushes the cleaning cart as Travis follows him with the buffer.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - MORNING

Travis slowly opens the front door and tiptoes into the house.

He locks the door quietly, then heads into the first floor bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Travis gently closes the door. He turns around and notices his clothes and a towel set out for him. His pills have been set out for him too.

He smiles.

TRAVIS

Thanks, Blair.

He glances at himself in the mirror. He notices dark circles under his eyes then touches his scruffy beard.

He takes in a deep breath.

Travis grabs the pill bottle resting next to the sink, opens it and drops two into his hand. He stares at them as though having second thoughts.

He pops them into his mouth, fills up a cup of water, then washes them down.

When Travis looks back into the mirror, he sees his father, MALCOLM BURNS (late 40s), wearing a custodian's uniform, staring back at him.

Startled, he closes his eyes and shakes his head.

TRAVIS

Dad?

When he looks back into the mirror he sees himself.

He braces himself on the sink for a second, then reaches over and starts the shower.

INT. CRYSTAL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The shades have been pulled down behind pink curtains. Shelves are filled with children books, dolls and stuffed animals.

Crystal is tossing and turning under a pink comforter. She hears whispering sounds.

A haze moves across the shelves of dolls.

Crystal opens her eyes, flips onto her back and looks around the room. She keeps the comforter around her mouth as she looks over at her toys. The dolls' heads turn to face her.

GHOST BOY (V.O.)

Crystal.

She ducks under her blanket.

CRYSTAL

No!

The haze disappears and the whispering sounds turn into the sound of the shower running.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Travis enters, wearing the clothes Blair put out for him. He is fully shaven and his hair is combed back.

Blair and Crystal are seated at the table, eating breakfast.

TRAVIS

Did I wake you two?

BLAIR

No.

Crystal hunches in closer to her bowl of cereal. She has bags under her eyes like she hasn't slept all night.

Travis pours himself some coffee and notices Crystal's drooping eyes.

TRAVIS

Did I wake you, honey?

Crystal shakes her head "no."

He goes over to her and leans down to kiss her on the forehead.

She shoves more cereal into her mouth.

Travis places his coffee on the counter.

He opens the refrigerator and takes out a small bowl of leftover macaroni and cheese, then places it into the microwave.

As the food cooks, Travis glances around at Blair and Crystal.

No reaction. The microwave beeps.

Blair looks at her watch.

BLAIR

Okay, young lady. It's time for school
and I don't want to be late for work.

Blair and Crystal leave their food on the table and head to the back door. Crystal grabs a sweater and a pink backpack. Blair grabs her purse and keys.

TRAVIS

Have a good day, you two.

Crystal and Blair ignore Travis as they exit.

TRAVIS

Okay, what did I do now?

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Travis flops onto the couch with his bowl and turns on the TV. One of Crystal's cartoons comes on. He takes his first bite when someone knocks on the door.

Travis ignores the knocking at first, and waits for a second knock. Only silence, which puzzles him.

He scoops up more mac and cheese, then gets up.

EXT. BURNS HOUSE - MORNING

Travis opens the door: no one is there.

He looks around and spots a folded piece of paper stuck in the metal frame of the peephole. He removes it and closes the door.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Travis sits back down on the couch and unfolds the piece of paper. A note has been printed out.

TRAVIS

(reads aloud)

The voices you hear and the people you
see are real. Do not fear them. We need

your help. Come to 983 Sansui Street.
Hurry.

Travis flips the piece of paper around, looking for a name, but there is none. Travis tosses the note on the couch and continues eating.

INT. BLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

A small office with a desk, filing cabinets, and an extra chair for customers. Her desk is covered with stacks of files.

Blair types quickly on a calculator as she looks at someone's income tax forms. She has a pencil in her mouth and a pen across the top of her ear.

Someone knocks on her door.

Before Blair can speak, DREW OSTERHOUSE (late 30s) enters, a car salesman's smile on his face.

DREW
Hello, Blair. How was your couple of days off?

Drew sits down.

Blair glances up at him, then looks back at the forms.

BLAIR
Fine.

DREW
Good. That's really good.

Drew places his hands together in a steeple shape. His eyes suggest that he expects Blair to say something.

She doesn't look up.

BLAIR
Um, I have work to do, so if you have something important...

DREW

I'll let you finish your work. And after, maybe I can take you out for dinner? You deserve it after what you've been through.

Blair stops, but doesn't look at him.

BLAIR

Drew, it's over. I told you that already. It never should have happened.

Drew places his hands on her desk, leans in close to her and flashes a smile.

DREW

But it did, and I think we both enjoyed it.

Blair looks up at him.

BLAIR

We were both drunk. It's a good thing I can only barely remember your lame-ass pickup lines. But what I do remember is having to fake it so you'd stop chewing my earlobe off.

Someone knocks on the door.

BLAIR

COME IN!

The door opens and Dr. Chambers enters.

Drew stands up.

Dr. Chambers looks at him, then at Blair.

DR. CHAMBERS

Did I come at a bad time?

BLAIR

No, of course not, Doctor Chambers. Please have a seat.

Dr. Chambers squeezes himself around Drew and sits down.

DREW
(to Blair)
We can talk later.

BLAIR
That won't be necessary.

Drew hustles out the door.

Blair rubs the temples of her forehead.

DR. CHAMBERS
Are you okay? I heard some arguing
before I knocked.

BLAIR
Yeah, I'm okay. Just some nonsense I
have to deal with.

DR. CHAMBERS
Oh. Hope it's nothing to do with my tax
return.

He chuckles.

Blair looks around and finds his file piled underneath a
dozen others. She opens it up.

BLAIR
God, no. Good news, though. You're
getting back more than you figured.

DR. CHAMBERS
That's always nice.

BLAIR
Don't be too happy, Doctor. It's your
own money.

DR. CHAMBERS
How's things at home? Travis adjusting
well?

Blair looks away for a second.

BLAIR
Well enough.

DR. CHAMBERS
How about you?

She holds up the file.

BLAIR
Let's just go over your return, Doctor.
For now, you're the one visiting me.

They laugh.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Travis sleeps sitting up on the couch, his empty bowl beside him. Another cartoon plays on TV.

The back door creaks open.

BLAIR (O.S.)
Yes, you can watch TV while I make
dinner. Just be quiet so daddy can
sleep.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
Okay, mommy.

Crystal runs into the living room and stops in the doorway between the living room and the kitchen.

CRYSTAL
Mommy, daddy is sleeping on the couch.

Blair spots Travis sleeping.

She rolls her eyes, walks over to him and bumps his leg with her foot.

BLAIR
Travis? Travis, wake up.

Travis jumps, knocking over the bowl. He looks around and notices Blair standing in front of him.

TRAVIS
Hey, you're home already, huh?

He stands up and winces in pain, rubs his neck as he twists his head back and forth.

BLAIR

Nothing gets past you, does it?

Blair heads back into the kitchen.

Crystal puts her hand on Travis's face.

CRYSTAL

I'm glad you cut it, Daddy.

She sits on the floor, watching TV.

Travis grabs the bowl, his coffee cup, and the note.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Blair pours herself some coffee as Travis places his dirty dishes into the sink. He notices a frown on her face.

TRAVIS

What happened?

BLAIR

What do you mean?

TRAVIS

I know that look. Was it something I did?

Blair sips the coffee as she stares at the coffee pot.

Travis goes over to her and places his hands on her shoulders.

TRAVIS

Did they fire you because you took a couple of days off for me?

BLAIR

No. Drew wants to see me again. I said no, but part of me wanted to say yes.

Travis steps back.

TRAVIS

I think we need some time apart from each other.

BLAIR

I think we need some time apart from each other.

TRAVIS

Why?

Travis tries to touch Blair, but she backs away.

BLAIR

I don't know if I have it in me to trust you anymore. I'm not even sure I can trust myself.

TRAVIS

Do you still love me?

BLAIR

I don't know.

(turns away)

If I ask myself honestly, I just don't know.

TRAVIS

Please don't give up on us, buttercup. I know I messed things up. I don't blame you for Drew. I deserve it.

BLAIR

For now, maybe you should start to look for another place. I'll give you some time.

She walks out of the kitchen, stops at the doorway and turns around.

BLAIR

Please, just don't make this harder than it has to be.

EXT. BLAIR'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A gust of wind blows dirt across the parking lot. There are only two cars.

Drew and an attractive woman exit the building, smiling.

She buttons up her shirt then zips up her sweater as he locks the entrance door behind them.

They kiss. Drew takes a couple of champagne glasses from out of his jacket.

DREW

Are you sure you don't want to come
over for a nightcap?

She shakes her head, goes over to her car, blows him a kiss.

She drives off. Drew watches her disappear down the road.

He takes out his keys and steps up to his sports car.

A dark figure wearing a long black coat shoves Drew against his car, making him drop his keys. The glasses shatter in his hand.

Drew spins around and swipes blindly at the figure, cutting its right hand. Blood splashes across the car as the figure slashes Drew with a butcher knife.

INT. REAL BUILDING - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT

Dressed in street clothes, Travis crosses the lobby and meets up with Jim by the security office.

JIM

Hey, Travis. I need you to help Patrick with the third floor tonight. The kids had a going-away party today and made a huge mess. When you're done, you got the second floor on your own. Okay?

TRAVIS

No problem.

JIM

Good.

Jim watches Travis head downstairs to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Travis zips up his uniform then catches a glimpse of a picture of his family taped to the back of the locker door.

He touches it, revealing a band-aid around the back of his right hand.

A whispering sound comes from the hallway.

Travis looks over at the door. He closes his eyes, trying to ignore the sound. The sound stops and he opens his eyes.

Travis looks at the picture one more time and closes his locker.

As he walks to the door, he hears the whimpering sound again. It gets louder.

Travis stops in the doorway and glances up and down the hall.

TRAVIS

Hello?

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Travis takes the cleaning cart out of the supply closet and shuts the door. As he locks the door, the whimpering turns into the sound of a woman sobbing.

Travis searches the hallway.

A shadow is cast out from beneath the door of the women's restroom, as though someone were standing on the other side.

Travis looks around, then steps up to the door. He knocks.

TRAVIS

Hello?

The sobbing gets louder. He slowly enters.

INT. BASEMENT - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

A dying bulb from one of the low-hanging light fixtures above flickers on and off. Four rusty sinks are on one side, stalls on the other.

Travis slowly enters the room. His hands shake as he knocks on the first stall.

TRAVIS

Hello? Are you okay?

The sobbing comes from the last stall. Travis approaches it.

A human-shaped haze flits across the mirrors behind Travis's reflection as he walks.

Travis places a hand on the door. It creaks as he pushes it open.

Inside, Tara is sitting in the corner of the stall with her head between her legs.

Travis stares at Tara, and shakes his head in disbelief.

TRAVIS

Tara, is that you?

Tara looks up. There are rope marks on her neck and her head is twisted slightly to the side. She screams.

A force pulls Travis backward and away from the stall. The door slams shut. He stumbles, lands against the sink, and falls to his knees.

The screaming stops. Not even an echo remains.

Travis gets up and runs out.

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Running blindly, Travis bumps into Jim from behind, knocking him over.

JIM

What the hell?! This ain't a racetrack!

TRAVIS

I'm so sorry.

Travis helps Jim up and tries to calm himself down.

Jim takes a look at Travis's frightened face, then sees the door to the woman's restroom swinging back and forth.

JIM

I don't know if Patrick told you this, but the women's restroom is to be cleaned by the morning crew only.

TRAVIS

I wasn't cleaning it. I thought I heard a woman crying and checked to see if everything was okay.

JIM

I didn't hear anything and I've been down here a while now. Who is this woman you heard?

TRAVIS

I... I don't know.

Jim folds his arms over his chest.

JIM

Then let's go in and find out.

Travis rushes to the restroom door before Jim can open it.

TRAVIS

No! Don't!

Jim looks at Travis's wedding ring.

JIM

You're married, right? You ain't got a piece on the side in there, do you?

Travis starts sweating. He shakes his head.

TRAVIS
No, of course not.

JIM
So it's okay if I check it out. Move it.

Jim enters the restroom.

Travis looks around as he enters, dreading what Jim might see.

INT. BASEMENT - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Jim bends down, looking under the stalls. He stands up and looks at Travis.

JIM
I don't see any woman here.

Jim notices Travis staring nervously at the last stall and heads over to it, with Travis following close behind him.

At the last stall Jim glances over at Travis and pushes him away. Travis backs off, slowly.

Jim knocks.

JIM
Hello? Anybody home?

Jim opens the stall door. Empty.

Travis's mouth drops.

JIM
Did Patrick put you up to this?

TRAVIS
No... I'm sorry?

JIM

He's tried just about every trick in the book to get my goat, the little bastard. Are you playing his game for him?

TRAVIS

I wouldn't. That's not like me.

JIM

If you're seeing things, you might want to up the dosage on your meds. Now get upstairs and help Patrick with the third floor. Pronto!

Travis looks at the stall one more time, then exits.

Jim watches him, then turns to the mirror and notices a pimple on his face. As approaches to inspect it, he sees the reflection of the stall door opening in the mirror.

The door opens. Jim spots Tara sitting in the corner of the last stall, crying. She looks up at him.

Jim quickly turns around.

The stall is empty. Jim looks at the mirror again: nobody there either. He hurries out the restroom.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - LOBBY - NIGHT

Moonlight pours into the third floor from the large open windows at the front of the building. Two small lights near the elevator light up the lobby area.

Travis steps out of the elevator, pushing the cleaning cart into the lobby. He pushes the cart over to a trash bin and empties it.

He hears the sound of someone running down the hallway behind him.

He turns around to see Tara run down the hallway and turn a corner.

TRAVIS

Hey, STOP!

Travis dashes after her.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Travis's footsteps echo down the hallway as he runs. He stops where the hallway branches off and looks to see where Tara went.

The hallways are dark.

Travis hears a faint sound to his right. He heads that direction and follows the hallway to the end, where there is a large window.

Moonlight coming through the window casts a shadow behind Travis as he checks the doors to see if they are locked.

The sound of a doorknob turning makes Travis spin around. He sees a door open.

Patrick backs out, pulling a cleaning cart. Relieved, Travis approaches him. Patrick turns around, then jumps.

PATRICK

Damn man, you scared the shit out of me! What happened to you? You were supposed to be here a half-hour ago.

TRAVIS

Sorry about that. I was talking to Jim and got sidetracked. Did you still need help?

PATRICK

Naw, I got everything under control. Time for my break.

Patrick locks the bedroom door.

TRAVIS

Did you by chance see a woman running down the hall?

PATRICK

A woman? No.

TRAVIS

I thought I saw... Never mind.

They follow the hallway back toward the lobby.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Travis sits at the table closest to the elevator. The cleaning carts are next to him.

A beeping sound from a microwave comes from the kitchen.

Patrick comes out holding two plates. One has chicken nuggets and fries. The other plate has a large cheeseburger.

PATRICK

We lucked out. First shift didn't take all the leftovers. Which one do you want? The nuggets or the burger?

TRAVIS

Burger.

Patrick sets the food on the table and sits down.

PATRICK

It's not exactly funky-fresh, but free food is free food, right?

TRAVIS

I guess.

Travis takes a bite out of his burger.

Patrick takes out ketchup packets from his pocket and gives them to Travis.

PATRICK

Try drowning it with these.

TRAVIS

Thanks.

Travis removes the bun and squeezes the three ketchup packets onto the burger. He takes a bite again.

TRAVIS

It's a little better.

PATRICK

Good, now don't use 'em all up. I need some for my nuggets.

Travis hands the rest of the packet to Patrick.

As Travis takes another bite, he shivers. He notices a black shadow moving toward the elevator.

The black shadow disappears into the elevator.

TRAVIS

Did you see that?

Patrick chews on a nugget as he looks around.

PATRICK

See what?

TRAVIS

Something just went through the elevator doors.

Patrick looks at the elevator and sees nothing.

PATRICK

Something? Like what? A spook?

TRAVIS

No. I mean --

PATRICK

It's cool. A lot of people around here say they see ghosts. Not me personally, but my grandma believes in that type of stuff.

As Travis chews, he casually looks at the elevator, expectantly.

TRAVIS

Not that I do, or anything.

INT. BURNS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Blair opens a container of blueberry muffins and places one each on two plates.

Crystal is at the table, drinking a glass of milk.

Several knocks come from the front door.

Blair walks out of the kitchen to answer it. Crystal watches her.

BLAIR (O.S.)

Erin, Sean. What can I do for you?

SEAN (O.S.)

Can we come in?

Crystal leans back and notices Sean and Erin. She waves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Blair closes the front door. She turns around and finds Sean and Erin (in police uniform) standing instead of sitting.

BLAIR

What's wrong?

Erin and Sean exchange glances.

ERIN

You can sit down.

She shakes her head "no" and continues standing.

SEAN

Your boss was killed last night.

Blair puts her hand over her mouth, shocked. She walks over to the couch and sits down.

BLAIR

What happened?

ERIN

He was attacked in the parking lot.
Where was Travis around nine o'clock
last night?

Blair looks Erin straight in the eyes.

BLAIR

Are you accusing my husband?

Erin opens her mouth to speak, but Sean interrupts her.

SEAN

Blair, you should just answer the
questions.

BLAIR

Travis hardly knew Drew. He only met
him once.

Sean glances at Erin. She folds her arms over her chest.

SEAN

(to Blair)

They know about your affair with Drew.

ERIN

That would give Travis plenty of
motive. Mister Osterhouse fought back
and was able to cut his attacker. The
blood is being analyzed now. We'd like
Travis to answer some questions. At the
station.

BLAIR

He is not saying anything without a
lawyer!

Erin moves closer to Blair and gives her a stern look. Sean
steps in between them.

SEAN

All we need is a blood sample so we can
clear everything up. I can take it

right here. Just get him so we won't have to bring him in to the station.

BLAIR

Fine.

Blair goes upstairs as Sean removes a plastic bag from his pocket.

Sean takes a sealed hypodermic needle, a tourniquet, some cotton balls and bandages out of the plastic bag.

Blair and Travis come down the stairs, Travis in blue pyjamas, bleary-eyed.

Erin gives Travis the evil eye. Travis glances over at Erin then at Sean.

Blair and Travis sit on the couch as Sean crouches beside his brother.

Sean notices the bandage on Travis's hand. He looks up at Erin. She smiles.

ERIN

Hurt yourself, Travis?

BLAIR

He was putting away dishes last night and cut his arm on some broken glass.

ERIN

Uh-huh. And that's why he can't speak for himself, either?

Sean jabs a needle in Travis's arm.

TRAVIS

OW!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Crystal watches Blair walk in and reach into the trash can.

CRYSTAL

Mommy, what are they doing to daddy?

BLAIR
Nothing, just finish your snack.

Crystal grabs a second muffin and eats it. She leans over and looks into the living room. She can't see Travis because Erin is standing in her way.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Blair carries the bottom part of a broken drinking glass and a bunch of smaller pieces into the living room. She walks up to Erin and shows her the glass.

BLAIR
See? He cut himself on this last night before going to work.

ERIN
When did he go to work?

BLAIR
I dropped him off around nine o'clock. He was called in early.

ERIN
Which gives him enough time to go to your work and kill your boss.

BLAIR
How? You said he was killed at nine.

ERIN
No, I asked you what your husband was doing around nine. Mister Osterhouse was killed around ten. He and another employee had stayed late and she last saw him a little before ten.

Blair looks over at Travis.

Travis holds a cotton ball over his arm.

TRAVIS

I didn't do it. Call Jim Tippet at my job. He'll tell you I was there all night.

ERIN

I will.

Sean covers the needle of the syringe, then puts it into the plastic bag.

SEAN

I got what we need, Erin. I think we should get going.

Erin stands in front of Travis. She leans close and whispers in his ear.

ERIN

I would love to take your crazy ass into custody right now. And if that sample matches, it'll be a pleasure locking you up.

TRAVIS

I didn't do it, Erin. And my father didn't do it.

ERIN

Your father was the last person to see my dad alive the night he was stabbed. Was that just a coincidence?

TRAVIS

Yes!

SEAN

Travis, leave it! Erin, we'd better go.

Sean and Erin head to the door.

SEAN

(to Travis)

Don't leave the house. And call me before you go to work, okay?

TRAVIS

Sure.

Sean waves good-bye, then exits.

Blair moves away from Travis.

TRAVIS

I didn't do it, Blair. I swear.

BLAIR

You told me that things would be different. They sure are.

TRAVIS

I didn't kill anyone.

BLAIR

Why should I trust you? You got Tara pregnant. You were going to leave me when the baby was born.

TRAVIS

That's not what happened! I wanted to get them settled somewhere else. I didn't want that child to have to suffer just because I screwed up.

Blair looks away and collects her thoughts.

Travis grabs her arm and tries to hug her, but she pulls away.

BLAIR

Get some rest. I'm taking Crystal to the park after we're done eating. Did you find a place yet?

TRAVIS

No.

Blair rolls her eyes then heads into the kitchen.

Travis watches her. He lowers his head then goes upstairs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Travis sits at the edge of the bed. He swings his legs into bed and grabs the comforter to cover himself up when he notices a folded piece of paper, sticking out from underneath a shirt lying at the foot of the bed.

He takes the paper. It is the note he found at the front door.

He hears car doors opening and an engine starting outside.

Travis walks up to the window and looks out to see Blair and Crystal drive away in the mini-van.

Travis opens the note and reads it.

TRAVIS
Sansui Street.

Travis folds the piece of paper in his hand.

EXT. SANSUI STREET - DAY

A beautiful sunny day. Birds are chirping and a light breeze picks up a cluster of leaves.

Travis reads the piece of paper and matches the address with a white two-story house across the street from him.

The front yard is mowed and the driveway is empty.

Travis crosses the street. He steps onto the porch and the wooden boards creak beneath his feet. Afraid of crashing through, he carefully walks up to the door. Seeing no doorbell, he knocks several times.

Travis leans over and looks through a window, but a dark curtain prevents him from seeing inside. He knocks again.

Someone inside unlocks the door. It swings open and Ruth Watson appears. She smiles at Travis.

RUTH
It's nice to see you again, Travis.
Please come in.

Travis stares at Ruth.

TRAVIS
Have we met before?

RUTH
A long time ago.

TRAVIS
I don't remember you.

RUTH
Ruth Watson. Your father and I were
good friends.

TRAVIS
Were you part of the church?

RUTH
Everything will be explained. Now come
on in. I won't bite.

Travis hesitates, then steps into the house.

Ruth looks around, surveying the area. She closes the door.

INT. RUTH WATSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

There are framed pictures on the walls. Statues of angels fill up shelves. A large bookstand blocks a fireplace, filled with books on the supernatural, ghosts, psychics, the unexplained, witchcraft and voodoo.

The furniture and electronic items look decades old.

A silver tray with silver cups has been set on a coffee table in front of a black couch. Steam seeps from a silver teapot.

Travis stares around the room.

RUTH
Please have a sit. I made some mint
tea, help yourself. Wait, you liked it
with three lumps of sugar, didn't you?
I'll be right back.

Ruth disappears into the kitchen. The kitchen door swings back and forth.

Travis sniffs the air, sensing the familiar. He walks over to the couch, sits down and opens the teapot, sniffs the freshly brewed mint tea.

Ruth comes back with a bowl of sugar cubes.

TRAVIS

Hold on a minute. How did you know I like sweet mint tea?

Ruth smiles as she sits down on a recliner across from the couch. She puts the bowl down and leans back.

RUTH

The last time I served you mint tea, you were seven years old. It was two days before the fire... Before your father's murder.

Travis looks around, perplexed. He stands up.

TRAVIS

Don't mention my father again, lady. I don't know what your deal is, but that kind of talk isn't going to keep me here. My father died of heart failure.

RUTH

No, he didn't. He was killed by someone we both knew very well.

Ruth looks at several framed photos on top of the bookstand in front of the fireplace.

Travis turns around and spots them. He notices something about one of them and looks back at Ruth.

She smiles and nods her head.

Travis heads over to the photos and picks one up. He wipes a thin layer of dust off the glass.

The picture is of Travis when he was seven, his father in his thirties, Ruth in her forties, Erin Dayspring's father

in his late forties, and another man, mid-thirties, large build.

Travis touches the image.

TRAVIS

That's dad. And Chief Dayspring?

Ruth nods.

RUTH

That was our team. You might say we were the "Ghostbusters" before the movie even existed.

TRAVIS

What?

RUTH

We were a group of people who specialized in paranormal activity. Your father, David and I were the psychics, and Chief Dayspring was the skeptic of the group.

Travis sits down on the couch. He continues to examine the framed picture.

RUTH

I know you inherited your father's gift. It's why you've been on medications all your life. I tried to convince your mom to stop, but she insisted.

TRAVIS

If this is a joke, I'm not in the mood. Tell me what's really going on, or I'm going to...

RUTH

To what? You know Travis, sometimes the truth is hard to hear. But you must feel deep down inside that I'm telling you the truth. Or is the medicine stopping you from feeling anything?

TRAVIS

I don't know why I'm here.

Travis gets up and heads to the door.

RUTH

I told you he wouldn't believe me. I should have told him years ago.

Travis stops at the door and hears a whispering sound.

RUTH

Me too, but he's not ready yet.

Travis turns around and looks at her.

RUTH

Okay, I'll try, but I don't think it will work.

Ruth turns around and looks over at Travis.

RUTH

Your father says: "Sit down, knucklehead."

Travis freezes.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

YOUNG TRAVIS, seven years old, stands by a group of trees and spots the YOUNGER MALCOLM (his father) and YOUNGER RUTH talking to a mysterious man in the middle of the yard.

The mysterious man smiles and a bright light glows behind him, then he disappears into thin air. Younger Ruth walks past Young Travis, smiling. Younger Malcolm goes over to Young Travis and pats him on the shoulder.

YOUNGER MALCOLM

You see, Son? There's nothing to fear. They're just lost souls that need our help crossing over. It's our duty to help them. Do you understand?

YOUNG TRAVIS

Yes, Daddy. I understand.

YOUNGER MALCOLM
Good boy. Now let's get some grub,
knucklehead. I'm starving.

RUTH (V.O.)
Travis, are you okay? Travis?

INT. RUTH WATSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Travis shakes his head and rubs his eyes.

TRAVIS
Yeah, I'm okay. You did know my father.
I remember.

Travis slowly walks back to the couch as though someone
walked over his grave. He sits down in a daze.

Ruth pours tea in two silver cups then drops three sugar
cubes into one of them. She hands it to Travis.

RUTH
There are some things in this world
that a person has to experience. The
medication can't stop your visions. It
only stops you from understanding them.
Calm yourself down and let go. Don't
think, just feel. Don't be afraid;
they're more afraid than you are.

Ruth sips her tea and smiles.

Travis sips his tea. He closes his eyes.

TRAVIS
I forgot what that tasted like.

RUTH
There is a line between the world of
the living and the world of the dead.
And for those who have our gift, it's
finer than spider silk.

Travis puts his cup down, stands up and starts looking around the room.

RUTH

If a spirit is stuck between both worlds for too long, it can become lonely and angry. Many of these spirits become fixated on certain people.

TRAVIS

As in a haunting?

RUTH

In a way. Sometimes they just want help to cross over. Some of them need to set things right before they can do it. Other times, if the spirit is angry, they want to use the living person as an instrument of hurt and revenge. That person starts believing whatever the spirit tells them. We call that person the Demon's Playground.

Ruth places her teacup on the tray and looks at the framed picture on the couch next to Travis.

Travis notices where she is looking. He picks up the picture and stares at it.

TRAVIS

Who's the other man in the picture?

RUTH

David Stills is one of those angry spirits. I know this is going to be hard to hear, but your mother was having an affair with him.

TRAVIS

What?

RUTH

A long time ago, your mom and dad used to work at the REAL Building. The day of the fire, David went there to make her choose between him and your dad. She chose your dad, and something in

him snapped. He was the one who set the fire that killed your mother and all those people.

Travis looks away. Ruth grabs his hand. She takes a deep breath.

RUTH

David died shortly afterwards. He killed himself in an obscure occult ritual so that his spirit would be stuck between both worlds.

TRAVIS

Why the hell would he do that?

RUTH

To escape his own hell, and to give himself power. Stuck where he is now, he's free to influence someone that you know. This person is killing people that are close to you.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry, but that's the single most insane thing I've ever heard. And I just spent five weeks in an asylum.

RUTH

David won't be satisfied until he's taken revenge on you.

TRAVIS

It's not my fault who my mom picked!

RUTH

It's not a rational being we're dealing with. David wanted to get back at your father even more than he wanted to live. Normally a trapped spirit can do very little. David gained power. Your father was weak with grief over your mother's death. He had a weak heart. A broken heart. It didn't take much to make it look like a heart attack.

Travis looks at Ruth.

TRAVIS

Why is he doing this now? Why didn't he go after me long ago?

RUTH

Because he needed to find a living person with hostility toward you. Someone he could easily manipulate to exact his revenge. I think he finally found that person.

TRAVIS

Who is it?

RUTH

I don't know yet, but I hope to soon.

Ruth turns her head toward the kitchen.

TRAVIS

The only one who might hate me that much is Blair.

RUTH

Your wife? Why?

TRAVIS

It's a long story.

Ruth suddenly looks around, anxiously.

RUTH

What? Now?

Travis looks toward the kitchen. Ruth grabs Travis's hand and leads him to the front door.

RUTH

I'm so sorry, but you should go. Have a chat with your daughter. There's a little boy who needs her help to cross over.

Ruth opens the front door.

TRAVIS

If my dad really is talking to you,
then he can help us, right?

RUTH

It depends. I'll try to find some more
to work with. Be careful out there. I'm
getting too old to help spirits cross
over, so I need your help. We have to
keep the tradition alive.

Ruth pushes Travis out the front door. He stumbles but
balances himself. A gust of wind blows in through the open
door just before Ruth closes it. She leans against the
door, shivers, and looks around.

RUTH

Who's there?

She hears a loud whispering sound.

DAVID (V.O.)

You told him about me! We were friends
once.

RUTH

David, please. You have to stop this.
It's not Travis's fault. You have to
move on.

Ruth clenches her chest. She struggles to breathe.

DAVID (V.O.)

I will never cross over until my
revenge is complete. Malcolm must
suffer like I did.

RUTH

You're wrong... You just need... help.

Ruth staggers to the middle of the living room. She tries
to reach an old-fashioned telephone on the table, but falls
to the floor. David laughs.

DAVID (V.O.)

Who needs help?

INT. FRANK'S PUB - DAY

A male customer eats a hamburger at one end of the pub. A beautiful, big-breasted waitress takes chairs off the tables.

The pub owner, FRANK JOHNSON (mid-50s), chubby but muscular, loads bottles of beer into a cooler behind the bar.

Travis sits at the end of the bar staring at a tall glass with reddish-brown liquid inside. He sips it, then looks at his reflection in a mirror behind the bar.

Travis notices dark circles under his eyes. His skin is pale.

He takes another sip from his drink, then looks at his reflection again. This time he sees his father in the mirror. He jumps off the barstool.

Travis looks at the mirror again and sees his own reflection.

Travis finishes his drink as Frank walks over.

FRANK

You okay, Travis? You look like you seen a ghost.

Travis looks around the bar.

TRAVIS

Where?

FRANK

Whoa, I was just saying. You look like crap warmed over.

Travis takes in a deep breath and sits down.

TRAVIS

Oh, could I have another?

FRANK

Sure.

Frank takes the glass away.

A little bell rings. Sean enters and spots Travis resting his head on his palms. Sean goes over to him.

SEAN

What the hell, Travis!

Travis glances up at Sean.

SEAN

What did I say? Stay at home. I'm doing everything I can to keep Erin from hauling your ass in. She'll arrest you if she finds you out here.

TRAVIS

I needed to get away and think.

SEAN

And this is where you do it? Doesn't your brain work when you're home?

Frank comes over and serves Travis his drink.

TRAVIS

Can you get one for my brother here?

FRANK

Sure. Hey, Sean.

SEAN

Hey, Frank.

Sean pulls out a barstool and sits down next to Travis.

SEAN

What the hell. But just one, then you're going home.

TRAVIS

Listen, I need you to find everything in the police files on dad and his death. Then see if you can look up a guy named David Stills. He died a while back.

SEAN

What? I can't do that.

TRAVIS

Then find someone who can.

SEAN

What is this all about?

TRAVIS

You might not believe me, but everything we knew about dad and what happened that day might be false. I've never asked you to do anything for me before. Please help me out with this.

SEAN

I could already get in deep trouble not telling the chief that you're here.

TRAVIS

I need to know what happened to dad.

SEAN

We know what happened to dad.

Travis grabs Sean's arm, firmly.

TRAVIS

Trust me, we don't.

Sean looks into Travis's eyes.

SEAN

Okay, fine. But we're going to Doctor Chambers' to make an appointment with him, so at least you have an excuse for being gone.

TRAVIS

Fine. I have to go to the john first, then I'll meet you outside.

Travis gets up and heads to the men's restroom at the back.

Frank comes over and hands Sean the same drink that Travis had.

Sean takes a sip from it then coughs.

SEAN
What is this, Frank?

FRANK
Long Island iced tea without the Long
Island.

SEAN
So it's just iced tea?

FRANK
Yep, and you owe me twelve bucks.

SEAN
What?

FRANK
Three drinks, twelve bucks.

Sean takes out his wallet and hands Frank a ten and a five.

SEAN
Jesus. Keep the change, why don't cha.
When Travis gets out, tell him I'm in
my car.

Frank nods.

Sean takes another sip, then exits.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DR. CHAMBERS'S OFFICE - DAY

Travis sits down in front of Dr. Chambers's desk.

Dr. Chambers sits behind his desk with a pad of paper and pen. He wears a turtleneck sweater under a long, dark jacket.

DR. CHAMBERS
That was nice of your brother to drop
you off here.

TRAVIS

I'm just glad you could see me on short notice.

DR. CHAMBERS

Let's just say I bumped you ahead a little. Erin was here asking about you. I heard about your trouble recently.

TRAVIS

Erin thinks I killed my wife's boss now.

DR. CHAMBERS

And why is that?

TRAVIS

She thinks my father killed her dad. He died of a heart attack before it could go to trial, but she's been convinced about it ever since. I never believed it, and now I think my dad was murdered.

DR. CHAMBERS

Why the sudden change?

TRAVIS

I know this is going to sound weird...

DR. CHAMBERS

I've heard it all.

TRAVIS

Well, make room for this. I got a note from this old lady on Sansui Street, asking to come see her. I went over and she had pictures of her and my dad. I guess they were part of a paranormal group that chased ghosts. She tells me my dad was killed by someone he knew.

Dr. Chambers stops writing and stares at Travis.

TRAVIS

That's just the start. She also told me that an old friend of my father's, some

guy named David Stills, is out to get me.

DR. CHAMBERS
Do you know this person?

TRAVIS
He's dead! Apparently this guy's spirit is possessing someone who has a grudge against me, using them to make my life hell.

DR. CHAMBERS
Why would he want to do that?

TRAVIS
It's all about David getting back at my dad by hurting me. I've never done anything to anybody.

Dr. Chambers sits back in his chair.

DR. CHAMBERS
That's one a hell of a tale, I'll give you that. A guy named David Stills, huh?

TRAVIS
Yeah. So I asked my brother to look him up in the police files. I don't know what else to do.

DR. CHAMBERS
How are you feeling these days?

TRAVIS
I feel fine.

DR. CHAMBERS
I'm concerned that recent events could trigger a relapse.

TRAVIS
No, I feel okay, actually.

DR. CHAMBERS
No additional hallucinations?

TRAVIS

Nope. And now that you mention it, I thought I'd feel depressed about my dad, but I don't.

DR. CHAMBERS

Interesting.

Travis glances over at the clock on the wall.

TRAVIS

Well, I better go home, if we're through. Thanks, doc.

Travis stands up and reaches his hand out. Dr. Chambers stands up, shakes Travis's hand, and smiles.

DR. CHAMBERS

It's what I'm here for. Come see me anytime.

Travis exits.

Dr. Chambers's smile is replaced with a frown. He looks at the pad of paper and taps his pen on the name "David Stills."

INT. MORGUE - OFFICE - DAY

Sean stands at a printer watching several sheets of paper print out. He yawns, grabs the papers and looks at them.

Sean heads over to a computer and sits down on a metal stool.

Police files are opened across the desk around the computer. Information concerning a fire and the death of Chief Daniel Dayspring is on the screen.

Sean goes through the files until he finds one labeled "David Stills."

He scans the reports inside, including grisly photographs of David Stills' suicide. The photographs show an occult

scene, the body naked and eviscerated on the floor, symbols everywhere,

Sean almost gags.

The phone rings. Sean answers it.

SEAN
Sean Burns speaking.

ERIN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Have you gotten the results yet?

SEAN
Hello, Erin.

ERIN (V.O.)
(filtered)
And?

SEAN
I'm running the results now. I'll give you a call when they're in.

ERIN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Good.

Sean hears a dial tone. He hangs up.

He continues reading the files on the computer. They state that David Stills was suspected of causing the fire, but the police didn't have enough evidence to arrest him.

A door opens. A dark figure in a long black coat and hat walks in and quietly approaches Sean.

Sean closes the file and steps off the stool. He turns around and sees that the figure is Dr. Chambers. Sean jumps.

SEAN
Jesus! Even a doctor should knock.

DR. CHAMBERS
Sorry Sean, I didn't mean to scare you.

SEAN

It's okay.

Dr. Chambers spots the file on the computer.

Sean heads over to a box labeled: "CASE #7821 - REAL BUILDING FIRE." He crouches down and starts putting the files into the box, while combing through the others.

SEAN

What can I do you for, doctor?

DR. CHAMBERS

It concerns your brother.

Dr. Chambers slips a butcher knife from under his coat and holds it to his side.

SEAN

Believe me, there's a lot of things concerning Travis.

A loud ding from the computer.

SEAN

Finally.

Dr. Chambers looks at the computer and notices his name flashing on the screen. Sean stands up. Dr. Chambers stabs him in the back.

Sean screams, but Dr. Chambers wraps his free arm around his neck and stabs him several more times. Sean drops down, face up.

Eyes open and lips quivering, he stares at Dr. Chambers.

DR. CHAMBERS

It has to be this way.

Dr. Chambers brings the knife down over Sean's neck.

INT. REAL BUILDING - BASEMENT - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Travis stands at his open locker with his uniform on. He opens a pill bottle and looks at the two white pills.

He takes in a deep breath, then drops the pills back into the bottle. He puts the bottle away and closes the locker.

Travis goes to the coffee pot and pours a cup.

Patrick enters, carrying a box loaded with coffee packets, styrofoam cups and coffee filters. He notices Travis staring at his coffee.

PATRICK

Hey man, are you okay? You look like shit.

TRAVIS

My wife's making me sleep on the couch.

Patrick restocks the coffee station with the supplies in the box.

PATRICK

Just when you get the ol' ball and chain off your leg, next thing, it's around your neck. You got the second floor to yourself for a while. I'm taking a longer break to do an errand. Cool?

TRAVIS

Okay.

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Travis unlocks the cleaning closet. As he pulls out the cleaning cart, he hears a whispering sound. He turns around and looks at the women's restroom.

Travis waits a couple of seconds then takes the buffer from the closet. As he locks the closet, he hears the whispering sound again.

Travis steps up to the women's restroom. He knocks.

TRAVIS

Hello? Is anyone in there?

Travis opens the door just a little and peeks in. Seeing no one, he enters.

INT. BASEMENT - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Travis looks around as he walks up to the sinks. He stops.

TRAVIS

Hello? Anyone here?

A faucet near Travis drips a little.

Travis tightens tap on the dripping faucet. He glances up at the mirror above it and sees the reflection of Tara sitting on the floor in the corner of the last stall.

Travis turns and heads over to the stall. He sees Tara with her head between her legs on the floor. He squats down.

TRAVIS

Tara? It's Travis. I'm sorry for hurting you. I tried to help. I don't know if I can help you anymore, but if I can find a way, I will.

Tara looks at him, her eyes black.

TRAVIS

I don't know what went wrong with me. I love my wife, my daughter. I don't know why, but afterwards I felt like I lost everyone. Blair cheated on me and I deserved it. But you don't. I'm so sorry.

Travis looks up and notices Tara standing in front of him. She lifts up her hand, signaling him to stand.

He stands up. Tara smiles. Tara touches his forehead and Travis sees a bright light.

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE - TARA AND TRAVIS

- 1) Franks's bar on a busy night, filled with people having a good time. Tara and Travis are talking, both tipsy, getting along like a barn on fire.
- 2) David appears close to them, looking on. Whispering at them. He vanishes. Tara and Travis leave the bar together.
- 3) They enter a motel room, flirting, very drunk. David appears again, watching them.
- 4) Tara and Travis sleep, passed out on the bed. David stands nearby.
- 5) Next morning, outside the motel. Dr. Chambers sees them leave the motel together. David appears behind him, standing near his shoulder.

BACK TO SCENE

TARA

We were never together, Travis. David made us believe it.

TRAVIS

What about Lucas?

TARA

He was Stephen's son.

TRAVIS

Stephen?

TARA

You know him as Doctor Chambers.

She places her hands on his forehead again.

FLASHBACK - INT. MOONLIGHT MOTEL - ROOM 203 - NIGHT

Tara is sitting at the edge of the bed. Her right leg nervously bounces up and down.

Someone knocks.

She straightens out her dress, and opens the door. Dr. Chambers enters, dressed in a long black coat with black gloves and a hat.

TARA

I'm glad you could come.

Dr. Chambers heads over to the bed.

DR. CHAMBERS

I'm always glad to see you.

Tara closes the door and twiddles her thumbs, nervously.

Dr. Chambers sits on the bed. He pats the bed, signalling Tara to sit down next to him. Tara sits and Dr. Chambers starts touching her shoulder lightly.

TARA

Stephen, stop. We have to talk.

Dr. Chambers stops and looks into her eyes.

DR. CHAMBERS

What's wrong, baby?

TARA

I have been doing a lot of thinking. I think we need some time apart.

Dr. Chambers looks away and balls his fist. He hears David whisper in his ear.

DAVID (V.O.)

See? I told you she'd do that. She's a slut. She's probably sleeping with Travis.

Dr. Chambers jumps up.

DR. CHAMBERS

Why? Is it him again?

Tara gets up. She tries to touch Dr. Chambers's shoulder but he jerks away.

TARA

It has nothing to do with Travis. I
just think I need to get away from
here.

Dr. Chambers looks around the room. He sweats and his hands
shake.

DAVID (V.O.)
LIAR! Travis is coming. Kill her. Now!

Dr. Chambers turns around and looks in her eyes. He smiles.

DR. CHAMBERS
I understand.

TARA
You do?

Dr. Chambers pushes Tara to the bed, jumps on her and
chokes her. Tara struggles, but is overpowered.

She loses consciousness.

INT. BASEMENT - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

TRAVIS
It was Doctor Chambers? I should have
been there sooner...

TARA (V.O.)
Don't blame yourself, Travis. It's not
your fault. Be careful. He will be
coming for you soon.

INT. BASEMENT - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Tara is gone. Travis looks around, then up at the ceiling.

TRAVIS
God bless, Tara.

INT. BASEMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Travis grabs the cleaning cart.

JIM (O.S.)

If you keep on going into the women's restroom, I'm going to have to have you dragged out of here. Pervert.

Travis turns and notices Jim standing by the elevator doors. Travis clears his throat.

TRAVIS

I thought I heard something again.

Travis walks by Jim and heads to the elevator.

JIM

You sure do hear a lot of funny things.

Jim stares hard at Travis.

EXT. RUTH WATSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A 1960s VW Beetle pulls into the driveway. Patrick gets out of the car and walks to the porch. His foot almost goes through one of the floorboards.

PATRICK

Man, I have to remember to fix that board.

He picks up a newspaper, unlocks the front door, and enters.

INT. RUTH WATSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The only light comes from street lights outside. Patrick flips on the light switch, but the lights don't come on. He finds the lamp knocked over and the light bulb broken.

PATRICK

Grandma?

He looks around and sees Ruth lying flat on the floor in the middle of the living room.

PATRICK

Grandma!

He drops to the floor beside her and checks her pulse.

PATRICK

Grandma, what happened? Grandma, talk to me!

Ruth opens her eyes slightly.

RUTH

Patrick... Travis needs your help. David's going to kill him.

PATRICK

Travis? The guy from my work? What do you mean? Grandma?

RUTH

Patrick... Go. Save him.

Ruth closes her eyes.

Patrick takes out his cellphone from his pants pocket and dials 911.

PATRICK

Yes, my grandmother had a heart attack. She lives at 983 Sansui Street. Please, send an ambulance!

INT. REAL BUILDING - SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Jim watches a baseball game on a small TV, not paying attention to the screens that have images from security cameras around the building.

One camera shows Travis in the cafeteria, buffing the floor. Another screen shows Dr. Chambers in the front lobby. He enters a security code and goes through the front door.

The monitors switch angles to show Dr. Chambers walking across the lobby toward the security office.

Jim pounds his fist on the table and shouts at the TV.

JIM

Come on. Hit the ball! Aw, crap!

Jim stands up and stomps around. Just in time, he sees Dr. Chambers slip past the office doorway.

JIM

Doctor Chambers? You're here late.

Jim hurries over to turn off the baseball game. Dr. Chambers reappears in the doorway.

DR. CHAMBERS

Yeah, Jim. I'm looking for Travis. Do you know where he is?

JIM

Sure, I'll bring you to him. I have to see him, anyway.

Jim heads toward the door.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim locks the security office behind him, his back to Dr. Chambers, who takes out the butcher knife from inside his coat and plunges it into Jim's back.

Jim tries to scream, but Dr. Chambers puts his hand over his mouth. Jim drops to the floor.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

A gust of wind blows into the cafeteria. Travis shivers. He hears Malcolm whisper in his ear.

MALCOLM (V.O.)

He's coming for you, Son. Get out before it's too late.

TRAVIS

Dad?

Travis looks around the empty cafeteria, hesitates, then dashes over to the stairwell.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Travis stops running when he notices blood on the floor in front of the security office.

He slowly approaches the office and sees a blood trail on the floor. He follows it and finds Jim lying in a pool of blood on the floor.

ERIN (O.S.)

Freeze!

Travis turns around to find Erin pointing a handgun at him. He holds up his hands in the air.

TRAVIS

I know how this looks. I didn't kill him.

The elevator makes a thumping sound as it stops.

Travis and Erin look over at the elevator as the doors open. Dr. Chambers steps out.

Travis points at Dr. Chambers.

TRAVIS

He killed Jim!

ERIN

Doctor Chambers? What are you doing here?

Dr. Chambers approaches them. There is a bit of blood on the glove on his right hand.

DR. CHAMBERS

Chief Dayspring, I'm glad you're here. I was trying to stop Mister Burns from killing again.

TRAVIS

I never killed anyone. He did it. Erin, you have to believe me.

DR. CHAMBERS

Looks like I was too late to save that poor security guard. And Travis's brother...

Erin keeps her gun pointed at Travis as Dr. Chambers slowly moves closer to her.

TRAVIS

What do you mean? Where's my brother?

Erin looks at Travis. Dr. Chambers lunges at her.

They struggle over Erin's gun. Erin manages to twist around and break free.

She pushes Dr. Chambers against the wall and raises her gun at him, but he swings his arm and hits her across the face, knocking her unconscious.

David appears.

DAVID

Finish her off.

Dr. Chambers takes out his butcher knife, the blade covered in blood. He raises the blade over Erin.

Travis jumps on Dr. Chambers from behind. They fall down, fighting over the butcher knife.

Dr. Chambers punches Travis in the face, picks up the knife and stabs him in the chest. Travis screams.

DAVID

What are you waiting for? Again!

Dr. Chambers pulls the knife out. Before he can stab Travis again, a gun fires. Dr. Chambers looks down at his shoulder and notices blood pouring out.

He turns around and sees Erin pointing her gun at him. He gets up and runs at her. She fires at him until her gun is empty. He falls.

David disappears.

Travis coughs up blood. Erin rushes over to him.

She tears his shirt away and applies pressure to the wound.

TRAVIS
Is Sean... dead?

Erin nods her head.

Malcolm appears behind Erin. Travis looks up at him, smiles then closes his eyes.

ERIN
Don't die on me, Travis!

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It rains, but a few rays of sunlight shine through the clouds.

A priest reads from a Bible near the tombstones and freshly dug graves of Travis, Sean and Ruth. An altar boy holds an umbrella over the priest.

About a dozen people, including Patrick, Blair and Crystal, surround the graves.

Blair holds a wide black umbrella over herself and Crystal. Patrick wears a black trench coat, soaked from the rain.

Erin stands under a nearby tree, watching the funeral. She wears a ceremonial police uniform.

The priest finishes. People start to disperse. Some walk up to the priest to talk and shake hands.

Patrick places a rose on Ruth's coffin then walks away.

Crystal looks around as she hears laughter. She sees Travis and the Ghost Boy she saw at her school kicking a soccer ball back and forth at the edge of the cemetery.

They are unaffected by the rain.

Crystal dashes off toward them. Blair grabs for her but misses.

BLAIR
Crystal, come back!

Crystal stops by a large apple tree. They stop and look over at her.

As Travis approaches Crystal, she smiles. Travis whispers in her ear and points.

Blair rushes up to Crystal and turns her around to face her.

BLAIR
Don't do that to me again. What were you thinking?

Blair looks past Crystal's shoulder. She notices a heart and words carved into the tree.

She holds Crystal's hand as she walks up to the tree. Blair touches the words: "I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, BUTTERCUP."

CRYSTAL
Mommy, daddy wants me to tell you two things. First, he said "Don't cry, buttercup, I will always be with you."

Blair looks down at Crystal then back at the carvings.

BLAIR
I love you, too.

She starts to cry.

CRYSTAL
Second, daddy said "Ghost Boy's body is down there. By the willow trees."

Crystal points.

BLAIR
Baby, what are you talking about?

CRYSTAL

Hurry, mommy! Daddy said "Ghost Boy's
parents are looking for him."

Crystal takes Blair's hand and leads her down the trees.

Travis and the Ghost Boy stands by the apple tree, smiling.
A bright light shines behind the Ghost Boy. He looks at
Travis.

GHOST BOY

Thank you.

He turns around and walks into the light, disappearing into
thin air.

Farther in the distance, David and Dr. Chambers stand and
watch them.

DAVID

You know what you need to do, don't
you?

Dr. Chambers grins, then disappears into thin air.

EXT. RUTH WATSON'S HOUSE - DAY

The rain pours down as a 1960s VW Beetle parks in the
driveway.

Patrick quickly exits the car, rushes to the other side,
removes several duffle bags and runs to the porch.

He places the duffel bags down over the new planks of wood
on the repaired porch. He shakes the rain off his trench
coat and unlocks the front door, then picks up the duffel
bags.

The door swings open, revealing Travis.

Patrick's jaw drops open. He drops the duffel bags.

PATRICK

You? You're dead.

TRAVIS

I need your help, Patrick. They're
still out there.

Patrick hesitates, looks around to make sure no one is
watching, then picks up the duffel bags and enters.

The door closes behind him.

FADE OUT.

THE END