

THE LOVELY BONES

Screenplay by
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Based on the novel by
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1 INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY (WINTER 1963)

1

CLOSE ON: The BLURRED IMAGE of a WORLD, distorted by a wall of CLEAR PLASTIC ...

CAMERA is INSIDE a small SNOW GLOBE, looking out ... as we glimpse PEOPLE moving about in the room beyond. They only come into FOCUS when they get CLOSE.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*I remember being really small, too
small to see over the edge of a table.*

CHUBBY, LITTLE FINGERS grope towards the OBJECT ... a 4 year old SUSIE SALMON comes into FOCUS clutching at the SNOW GLOBE ... a YOUNG FATHER, JACK SALMON, looks on -over his daughter's shoulder. *I Dream of Jeannie* plays on TV in the BACKGROUND.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There was a snow globe ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE, captivated by a PLASTIC PENGUIN wearing a red and white striped scarf around it's neck ...large in the FOREGROUND.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And I remember the penguin who lived
inside the globe. He was all alone in
there and I worried for him ...*

JACK takes hold of the GLOBE and flicks it. SNOW FLAKES FALL ... streaming towards the CAMERA ... tumbling down the PENGUIN'S FACE.

THROUGH the PLASTIC we see the distorted image of SUSIE and JACK watching the FAKE SNOW fall gently around the PENGUIN.

ANGLE ON: The YOUNGER JACK looks in to LITTLE SUSIE'S eyes.

JACK
*Don't worry, kiddo he has a nice life
- he's trapped in a perfect world.*

TITLE CREDIT SEQUENCE ...

MONTAGE:ON THE SOUNDTRACK Reelin'in the Years by Steely Dan

YEARS PASS ... our view from WITHIN the SNOW GLOBE shows it being moved from room to room; fashions change, people grow older.

IMAGES of FAMILY PHOTOS are glimpsed from our distorted view inside the SNOW GLOBE ... WEDDING PHOTOS and BABY PICTURES tell the story of a young FAMILY growing up.

VIEW from inside the GLOBE which is now discarded on the FLOOR ... HOLIDAY, the family DOG, sniffs at it.

The GLOBE is suddenly picked up and dropped into a CARDBOARD BOX ... carried UPSTAIRS, plunged into a DARK CUPBOARD.

MONTAGE: JACK, now several years OLDER, reaches into the BOX and takes the SNOW GLOBE, regarding it like an old friend.

He is now decorating his STUDY He finds the perfect spot on a SHELF ... a BABY crawls on the FLOOR by his feet ...

IMAGE: JACK gives the GLOBE a SHAKE ... swirling snowflakes fill the screen ...

2 EXT. SALMON STREET - DAY (WINTER 1971) 2
REAL FLAKES swirl around a quiet SUBURBAN STREET bathed in a SNOW DRIFT.

3 INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - DAY (SUMMER 1973) 3
SUN shines through the LACE CURTAINS to reveal the SNOW GLOBE sitting half buried in the debris of makeup, jewelry, trinket boxes, badges and gum which litter SUSIE SALMON'S DRESSING TABLE.

... she is now 14 YEARS OLD, painting her TOENAILS with Magenta Glitter nail polish and listening to her RADIO playing a 70's song.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE flicking pages of *Seventeen* magazine in a bedroom plastered with pin-up images of teen idol DAVID CASSIDY ... the BAY CITY ROLLERS ... BREAD ...

4 EXT. SALMON GARDEN - DAY 4
ANGLE ON: BUCKLEY and NATE, two five year old BOYS, are playing in the GARDEN. BUCKLEY is SUSIE'S YOUNGER BROTHER and NATE is his FRIEND.

CLOSE ON: NATE attempting to insert a twig up his nose.

BUCKLEY
I know! I know! Watch me!

BUCKLEY jams a twig in his mouth and puffs on the pretend cigarette, prancing about showing off.

5 INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 5
SUSIE flips the PAGE of *Seventeen* as she dips the NAILBRUSH in the bottle. She suddenly freezes - a FLY is stuck on the NAILBRUSH. SUSIE is about to flick it off, but slowly lifts it up to her face ... drawn to the FLY'S EYES.

SUSIE reaches for her INSTAMATIC CAMERA and snaps a photo of the FLY.

SOUND ... LOW, building BUZZ of FLY ... SONG runs out on SUSIE'S CASSETTE PLAYER, replaced with the HUM of STATIC which all but obliterate's NATE'S DISTANT VOICE, calling for SUSIE.

SUDDENLY ... the plastic cassette players BUTTON pops up with an overly loud THUNK! It pulls SUSIE back to reality.

NATE (O.S.)
(panicked)
Help! Somebody!

SUSIE flicks the FLY away.

NATE (CONT'D)
HELP!!!!

SUSIE slams the WINDOW up and looks aghast ...

CLOSE ON: BUCKLEY choking on the GROUND his body bucking and writhing ... the TWIG stuck down his THROAT.

6 INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY 6

ANGLES ON: SUSIE races down the stairs, screaming for her family.

INSERTS: SMILING PHOTOS of her MOM and DAD ... GRANDPARENTS ... GRANDMA LYNN ... BABY PHOTOS ...

SUSIE
(yelling)
Mom! Dad!

The HOUSE is SILENT and EMPTY.

7 EXT. SALMON BACKYARD - DAY 7

ANGLE ON: SUSIE blasts through the back door. Jumps a dog fence and scoops BUCKLEY into her ARMS - he is in spasm.

SUSIE
(panicked)
Buckley!
(to NATE)
What happened?

NATE
(pale and frightened)
He swallowed a twig.

ANGLES ON: GARAGE DOOR OPENS revealing a classic MUSTANG CAR ... SUSIE throws BUCKLEY into the BACKSEAT ... terra-cotta POTS smash on the garage FLOOR, as SUSIE snatches up her DAD'S KEYS from their hiding place.

8 EXT. NORRISTOWN STREETS - DAY 8

ANGLE ON: The MUSTANG roars off down SUSIE'S STREET - with her behind the WHEEL! She glances back at BUCKLEY, lolling UNCONSCIOUS on the BACKSEAT. SUSIE stabs her FOOT at the ACCELERATOR PEDAL, lurching the CAR forward in a series of angry REVS.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE'S MUSTANG pulls out into the TRAFFIC of a MAIN ROAD, SUSIE barely VISIBLE above the DASHBOARD. She clips a ROAD SIGN, sending it spinning - it's the SIGN to the LOCAL HOSPITAL.

SUSIE'S not so much driving the car, but aiming it at the HOSPITAL and hoping for the best!

ANGLE ON: A COUPLE have to SWERVE their car out of SUSIE'S WAY to avoid being hit ... SUSIE'S PARENTS, JACK and ABIGAIL SALMON, sit looking shocked behind the wheel!

JACK
My Car! Was that my car?

JACK speeds off after the MUSTANG!

9 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

9

CAMERA DRIFTS over a SEA of SHEETS, seeming to stretch endlessly. HAZY DISTANT FIGURES, out of FOCUS, hovering at the END of an EXPANSIVE BED.

ANGLE ON: BUCKLEY'S SLEEPING FACE ... his EYELIDS flutter open ... BUCKLEY stares dazed at his family.

ANGLE ON: LOW, across the HOSPITAL BED, as the VAST DISTANCE seems to SHRINK ... FIGURES glide closer ... we recognize LINDSEY, in tee-shirt and track pants ... JACK, SUSIE ... GRANDMA LYNN and finally ABIGAIL in a CREAM COLOURED SMOCK leans into SHOT, huge in the FOREGROUND. TEARS of RELIEF, as she hugs her son BUCKLEY. It's as if BUCKLEY has returned from the dead.

This is the worst trial this family has ever faced. ABIGAIL and JACK are consumed with GUILT.

JACK wraps an arm around ABIGAIL'S shoulders.

JACK
(softly)
He's alright ... he's okay.

SHOT SETTLES: on SUSIE and GRANDMA LYNN who are standing near the back of the ROOM.

GRANDMA LYNN
(low)
I told her. I warned her ... it was a disaster waiting to happen.

SUSIE
Buckley's gonna be fine, Grandma.

GRANDMA LYNN
Buckley? I was referring to your Mother's passion for polyester. That's not a frock - it's a catering tent!

ANGLE ON: JACK and ABIGAIL in the DOCTOR'S OFFICE ... he is giving them a stern REBUKE - barely audible as the CAMERA glides past ...

DOCTOR
Buckley's a very lucky boy. If your daughter hadn't been there, you would've lost him.

SHOT SETTLES: on SUSIE - standing in the WHITE DAYLIGHT that streams into BUCKLEY'S ROOM - alone with GRANDMA LYNN who has a firm grasp of her shoulders.

GRANDMA LYNN is clearly imparting some WISE WORDS to SUSIE - but we don't hear what she's saying. Instead we listen to SUSIE'S VOICE OVER:

SUSIE (V.O.)
Grandma Lynn predicted I would have a long and happy life because I had saved my brother's...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As usual, Grandma Lynn was wrong.

The HOSPITAL ROOM burns to an intense WHITE OUT.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My name is Salmon, like the fish; first name, Susie... I was 14 years old when I was murdered on December 6th 1973.

10 EXT. SUSIE'S STREET, BLOCK PARTY - DAY (AUTUMN 1973) 10

The HOUSES in this small PENNSYLVANIA TOWN are neat, two-storied and near identical ... a BLOCK PARTY is in FULL SWING.

SUSIE rides her BIKE off the CURB as her SISTER, LINDSEY, throws a STICK to HOLIDAY the family DOG. SUSIE laughs as HOLIDAY weaves in and around the wheels of her BIKE ..

SUSIE (V.O.)
This was before missing kids started appearing on milk cartons, or were feature stories on the daily news...

SUSIE rides her hands free - SNAPPING off SHOTS with her INSTAMATIC CAMERA.

A CROWD of NEIGHBOURS are chatting. There are tables of FOOD on the SIDEWALK; decorations are strung from trees and bushes. The SOUND is muted ... a distant muffled buzz of voices.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was back when people believed things like that didn't happen.

CLOSE ON: JACK SALMON, balled up by a NEIGHBOUR, MRS STEAD.

MRS. STEAD
We've had that policy for over twenty years and they still wouldn't pay for Norman's hernia! They said it was an act of God!

JACK
Well, I suppose it is - technically speaking.

As we move into the thick of the party the CAMERA assumes a slightly more uneasy POV ...

MR. STEAD turns away from CAMERA as it approaches ...

JOE ELLIS, a surly teenager, sneers contemptuously and hurls a rock which flies wide of his target - a tin can perched on a fence.

CLOSE ON: MR. TARKING'S EYES shift past a TABLE laden with FOOD.

ANGLE ON: TESSA GILBERT, a young girl around 7 years old, skips through a plastic HOOP.

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL SALMON supervising BUCKLEY, who staggers under the weight of a tray of COOKIES ...

ABIGAIL
Hello Tessa. Would you like a cookie?

TESSA takes a COOKIE from BUCKLEY'S TRAY.

ANGLE ON: MRS. TARKING and MRS. GILBERT in full flight as MRS. TARKING rapidly devours a BUNDT CAKE.

MRS. TARKING
(mouth full)
The apple pie was overly moist, but her bundt cakes are really quite bearable.

BUCKLEY thumps the TRAY of COOKIES down on the table.

MRS. GILBERT
Abigail, is that the smell of home cooking?

ABIGAIL
I made them this morning.

MRS. GILBERT elbows MRS. TARKING in the ribs.

MRS. GILBERT
And you said she'd bring Ritz Crackers and Easy Cheese.

MRS. TARKING scowls. GRACE TARKING, her DAUGHTER, a heavy set girl with braces, swoops in on the table.

MRS. TARKING
Grace, dear - leave some for others.

GRACE stomps off in a HUFF.

ABIGAIL
(sweetly)
Is Grace still taking ballet lessons?

JOE ELLIS scores a direct HIT, knocking the tin over ... a terrified KITTEN jumps out!

CLOSE ON: MR. GILBERT - his gaze lights upon GRACE TARKING, as he chats with MR. HARVEY, an unremarkable looking 36 year old man.

MR. HARVEY
Egg shells. Best fertilizer, bar none.

MR. HARVEY gestures towards his immaculate GARDEN, festooned with RED GERANIUMS, just as JACK appears with a TRAY of DRINKS.

JACK
Must get a bit ripe in the summertime!

MR. HARVEY
My wife Sophie, put me on to them.

JACK
Well, I can't argue with the results.

MR. HARVEY'S SMILE fades ...

MR. HARVEY
We bought this place just before she was diagnosed.

SUSIE
(calling)
Dad!

CLOSE ON: JACK looking concerned.

MR. HARVEY
I lost her to cancer.

JACK
Oh, I'm sorry.

SUSIE
Hey! Dad! Look at me!

IMAGE: RED GERANIUMS on MR. HARVEY'S HEDGE in the FOREGROUND ... in the background out of focus SUSIE cavorts on her bike ... while HOLIDAY barks and runs in circles.

11 INT. SALMON KITCHEN - NIGHT

11

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL serving up dinner ... she puts plates of steaming food in front of BUCKLEY and LINDSEY who are seated at the dining table.

ABIGAIL
(calling)
Susie! Jack! Dinner's ready!

12 INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

12

ANGLE ON: JACK and SUSIE huddled over a BOTTLE on his WORK DESK ... we drift past FOREGROUND SAILING SHIPS, peering through MASTS, SAILS and RIGGING. JACK looks up as ABIGAIL'S voice resounds upstairs.

SUSIE
We've gotta finish it - Mom won't mind if dinner gets cold.

JACK
Yes, she will.
(squinting into the bottle)
... hold it steady.

SUSIE slowly pulls a tiny piece of THREAD between her fingers.

JACK (CONT'D)
You kids take your mother far too much for granted.

SUSIE
I just think there's more to life than cooking and cleaning.

JACK
This may surprise you, but your mother does too. I remember when she decided to go to California ...

SUSIE
She never told me about that!

JACK
She never went.

CLOSE ON: JACK gently waves a BURNING CANDLE under the THREAD to tighten it.

SUSIE
Why not?

JACK
Because you came along.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE looking surprised.

JACK (CONT'D)
Okay, shipmate ...

CLOSE ON: Inside the bottle the BOW of the SHIP slides into view.

JACK (CONT'D)
Take it away!

CLOSE ON: SUSIE gently pulls the thread out of the BOTTLE'S NECK ... the MASTS RISE on a tiny SHIP in the BOTTLE. Sails unfurl, revealing a delicate CLIPPER SHIP.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (blowing out the candle)
 Now that is a thing of beauty!

SUSIE watches her DAD proudly place the ship on a SHELF, among MANY OTHERS.

13 INT. SALMON HOUSE/SUSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 13

ANGLE ON: SUSIE is in BED reading ... ABIGAIL crosses to the WINDOW and closes the CURTAINS.

14 EXT. SUSIE'S STREET - NIGHT 14

THE CAMERA DRIFTS away from SUSIE'S BEDROOM ... down the STREET across NEIGHBOURING ROOFTOPS ... travelling down towards a HOUSE at the end of the STREET ... a HOUSE exactly like any other in this NEIGHBOURHOOD - except it is PALE GREEN and has a slightly neater LAWN, and slightly cleaner paint work, and RED GERANIUMS are blooming in the slightly nicer garden.

15 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 15

ANGLE ON: CAMERA DRIFTS past the FRONT of a MOONLIT HOUSE - neat and tidy, with FLOWERS PAINTED on the WALLS. We think it's real at first, but soon REALISE that we're looking at a model ... an intricately constructed DOLLSHOUSE.

On the SOUNDTRACK: The Great Pretender by Brian Eno

As the CAMERA rises above the roof of the DOLLSHOUSE, we see the hunched FIGURE of a MAN; a shadowy giant, grotesquely out of proportion with his small scale surroundings, working intently with plywood and glue.

There are 4 or 5 more DOLLSHOUSE in various states of completion lined up in a row on the LIVING ROOM FLOOR.

An ALARM CLOCK RINGS! Through a window of the DOLLSHOUSE, we watch the MAN rise - as if compelled by the ALARM - to pull the blinds SHUT.

CLOSE ON: Neatly painted flowering vines rise from miniature flower boxes up the weatherboard wall of the miniature house.

CLOSE ON: A PAINT BRUSH painting more FLOWERS on the WEATHERBOARD WALL but these ones are CLUMSY and CRUDE LOOKING ... there is a faint but continuous TREMOR in the HAND that is holding the BRUSH.

ANOTHER ALARM RINGS! The MAN rises, takes four paces to the left, and without looking - flicks off the LIGHTS.

16 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 16

ANGLE ON: The figure of the MAN, alone in BED ... consumed with thoughts which won't let him sleep.

THE LIGHT SNAPS ON.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY, in SINGLET and BOXER SHORTS, sitting in a BRIGHT POOL of LIGHT. It is the first time we have seen him since the block party ... an IDEA is forming in his mind.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY grabs a SKETCH PAD from his bedside table.

17 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 17

ANGLE ON: A CLASSIC WIDE of a FULL GROWN CORNFIELD laid out in the MOONLIGHT. The CAMERA starts to DESCEND, sinking down into the CORNSTALKS ... DISAPPEARING into the BLACKNESS of the GROUND, which now appears as CROSS-SECTIONED GROUND - like a large ant farm.

18 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 18

DARK EARTH fills the SCREEN... DISSOLVING over: quick, nervous pencil lines ... a drawing of a small UNDERGROUND CHAMBER begins to take shape. The EARTH DISSOLVES completely away ... leaving MR HARVEY'S pencil sketch, stark lines on white paper.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY sits on the edge of his bed in BOXERS, bare legs hang ... the NOTEBOOK on his LAP.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY, tense and grim ... trying to maintain his concentration against an internal FLOOD of SOUND:

REPRISE: SOUNDS from the BLOCK PARTY: A BICYCLE BELL RINGS ... A PENCIL DRAWS A LINE ... SUSIE'S LAUGHTER ... MORE LINES ON PAPER WHICH BECOME: A SKETCH of SOME STAIRS ... HOLIDAY BARKING ... BIKE TIRES skidding to a halt on the ROAD ... SUSIE'S FINGERS wrap around the HANDLE BARS ... THE SOUNDS resound in MR. HARVEY'S HEAD: BICYCLE BELL ... BARKING ... SUSIE'S LAUGHTER ...

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY'S stabbing pencil writes the dimensions: "6 foot by 8 foot"

19 EXT. BLOCK PARTY REPRISE - DAY 19

IMAGE: MR. HARVEY talking at the BLOCK PARTY ... in his GLASSES a reflection of SUSIE turning circles on her bike.

SUSIE
Look at me!

SOUNDS MUFFLE into BLOCK PARTY BABBLE ...

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY - IMAGES of SUSIE play in his GLASSES like a voyeuristic MOVIE SCREEN ... her LAUGHTER is now all he hears.

20 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 20

CLOSE ON: The CORNFIELD ... BUGS, flying, darting, crawling - a thriving, busy ecosystem.

CLOSE ON: A WASP attacks a MOSQUITO ... they roll on the GROUND in a DEATH GRIP.

SUDDENLY! A TRAPDOOR SPIDER springs out of the GROUND, grabbing both the WASP and MOSQUITO, dragging them underground, the earthen lid of his lair slamming SILENTLY SHUT.

21 EXT. SALMON GARDEN - DAY (AUTUMN 1973) 21

CLICK! SUSIE is trying to get a PERFECT PHOTO of HOLIDAY ... but every time she takes a photo - he MOVES his head.

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL, unaware of SUSIE, comes out and sits on the BACK STEP, her morning coffee in hand.

CLICK! SUSIE automatically snaps off a photograph of her mother.

CLOSE ON: ABIGAIL: quiet, reflective ... lost in thought.

ANGLE ON: JACK hurries towards his car, briefcase in hand.

ABIGAIL looks up ... CLICK!

As JACK bends down to kiss her on the CHEEK.

CLICK! SUSIE takes one last photo of ABIGAIL as JACK drives away ... CLICK! Nothing ... SUSIE'S FILM has run out.

22 INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 22

SUSIE arrives in her BEDROOM, pulling the CARTRIDGE out of her CAMERA, appalled to find LINDSEY flipping through her SCHOOL YEAR BOOK.

SUSIE
Hey! That's private!

SUSIE tries to snatch back her YEARBOOK, but LINDSEY deftly sidesteps her.

LINDSEY
I let you read mine!

SUSIE
Give it back!

LINDSEY
What is the big deal? It's only a stupid year book.

LINDSAY opens the book and reads aloud ...

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
"My greatest personal achievement is: beating Dad at chess..."

LINDSEY pulls a FACE ...

SUSIE
You are so going to regret this!

LINDSEY
 "My life long ambition is: to be a
 wild life photographer." Boring!

SUSIE lunges for the book again, as LINDSEY darts away.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 Now for the juicy stuff ...
 (reading)
 "My heart belongs to ..."

SUSIE snatches the BOOK and SLAMS it shut!

23 INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

23

ANGLE ON: RAY SINGH, shopping with his PARENTS. His FATHER is an academic, and his MOTHER wears a traditional INDIAN SARI. Of INDIAN DESCENDANT this family stands out among the other SHOPPERS.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*His name was Ray Singh. He came from
 England and he was eight hundred
 times smarter than anyone else in my
 class.*

ANGLE ON: SUSIE, in a LIGHTING STORE with her GRANDMA, watches the SINGH FAMILY from behind a CANDELABRA.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Plus - he was cool. Not like some
 lame-brain sports jock who thought he
 was cool when he wasn't. Ray was
 different...*

ANGLE ON: RAY turns and looks back at SUSIE.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was nice ...

GRANDMA LYNN
 Who's that?

ANGLE ON: SUSIE looks up at her GRANDMOTHER. They are seated at a table in the FOODHALL, eating takeaway food. A SALAD for LYNN and a BURGER for SUSIE.

SUSIE
 Who's what?

GRANDMA LYNN
 Who is the boy you can't take your
 eyes off?

SUSIE blushes ...

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
 Does he like you as much as you like
 him?

SUSIE
I don't know?! ... Maybe.

GRANDMA LYNN
Then what's the hold up?

SUSIE looks away, embarrassed.

SUSIE
I'm just not sure I'll be any good at it.

GRANDMA LYNN frowns ...

GRANDMA LYNN
(realising)
Ah, the kiss question! You're quite right - it's a serious business. Your first kiss is destiny knocking.

SUSIE watches as GRANDMA LYNN snaps open a powder compact and reapplies another coat of lipstick.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
If I had it to do over again I would have worn something stupendous - like Fire and Ice! But Revlon didn't make that lipstick back then. I would have left my mark on the man.

GRANDMA LYNN smacks her lips.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
See Susie, if you kiss like a lemon ...

SUSIE
You make lemonade.

GRANDMA LYNN
Precisely.

GRANDMA LYNN leans closer ...

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Can you keep a secret? My first kiss came from a grown man. The father of a school friend.

SUSIE
(shocked)
Grandma!

GRANDMA LYNN
You're not going to tell on me, are you?

SUSIE
Course not.

GRANDMA LYNN
I knew it wasn't 'allowed' but boys my own age, I just couldn't tolerate!
(MORE)

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)

I can't describe it Susie but those few seconds with Mr. McGahern ... Now there was a man who knew how to kiss!

SUSIE

But ... what about Grandad?

GRANDMA LYNN

Not much of a kisser. After we got married I thought that with practice he might improve, but he never did.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE looking distracted and anxious. GRANDMA LYNN pats her on the ARM.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)

Susie ... just have fun kid.

24 EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY (EARLY WINTER 1973)

24

We rise past short CHOPPED STUMPS of a HARVESTED CORNFIELD, to see the SALMON FAMILY CAR driving past.

SUSIE & LINDSEY (O.S.)

(singing)

*Stones and Bones; Snow and frost;
Seeds and beans and polliwogs.*

25 INT. SALMON FAMILY CAR - DAY

25

ANGLE ON: JACK driving SUSIE, LINDSEY and BUCKLEY seated in the back of the FAMILY CAR.

SUSIE and LINDSEY are singing at the top of their lungs!

SUSIE & LINDSEY

(singing)

*Paths and twigs, assorted kisses,
We all know who Daddy misses ...*

CLOSE ON: JACK smiles at them in the rear-view mirror.

JACK

(singing in answer)

*His two little frogs of girls, that's
who ... They know who they are ... do
you? Do you?*

26 EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DAY

26

WIDE ON: The SALMON FAMILY CAR pulls off the ROAD and goes up a narrow DRIVE towards an old HOUSE perched on a small field.

BUCKLEY (O.S.)

(chanting)

Sinkhole! Sinkhole!

CAMERA CRANES UP past old CAR WRECKS and other debris: to reveal a LARGE SINKHOLE that has spread across the backyard of the property. With crumbling sides, and a gaping dark center, it's impossible to see how deep it is.

BUCKLEY leaps out of the CAR and hurries towards the SINKHOLE!

JACK
(alarmed)
Buckley! No! ... Susie!

SUSIE quickly stops her little brother short of the edge ... both stare into the JUNK-FILLED ABYSS.

BUCKLEY
I want to see the tiny people!

SUSIE
Shhh! If you make too much noise they
won't come out.

THUD! JACK tips an OLD FRIDGE out of the back of the car, and starts to push it toward the SINKHOLE.

BUCKLEY
(loud whisper)
But where is the village?

SUSIE
It's right at the bottom. There's an
entire race of really small repairmen
who love fixing things. They're gonna
greet our old refrigerator like it's
a gift from heaven!

A LARGE MAN in DIRTY OVERALLS approaches them. This is MR. CONNORS.

JACK
You might want to think about
investing in a fence.

MR. CONNORS
They don't respond to fences.

A MANGY DOG is manically scratching it's back on the underside of an old CAR WRECK.

MR. CONNORS (CONT'D)
In ten years it's swallowed half the
property.
(to BUCKLEY)
That's why we call it The Beast!

CLOSE ON: BUCKLEY squeezes SUSIE'S HAND.

MR. CONNORS takes SWIG of WHISKEY from a FLASK ...

MR. CONNORS (CONT'D)
It's sneaky, see?

JACK
Sneaky?

MR. CONNORS
Course it is. Comes with the
territory.

JACK
Pardon me?

MR. CONNORS
I'm not stupid.
(lowering his voice)
One of these days I'm gonna dump ten
ton of concrete down it's craw - seal
the sucker up for good.

ANGLE ON: MR. CONNORS helps JACK heave the FRIDGE into the ABYSS
of the SINKHOLE ... it tumbles into DARKNESS.

27 INT. RUTH'S SHED - DAY

27

ANGLE ON: JACK and MR. CONNORS, seen through a COBWEB covered
half-broken WINDOW ... JACK fishes in his pocket pulls out a
check book.

MR. CONNORS
No checks... In God we trust -
everybody else pays cash.

A CLOUD OF SMOKE floats through the FOREGROUND.

RUTH CONNORS, the CONNOR'S DAUGHTER, is SMOKING POT in the old
SHED that she has converted into a makeshift DEN.

A KNOCK on the DOOR ...

MRS. CONNORS (O.S.)
Ruth?

RUTH
Shit!

RUTH jumps up and starts madly waving the smoke away.

MRS. CONNORS (O.S.)
Ruth? Are you in there?

RUTH
I'm doing my homework!

28 EXT. RUTH'S SHED - DAY

28

MRS. CONNORS rattles the LOCKED DOOR of the SHED.

MRS. CONNORS
What's that smell?

RUTH (O.S.)
Don't hassle me Mom, okay?

MRS. CONNORS reluctantly backs off as in the background the SALMON'S CAR drives away ...

ANGLE ON: ... as a large muddy overhang collapses and disappears into darkness on top of the FRIDGE.

29 INT. LOCAL SHOPPING MALL - DAY (EARLY WINTER 1973) 29

TRACKING WITH: RUTH as she walks past BRIAN and CLARISSA who are hanging out with a GROUP of BORED TEENAGERS in the LOCAL SHOPPING MALL which is festooned with tawdry CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS. BRIAN, CLARISSA and the others SNIGGER LOUDLY as RUTH passes.

BRIAN
Freak-a-zoid!

RUTH
Piss off shit-for-brains!

BRIAN
What are ya gonna do for a face when
the camel wants it's ass back?

RUTH
Give it yours!

The GROUP erupts into peals of laughter.

ANGLE ON: RUTH, seen from inside a moving DOLLSHOUSE, as she disappears from view.

30 INT. MALL TOY STORE - DAY 30

FROM INSIDE the DOLLSHOUSE, as MR. HARVEY carries it into the STORE, lifting it on to COUNTER ... THE CAMERA slides out of the window and glides along the miniature BALCONY past the GIANT FIGURE of MR. HARVEY and settles on: AN EYE! It blinks!

STORE KEEPER O.S
Look at that! Built-in shelves!

WIDER ON: THE STORE KEEPER rises up from behind the counter.

STORE KEEPER
Kids just love putting things on
shelves.

ANGLE ON: Built to scale shelves decorated with tiny plates, vases, framed pictures etc ...

MR. HARVEY smiles, he looks distracted and anxious...

On the SOUNDTRACK: SHOVELLING SOUNDS.

INSERT: MR. HARVEY vigorously digging a HOLE in moist earth ... under the cover of NIGHT.

STORE KEEPER (CONT'D)
 (admiring)
 And the detail in the staircase! It's
 remarkable! You're a real craftsman!

31 EXT. CORNFIELD/UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT 31

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY hammering NAILS into crude WOODEN STAIRS. He works fast and intently in a small DARK SPACE.

32 INT. MALL TOY STORE - DAY 32

The STORE KEEPER doesn't appear to notice MR. HARVEY'S disconnection.

STORE KEEPER
 It's a pleasure to be in business
 with a man who takes such pride in
 his work.

INSERT: MR. HARVEY fitting the HATCH of an UNDERGROUND DOOR...

STORE KEEPER (CONT'D)
 What happened to the flower boxes
 this year?

CLOSE ON: A WHITE WASHED WEATHERBOARD WALL - the failed FLOWER BOXES barely visible beneath the PAINT.

STORE KEEPER (CONT'D)
 (chuckling)
 Did you forget to plant your spring
 bulbs!

RING! RING! The familiar SOUND of a BICYCLE BELL ...

PUSH IN: A CHILD'S HAND rings a BELL on a BICYCLE at the back of the STORE.

CLOSE ON: The STORE KEEPER talking ... but all MR. HARVEY can hear is the heightened sound of the BELL RINGING. He looks at the STORE KEEPER, trying to mask the conflict inside his head.

STORE KEEPER (CONT'D)
 (distant)
 You're gonna give some little girl a
 Christmas to remember!

A MOVEMENT to his LEFT makes MR. HARVEY TURN:

ABIGAIL with BUCKLEY in TOW is hurriedly BUYING a few CHRISTMAS GIFTS from another SHOP ASSISTANT. MR. HARVEY stares as a SMALL CHARM is slid across the COUNTER with a DOLLAR NOTE.

CLOSE ON: The tiny SILVER CHARM shaped as a HOUSE, disappears into a paper bag.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY looks up and sees: BUCKLEY staring at him; a strangely SOLEMN EXPRESSION on his FACE.

33 INT. SALMON HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY (WINTER 1973) 33

SUSIE and LINDSEY are leaving for school. BUCKLEY sits at the KITCHEN TABLE working on a CRAYON DRAWING.

ABIGAIL produces a WOOLLEN HAND KNITTED HAT, adorned with a POMPOM and JINGLE BELL on top. She gives it to SUSIE - who holds the HAT as if it were a dead animal.

SUSIE
What ... is it?

ABIGAIL
(to LINDSEY)
I've got book club tonight. Don't be late home.

SUSIE and LINDSEY exchange a look as LINDSEY slips past.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I finished it last night. Do you like it?

SUSIE
Oh yeah! It's ... lovely.

ABIGAIL
Well, put it on, it's cold out.

34 EXT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY 34

SUSIE and LINDSEY head off across their LAWN. Noticing her MOTHER watching, SUSIE reluctantly jams the JINGLE BELL HAT on.

LINDSEY
Really suits you, Suze!

35 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 35

WIDE ON: SUSIE stuffing BOOKS into her school LOCKER, in the BUSY SCHOOL CORRIDOR. From behind her locker door she hears a voice.

RAY (O.S.)
You are beautiful, Susie Salmon.

SUSIE shuts the locker door and sees:

RAY SINGH ... leaning against the corridor wall.

SUSIE
Oh! Hi, Ray ...

RAY
I have a spare ticket to the Zefferelli film. They're screening it in the gym.

SUSIE
 (regaining composure)
 I can't. Have to be home early.

RAY
 You sure?

SUSIE starts to feel self conscious and averts her eyes.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE staring into the back of her LOCKER, her hands fumbling BOOKS ... she doesn't dare look at RAY.

SUSIE
 If I don't hurry I'll miss my bus.

SUSIE scoops out a FILE OF BOOKS and FOLDERS ... exercise BOOKS covered in POP STAR photos ... poetry BOOKS.

DREAMY SHOT: SUSIE spins around and finds herself staring into RAY'S EYES.

RAY
 I'll walk you.

RAY OFFERS his HAND ... SUSIE takes it ... in SLOW MOTION they walk down the CORRIDOR hand in hand.

BACK TO REALITY:

SUSIE turns with an ARMFUL of BOOKS ... they topple, CRASHING to the FLOOR! Horrified, she scrambles to PICK THEM UP.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Maybe next time?

CLOSE ON: RAY gathers up SUSIE'S BIOLOGY BOOK ... he secretly slips a FOLDED NOTE into the BOOK.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE stands ... RAY hands her the BIOLOGY BOOK.

RAY (CONT'D)
 You forgot this.

SUSIE
 Thanks! Well ... enjoy the movie. I hope it's better than the last one!

RAY
 Ah, yes. Othello!

SUSIE
 That guy looked pretty stupid with black make-up on.

RAY
 Sir Lawrence Olivier?

SUSIE
 What a loser!

RAY
Well, it's not every actor who can
play 'The Moor'.

RAY is staring intently at SUSIE ...

RAY (CONT'D)
(softly)
You are beautiful Susie Salmon.

RAY leans closer ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*I suddenly wished I was wearing
something other than my yellow bell-
bottoms and my stinking sheepskin
boots with dirty synthetic shearing
spilling out at the seams.*

SUSIE (CONT'D)
(flustered)
Are you really from England?

RAY
Yes ...

RAY is looking deeply into SUSIE'S EYES. The corridor is
EMPTYING.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*If I had known this was to be the sex
scene of my life, I would've at least
prepared a bit in advance and
reapplied my Strawberry-Banana
Kissing Potion.*

RAY leans closer still ...

RAY
Susie ...

SUSIE
What?

RAY'S lips part slightly ... SUSIE'S eyes close ... she prepares
to receive her first dizzying KISS.

RUTH
(loudly)
For God's sake!

SUDDEN COMMOTION as RUTH CONNORS, comes storming out of a
CLASSROOM, into the CORRIDOR. PRINCIPAL CADEN is on her heels,
clutching a WOODEN ARTIST'S FIGURE.

PRINCIPAL CADEN
(annoyed)
There are no breasts on this wooden
armature.

SUSIE and RAY quickly straighten up.

RUTH

There isn't a nose or mouth either!
Is art about realism or stupid dolls?

PRINCIPAL CADEN

That's enough, young lady! It's clear
your unnecessary anatomical additions
got the Nelson boy thoroughly over-
excited!

RUTH

He stole my drawing!

PRINCIPAL CADEN

And now there are copies all over the
school! It's flagrant abuse of a
xerox machine!

SUSIE and RAY avert their eyes as RUTH stalks past ... the MOMENT
BROKEN. PRINCIPAL CADEN scowls at them.

PRINCIPAL CADEN (CONT'D)

Move along. School's out!

36 EXT. SCHOOL - DUSK

36

TRACKING: with the SCHOOL BUS as it pulls away from the ENTRANCE.

SUSIE runs out of the school as the bus DISAPPEARS. She slows to
a walk as she realizes she is one of the FEW KIDS left in the
near empty car park.

SUSIE has no choice - she sets off towards the CORNFIELD which
lies between the SCHOOL and her STREET.

ANGLE ON: AHEAD, RUTH is already walking across the CORNFIELD,
weaving around the DEAD STALKS and broken HUSKS.

37 INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

37

CLOSE ON: BUCKLEY'S DRAWING is now taped to the FRIDGE - a curved
horizon with layers of cloud and sky, rendered with sweeps of
BOLD COLOUR ... he looks proudly on, as ABIGAIL crosses back to
the BENCH with some CHOPS.

LINDSEY is watching "The Partridge Family" on TV.

JACK arrives home. BUCKLEY leaps on him!

JACK

Whoa! Help! Oxygen please!

JACK disentangles BUCKLEY and kisses ABIGAIL on the cheek.

JACK (CONT'D)

How was your day?

38 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

38

INTERCUT CLOSE UPS: RUTH'S FEET and SUSIE'S FEET trampling across the ICY FIELDS ... the LIGHT is dropping fast on this MURKY WINTER AFTERNOON.

ANGLE ON: RUTH hurries on, hunching against the COLD ... DARKNESS is closing in ... RUTH makes it to the FAR SIDE of the CORNFIELD and disappears into TREES.

WIDE ON: SUSIE is now ALONE, halfway across the CORNFIELD ... away in the distance BOYS play SOCCER on the SCHOOL FIELDS ... faint SHOUTS as a GOAL is scored.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S FEET crunching.

SUSIE walks briskly, pulling her COAT around her. She takes the JINGLE BELL HAT out of her pocket and JAMS IT ON ... in the process dropping her BIOLOGY BOOK ...

Before SUSIE can pick the book up, the WIND flicks the PAGES OPEN and RAY'S NOTE blows out ... SUSIE frowns and HURRIES after it.

CLOSE ON: The NOTE rolls and sails amongst the BROKEN CORN STALKS, managing to stay just ahead of SUSIE'S outstretched FINGERS.

39 INT. SALMON LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

39

The STOVE TIMER RINGS.

40 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

40

CLOSE ON: SUSIE swipes at the NOTE ... which is SUDDENLY TRAPPED under a MAN'S SHOE!

SUSIE FREEZES ... she looks up at MR. HARVEY. He smiles.

MR. HARVEY

You're the Salmon girl, right?

SUSIE is taken aback.

SUSIE

Yes.

MR. HARVEY

I've built something back here. Would you like to see it?

MR. HARVEY GESTURES to a patch of BROKEN GROUND, hidden amidst the CORN REMNANTS.

SUSIE

Actually, Mr Harvey, I have to get home -

MR. HARVEY
It won't take long ... Come on, Susie
- you can spare five minutes.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE stares MR. HARVEY ... caught off guard.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*I was kind of flattered that he knew
my name. I wish now I had known this
was weird ...*

SUSIE glances at the ground with a mix of SUSPICION and
CURIOSITY.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
I don't see anything.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY ... HEADLIGHTS from PASSING TRUCKS reflect
in his GLASSES.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I was aware that Mr Harvey was
looking at me strangely. Older men
had looked at me that way since I'd
lost my baby fat, but not when I was
wearing my royal blue parka and
yellow elephant bell-bottoms.*

MR. HARVEY
You should be more observant, Susie.

MR. HARVEY taps his foot on the ground: a HOLLOW SOUND.

SUSIE
What is it?

SUSIE walks forward, CURIOUS.

CLOSE ON: With each STEP, a thin layer of ICE cracks beneath
SUSIE'S FEET ... like breaking glass.

41 INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT 41

ABIGAIL calling everyone to dinner.

ABIGAIL
Dinner's on the table ... where's
Susie?

42 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 42

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY lifts a HATCH - revealing a small
UNDERGROUND ROOM ... warm cosy CANDLELIGHT reflects on SUSIE'S
FACE.

LOW ANGLE: SUSIE tentatively steps forward and PEERS down into
the ROOM.

43 INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT 43

LINDSEY has almost finished her meal. ABIGAIL keeps glancing out of the WINDOW, looking for SUSIE coming down the STREET.

LINDSEY
Maybe she went to the mall.

ABIGAIL
(concerned)
What would she be doing at the mall?

LINDSEY
(shrugs)
Clarissa got a job at Dairy Queen.

JACK is already on his feet, hauling on his JACKET.

JACK
I'll go.

44 EXT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT 44

As MR. HARVEY helps SUSIE down the STAIRS, the CAMERA SINKS past BROKEN CORNSTALKS. BUGS crawling over the DEAD BROWN PLANTS.

45 INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT 45

ANGLE ON: SUSIE steps off the BOTTOM STAIR and takes in the UNDERGROUND ROOM: the SHELF adorned with small decorative HOUSEHOLD OBJECTS ... a GLASS with a TOOTHBRUSH ... a MIRROR ... in any other circumstances, this would be a child's dream fort.

SUSIE
(surprised)
Hey! This is neat!

MR. HARVEY
Look around. Make yourself at home.

46 INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT 46

TRACKING WITH JACK: as he strides through the MALL. Mindless 70's MUZAK bounces off store windows and tiled floors as the SHOPS prepare to close up. JACK scans the CROWD for any sign of SUSIE.

SERIES of QUICK IMAGES: several BROWN-HAIRED GIRLS - anyone of whom could be SUSIE - turn their HEADS as the CAMERA races past.

JACK finds CLARISSA serving at DAIRY QUEEN ... BRIAN is nearby playing PINBALL with a GROUP of FRIENDS. They haven't seen SUSIE.

As JACK hurries away, he hears A SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER as BRIAN makes a JOKE at JACK'S expense.

47 INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT

47

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY showing small signs of AGITATION.

SUSIE

This is a cool place, Mr. Harvey -

MR. HARVEY

I built it for the kids in the neighborhood.

SUSIE (V.O)

I knew he was lying. But it was a pitiful lie. I imagined he was lonely.

MR. HARVEY

I thought it could be some sort of ... clubhouse.

SUSIE (V.O.)

We had read about men like him in health class. Men who never married and who ate frozen meals every night. I felt sorry for him even though he gave me the skeevies!

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S EYES stray towards the STAIRS.

MR. HARVEY

Would you like a refreshment, Susie?

SUSIE

Actually Mr. Harvey, I have to go.

MR. HARVEY

I'm not sure that's very polite.
(terse)
Be polite. Have a coke.

48 EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

48

TRACKING: JACK driving back through the neighbourhood scanning the streets.

49 INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT

49

MR. HARVEY'S PHOTO FLICKERS in the CANDLE LIGHT, SUSIE holding a COKE is reflected in the GLASS. This SAME PHOTO is later seen in other places: in his car, his house - it's his preferred image of himself. The respectable persona he has spent years cultivating.

MR. HARVEY

It's so warm in here. Why don't you take off your parka?

SUSIE is feeling very uncomfortable ... without taking her eyes off MR. HARVEY, she slowly puts her COKE BOTTLE down on the SHELF ... next to a SHAVING BRUSH and RAZOR.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
You're very pretty, Susie.

SUSIE makes a lunge for STAIRS leading up to the HATCH!

CLOSE ON: A PADLOCK securing the HATCH. SUSIE pushes uselessly against it.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
Sit down.

MR. HARVEY pulls SUSIE down off the STAIRS and shoves her onto a BENCH.

SUSIE
(babbling)
If I'm late home, Mom's gonna be mad as hell. It's book club night - she's gonna be really upset if she's misses her meeting!

MR. HARVEY
You're not leaving Susie ...

On the SOUNDTRACK: Who Loves You? by the Four Seasons

LIGHT DARTS about the room as the TABLE with the CANDLE is knocked over ... MUFFLED SOUNDS of a STRUGGLE - horrible smiling porcelain faces of little CHINA ornaments stare blankly.

50 INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT 50
The SOUND of the FRONT DOOR opening ... ABIGAIL'S FACE brightens.

ABIGAIL
Susie???

ABIGAIL hurries into the HALL, only to find JACK coming in ... ALONE.

ABIGAIL and JACK'S EYES meet. Neither attempts to disguise their ALARM.

51 INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT 51
ANGLE ON: SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET is ripped from her WRIST as she struggles to fight off MR. HARVEY.

SUSIE (V.O.)
I fought hard. I fought as hard as I could not to let Mr. Harvey hurt me. But "as hard as I could" was not good enough. It was not even close.

CLOSE ON: A PORCELAIN FIGURE smashes on the ground ... it's face breaks off, but it's grinning mouth stays intact, as MR. HARVEY'S SHOES grind SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET into the DIRT.

52 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

52

IMAGES: SOCCER PLAYERS in the distant sports fields. Players run around under the bright arc lights calling to each other, steam rises off the fields.

IMAGES: TRUCKS drive past the CORNFIELD, only a couple of hundred feet away ... flicking radio channels play a pastiche of 70's pop music.

TRACKING QUICKLY: across the BROKEN CORN towards the UNDERGROUND ROOM.

SUSIE (V.O)

Mr. Harvey made me lie still. I heard his heart. I smelled his breath. The earth surrounding us was moist. I thought about worms and animals...

53 INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT

53

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S FACE as RADIO MUSIC from distant TRUCKS whizzes past.

IMAGES: of disturbed SOIL, SUSIE'S discarded SHOE ... a COKE bottle half buried in churned up DIRT.

SUSIE (V.O.)

All I knew was he had done this thing to me and I had lived. I was still breathing.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY leans over SUSIE, gently brushing away a lock of her HAIR from her damp forehead ... his GLASSES reflect the smiling PHOTOGRAPH of himself in both LENSES.

MR. HARVEY

(hoarse)
Say it, Susie ... I need to hear you to say it.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE as she stares into the ABYSS of MR HARVEY'S INTENT.

54 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

54

CLOSE ON: Bugs crawl and devour CORN HUSKS. Stars twinkling in the clear night sky.

55 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

55

ANGLE ON: RUTH walking down a ROAD towards her HOUSE, the SCHOOL PLAYING FIELDS behind her.

RUTH suddenly stops in her tracks, as if SENSING something behind her ...

RUTH looks back towards the CORNFIELD ... the wind picks up STRENGTH ... a couple of BIRDS flutter away ... a low, distant WHISTLE ... as the COACH BLOWS for a penalty kick.

RUSHING SHOT: towards RUTH, wild, out of control.

CLOSE ON: RUTH'S FACE, puzzled.

CLOSE ON: RUTH'S HAND ... as SUSIE'S brushes past it, barely touching. A FLEETING MOMENT, which causes RUTH to turn to see who ran past:

ANGLE ON: SUSIE fleeing into the NIGHT ... For one brief moment, she GLANCES BACK - looking into RUTH'S EYES ... and is immediately swallowed by DARKNESS.

56 INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

56

CLOSE ON: A clock reads 10.30 am ... the sudden SOUND of VOICES DOWNSTAIRS.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

What about the police? They want to speak with both of us...

JACK (O.S.)

I can't sit at home when our daughter is missing!

LINDSEY hurries out of her ROOM in her pyjamas ... She is half way down the stairs when she sees JACK pulling on a coat by the FRONT DOOR ...

CLOSE ON: JACK snatches a SCHOOL PHOTO of SUSIE off the shelf on his way out.

JACK (CONT'D)

Someone must have seen her!

LINDSEY

Where's Dad going?

ABIGAIL looks up at LINDSEY.

ABIGAIL

(sharply)
Go back to bed!

57 INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

57

LINDSEY hurries into SUSIE'S BEDROOM and looks out of the WINDOW as JACK'S CAR screeches off into the night ... she watches ABIGAIL walk to the middle of the LAWN, pick up SUSIE'S BIKE and take it into the GARAGE.

LINDSEY turns away from the WINDOW ... a moment of silence in her SISTER'S QUIET ROOM. She picks up a PIN off SUSIE'S dressing table which says: 'Hippy Dippy Says Love.'

Beneath the teenage debris of NAIL POLISH, CHEAP JEWELRY, HAIR TIES and TRINKET BOXES is SUSIE'S SCHOOL YEARBOOK ... LINDSEY hesitates ... her fingers hover over the BOOK ...

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY flips to the last page of the book. At the bottom of the page the standard question: *My heart belongs to ...*

CLOSE ON: "Ray Singh" in SUSIE'S handwriting

58 EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT 58

On the SOUNDTRACK: Don't Ask Me Questions by Graham Parker

IMAGES: JACK showing SUSIE'S PHOTO to various late-night TOWNSFOLK ... SEVEN-ELEVENS ... GAS STATION ... STREET CLEANERS ...

ANGLE ON: JACK walks past a DUMPSTER. He hesitates, doubles back and lifts the heavy LID, peering inside.

At that moment: JACK looks across the STREET, and his GAZE settles on a rough looking HOMELESS GUY. JACK moves towards him with PURPOSE. The HOMELESS GUY becomes AWARE of JACK'S focus and starts to HURRY AWAY.

JACK runs across the STREET ... SUDDEN SQUEAL of BRAKES! A CAR has to SWERVE SUDDENLY to avoid hitting JACK.

JACK stumbles and loses his GRIP on SUSIE'S PHOTO ... it gets SWEPT up by the GUST of the PASSING CAR which doesn't stop.

ANGLE ON: JACK hurrying down the STREET ... picks up SUSIE'S PHOTO from the dirty PUDDLE where it landed.

CLOSE ON: MUDDY WATER runs down her face like tears.

59 INT. SALMON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 59

ANGLE ON: TWO DETECTIVES standing in the LIVING ROOM with ABIGAIL. This is LEN FENERMAN and his DEPUTY.

FENERMAN
Has your daughter gone missing on previous occasions, Mrs. Salmon?

ABIGAIL
I'm sorry?

FENERMAN
Has there been any conflict at home? Marital problems - family difficulties?

ABIGAIL
No - nothing like that.

60 INT. SALMON HOUSE/UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT 60

TRACKING: LINDSEY sneaks along the LANDING, catching GLIMPSES of the DETECTIVES through the living room door ... snatches of CONVERSATION carry up the stairs.

FENERMAN

We'll need a list of Susie's friends,
phone numbers, addresses and a
description of what she was wearing -

ABIGAIL

I don't understand why she wasn't on
the bus. She always catches the bus.
It stops at the end of our street.

ANGLE ON: LEN FENERMAN looking at ABIGAIL intently.

FENERMAN

Does Susie have a boyfriend?

ABIGAIL looks up ...

ABIGAIL

I beg your pardon?

FENERMAN

It's a routine question, Mrs. Salmon.

ABIGAIL

She doesn't have a boyfriend.

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY listening.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I'm her mother. I would know.

61 EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREETS - DAY

61

WIDE ON: The QUIET STREETS of the SALMON'S NEIGHBOURHOOD are now
busy with ACTIVITY. SEVERAL POLICE CARS ... PAIRS of COPS
knocking on every door.

ANGLE ON: POLICE DOGS leap out of a VAN, their HANDLERS reigning
them in.

ANGLE ON: POLICE DOGS lead the search in LOCAL WOODS.

62 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

62

ANGLE ON: JACK looking pale and drained, drops LINDSEY at school
... HOLIDAY rides in the back seat.

JACK doesn't appear to see LINDSEY ... he's not connecting with
his daughter ... he's on auto-pilot.

LINDSEY reacts to POLICE CARS parked outside the SCHOOL.

LINDSEY

What happened to her, Dad?

JACK doesn't hear LINDSEY ... he is staring at a SCHOOL GIRL who
looks just like SUSIE from the back - she might be SUSIE.

CLOSE ON: HOLIDAY paws at the car window ... He starts to WHINE.

JACK is fixated on a brown haired GIRL ... he feels the tiniest glimmer of hope, and JUMPS out of the CAR!

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Dad?

ANGLE ON: The GIRL TURNS - and JACK sees that she looks nothing like SUSIE.

ANGLE ON: PRINCIPAL CADEN is hovering at the SCHOOL DOOR, waiting for LINDSEY.

LINDSEY looks at her FATHER who is staring blankly ahead. She opens the car door and angrily hurls it shut, jolting JACK out of his reverie.

Neither JACK nor LINDSEY notice HOLIDAY bounding away from the CAR towards the CORNFIELD.

JACK

I'll come get you after school.

PRINCIPAL CADEN swoops in, guiding LINDSEY towards the corridor.

PRINCIPAL CADEN

Lindsey ... I've just spoken with the police. The staff - the entire school, want you to know we are so very sorry.

LINDSEY

Sorry for what?

PRINCIPAL CADEN hurries to keep up with LINDSEY as she strides down the crowded school corridor.

PRINCIPAL CADEN

Well ... for your loss.

LINDSEY

I wasn't aware I'd lost anything.

63 EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREETS - DAY

63

TRACKING: following HOLIDAY as the DOG runs through neighbourhood streets. HOLIDAY is carrying SOMETHING in his mouth. CLOUDS of MUD dropping behind him.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)

She thinks I ask too much of her...

ANGLES: HOLIDAY leaps fences ... cuts across NEIGHBOUR'S gardens ... heading towards the SALMON HOUSE.

64 INT. SALMON LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

64

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL in her living room FOLDING WASHING ... JACK moves restlessly around the room, checking the CLOCK ... peering out of the window ... AGITATED.

ABIGAIL
 ... because she's the eldest. I told
 her if she wants to be so grown up,
 if she wants to go out with her
 friends then she needs to start
 earning the privilege. She has to
 respect the rules.

65 EXT. SALMON STREET - DAY

65

TRACKING WITH: HOLIDAY running through hedges and across LAWNS,
 carrying the MUDDY OBJECT towards his house.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
 I said to be home before five because
 this one time I planned to go out.
 She should have rung if she couldn't
 get home.

66 INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

66

ABIGAIL rigorously shakes out another item of CLOTHING.

ABIGAIL
 I would've picked her up. She knows
 she only has to call me. I will
 always pick her up -

ABIGAIL'S BREATH catches in her THROAT. JACK catches hold of her
 hands.

JACK
 Abbie -

ABIGAIL
 She's only been gone a night.

ANGLE ON: HOLIDAY bounds through the house ... appearing in the
 doorway of the LOUNGE. JACK and ABIGAIL turn in surprise ... He
 drops the MUDDY OBJECT on the floor.

CLOSE ON: JACK picks up SUSIE'S soiled JINGLE BELL HAT ... slowly
 unrolling it from the muddy tangle.

ABIGAIL'S breathing stops at the gentle sound of the BELL TINKLE.

A dead CORN HUSK rolls out of the HAT.

67 EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

67

WIDE: CRIME SCENE TAPE is rolled between POSTS at the CORNFIELD.

ANGLE ON: DETECTIVE FENERMAN hurries across the FIELD towards a
 DEPUTY, who is CROUCHED over something.

CLOSE ON: RAY SINGH'S NOTE ... crumpled and MUD-STAINED. FENERMAN
 gingerly picks the NOTE up by a corner, holding it between gloved
 fingers.

RAISED VOICES: FENERMAN looks up and sees JACK, jumping out of his CAR, followed by ABIGAIL. They are crossing the POLICE LINE, hurrying across the CORNFIELD.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN is TALKING with JACK and ABIGAIL ... he is herding them back behind the POLICE LINE. TEAMS OF POLICE are searching the FIELD behind them.

FENERMAN hands the plastic bag containing RAY'S NOTE to JACK.

JACK
What is it?

FENERMAN
It appears to be a love letter.

ABIGAIL
A love letter ... to Susie?

FENERMAN
From a young man who calls himself
'The Moor'. Does that mean anything
to you?

JACK and ABIGAIL look BLANK.

68 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

68

The SCHOOL CORRIDOR is crowded with STUDENTS.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY TURNS as RAY SINGH, flanked on either side by TWO POLICE OFFICERS, is lead towards the DOOR ... PRINCIPAL CADEN hurries self-importantly up the rear.

STUDENTS stare and whisper ... RAY's eyes flick towards LINDSEY as he passes.

69 INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

69

TV IMAGES: RAY SINGH, is being bundled into a POLICE CAR.

TV ANNOUNCER
*"The police are questioning a male
student in connection with the
disappearance of missing schoolgirl
Susie Salmon."*

PULL BACK to reveal: MR. CONNORS in his armchair, a BEER in his HAND, watching TV.

MR. CONNORS
Give me two seconds alone with that
animal!

RUTH shuffles into the ROOM in her PAJAMAS. She's sleepy-eyed and dishevelled.

MR. CONNORS (CONT'D)
I'd cut off his balls and ram 'em
down his throat!

TV IMAGES: SHAKY SHOTS of RAY being escorted into the POLICE STATION, with a COAT covering his head.

TV ANNOUNCER
*"Just three days ago the fourteen
year old youngster vanished on her
way home from school ..."*

ANGLE ON: The shot on TV cuts to the SCHOOL PORTRAIT PHOTO of SUSIE.

TV ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
*"Police are now saying they hold
grave fears for her safety."*

RUTH stares at the TV IMAGE of SUSIE:

PUSH IN ON: SUSIE'S FROZEN FACE ... a RUSHING SOUND builds.

SMASH CUT:

70 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT 70

SUSIE'S sunken terrified EYES ... glancing back at RUTH, veiled in a strange light. She's RUNNING, but doesn't appear to be TOUCHING the ground.

71 EXT. HEAVEN/SUSIE'S STREET - NIGHT 71

SUSIE'S POV: racing fast down the DARKENED STREET towards her HOUSE.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE, her heart is pounding ... adrenaline propels her along the SIDEWALK, over LAWNS, across DRIVEWAYS as she races towards the safety of her HOUSE.

SUSIE
(yelling)
Mom! Dad!

72 INT. HEAVEN/SUSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 72

ANGLE ON: SUSIE bursts into her house through the FRONT DOOR ...

SUSIE
(yelling)
Mom!!!! Dad???

73 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT. 73

ABIGAIL and JACK are sitting in FENERMAN'S OFFICE. FENERMAN sits behind his DESK.

FENERMAN
We've recovered some items of
interest.

JACK
What does that mean?

FENERMAN
We've found the remains of a ...
cavity in the earth ... some kind of
wooden structure.

JACK attempts to digest this. He looks RATTLED ... He knows that
on some level things are looking ominous but he can't quite
process this new information and chooses to focus only on what he
can manage. ABIGAIL, on the other hand, is processing too much.

ABIGAIL
Jack, I want to go home. Now. Please.

JACK
I'm sorry - I don't follow. How is
this relevant?

FENERMAN
We don't know if these things are
relevant, Mr. Salmon. We've sent the
wood and soil samples to the lab.

74 INT. HEAVEN/SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

74

SUSIE hurries through the DARK and EMPTY house ... she bounds up
the stairs towards her BEDROOM ... tries to enter, but the door
is LOCKED!

With MOUNTING PANIC and CONFUSION, she stumbles into her PARENT'S
BEDROOM.

IMAGE: Her PARENTS both asleep under their BLANKETS.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE relieved.

SUSIE
Mom ...

ANGLE ON: SUSIE pulls the BLANKETS away - revealing nothing but
MR. HARVEY'S GROTESQUE cracked CHINA ORNAMENTS lying on the
PILLOWS. SUSIE is full of DREAD ... a fast rising FEAR. She backs
out of her PARENT'S BEDROOM ...

75 INT. HEAVEN/SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

75

... into an unfamiliar PURE WHITE ROOM ... As she turns in
confusion, she finds herself in an overly lit WOMEN'S RESTROOM.
SUSIE stares at the MIRROR above a wash hand basin. Something is
wrong ... she has NO REFLECTION.

SUSIE RUSHES for the DOOR ... and runs headlong into a SHOPPING
MALL!

SUSIE takes in her SURROUNDINGS ... the bright lights of the Mall suddenly flicker and dim ...

ANGLE ON: SUSIE looks up at the FLICKERING LIGHT ... and finds herself in a swirling IMAGE of a ROOM IN A DOLLSHOUSE .

CLOSE ON: The FIZZING LIGHT BULB ...

76 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - DAWN

76

A SINGLE OVERHEAD BULB snaps on as MR. HARVEY hurriedly pulls boxes away to reveal an OLD-FASHIONED SAFE.

MR. HARVEY is dishevelled ... shoes muddied, bits of CORN-STALK are stuck to his trousers. He is breathing hard, his agitation fills the CONFINED SPACE ... He fumbles at the SAFE DIALS and wrenches open the DOOR.

MR. HARVEY hauls a SACK towards the SAFE - a WAXY, ORANGE SACK leaking a DARK, VISCOUS LIQUID which STAINS the CONCRETE FLOOR. He stuffs the SACK into the SAFE.

THUD! The heavy SAFE-DOOR smashes SHUT ...

77 INT. HEAVEN/SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

77

THUD! A LARGE BLACK SHADOW slams in front of SUSIE, an INVISIBLE DOOR ... as a brightly lit STORE is plunged into DARKNESS.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

SUSIE looks around in growing ALARM as the SHOPPING MALL starts closing down in a spooky, automated kind of way ...

ESCALATORS lurch to a juddering halt ... METAL GRILLS grind down over dimming shop frontages ... ORNAMENTAL FOUNTAINS abruptly shut off ... the ubiquitous MALL MUZAK SLOWS to a distorted atonal whine, eventually subsiding into STATIC WHITE NOISE ... while all around FLUORESCENT LIGHTS FLICKER and die ...

THUD! THUD! SUSIE is now trapped in PITCH DARKNESS, the SOUNDS of the SHOPPING MALL DECAY to NOTHING ...

ANGLE ON: in the distance, lit by a single spotlight in the inky black, is MR HARVEY'S SAFE.

SUSIE recoils away from it, stumbling backwards ... suddenly CRASHING through a life-size DOLLSHOUSE DOOR, sprawling onto her BACK.

78 INT. HEAVEN/HARVEY'S DOLLSHOUSE - NIGHT

78

ANGLE ON: SUSIE lying on the pink painted floor of a GIANT SIZED, DOLLSHOUSE ... she suddenly becomes aware of the FIGURE of a GIRL shuffling in jerky steps up the STAIRCASE.

SUSIE

Hey ...

ANGLE ON: SUSIE leaps up the STAIRS and the GIRL spins around, revealing the FACE of SUSIE'S smiling SCHOOL PORTRAIT PHOTO!

SUSIE recoils in HORROR ... the GIRL disappears and sitting there all alone in the DARK, SUSIE sees: a BRIGHTLY LIT BATHROOM DOOR.

SOUNDS of RUNNING WATER ...

79 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BATHROOM - DAY 79

CLOSE ON: A RUNNING TAP ... steam drifts off the hot water.

A BRIGHTLY LIT, SHINY, WHITE TILED BATHROOM ... MR. HARVEY'S PULL-OVER stained with BLOOD lies on the FLOOR.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY sits in the STEAMY WATER - washing away his sins. MUD and BLOOD cloud the BATH WATER.

CLOSE ON: A WASH CLOTH covers MR. HARVEY'S FACE ... his breathing PULSATES under the cloth ... pushing in on the HEAVING CLOTH.

MR. HARVEY
(under face cloth)
Say it ...

SMASH CUT:

80 INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT 80

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY leaning over SUSIE, brushing away a lock of hair from her damp forehead ...

MR. HARVEY
(whisper)
I need to hear you say it.

81 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BATHROOM - DAY 81

CLOSE ON: THE FACE CLOTH pulsates with MR. HARVEY'S BREATHING, as he relives the MOMENT:

MR. HARVEY
(under face cloth)
Tell me you love me.

CUT WIDE:

82 INT. HEAVEN/MR. HARVEY'S BATHROOM - DAY 82

SUSIE stands in the BATHROOM DOORWAY ... FROZEN.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET dangles from a tap on the WASH HAND BASIN.

SUSIE raises her hand and stares TRANSFIXED as her sleeve falls away, revealing a bare arm.

SUSIE'S gaze travels up to the SHELF above the basin ...

TRACKING IN: on the BLOODSTAINED RAZOR.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE in SHOCK. In this moment SUSIE realizes MR. HARVEY killed her.

INTERCUT:

83 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 83

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY grunting with effort as he hauls the SACK containing SUSIE'S BODY out of the HOLE in the FIELD.

INTERCUT:

84 INT. HEAVEN/MR. HARVEY'S BATHROOM - DAY 84

CLOSE ON: SUSIE - she is OVERWHELMED as she begins to process what MR. HARVEY has taken from her ... As SUSIE'S ANGER builds the BATHROOM slowly tilts ... TENDRILS of STEAM start to CURL up from the FLOOR ...

85 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 85

IMAGES: MR. HARVEY throws MUDDY TIMBERS into his CAR ... the LADDER, a box of CHINA ORNAMENTS ... quickly and efficiently COVERING HIS TRACKS.

INTERCUT:

86 INT. HEAVEN/MR. HARVEY'S BATHROOM - DAY 86

ANGLE ON: SUSIE walks into the BATHROOM consumed with MURDEROUS RAGE ... the BATHROOM WALLS TWIST and SHRINK.

INTERCUT:

87 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BATHROOM - DAY 87

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY lathers SOAP on his ARMS and CHEST ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE walks over to the SHELF above the WASH HAND BASIN. WHITE ENAMEL PAINT blisters and bubbles on the bathroom wall ... the ROOM starts to slowly spin as SUSIE, moves forward. Her eyes are fixed on the RAZOR.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY in the BATH TUB meticulously scrubbing his HANDS and NAILS.

SUSIE reaches for the RAZOR ...

INTERCUT:

88 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 88

WIDE ON: MR. HARVEY'S CAR pulls out onto the ROAD, driving away from the CORNFIELD.

CLOSE ON: The SACK with SUSIE'S BODY on his BACK SEAT.

89 EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

89

SOUND: SQUEAL OF TIRES, as MR. HARVEY SWERVES!

ANGLE ON: A fleeting glimpse of JACK SALMON stumbling away from the CAR - replaying a familiar scene from a different point of view.

MR. HARVEY accelerates away...

SUDDENLY, SUSIE'S PHOTO swirls in the wind and lands against MR. HARVEY'S WINDSCREEN. For a SPLIT SECOND, he finds himself looking straight into SUSIE'S frozen FACE. The PHOTO slides away only to be replaced by a REFLECTION of MR. HARVEY staring wild-eyed into the glass.

90 INT. HEAVEN/MR. HARVEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

90

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S FINGERS hover above the RAZOR ... there is a frightening intensity in her EYES.

BEHIND SUSIE, reflected in the BATHROOM MIRROR the ROOM is twisting and rotating ... MR. HARVEY in his BATH TUB is now suspended from the CEILING.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY soaping the back of his NECK ...

ANGLE ON: SUSIE she HESITATES ... the ROOM twists and turns violently behind her, HEAVING and BREATHING ... SUSIE'S HEAD is filled with the sound of MR. HARVEY'S voice ...

MR. HARVEY
(distorted)
Say it! Say it! I NEED TO HEAR YOU
SAY IT!

The pressure inside SUSIE'S HEAD builds and builds and builds ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE SCREAMS.

SMASH CUT:

91 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

91

MR. HARVEY suddenly looks up ...

SLOW MOTION: his RAZOR falls off the SHELF and CLATTERS to the FLOOR.

92 INT. SALMON HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

92

ABIGAIL and JACK are standing numbly in the LIVING ROOM, eyes trained on LEN FENERMAN who is nervously shuffling a sheaf of papers.

FENERMAN

We have the results of the soil analysis. The lab found a significant amount of blood ... the same blood type as your daughter. It was also on her hat ...

ANGLE ON: LEN FENERMAN glances at JACK and then ABIGAIL. He turns away for a moment and then awkwardly blunders on.

FENERMAN (CONT'D)

It's too much ... to hope for a positive outcome.

A small gasp escapes from ABIGAIL as she crumples into an ARMCHAIR. JACK is staring at nothing ... unable to move or speak.

FENERMAN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

93 INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT 93

ANGLE ON: JACK sitting in his study, surrounded by his SHIPS-IN-BOTTLES.

LINDSEY is standing in the DOORWAY.

LINDSEY

She's dead, isn't she?

94 EXT. SALMON HOUSE/STREET - NIGHT 94

On the SOUNDTRACK: *After Hours* by Velvet Underground

In the FOREGROUND: the DARK DEAD SHAPE of MR. HARVEY'S green HOUSE looms. Distant sound of BREAKING GLASS.

95 INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT. 95

LINDSEY is lying wide awake in the dark when she hears the sound of BREAKING GLASS ... with every shattering crash she FLINCHES.

96 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 96

CLOSE ON: a delicate BRUSH STROKE creates a beautiful painted FLOWER on the side of a DOLLSHOUSE.

MR. HARVEY is deeply FOCUSED on his work ... music flows around him. He is at peace.

97 INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT. 97

JACK is surrounded by shards of glass ...

Models of SHIPS lie BROKEN on the floor. JACK picks up the LAST BOTTLE ... and smashes it down on the lip of window sill where it SHATTERS to smithereens ...

Breathing heavily, JACK staggers back, looking at his handiwork.

SUSIE (O.S.)
(calling, distant)
Dad ...! Dad

CLOSE ON: JACK it is unclear if he is hearing Susie's voice in real time or if he is caught in a memory

ANGLE ON: JACK picks up a crumpled ship ...

JACK
Susie, my baby, my sailor girl...
... and slides down the wall sobbing.

98 EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

98

Hundreds of SOULS are streaming into the air, dazzling translucent lights disappearing into the blue depths of the sky leaving light trails like sky rockets.

SUSIE'S eyes swing back to EARTH ... she stares back at the world from which she has fled. There is a mortified expression on her face ... as her pace slows almost to a stop.

HOLLY (O.S.)
Don't stop! You're not supposed to stop!

SUSIE looks around and sees HOLLY ... a VIETNAMESE GIRL of around 13 years of age running towards her wildly waving her arms.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Keep going! You've still got some forward momentum!

SUSIE looks up at the trails of flickering light vanishing into the sky and back again at the receding EARTH.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
No! No! Don't look back!

SUSIE
(dazed)
What???

HOLLY
You can't look back - it's fatal!

ANGLE ON: HOLLY slumps on a PARK BENCH, out of breath.

SUSIE
Well it's a little late for that.

HOLLY
(sighs)
I know.

SUSIE
I'm Susie.

HOLLY extends her hand ...

HOLLY

Holly ... well actually Holly's not my real name - but it's a lot better than Denise.

SUSIE looks around and is immediately caught by a FANTASY LANDSCAPE which unfolds before her eyes ... a graceful GAZEBO is sitting in the middle of a PARK ... DOGS of all varieties run free on rippling LAWNS ... OLD FASHIONED STREET LAMPS with hanging globes throw pools of light on to ICE CREAM SHOPS, MAGAZINE STANDS ... there are FOOTBALL FIELDS ... HOUSES and SCHOOLS ... it's SUSIE'S world as she knew it - filtered through the IDEALIZED LENS of a teenage girl. An eclectic mix of DREAM and DESIRE.

SUSIE and HOLLY are not alone in this world - other shadowy FIGURES drift in and out, playing out the stories of their personal existence ... in their own altered realities.

SUSIE

Holly -

HOLLY is staring at SUSIE'S ROYAL BLUE PARKA ...

HOLLY

Oh my God! I've got an eyeshadow that colour. Fantasia Blue - in a wand stick. My Mom never let me wear makeup on earth.

SUSIE

Is this where people go when they die?

99 EXT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

99

TRACKING: a LARGE FANCY CAR pulls into the SALMON driveway. A THIN, ELEGANT WOMAN steps out of the BACK SEAT - GRANDMA LYNN has returned.

BUCKLEY comes rushing out of the HOUSE.

BUCKLEY

(excited)
Grandma's here!

BUCKLEY hugs GRANDMA LYNN around the knees as she lifts a thin cigarette out of his way, brushing fallen ASH from his HAIR.

GRANDMA LYNN

Yes, yes, alright! Stand up, child let me see you ... Your mother's still shopping at Walmart, I see.

100 EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY

100

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN'S FACE looms past SUSIE'S GAZEBO, larger than life, as SUSIE struggles to grasp her new REALITY.

SUSIE

Grandma!

As SUSIE moves across the GAZEBO, GRANDMA LYNN slides away and she finds herself looking into a TRASH CAN down the street.

101 INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

101

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN steps inside, SWATHED in an EXPENSIVE FUR COAT. Behind her, JACK struggles into the HALLWAY with HEAVY SUITCASES ... a DRIFT of SNOW follows him through the DOOR.

JACK

Is this all of it?

GRANDMA LYNN

Don't be ridiculous! That's just my make-up.

ABIGAIL dutifully kisses her MOTHER as the HUGE FUR COAT is unceremoniously dumped in her arms. GRANDMA LYNN makes a beeline for the LIQUOR CABINET.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)

Still as handsome as hell, Jack. What are you having?

JACK

Actually, I'm not drinking these days.

GRANDMA LYNN

Not drinking? Well - that's your problem in a nutshell.

ABIGAIL stares at her MOTHER.

ABIGAIL

(quietly)
You didn't have to come.

GRANDMA LYNN starts pouring herself a drink.

GRANDMA LYNN

She was my grand daughter. Of course I had to come.

102 INT. SALMON KITCHEN - NIGHT

102

BUCKLEY is sitting at the table, drinking a glass of MILK. GRANDMA LYNN is chain smoking ... she is tired and wrung out.

BUCKLEY

Where's Susie?

GRANDMA LYNN

Susie's gone to Heaven, darling.

THROUGH the WINDOW, JACK is helping ABIGAIL unload groceries from the CAR.

BUCKLEY
Lindsey said there is no Heaven.

GRANDMA LYNN
(sighs)
Alright then ... Susie's dead.

BUCKLEY ponders this for a moment.

BUCKLEY
You might be dead soon.

GRANDMA LYNN
Why do you say that?

BUCKLEY
Because you're old.

GRANDMA LYNN
Thirty five isn't old. Drink your
milk.

GRANDMA LYNN starts fumbling around in her handbag.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Nothing's going to happen to me. Do
you know why?

BUCKLEY earnestly shakes his head.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Because I always take my medicine!

GRANDMA LYNN takes a huge slug from a HIP FLASK.

BUCKLEY
Grandma! I know where she is!

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN looks up as BUCKLEY suddenly scrambles
down from the table and runs over to the FRIDGE in a rush of
excitement.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
She's here!

CLOSE ON: BUCKLEY points to the thick BLUE LINE of CRAYON that
separates the air from the ground.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
Susie's in the 'Inbetween'.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

ANGLE ON: SUSIE turning a graceful somersault in the air. She
rebounds off a trampoline - with the grace of a seasoned acrobat.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*The air in my heaven smelled like
skunk. It was a smell that I always
loved on Earth, a sharp, pungent
lingering musk ... Holly's smelt of
kumquats.*

ANGLE ON: SUSIE in a long COTTON NIGHTDRESS, standing on the EDGE of a TOWERING CLIFF TOP. Her arms raised ... rain on her face ... the wind ripping through her hair ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I would look out over the sea and
wait for a storm to come ...

For a BRIEF MOMENT SUSIE is ILLUMINATED by a BOLT of LIGHTNING!

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And a few moments later ...

On the SOUNDTRACK the RUMBLING BOOM of THUNDER morphs into THUNDERING FEET and RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE.

SUSIE and HOLLY wave and bow REVELLING in the ADULATION of the AUDIENCE.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We had been given in our heavens, our
simplest dreams.

NEWS STANDS feature GLAMOUR shots of SUSIE and HOLLY on the covers of FASHION MAGAZINES ... NEWSPAPERS trumpet HOLLY and SUSIE STORIES ... SUSIE cuts their PHOTOS out and pins them on a wall along side DAVID CASSIDY and DAVID BOWIE POSTERS.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There were no teachers in school. The
boys did not pinch our backsides and
our textbook reading consisted
entirely of Seventeen, Glamour and
Vogue Magazines ... It was perfect.

103 INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

103

JACK is holding a BROKEN BOTTLE.

SUSIE (V.O.)
Well, not quite perfect. Because I
could not have what I wanted most -

CLOSE ON: He gently places the broken bottle on the WINDOW SILL, and sits a LIGHTED CANDLE within it.

104 EXT. HEAVEN - SUNSET

104

ANGLE ON: SUSIE'S eye is suddenly caught as CANDLE LIGHT FLICKERS in the GAZEBO. Captivated she moves toward it. HOLLY panics and runs after her ...

HOLLY
Susie -

ANGLE ON: On a simple TABLE in the MIDDLE of the GAZEBO, the shopping mall CANDELABRA burns with a FLICKERING FLAME.

IMAGE: as SUSIE steps into the GAZEBO, her world shifts in to out of control distorted views of the BROKEN BOTTLES.

Snapped ship MASTS twist around her, even the GAZEBO seems to bend and overwhelm her as GLASS FRAGMENTS tumble past in SLOW MOTION. SUSIE stumbles back, her VIEW fills with the silent distraught FACE of her FATHER - shattered into dozens of FRAGMENTS through the prisms of BROKEN BOTTLES.

105 EXT. GAZEBO/HEAVEN - DAY (SPRING 1974)

105

SUSIE watches JACK on EARTH ... her father WAKES UP in his BED, gets up, having to face the reality of the day ahead. There is a disconnect starting to happen between him and ABIGAIL.

SUSIE (V.O.)

*Every day my father felt the same
heavy weight pressing down on him...
The slow seeping poison of guilt.*

106 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

106

JACK is pacing the floor of FENERMAN'S OFFICE.

FENERMAN

Jack, about these calls you've been making -

JACK

I know the people in my neighbourhood, Len. I could've told you from the start, Ray Singh was not involved. Now, I've been doing some homework. Employment histories. Background checks -

FENERMAN

Jack ... Jack ...

IMAGES: JACK pouring over FILES. Talking with various EMPLOYERS.

SUSIE (V.O.)

*It lay on him like the hand of God -
a voice repeating inside his head:
"You were not there when your
daughter needed you ..."*

JACK

Some of things I've found out would surprise you.

FENERMAN

With all due respect, Jack, this is police work. We simply can't follow up on every one of your leads - real or imagined.

JACK

There's nothing imaginary about my leads, Len. I'm telling you I think I know who's responsible.

FENERMAN

Who?

IMAGE: JACK attending a MUSIC CONCERT at SCHOOL ... fixated on the BACK of somebody's head.

SUSIE (V.O.)

I wanted to tell him I was okay. That he didn't have to worry. I wanted to send out a rescue party and save him from himself.

JACK

Norman Stead.

FENERMAN

The music teacher?

IMAGE: NORMAN STEAD bows before the AUDIENCE.

JACK

He came from Poland. He was tortured during the war.

FENERMAN

I'll make a note of it.

JACK

I think you should interview him.

FENERMAN

We're interviewing everybody. Leave it with me.

107 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

107

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY is fussing around trying to find his glasses.

MR. HARVEY

I'm sorry - you caught me in the middle of lunch ...

DETECTIVE FENERMAN and DETECTIVE 2 take in the innocuous blandness of MR. HARVEY'S kitchen; a half-eaten sandwich, a glass of milk, several DOLLSHOUSES in various states of completion.

FENERMAN

I apologise for any inconvenience, Mr. Harvey. We'll try not to keep you long.

MR. HARVEY

No trouble at all. I heard you were going door to door. It's your job, after all ... to ask questions.

FENERMAN

Yes.

MR. HARVEY

I'm afraid I really don't know the Salmon family well.

CLOSE ON: a BENCH where MR. HARVEY has been carefully gluing BROKEN CHINA ORNAMENTS together. FENERMAN looks at the cracked and broken grinning faces.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
A moment of clumsiness.

MR. HARVEY gestures to SUSIE'S PHOTO which FENERMAN holds.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
Is this the little girl who ...?

FENERMAN offers the PHOTO to MR. HARVEY ... who starts searching for his READING GLASSES.

FENERMAN takes in the IDEALIZED PHOTO of MR. HARVEY on the TV SET, but doesn't respond.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
Awful. Just awful. What a terrible thing to happen. How's the investigation going? Have you spoken to the Ellis boy? I heard a rumour he tortures animals.

FENERMAN
How long did you say you lived here?

MR. HARVEY
Let's see, I moved here after Leah passed away ... so that would make it - six years.

FENERMAN
Leah?

MR. HARVEY
My late wife. We bought this house just before she was diagnosed.

MR. HARVEY finds his READING GLASSES, and pops them on ... taking in the PHOTO of SUSIE.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
There was nothing anyone could do. It was very quick.

FENERMAN looks questioningly at MR. HARVEY notices the questioningly look from FENERMAN. He casually hands SUSIE'S PHOTO back.

MR. HARVEY (CONT'D)
(sombre)
I lost her to cancer.

108 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

108

WIDE ON: MR. HARVEY pulls a LOOSE FLOOR BOARD away, hidden under a RUG near his BED ... reaches inside the cavity.

CLOSE ON: a little WOODEN BOX ... he lifts out SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET.

109 INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

109

On the SOUNDTRACK: *Coming Back To Me* by Jefferson Airplane

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET slides through FOREGROUND, past her delighted FACE.

SUSIE (V.O.)

One of the blessings of my heaven is that I could go back in time and live moments again. I saw a lonely young mother with the child who would become her closest friend. And sometimes I would reach across the Inbetween and take her hand ...

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL, sitting on SUSIE'S BED, offers her a TISSUE WRAPPED PRESENT.

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

My mother knew the meaning of each and every charm on my bracelet ... where we had bought each one and why ...

110 INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

110

ANGLE ON: SUSIE circles around inside the GAZEBO, CHARMS revolving around her like a SURREAL sparkling CAROUSEL.

SUSIE (V.O.)

The ballet slipper, the thimble ... the tiny bicycle which had wheels that spun around ...

SUSIE unwraps the SMALL SILVER HOUSE CHARM ...

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

... and my favorite ... the house.

SUSIE looks up - a huge smile on her face. ABIGAIL smiles in return as SUSIE attaches the HOUSE CHARM to her BRACELET.

111 EXT. OLD QUARRY - NIGHT

111

CLOSE ON: The CHARM BRACELET lies on the FRONT SEAT of MR. HARVEY'S WAGON.

The darkened outline of a DISUSED QUARRY ... as MR. HARVEY'S WAGON crawls to a stop.

WIDE ON: Under the COLD LIGHT of a WINTER'S MOON, MR. HARVEY wends his way through towering SLAG HEAPS and WATER FILLED HOLES. It looks like an ALIEN LANDSCAPE.

INTERCUT:

112 INT. SALMON HOUSE/JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT 112

ANGLE ON: JACK sitting alone in his CHAIR, staring at the flickering CANDLE.

113 INT. SALMON HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT 113

TRACKING: down the HALL to find ABIGAIL lying alone in BED, unable to SLEEP. She stares into the blackness of the room.

SUSIE (V.O.)

I knew what she was thinking. That I was out there somewhere; I knew she hoped that I was safe and dry and warm ... But in the back of her mind she wondered ...

114 EXT. OLD QUARRY - NIGHT 114

MR. HARVEY stands near the top of a recently excavated slope, fishes something from his pocket ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET in MR. HARVEY'S HAND.

MR. HARVEY stares at it for a long moment, reluctant to give up his trophy.

Impulsively he yanks the LITTLE HOUSE CHARM off the silver link chain and slips it into his POCKET.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY hurls the BRACELET high into the AIR.

SUSIE (V.O.)

And at night my mother dreamt of crumpled corn stalks and warrens of wild rabbits and gardens laced with toxic bait ...

ANGLE ON: Wisps of MR. HARVEY'S frozen breath hang in the air as he watches SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET arc up and over the CHASM of the QUARRY ... disappearing into darkness ...

115 INT. SALMON HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT 115

CLOSE ON: ABIGAIL as she closes her eyes ...

SUSIE (V.O.)

And inside the earth she saw an entire family of rabbits curl into themselves and die.

116 INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY (SUMMER 1974) 116

ABIGAIL opens the door to find LEN FENERMAN on her doorstep.

ABIGAIL
 (composes herself)
 Detective Fenerman. Jack will be home soon. I know he wanted to talk with you.

FENERMAN
 He must've left me a dozen messages. He seems to have a theory about everyone in the neighbourhood.

ABIGAIL
 Yes well, I'm sure you're too busy to wait.

FENERMAN
 Not too busy.

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN sits at the kitchen table, watching ABIGAIL help BUCKLEY with a crayon drawing.

FENERMAN (CONT'D)
 What is that?

ABIGAIL
 Don't ask. I have no talent for drawing.

FENERMAN
 No, seriously, what is it? A bread roll! No, wait - a pancake!

BUCKLEY
 (gravely)
 It's a merry-go-round.

FENERMAN
 Oh yeah! Course. It's obvious.

ABIGAIL
 You are such a bad liar.

FENERMAN
 I know. It's a terrible handicap in this job.

ABIGAIL starts to laugh. The laughter catches in her throat and turns into sobs.

BUCKLEY
 Mommy ...?

ABIGAIL
 I'm sorry...
 (to BUCKLEY)
 I'm alright ... Mommy's alright.

ABIGAIL searches for a handkerchief; not finding one she pulls a RED SILK SCARF free from around her neck and starts to mop her eyes.

FENERMAN
Here. Don't ruin it ...

FENERMAN sits down quietly beside her, he hands her his handkerchief.

ABIGAIL looks at FENERMAN ... it's been a while since someone has looked at her as anything other than a mother or wife.

FENERMAN (CONT'D)
Not many women can wear that color.
It's beautiful.

FENERMAN'S fingers close around ABIGAIL'S HAND. *

117 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT 117

MR. HARVEY sits on a chair in the middle of the basement.

He is sweating. There is a TENSE EXPRESSION on his face. He is in CONFLICT: his internal tension is BUILDING.

118 EXT. VALLEY FORGE PARK - MORNING (AUTUMN 1974) 118

ANGLE ON: A FAMILY of KIDS and PARENTS are playing with their FAMILY DOG, a beautiful GOLDEN RETRIEVER. They are laughing and squealing with delight. An 8 YEAR OLD throws a STICK into the WOODS, and they laugh as the DOG BOUNDS into the TREES after it.

SUSIE (V.O)
Mr. Harvey started taking risks...

CLOSE ON: The DOG chases after the stick, deep into the woods ... suddenly stopping short at the STICK, which lies at MR. HARVEY'S FEET.

SUSIE (V.O) (CONT'D)
*For me the saddest thing was that
animals smelt the brokenness in him
... the human defect.*

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY'S white STATION WAGON slides out of the PARKING LOT ... in the DISTANCE, the FAMILY are SEARCHING the WOODS for their pet.

ANGLE ON: A SCREAMING MOTHER ... finding a DISMEMBERED DOG.

119 INT. SALMON HOUSE/SUSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (SUMMER 1975) 119

CLOSE ON: The LID of a SHOE BOX opens - full of SUSIE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

JACK is sitting on her bed. He lifts the SHOE BOX out and beneath it is another box marked "Rolls to Hold Back" in SUSIE'S handwriting ... with another of her scrawls across the lid: "Rolls to be Sent Out ... One per Month!!!"

FLASH BACK TO:

120 INT. SALMON KITCHEN - DAY (SUMMER 1973)

120

CLOSE ON: DOZENS of ROLLS of undeveloped KODAK FILM clatter out of a SHOEBOX on to the KITCHEN TABLE.

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL turns from the STOVE in SURPRISE ...

ABIGAIL
Have you gone through all the film
you got for your birthday?

SUSIE
Not entirely.

ABIGAIL
There must be twelve rolls in this
box! Who's going to pay to get them
developed?

SUSIE
I thought you might.

ABIGAIL
Well, you'd better think again.

SUSIE
But Dad said my artistic shots are
basically genius.

JACK
I think I've been misquoted.

SUSIE
Dad!

JACK
One roll a month. That's my best
offer.

SUSIE
But!!! You realise by the time I see
these pictures, I'm gonna be middle-
aged?

ON THE SOUNDTRACK: SUSIE'S VOICE DECAYS AWAY ...

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
Jack?

JACK turns around and sees ABIGAIL standing in the CORRIDOR.

121 INT. SALMON HOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT (SUMMER 1975)

121

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL in her nightgown, standing bare foot in the
corridor. She looks fragile and drawn.

JACK goes over to ABIGAIL ...

JACK
What are you doing up?

ABIGAIL
I couldn't sleep.

JACK gently wraps his arms around her.

JACK
Abbie ...

ABIGAIL
What happened to us?

JACK
Do you know how much I love you?

ABIGAIL looks up at JACK in surprise ... he kisses her tenderly.

122 INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

122

ANGLE ON: HOLLY wanders into the GAZEBO, performing impossibly COMPLEX tricks with a YO-YO.

HOLLY
Yeesh! I hate it when that happens.
It's just so gross when parents kiss.
Thank God, mine hardly ever did!

SUSIE is sitting on the FLOOR of the GAZEBO. As SUSIE turns to HOLLY, the IMAGE of JACK and ABIGAIL HUGGING, plummets away to become a DISTANT view of SUSIE'S old STREET.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
There should be some kind of law
against the over forties doing it.

SUSIE
They're not over forty.

HOLLY
I did a head count the other day. I
reckon I've kissed a hundred guys.

SUSIE
A hundred?

HOLLY
Up here, I mean. I didn't do so well
on earth. What about you?

SUSIE
I only ever wanted to kiss one
person.

HOLLY flips the YO-YO into gravity defying series of loops.

HOLLY
Did ya do it?

SUSIE shakes her head.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Bummer.

SILENCE ...

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Cheer up. There's lots better places than this.

SUSIE

What kind of places?

HOLLY

I don't know exactly. But it's where my grandfather is. He's gonna come and get me.

SUSIE (V.O.)

I began to wonder what the word heaven meant. If this was heaven, truly heaven, it would be where my grandparents lived ... where my father's father, my favourite of all, would lift me up and dance with me and I would feel only joy and have no memory ... no cornfield ... no grave.

JACK (O.S.)

The school want to have a memorial service.

123 INT. SALMON HOUSE/JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

123

ANGLE ON: JACK gently brushes ABIGAIL'S hair away from her FACE.

JACK

They think it would be good for the kids ...

ABIGAIL looks away ...

ABIGAIL

It won't change anything ... I see her on the street, on the bus, outside the school. I see her hair, her body ... the way she moved. I know she's gone, but I can't accept it ...

JACK

You live through it, Abbie. It's all you can do.

ABIGAIL looks at JACK ... for the first time since she lost her daughter her husband is offering her real comfort.

ABIGAIL

I thought for a moment we'd lost each other.

JACK

I was lost. I was overwhelmed.

CAMERA pushes in on ABIGAIL as JACK continues ...

JACK (CONT'D)
 I was trying to cope with all of it.
 I thought it was up to me. But it was
 too much ... and I realized I had to
 take a step back. I said to myself:
 keep it simple. Keep it small. Focus
 on the familiar. The neighbourhood.
 The school. Her circle of friends.

CAMERA continues to push in on ABIGAIL as she begins to register
 a horror even deeper than their shared grief...

JACK (CONT'D)
 Statistics tell us there's a ninety
 percent probability this crime was
 committed by a local. He knew her!

124 EXT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH - DAY (WINTER 1975) 124

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY, OUT OF FOCUS ... adjusts his tie as he
 walks three steps behind JACK SALMON.

JACK is watching a SERIES of FACES slide past him ... He studies
 each one with intent.

SOUNDTRACK: Wafts of dreary ORGAN MUSIC ...

WIDE ON: a LARGE GROUP of MOURNERS are wending their way solemnly
 towards a neat, white Revolutionary era CHURCH ... ancient
 TOMBSTONES surround the old building.

MR. HARVEY slides by OUT OF FOCUS - the invisible man.

125 INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH - DAY 125

ANGLE ON: SUSIE'S SCHOOL PHOTO, now framed in gold leaf and
 wreathed with flowers, sits at the head of the AISLE.

ABIGAIL walks towards it, to take her SEAT in the FRONT ROW. JACK
 joins her, taking in the PEOPLE in each PEW as he passes ... the
 STEADS, the GILBERTS, with young daughter TESSA.

REVEREND STRICK addresses the gathering from the pulpit.

REVEREND STRICK (V.O.)
 Two years ago an unimaginable evil
 found it's way into the heart of this
 community and preyed upon that which
 we treasure most - the life of a
 child.

ANGLE ON: MR. TARKING, looks up to see JACK SALMON staring at
 him. Unnerved MR. TARKING looks away... deep in the BACKGROUND we
 glimpse the OUT OF FOCUS face of MR. HARVEY, pious and humble.

REVEREND STRICK (CONT'D)
 But it is not our place to question
 the will of the God ...

ANGLE ON: the BACK ROW, BRIAN'S hand slides up CLARISSA'S thigh.

REVEREND STRICK'S voice fades to dull MUMBLE ... WHITE NOISE BUILDS.

INSERTS: MACRO SHOTS OF ... a wisp of BLONDE CURLING HAIR ... small fingers clutch the prayer book ... a glimpse of white socks.

126 EXT. ZOOK CEMETERY - DAY (WINTER 1975)

126

WIDE ON: RAY sitting alone in a SMALL ancient CEMETERY, reading a MEDICAL TEXT BOOK.

SUSIE

Ray's world began to take on other shapes ...

CLOSE ON: The page in the large book on RAY'S knee turns to reveal images of human biology ...

SUSIE (CONT'D)

The shapes of muscle and sinew; of heartbeats and blood flows. The world of the living and breathing.

RAY LOOKS UP as RUTH approaches through the GRAVESTONES.

RUTH

I thought you'd be at the service.

RAY shakes his head.

SUSIE (V.O)

He was slipping away from me ...

RUTH digs her hand in her PEACOCK POCKET, pulls out a CHAPSTICK.

RUTH

Want some?

RAY takes the stick of lip balm and looks at it doubtfully.

SUSIE (V.O.)

But then Ruth Connors, that strange, weird girl - who, if anything, had gotten even stranger and weirder ... would bring him back.

RAY

What are you doing here?

RUTH shrugs.

RUTH

I guess I like hanging out with dead people.

RAY

I miss her ...

CLOSE ON: RAY as a wave of sadness rolls over him.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*Ray never quite understood why he
 found comfort in her sureness ... in
 her willingness to count the presence
 of the dead among the living ...*

ANGLES ON: RUTH walking with RAY ... FALLEN, CROOKED old
 TOMBSTONES seems to surround her from every angle.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But together they kept me alive in
 the back of their minds.*

RAY
 People still think I did something. I
 see them looking at me side-ways.

RUTH
 I know.

RUTH slips her arm through his...

RAY
 Brian Nelson reckons he's gonna punch
 my lights out.

RUTH
 Brian Nelson is a toe-nail chewing
 latrine cake. If that guy had a price
 on his head - I'd be the first to
 volunteer.

RAY smiles ...

RAY
 Just be sure to use a weapon that
 can't be traced.

RUTH
 What kind of weapon can't be traced?

RAY steps towards a GNARLED TREE and reaches up to a LOW HANGING
 BRANCH.

CLOSE ON: RAY gently snaps a small, delicate icicle hanging from
 the frozen BRANCH. It is sharp, pointed, almost invisible ...

ANGLE ON: RAY drops it, IMPALING it into the SOIL like a KNIFE
 ... it immediately begins to MELT.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 That's clever.

SILENCE hangs between them a beat.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 You're wrong, though ... it always
 leaves a trace.

RAY
 What does?

RUTH

Death.

127 INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH - DAY

127

ANGLE ON: LEN FENERMAN's eyes shift towards the SALMON PEW. We follow his gaze to find he is looking at ...

... ABIGAIL staring unseeing at the FRAMED PHOTO of SUSIE which holds centre-stage, overblown arrangements of FLOWERS flanking it on either side.

Push in on the FRAMED PHOTO of SUSIE ... a TYPICAL SCHOOL PORTRAIT ... her smiling face revealing a mouth full of braces.

SUSIE

This is supposed to be the saddest day of my life! It's supposed to mean something! How can anyone mourn my passing when I look so utterly geeky!

128 INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO -DAY

128

REVEREND STRICK is leading the MOURNERS into an appallingly dreary version of: "How Great Thou Art" ... SUSIE turns away from EARTH.

A murmur ripples through the CROWD. SUSIE brightens upon hearing snatches of conversation ... "She was too young!"; "So beautiful!"; "Incredibly talented!"; "What an unimaginable tragedy!"

SUSIE turns to look back ...

129 INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH - DAY

129

INSERT: The picture of SUSIE in the FRAMED SCHOOL PHOTO dissolves into a shot of SUSIE looking like a TEENAGE GLAMOUR QUEEN.

ON the SOUND-TRACK the ORGAN MUSIC transitions into: "Cherish" by David Cassidy.

DAVID CASSIDY

(sings)

*Cherish is a word I used to describe,
All the feelings that I have hiding
here for you inside ...*

SCHOOL PUPILS wail and sob ... flinging themselves in wild spasms of GRIEF at the foot of SUSIE'S glamour queen photo.

DAVID CASSIDY (CONT'D)

(sings)

*I don't know how many times I wished
that I could hold you ...
I don't know how many times I wished
that I had told you ...*

ABIGAIL and LINDSEY are wearing LONG BLACK VEILS, tears stream down their cheeks ... fans blow their hair.

DAVID CASSIDY (CONT'D)
*You don't know how many times I've
 wished that I could mold you,
 Into someone who could
 Cherish me as much as I cherish you*

PRINCIPAL CADEN and other TEACHERS, with tear streaked faces place wreathes and bunches of flowers at the base of SUSIE'S PHOTO.

DAVID CASSIDY (CONT'D)
 (sings)
And I do ... Cherish you! Yes, I do!

RAY SINGH walks forward alone ... he kisses his fingertips and places them lovingly on SUSIE'S frozen photographic lips ...

CUT TO:

130 EXT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH - DAY

130

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY, OUT OF FOCUS ... JACK wipes through FOREGROUND, following FRANK TARKING into the throng of MOURNERS, as they cluster OUTSIDE.

ANGLE ON: PRINCIPAL CADEN gives LINDSEY a reassuring pat of the back.

PRINCIPAL CADEN
*It's all on your shoulders now,
 Lindsey. You're the only Salmon girl
 left!*

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN notices ABIGAIL surrounded by a swarm of well-meaning MOURNERS ...

CLOSE ON: ABIGAIL's eye's meet his ... FENERMAN crosses towards her ...

FENERMAN
 Mrs. Salmon, a quick word?

ABIGAIL
 Of course, Detective.

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL taking a long drag on a cigarette ... she and FENERMAN are semi hidden in a sheltered spot behind the CHAPEL.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 (heartfelt)
 Thank you ...

FENERMAN
 I figured you needed some fresh air.

ABIGAIL looks at her cigarette and laughs ...

FENERMAN pulls a folded RED SILK SCARF out of his jacket pocket.

FENERMAN (CONT'D)
 You left this in my car.

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL takes the scarf letting the soft material fall through her fingers ... her eyes meet FENERMAN'S.

131 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT (WINTER 1975) 131

ANGLE ON: A DOG CARCASS thuds to the FLOOR. MR HARVEY picks up his garden SHEARS and kneels over the BODY ... he begins to DISMEMBER the ANIMAL ... his CALM FACE contrasts the sickening CRUNCHING NOISES.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*By taking lesser lives he tried to
 stay away from what he wanted most;
 to go upstairs and sit in the dark in
 the straight back chair; to look out
 towards another house ...*

FLASH INSERTS: a WISP of CURLING BLONDE HAIR ... WHITE ANKLE SOCKS ... a SILVER BUCKLE on a PATENT LEATHER SHOE....

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And give in to his lust.

... MR. HARVEY scatters QUICK LIME from a bag. We see him spread it over the REMAINS of several DEAD DOGS and CATS, laying a HOLE neatly dug in his BASEMENT FLOOR.

He suddenly FREEZES as the GLOW of a passing HEADLIGHT sweeps through the narrow basement window, momentarily illuminating him.

132 EXT. SALMON STREET - CHRISTMAS EVE 132

A MOTORBIKE LIGHT sweeps past MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT WINDOW.

ANGLE ON: The MOTORCYCLE pulls up outside the SALMON HOUSE.

133 INT. SALMON HOUSE/HALLWAY - CHRISTMAS EVE 133

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY, in her mother's apron and oven mitts opens the front door.

134 INT. SALMON HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - CHRISTMAS EVE 134

ANGLE ON: SAMUEL HECKLER standing on the doorstep, attempting to pull his HELMET off with one hand ... he holds out a small box wrapped in BLUE PAPER with the other.

SAMUEL
 Merry Christmas, Lindsey.

135 INT. SALMON KITCHEN - CHRISTMAS EVE 135

SAMUEL follows LINDSEY into the kitchen. He is still struggling to remove his MOTORCYCLE HELMET.

SAMUEL
 (muffled)
 It's my brother's ... I think it's
 the wrong size ...

SAMUEL still wearing the HELMET sits down opposite LINDSEY at the kitchen table.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
 Are you going to open it?

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY looking very uncertain.

LINDSEY
 Are you going to take off your
 helmet?

SAMUEL reaches across and pulls the oven mitts off LINDSEY'S HANDS ...

SAMUEL
 Open it.

LINDSEY unwraps the present and opens a small box which contains HALF A GOLD HEART. She looks up as SAMUEL finally wrenches the HELMET off his head ... tussled hair falls down his forehead.

LINDSEY sees the other half of the GOLD HEART PENDANT hanging around his neck on a rawhide cord.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
 Do you like it?

LINDSEY
 It's not that ...

LINDSEY looks away.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 It's just ... I'm scared.

SAMUEL
 Don't be.

136 INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

136

CLOSE ON: SUSIE as disbelief turns to hope ...

SUSIE
 Oh ... My ... God!

137 INT. SALMON KITCHEN - CHRISTMAS EVE

137

SAMUEL leans forward and kisses LINDSEY.

SUSIE (V.O.)
This is news! This is a bulletin!

138 INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT 138

SUSIE turns to HOLLY - barely able to contain herself.

SUSIE
Samuel Heckler just kissed my sister!

139 INT. MALL - DAY (SPRING 1976) 139

TRACKING WITH: JACK, ABIGAIL and GRANDMA LYNN, as they walk through the BUSY MALL. JACK splits off and heads off towards the PHOTO STORE.

JACK
You go ahead. I'll catch up.

On the SOUNDTRACK: Cry by 10cc

140 INT. MALL PHOTO STORE - DAY 140

JACK waits, as the STORE ASSISTANT thumbs through packets of developed prints in their yellow Kodak envelopes.

STORE ASSISTANT
Salmon, did you say?

141 INT. MALL - DAY 141

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL stands in front of a TRAVEL AGENT ... in the window is an image of the CALIFORNIA COAST ... waves and the sea stretch away into a deep blue horizon.

ANGLE ON: The COMMUNITY POLICE STATION ... from a distance we see FENERMAN emerge, he is talking with a uniformed cop. FENERMAN'S eyes alight on ABIGAIL.

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN watches as FENERMAN moves towards ABIGAIL.

FENERMAN passes CLARISSA who is serving at the DAIRY QUEEN ICE CREAM STAND. BRIAN is leaning on the counter, sleazing up to her.

BRIAN
Come on ... don't make me beg!

CLARISSA
Not here, Brian!

BRIAN
Well let's go some place else? We could go to our special place?

CLARISSA
I'm working!

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL lost in thought...

A hand reaches out and gently pulls at the red silk scarf tied around her neck. ABIGAIL looks up ... reflected in the window is LEN FENERMAN.

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN watches as LEN walks towards a MAINTENANCE DOOR ... ABIGAIL follows a few feet back.

AT THAT MOMENT, a DOLL'S HOUSE slides through FOREGROUND.

ANGLE ON: MR HARVEY carrying a NEW DOLLSHOUSE towards the TOY STORE ... YOUNG TESSA GILBERT breaks away from her MOTHER and HURRIES towards him.

TESSA
Mommy, Look!

TESSA peers excitedly through the small windows at MR. HARVEY'S miniature handiwork, as he pauses.

TESSA (CONT'D)
(enchanted)
It's got a staircase! And there's a
tiny rug with flowers on it!

142 INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDORS, MALL - DAY

142

PUSHING DOWN a through a tangle of pipes and low, flickering fluorescent bulbs ...

The insistent thrum of AIR CONDITIONING UNITS fills the air.

ANGLE ON: In a dark corner FENERMAN and ABIGAIL stand entwined.

CLOSE ON: FENERMAN as he gently pulls the red scarf away from ABIGAIL'S neck ... softly kissing her throat ...

CLOSE ON: ABIGAIL closes her eyes ...

CLOSE ON: The red silk scarf as it slithers to the floor ... pooling on the ground ...

143 EXT. MALL - DAY

143

ANGLE ON: JACK emerging from the PHOTO STORE, tearing the PACKAGE open. He thumbs through SUSIE'S PHOTOS oblivious to the busy TIDE of SHOPPING CROWDS surging around him.

CLOSE ON: there are many PHOTOS of HOLIDAY ... some of FEET and GRASS ... a couple of GRAY BLURRY SHOTS of BIRDS ... a self portrait of SUSIE in her BEDROOM MIRROR.

MRS GILBERT hurries towards TESSA, who is still fawning over the DOLLSHOUSE.

MRS GILBERT
(apologetic)
Tessa, for goodness sake! I'm sorry,
Mr. Harvey - we don't want to hold
you up.

MR. HARVEY'S POV: distorted SOUNDS ... brief glimpses of detail:
 TESSA'S BUCKLED SHOES ... her hair RIBBON flashes past ... her
 FINGERS touch the model balcony, run over the neatly painted
 GERANIUMS.

TESSA
 Mom!! You didn't see the couch! It's
 soooo cute!

CLOSE ON: Perfect miniature PINK and WHITE striped CUSHIONS on
 the little sofa.

TESSA (CONT'D)
 It's got pink and white cushions!

MR. HARVEY is distracted. A film of SWEAT forms on his brow ...
 the pressure within him is BUILDING.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY pushes his FOCUS past MRS GILBERT ... at
 JACK SALMON, striding straight towards him! MR. HARVEY can do
 nothing ...

SUSPENDED MOMENT: JACK walks right at MR HARVEY, intent on his
 face ... time slows ... sound slows ...

... and then JACK walks straight past, not paying the slightest
 ATTENTION to MR. HARVEY ... he glances at JACK'S HAND, and a
 fleeting IMAGE of SUSIE on a PHOTO.

JACK
 (calling)
 Lynn!

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN turns.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I've lost Abigail.

GRANDMA LYNN
 Yes, you have.

CLOSE ON: JACK registers something in GRANDMA LYNN'S EYES.

144 INT. SALMON KITCHEN - NIGHT

144

ABIGAIL is on her knees cleaning the floor.

GRANDMA LYNN appears in the doorway. She's holding HIGHBALL GLASS
 full of GIN. She's as pissed-as-a-fart.

GRANDMA LYNN
 There's a gorgeous man alone in your
 bed - what the hell are you doing
 waxing the floor?!

ABIGAIL
 There's nobody in my bed. Jack sleeps
 in the study.

145 EXT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT

145

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL stands in the garden, taking in the night air, as her MOTHER continues.

GRANDMA LYNN
I saw you together. You and that
(hiccups)
... little detective.

ABIGAIL
Go to bed, Mother. You've had too
much to drink.

GRANDMA LYNN
You know what your problem is: you're
weak. You always took the easy
option. You never once in your life
toughed it out.

ABIGAIL steels herself for the verbal onslaught.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
I don't know why - but you always had
terrible self esteem.

ABIGAIL
I'm sorry I've been such a
disappointment.

GRANDMA LYNN
You're not a disappointment. You're
very much a product of your father's
genes.

GRANDMA LYNN drains her HIGHBALL GLASS.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
He had a long term affair with a
woman in New Hampshire.

ABIGAIL is taken aback - she's not sure if this is the liquor
talking.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
I didn't like it but I put up with it
- for twelve years. I wanted to
confront him. I wanted to dispatch a
death blow to the 'other woman' But I
didn't. It was a tactical decision. I
kept my weight down and my hair
coloured and our home looking nice. I
out-last-ed her!

GRANDMA LYNN suddenly WOBBLER backwards into the KITCHEN.

146 INT. SALMON KITCHEN - NIGHT

146

CLOSE ON: The GIN bottle's EMPTY ... GRANDMA LYNN starts
ransacking the cupboards for more alcohol.

ABIGAIL
What do you want? A medal?

GRANDMA LYNN
You see? That's what Jack has to put
up with. Cynicissssm.

ABIGAIL
Jack has chosen to live with the
enemy ...

GRANDMA LYNN
He's hunting your daughter's
murderer. That's a brave thing. Abbie
darling, don't you see? You have to
be brave.

GRANDMA LYNN pounces on a bottle, and stands up, clutching it to
her chest.

ABIGAIL
That's cooking sherry.

GRANDMA LYNN
You won't go into Susie's room. You
don't let anyone touch her things.
There is a tomb in the middle of your
house!

ABIGAIL is SILENT. Her mother has hit a nerve.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Do you think if you seal it up - the
pain goes away?

ABIGAIL
It never goes away.

GRANDMA LYNN
Then how do you expect this family to
heal?

147 INT. JACK'S STUDY - EARLY MORNING 147

ANGLE ON: a TAXI CAB is pulls up outside the SALMON HOUSE.

JACK is ASLEEP in his CHAIR.

148 EXT. SALMON HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 148

GRANDMA LYNN watches from the DOORSTEP as the CAB DRIVER slams
SUITCASES in to the TRUNK ... ABIGAIL looks back at her MOTHER
... and then climbs in to the CAB.

BUCKLEY (O.S.)
Where is Mommy going?

149 INT. BUCKLEY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

149

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY is struggling to get BUCKLEY ready for school.

BUCKLEY
When will she be coming back?

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY looking TROUBLED ... unable to answer the question.

LINDSEY
I don't know.

LINDSEY wrestles a SWEATER down BUCKLEY'S arms ... BUCKLEY'S anxious face suddenly pops out from neck of the SWEATER ...

BUCKLEY
Are we not going to be a family any more?

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN'S arms are crossed, she has a no nonsense expression on her face.

GRANDMA LYNN
Of course we're a family! Your mother is in crisis and your father is a wreck.

LINDSEY
What are you?

GRANDMA LYNN
I'm in charge!

150 INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY (SUMMER 1976)

150

On the SOUNDTRACK: Long Cool Woman in a Black Dress by The Hollies:

IMAGES: GRANDMA LYNN cleaning and smoking simultaneously; sweeping floor debris under rugs ... she VICIOUSLY KICKS the washing machine ... flooding the laundry with soap suds.

GRANDMA LYNN (V.O) (cont'd)
I will refrain from drinking ... until five o'clock on week nights and until lunchtime on Saturdays and Sunday.

IMAGES: GRANDMA LYNN pulling a tiny shrunken t-shirt out of the dryer and staring at it mystified ... serving up awful looking shrivelled meals; we notice a GRADUAL DETERIORATION in GRANDMA LYNN'S normally immaculate appearance ...

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
I will not stand by and watch this house descend in to domestic chaos.

FLAMES leap out from under the grill ... LINDSEY and BUCKLEY look startled!

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Oh shit! Where do you keep the take
out menu?

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN taking control of LINDSEY'S makeup ... she sits LINDSEY back in a chair and applies CUCUMBERS to her eyes.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
My God! Look those bags! You need
help, child! I'm starting you on the
seven day beauty plan.

CLOSE ON: OATMEAL FACE-PACK is being spatulated onto an alarmed LINDSEY'S FACE.

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Cleanse, tone and moisturize. Beauty
comes from within: jars, tubes and
compacts!

CLOSE ON: EGG YOKES poured on LINDSEY'S HEAD!

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Greasy hair is just another word for
ugly.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY looking beautiful, as SAMUEL HECKLER has DINNER with the FAMILY ... GRANDMA LYNN, displaying an inappropriate amount of CLEAVAGE, is flirting outrageously with SAMUEL. LINDSAY takes her arm and firmly steers her out of the ROOM.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*My grandmother, in all her obnoxious
finery, opened up our house and
dragged the light back in.*

151 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

151

ANGLE ON: RAIN DRIBBLES down MR. HARVEY'S WINDOWS, throwing a watery light into his LIVING ROOM.

He sits in his ARM CHAIR watching TELEVISION. He's SEWING with purposeful concentration IMAGES of a NEEDLE being pulled, as he WORKS from a tray perched on his lap. GLIMPSES of PINK and WHITE CLOTH.

On the TV: a DOCUMENTARY describing an exotic culture in MALI.

TV NARRATOR
*Unique among the many cultures of
Mali are the Imezzureg people.*

TV IMAGES: TRIBES PEOPLE constructing an elaborate TENT from stripped sapling branches.

WIDER: MR. HARVEY'S impassive eyes flick to a CAT ... cautiously making it's way across his LIVING ROOM, drawn to a BOWL of FOOD sitting on newspaper in the middle of the room.

TV NARRATOR (CONT'D)
*The women of the tribe prepare the
 sacred marriage tent, to celebrate
 the union of husband and wife ...*

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY'S HAND drifts toward a CLAW HAMMER, which is lying on the arm rest of his chair.

152 EXT. CALIFORNIA BEACH - DAY (SUMMER 1976) 152

ANGLE ON: A CAR draws up at the edge of a BEACH.

ABIGAIL gets out and clambers down the cliffs towards the ROLLING WAVES.

CLOSE ON: Her feet carefully climb over ROCKS ... then steps into the WATER. Her FACE is still, and distant, as the SEA BREEZE ruffles her hair.

She steps deeper into the WATER.

AT THAT MOMENT: a CHILD LAUGHS.

ABIGAIL turns, and sees a young TODDLER playing dangerously close to the waves ... her PARENTS distracted further along the beach.

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL scoops the child up ... it LAUGHS, and she responds, something in her FREES at that MOMENT. She carries the BABY back to it's PARENTS.

153 EXT. CALIFORNIA VINEYARD - DAY 153

ABIGAIL picking GRAPES.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*That same week my mother found work
 at Krusoe Winery.*

IMAGES: of ABIGAIL with FELLOW WORKERS.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*She never mentioned a husband. And
 when people asked her, she said she
 had two children.*

CLOSE ON: ABIGAIL.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*She would feel it then, creeping into
 her gut, the onslaught, the grief
 coming, the tears approaching like a
 relentless army. She would breathe it
 in, to try to stop herself from
 crying in public.*

154 INT. JACK'S STUDY - DAY 154

CLOSE ON: JACK picks up a tattered KODAK ENVELOPE, lying amid old BILLS and LETTERS.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*My father didn't understand how two
 people who were married, who saw each
 other every day, could end up as
 strangers ...*

He sits in his chair, slowly thumbing through the photos from
 SUSIE'S last roll of film.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And yet the more he looked at her
 the more he felt it: a familiar
 feeling that he couldn't quite name.*

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S PHOTO of ABIGAIL: A FAMILIAR IMAGE ... she is
 sitting on the back porch, lost in thought ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*It took him a long time to realise
 what it was ... he was falling in
 love with her all over again.*

CLOSE ON: JACK as this thought sinks in.

ANOTHER PHOTO: Something has changed in ABIGAIL'S EXPRESSION ...
 She is no longer vulnerable ... it's as if a switch has been
 flicked and she is shutting down ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And he began to see ...

NEXT PHOTO: JACK is leaning into shot, KISSING ABIGAIL - and in
 that moment JACK sees it: ABIGAIL, the woman with whom he fell in
 love, has gone. She has been replaced by the woman who became his
 wife and the mother of his children: a mask worn for so many
 years that it now slips easily and effortlessly into place.

JACK
 (softly)
 Abigail ...

CLOSE ON: JACK ... seeing another reality through the power of
 SUSIE'S IMAGES for the first time.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 Did I do that to you?

EXTREME CLOSE UP: ABIGAIL'S FACE.

155 EXT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY (AUTUMN 1976)

155

CLOSE ON: LEN FENERMAN takes a drag on a cigarette, outside the
 SALMON'S FRONT DOOR. He's hurrying to finish it before ringing
 the DOORBELL.

He suddenly hears footsteps approaching from inside the house,
 stubs out the cigarette, and grabs the heavy brass KNOCKER ...
 the DOOR swings open. LINDSEY is staring at him.

LINDSEY
Those things will kill you.

FENERMAN
Is your father in?

156 INT. SALMON HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

156

JACK looks up as FENERMAN walks into the room, tailed by LINDSEY and BUCKLEY.

FENERMAN
(awkward)
Ah ... kids, I need to talk to your
dad alone.

LINDSEY leads BUCKLEY away.

157 INT. SALMON LIVING ROOM - DAY

157

CLOSE ON: JACK is sitting, full of expectation.

JACK
What's on your mind, Len?

ANGLE ON: FENERMAN looking uncomfortable.

FENERMAN
Jack, this is very awkward ...

ANGLE ON: JACK looking concerned ... we watch as his expression changes as FENERMAN talks to him ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*Len Fenerman had come to tell my
father that after spending thousands
of man hours on my case and after
interviewing hundreds of suspects;
there were no new clues and no fresh
leads and there was no expectation my
body would ever be found.*

JACK
You're shutting down the
investigation?

FENERMAN
We're scaling it back.

JACK
Bullshit! This is bullshit, Len!

FENERMAN
In the beginning there was sympathy,
a lot of good will ... but the guys
at the station can only take so much.
These calls have to stop! You are
pissing people off.

JACK
(incredulous)
I've become the villain now!

FENERMAN
We've had dozens of complaints;
invasion of privacy, trespass,
harassment ... frankly you're lucky
you haven't been charged. Jack,
you've gotta leave your neighbours
alone. People have a right to live in
peace.

JACK notices LINDSEY standing in the DOORWAY. FENERMAN continues
prattling on ... oblivious.

FENERMAN (CONT'D)
Look, we gave it our best shot. I'm
not proud of the result. I'm just
saying -

LINDSEY
(interrupting)
You're quitting on us.

FENERMAN turns in surprise ...

FENERMAN
No... No, I am not.

GRANDMA LYNN comes into the room...

GRANDMA LYNN
Who's quitting?

LINDSEY
(to LYNN)
Detective Fenerman came to tell us
he's not going to look for Susie any
more. He's got better things to do -
isn't that right, Detective?

FENERMAN
Your sister is more than a number to
me. I care very much about solving
this case.

LINDSEY
Whatever.

LINDSEY walks off in disgust.

GRANDMA LYNN
The front door is open, Detective.
Close it on your way out.

158 EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY

158

SUSIE is furious ... HOLLY is eating an ICE-CREAM.

SUSIE
Is this legal? Are they allowed to do
that? Can the cops just give up?!

HOLLY shrugs.

HOLLY
(matter of fact)
They gave up on me.

SUSIE turns away, frowning. A sharp wind rises, blowing scraps of
litter across the GAZEBO.

SUSIE (O.S.)
*I had always assumed Mr. Harvey would
be caught and that he would be
punished. I wanted him to suffer as
my family had suffered. I wanted him
to lose what he had taken from me!*

159 INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

159

A strong wind rattles the windows ...

CLOSE ON: JACK is alone, defeated, thumbing through SUSIE'S
PHOTOS. *

SUSIE (V.O.)
*I wanted my father to avenge my
death; to become the kind of man he
could never be: a violent psycho!*

SUDDEN CUT: JACK spins in front of the MIRROR, swinging a MAGNUM
PISTOL into FOREGROUND ... he squeezes the TRIGGER:

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... who would take Mr. Harvey out! *

SOUNDTRACK: a guitar twangs the opening chords of: Let Your Love
Flow by The Bellamy Brothers

160 EXT. HEAVEN/CORNFIELD - DAY

160

TRACKING: MR. HARVEY is running through the CORN ... he looks
FEARFULLY over his SHOULDER, as if being PURSUED.

MR. HARVEY throws a look back ... SUDDENLY, THUD! He runs
straight into JACK, bouncing off his chest and sprawling back on
the GROUND.

LET YOUR LOVE FLOW
*There's a reason for the sunshine
sky; And there's a reason why I'm
feelin' so high;* *

JACK raises his MAGNUM PISTOL ...

LET YOUR LOVE FLOW (CONT'D)
*Must be the season; When that love
light shines all around us ...*

BANG! BANG! JACK FIRES!

161 INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY

161

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY'S BODY is blown past HOLLY who is eating her ice-cream in the GAZEBO.

IMAGES: JACK, with bullet BELTS over both shoulders, and holding a large MACHINE GUN stalks MR. HARVEY through a FILM NOIR STREETS.

SUSIE (V.O.)

*That's what you see in the movies,
that's what happens in books. An
ordinary guy gets a gun or a knife
and stalks the murderer of his family
and does a Bronson on them and
everyone cheers!*

BANG! BANG! BANG! MR. HARVEY is riddled with BULLETS!

SUSIE CHEERS her DAD!

LET YOUR LOVE FLOW

*So let that feeling grab you deep
inside; And send you reeling
where your love can't hide;*

IMAGES: JACK throwing KNIVES at MR. HARVEY ... swinging a CHAIN SAW ... then a MACHETE ... throwing a HAND GRENADE, jumbled with IMAGES of MR. HARVEY SCREAMING, blood spurting!

LET YOUR LOVE FLOW (CONT'D)

*Just let your love flow like a
mountain stream ...
And let your love bind you to all
living things ...*

As MR. HARVEY sprawls across the GAZEBO.

SUSIE

I'm gonna nail him, Holly!

HOLLY

No, you're not.

SUSIE

He's going down! He's not gonna tap
dance his way out of this! Not as
long as I'm around.

HOLLY

You're not around.

SUSIE

Dad's almost there - he just needs a
nudge in the right direction.

SUSIE and HOLLY'S ARGUMENT is surrounded and interrupted by
IMAGES: JACK shoving MR. HARVEY into a wood chipper ...

HOLLY
You can't interfere with things on
earth!

IMAGE: JACK in a CRANE, swings a huge WRECKING BALL, splattering MR. HARVEY against his FRONT DOOR, bringing the front of his HOUSE crashing down.

ANGLE ON: HOLLY and SUSIE in the GAZEBO as the wreckage of MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE floats down around them.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
I guess that's that then.

HOLLY reaches into her pocket and PULLS out a folded piece of PAPER ... which she hands to SUSIE.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
I'm supposed to give you this.

SUSIE opens the piece of paper ... but there is nothing written on it. She looks puzzled and lets it flutter to the ground as HOLLY walks away.

SUSIE
(calling)
Holly? Where are you going?

162 INT. JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT 162

SUSIE'S CANDLE is burning in the window of the STUDY.

163 INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY 163

CLOSE ON: SUSIE shuts her eyes ... she thinks of an earlier time, a happier time ...

IMAGES: SURREAL ... DISTORTED ... BEAUTIFUL ... gliding through SHIPS and SAILS, and MASTS and RIGGING, and BOTTLES ... and SMILING FACES of JACK and SUSIE.

164 INT. JACK'S STUDY 164

CLOSE ON: the CANDLE suddenly FLICKERS ... appears to DANCE in it's BROKEN BOTTLE.

JACK stares at it ...

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S FACE appears on the surface of the BROKEN BOTTLE, as if projected by candle light.

SUSIE
(whisper)
Dad ...

JACK is TRANSFIXED. He slowly moves forward ... reaching out to touch SUSIE'S image ...

JACK
 (whispered)
 Susie ...? Susie ...

165 EXT. WOODLANDS - DAY (LATE AUTUMN 1976)

165

LINDSEY, now 17, is riding with SAMUEL on the back of his MOTORCYCLE.

ANGLE ON: He steers off the road, up NARROW forest tracks. RAIN starts to patter down, quickly growing HEAVY. The MOTORBIKE suddenly starts to MIS-FIRE.

SAMUEL
 Looks like we're walking ...

SAMUEL stops the BIKE and they climb off. LINDSEY is confused when he pulls off his HELMET and takes her hand.

LINDSEY
 Where are we going?!

She pulls her HELMET off, revealing the matching spiky haircuts they now have.

ANGLE ON: SAMUEL leads her by the HAND, deeper into the WOODS ... as they get DRENCHED.

166 EXT. PARK - DAY

166

ANGLE ON: JACK is sheltering from the RAIN in a GAZEBO, situated in the middle of a PARK ... HOLIDAY beside him.

Another PERSON hurries into the GAZEBO to escape the SHOWER ... RAY'S mother, MRS SINGH.

MRS. SINGH
 Mr. Salmon ...

JACK
 Hello, Mrs. Singh ... the weather caught us out.

MRS. SINGH
 Yes.

JACK
 I hear Ray got into med school. Congratulations!

MRS. SINGH
 He's in his first semester.

SILENCE. The rain beats down on the roof of the GAZEBO.

JACK
 I'm glad Ray was there for Susie.

MRS. SINGH
He was extremely fond of your
daughter

JACK
I wish I had known enough to tell her
I loved her on that last day ... I'm
glad your son did.

ANGLE ON: JACK watches the RAIN DROPS fall in SLOW MOTION from
the GAZEBO ROOF.

MRS. SINGH
Are the police any closer to making
an arrest?

JACK
No ...
(lowering voice)
But I have a father's suspicion.

MRS. SINGH
You are wise to listen to your
instincts. If it were me ... if I
knew who did it ... I would find a
quiet way to meet this person ... I
would take the matter in to my own
hands and ...

MRS SINGH leans close to JACK.

MRS. SINGH (CONT'D)
... I would kill him.

167 EXT. WOODLANDS - DAY

167

SAMUEL and LINDSEY are muddy and DRENCHED, as they PUSH through
overgrown tangled TREES, past the broken down remains of an OLD
GATE.

LINDSEY
What is this?

LINDSEY turns to go back ... SAMUEL catches hold of her hand,
pulling her close.

SAMUEL
Close your eyes ...

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY looks at SAMUEL - solid, staunch ...
dependable. LINDSEY slowly closes her eyes ...

LINDSEY POV: LIGHT flickers against her closed lids as SAMUEL
leads her with infinite care through the WOODS ...

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY and SAMUEL stop ... she opens her eyes ...
before her is a LARGE, OVERGROWN, WHITE HOUSE ... unloved but
beautiful and grand in it's own way ...

ANGLES ON: LINDSEY as she moves into the SHELTER of the RUN-DOWN PORCH; the DOOR swings open ... DIM LIGHT streams in to a LARGE WHITE-WASHED ENTRANCE HALL.

She wanders from room to room ... Each room is full of infinite possibilities ... for a moment she is caught.

A FLASH of LIGHTNING rips through the air outside.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
What do you think?

LINDSEY turns to SAMUEL ... his face is full of expectation. She looks at SAMUEL with infinite sadness ...

LINDSEY
Samuel Heckler ... fixer of broken things.

SAMUEL turns to LINDSEY takes her hand.

SAMUEL
I love you.

LINDSEY is throw-off guard.

LINDSEY
I know.

SAMUEL
No, I mean I love you, and I want to marry you, and I want to live with you in this house!

LINDSEY
What?

SAMUEL
That hideous college crap is over! I'll get a job. Earn some money. Marry me and I'll make this house ours!

LINDSEY
Okay ... I think I can ... I mean - yes!!!

LINDSEY flings her arms around SAMUEL'S neck and KISSES him!

168 EXT. WOODS - DAY

168

RUSHING TRACK: SAMUEL and LINDSEY racing through the wet WOODLAND. The RAIN easing.

SAMUEL
(running)
How many miles to your house? Eight?

LINDSEY
(running)
Ten ... You're nuts! Slow down!

SAMUEL
 (running)
 I've gotta ask your Dad!

169 EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY 169

ANGLE ON: WIND rushes through SUSIE'S HAIR ... she is overjoyed!!!

CUT TO:

170 EXT. SALMON'S STREET - DAY 170

ANGLE ON: JACK is hurrying home during a pause in the RAIN ... as he passes the GILBERT HOUSE, HOLIDAY starts whining and pulling at the LEASH.

MR. GILBERT and his daughter TESSA are searching his GARDEN, not paying attention to JACK ... MR. GILBERT is clearly PRE-OCCUPIED, searching for their LOST CAT.

MR GILBERT
 (calling)
 Lilly! Where are you, girl?

TESSA
 Lil-leeeee!

CLOSE ON: JACK hauls the agitated HOLIDAY past, looking back with GROWING suspicion at the GILBERT HOUSE.

CLOSE ON: JACK ... he PAUSES, holding HOLIDAY by the LEASH. He casts his EYE across the GILBERT HOUSE ...

171 EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY 171

CLOSE ON: SUSIE rushing with WIND and BRANCHES whistling PAST ...

SUDDENLY! She starts skidding to a HALT ... sliding straight towards MR. HARVEY!

He is CARRYING a pile of CUT SAPLINGS on his SHOULDER, heading across his BACKYARD.

IMAGE: SUSIE stops INCHES from MR. HARVEY'S FACE - HUGE, BROKEN and DISTORTED by the GAZEBO IMAGE ... she quietly WHIMPERS in SHOCK ...

172 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 172

... MR. HARVEY turns suddenly, as if somehow sensing SUSIE. His STUMBLE causes the PILE of SAPLINGS to CLATTER to the GROUND.

173 EXT. SALMON STREET - DAY 173

CLOSE ON: JACK turns in SLOW MOTION ... the sound of the SAPLINGS somehow amplified in his HEAD.

He heads across the STREET towards the green house of MR. HARVEY.

174 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

174

CLOSE ON: The saplings rolling away across the ground. MR. HARVEY starts quickly gathering them up.

JACK (O.S.)
You don't know when to stop, do you?

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY looks up, slightly alarmed.

JACK SALMON is walking towards him, a bunch of the SAPLINGS under one arm.

JACK (CONT'D)
Gotta keep your hands busy even in your leisure time.

JACK dumps the SAPLINGS as MR. HARVEY flashes a brief, unconvincing smile.

JACK (CONT'D)
What are you building?

MR. HARVEY freezes as JACK catches sight of a HALF BUILT STRUCTURE in the BACKYARD.

MR. HARVEY
It's a ceremonial structure. I saw it on television.

JACK wanders over for a better LOOK.

JACK
What's it for exactly?

MR HARVEY scuttles over and resumes working on the TENT.

MR. HARVEY
My amusement.

He struggles to bend a ROD into an ARCH. JACK drops down beside him ...

JACK
Here ... you stake it, I'll lash.

MR HARVEY
Mr. Salmon, you really needn't -

JACK
(insistent)
It's no trouble.

MR. HARVEY thinks better of it and decides to back down.

ANGLES ON: JACK helping MR. HARVEY build the TENT. They LASH pieces together, WEAVE slender rods between POSTS ... gather the ends together to form ARCHES.

CLOSE ON: JACK pulls a KNOT tight. He steps back to admire their handiwork ... glancing up as BLACK CLOUDS gather in the skies.

JACK (CONT'D)
Looks like the weather has turned.

JACK is surprised to see MR. HARVEY disappear into his HOUSE without a word.

On the SOUNDTRACK: Look at Me by John Lennon:

JACK stares at the FACELESS WINDOWS which are hidden behind MR HARVEY'S NET CURTAINS, the IMMACULATE paint work, the NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH sign on the FRONT DOOR ... JACK'S EYES stray to the DEAD GERANIUM BUSH...

175 EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY 175

ANGLE ON: SUSIE she is standing in front of a bare boughed tree which suddenly sprouts puffy white snow flakes.

SUSIE (V.O.)
(whisper)
Dad!

176 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 176

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY is standing MOTIONLESS in his KITCHEN. His EYES drift to his RAZOR and STROP sitting on the KITCHEN TABLE.

177 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 177

JACK steps slowly towards the GERANIUM BUSH ...

SUSIE (O.S.)
(whispering)
Dad!

IMAGE: SUSIE riding her BIKE, with HOLIDAY CHASING. BRIGHT RED GERANIUMS in the FOREGROUND.

JACK is DRAWN to the BUSH, remembering images from the PAST.

REALITY: NO SUSIE ... just an empty street and dead GERANIUMS. JACK slowly picks the DEAD FLOWER, snapping it off the BUSH.

Behind him, the BACK DOOR slowly opens ... MR. HARVEY'S EYES visible through the dark FLY SCREEN.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY as he steps out. He is now WEARING a heavy flannel SHIRT ... he quietly approaches JACK.

JACK turns - his EYES WIDEN in SURPRISE.

JACK
Wait a minute -

ANGLE ON: PINK and WHITE STRIPED CUSHIONS, MR HARVEY is holding larger versions of the TINY DOLLSHOUSE CUSHIONS that so enchanted little TESSA in the MALL.

MR. HARVEY
They're for the bridal bed.

178 EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY

178

SUSIE looks up as the white puffy snow flakes begin to fall from the tree over hanging the GAZEBO ... a solitary snowflake lands in the PALM of her hand.

179 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

179

ANGLE ON: JACK, seemingly lost in a dream ...

MR. HARVEY
Mr. Salmon?

JACK appears to come to.

MR. HARVEY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I never had a chance to tell you...
I'm sorry for your loss.

JACK
(awkward)
Thanks.

At that moment: the SOUND of a FAINT clock ALARM from within MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE.

MR. HARVEY looks momentarily confused ... then he slowly goes to his MAIL BOX and removes JUNK MAIL, thumbing through it as if it has some importance.

The incessant BEEPING ALARM. MR. HARVEY is slightly flustered.

SUSIE (V.O.)
(whisper)
Dad ...

MR. HARVEY winces as a SNOWFLAKE brushes past his CHEEK.

180 EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY

180

CLOSE ON: the SNOWFLAKE in the palm of SUSIE'S HAND ... her hand closes over it.

SUSIE (V.O.)
(whisper)
Look ...

SUSIE'S hand opens and a RED GERANIUM blooms in the palm of her hand throwing reflections of refracted light on to the pale skin of her FACE.

181 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

181

JACK stares at the DEAD GERANIUM in his HAND ... in his mind's eye, the BROWN PETALS flex and curl into a cluster of little BUDS; the WITHERED STEM swells green with life ... and all at once the GERANIUM bursts into flower - an impossible BLOOD RED BLOOM.

A SINGLE SNOWFLAKE falls on JACK ... melting on his cheek like a TEARDROP. The FLOWER slips from JACK'S HAND ...

... MR. HARVEY watches the DEAD GERANIUM land at JACK'S FEET. He slowly raises his eyes to meets JACK'S knowing gaze.

MR. HARVEY and JACK look at each other ... neither bothers to hide what they know to be the truth.

MR. HARVEY
I think you should go home now, Mr.
Salmon.

ANGLE ON: JACK incredulous ... uncomprehending as the realization dawns that MR. HARVEY killed his DAUGHTER.

JACK
(hoarse whisper)
Susie ...

ANGLE ON: HOLIDAY starting to WHIMPER ...

MR. HARVEY
Go on home.

JACK
(louder)
Why?

JACK lurches forward as MR. HARVEY suddenly turns and makes a beeline for the safety of his house.

SNOW is falling in thick fat drops.

ANGLE ON: HOLIDAY straining on the leash, growling ...

JACK (cont'd) (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Why?????

JACK blunders after MR. HARVEY, HOLIDAY snarling and snapping on the lead.

Near the FRONT PORCH, MR. HARVEY turns ...

MR. HARVEY
I'm sorry Mr. Salmon. I can't help
you.

HOLIDAY suddenly breaks free of JACK and bolts towards MR. HARVEY who takes off running!

MR. HARVEY flings the FRONT DOOR shut just as HOLIDAY slams into it.

182 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 182

MR. HARVEY leans against the DOOR, breathing heavily. There are beads of sweat on his brow. Outside he hears a feral sound: HOLIDAY'S GUTTURAL WAIL rises up from the OTHER SIDE of the door.

183 INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT 183

BANG! CHAMPAGNE CORK pops! SAMUEL pours from the frothing bottle.

GRANDMA LYNN
Like a master! A toast! A toast!

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN raises her glass to celebrate LINDSEY and SAMUEL'S NEWS and throws it down in one GULP!

GRANDMA LYNN (CONT'D)
Let's have another!

SAMUEL refills LYNN'S GLASS ... LINDSEY is looking at JACK ...

LINDSEY
Well ... what do you say, Dad?

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY, her joy fades as she reads her FATHER'S TENSION.

JACK
(subdued)
I couldn't ask for a better son-in-law ... excuse me a minute.

JACK abruptly leaves the room. LINDSEY follows him to the door.

LINDSEY
(calling)
Dad? Dad!

GRANDMA LYNN
I told him to drop it. I thought we'd moved on. There's only so much affliction a family can bear!

LINDSEY
What happened?

GRANDMA LYNN
He thinks George Harvey killed your sister.

184 INT. JACK'S WORK - DAY (LATE AUTUMN 1976) 184

JACK is hunched over his DESK, running COLUMN after COLUMN of meaningless numbers through an ADDING MACHINE. He struggles to stay focused, but makes MISTAKES ...

CLOSE ON: COLUMNS of NUMBERS slide past ... blurring ...

MRS SINGH (V.O.)
*You are wise to listen to your
 instincts ... I would find a quiet
 way to meet this person ...*

CLOSE ON: JACK hitting buttons on the ADDING MACHINE ... he is now in free fall, tapping KEYS that bear no relation to the BLUR of NUMBERS in the LEDGER BOOKS.

MRS SINGH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I would take the matter in to my own
 hands ...*

CLOSE ON: NUMBERS ... NUMBERS ... NUMBERS ...

185 INT. SALMON HOUSE/JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT

185

CLOSE ON: 4.00 AM ... Solid stark NUMBER on DIGITAL CLOCK.

JACK is sitting in his STUDY, unable to sleep ... he is TOYING with the SNOW GLOBE, in the CANDLE LIGHT.

CLOSE ON: the PENGUIN'S FACE, with JACK'S GAZE distorted through the PLASTIC.

MRS SINGH (V.O.)
I would kill him.

JACK shakes the GLOBE, sending the SNOW into a WHIRLWIND.

ANGLE ON: as the SNOW slowly drifts, a STRANGE LIGHT dances amongst the flakes ...

FOCUS PULL ... to a TORCHLIGHT, bobbing in the distance, further down the STREET.

ANGLE ON: JACK slowly LOWERS the GLOBE, all his senses ALERT, watching the TORCHLIGHT move down the street, across lawns and towards the SCHOOL.

CLOSE ON: JACK, an ASHEN EXPRESSION as the TORCHLIGHT by passes the playing fields suddenly disappearing into the ... CORNFIELD.

On the SOUNDTRACK: Baby's On Fire by Brian Eno.

186 INT. SALMON HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

186

TRACKING: Jack, dressed in track suit and sneakers strides down the HALLWAY.

ANGLE ON: He rummages in the CUPBOARD beneath the stairs, pulling out a BASEBALL BAT.

INTERCUT WITH:

187 EXT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT 187

JACK steps out of the DOORWAY holding the BAT, a deadly light in his eyes.

188 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 188

TRACKING: JACK hurries down the dark, QUIET STREETS towards the CORNFIELD.

189 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 189

Without pause, JACK strides into the CORNFIELD, the corn stalks are quite TALL, the strong WIND pushes JACK from behind, as he pursues the TORCHLIGHT BOBBING in the middle distance. JACK strides deeper into the CORNFIELD ... suddenly a GIRL'S CRY! JACK speeds up, gripping the BAT.

190 EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT 190

ANGLE ON: SUSIE rushing across the GAZEBO, WIND tearing at her HAIR, CORN STALKS lashing her FACE ...

SUSIE
(shouting)
DAD!!!!

191 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 191

TRACKING: JACK rushing forward ...

SUDDENLY the FLASHLIGHT snaps off, and the CORNFIELD plunges into DARKNESS ... it's as if JACK has been seen.

JACK takes a couple of cautious steps forward ...

JACK
I know you're here. Come out!

192 EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT 192

SUSIE is watching her FATHER with DREAD ... around the GAZEBO, LIGHTS blaze on ... HAIL crashes down from the sky ... FIRES erupt around JACK ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*I sent storms of fire; I rained hail
from the sky ... I unleashed torrents
of foaming water ...*

193 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 193

JACK grips the BASEBALL BAT.

JACK
Come out! I wanna finish it!

SOUND: A GIRL WHIMPERING!

JACK, his adrenaline pounding, hurries towards the SOUND ... slipping and stumbling across the rough ground.

SUDDENLY! A frightened GIRL staggers up in front of JACK and he crashes into her, sending her sprawling on the GROUND. The GIRL - CLARISSA - SCREAMS!

CLOSE ON: JACK ... CLARISSA'S screams become SUSIE'S scream in his HEAD. He clumsily crawls after her.

JACK (CONT'D)
(confused)
Susie???

AT THAT MOMENT! The TORCH snaps on! A POWERFUL LIGHT SWEEPS onto JACK, blinding him. The LIGHT swings from SIDE TO SIDE as it races the short distance towards JACK!

BRIAN
(angry)
Leave her alone - you sick fuck! Get
the fuck off her!

BRIAN NELSON leaps onto JACK, dragging him off CLARISSA. JACK is stunned, confused ... BRIAN swings the TORCH, hitting JACK in the HEAD. JACK CRIES OUT as BRIAN hits him again in the FACE!

ANGLE ON: As the TORCH smacks against JACK'S HEAD, the WILD BEAM SWINGS across the CORNFIELD, lighting up the motionless figure of MR. HARVEY for one brief second.

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY stands passively on the edge of the CORNFIELD. Neither BRIAN or JACK see him.

CLOSE ON: JACK'S BASEBALL BAT lying discarded on the GROUND ... BRIAN'S snatches it up.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You want some of this? Is that what
you want you sonofabitch????

CLARISSA
(sobbing)
No!!!

WIDE ON: BRIAN lays into JACK with the BASEBALL BAT ... CLARISSA SOBS and cowers.

194 EXT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

194

SOUND is MUFFLED ... the PICTURE DREAM-LIKE.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE lying on the GAZEBO FLOOR ... JACK'S face is half buried in the dirt fills her vision ... he MOANS softly, flinching from the rain of BLOWS.

SUSIE gently strokes at her father's FACE ... she is trying to wipe away the BLOOD ... but cannot make physical contact.

SUSIE (V.O.)
I stayed with my father until the ambulance came. They put tubes in his arms and a mask on his face. The taste in my mouth was bitter...

195 INT. SALMON HOUSE/JACK'S STUDY - NIGHT 195

SUSIE (V.O.)
I was granted one weak grace ...

ANGLE ON: The CANDLE burning in the window of JACK'S STUDY ... is suddenly BLOWN OUT.

The ROOM goes DARK.

On the SOUNDTRACK: It's all Over Now Baby Blue by Graham Bonnet

196 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 196

JACK is being rushed into the EMERGENCY OPERATING ROOM.

IMAGES: JACK being operated on ...

197 INT. SALMON HOUSE - NIGHT 197

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN slams down the phone!

ANGLE ON: GRANDMA LYNN speeding off in the FAMILY CAR, leaving LINDSEY and SAMUEL and a frightened BUCKLEY on the DOORSTEP.

BUCKLEY
 Where's Dad?!

LINDSEY
 You're going to stay at Nate's house.

CUT TO:

198 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 198

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY clinging on to SAMUEL, as he roars towards the hospital on his MOTOR BIKE.

199 INT. JACK'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 199

LINDSEY quietly opens JACK'S DOOR. He lies sleeping in his HOSPITAL BED. LINDSEY hurries over to him.

LINDSEY
 (anxious)
 Dad! Dad - can you hear me?

ANGLE ON: JACK, BANDAGED, BRUISED, MOTIONLESS.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Dad?

JACK doesn't respond ... a respirator pumps air into his body.

LINDSEY gently takes his hand and whispers to him ...

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

*Stones and Bones; Snow and frost;
Seeds and beans and polliwogs.
Paths and twigs, assorted kisses,
We all know who Daddy misses ...*

CLOSE ON: SUSIE on the other side of JACK'S BED ...

SUSIE

(whispering)

*His two little frogs of girls, that's
who!; They know who they are, do you,
do you?*

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY tears streaming down her CHEEKS ... she watches
the RESPIRATOR SLOW ... JACK pulse rate lowers ...

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

*We offered up our prayers, the dead
child and the living, both of us
wanting the same thing: to have our
father to ourselves forever.*

200 EXT. GAZEBO/HEAVEN - NIGHT

200

ANGLE ON: SUSIE is lying on CHURNED EARTH in her HEAVEN ... the
light FADES ... and the SKY turns a sweet BLUE.

A FIGURE walks slowly towards her, a MAN obscured in HAZE.

SUSIE looks with wonderment.

SUSIE

(amazed)

Dad?

SUSIE starts RUNNING - out of the GAZEBO - and towards the MAN,
FULL of DESPERATE HOPE ... she runs FAST. He SLOWLY DRAWS closer,
his ARMS reach out towards her.

GRANDFATHER

Susie ...!

ANGLE ON: a KINDLY OLD MAN smiles at SUSIE, taking her in his
ARMS.

SUSIE

Granddad ...?

As if time has stood still, SUSIE at 6 years old, swings around
her GRANDFATHER, standing on his shoes ...

The IMAGE dissolves into a weightless fluid DANCE, with SUSIE 14 years old and her GRANDFATHER slowly dancing to beautiful MUSIC, with TEARS in his EYES.

GRANDFATHER
(emotional)
Adagio for Strings.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE looking at his peaceful face.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
Sometimes you cry, Susie, even when
someone you love has been gone a long
time.

PINK and WHITE blossoms fall amongst them.

DISSOLVE TO:

201 EXT. CALIFORNIA - DAY

201

SUN SETTING on a BEAUTIFUL ORCHARD. A SMALL BOY is running between the trees as the WORKERS pack up for the day ... The boy runs straight towards ABIGAIL.

ORCHARD WORKER
Is that your youngest? How many have
you got?

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL glances at the WORKER ...

ABIGAIL
(realizing)
Oh no! He's not mine.

Another WORKER scoops the SMALL BOY up.

ABIGAIL pauses for a moment...

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Three. I have three children.

CLOSE ON: SUSIE'S PHOTO. It is much CREASED and FADED. ABIGAIL is sitting beneath the TREES ... as the SUN casts it's last RAYS ... She traces a line with her finger around the contours of SUSIE'S FACE.

CLOSE ON: ABIGAIL gently nestles the PHOTO amongst the BLOSSOMS ... and slowly walks away, as a PINK BLOSSOM rolls down SUSIE'S PHOTO.

DISSOLVE TO:

202 EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

202

CLOSE ON: A PINK BLOSSOM flutters past SUSIE as her GRANDFATHER takes a step away from her. He is backlit with a SOFT YELLOW LIGHT ...

MUSIC fades.

GRANDFATHER
I'll be seeing you.

SUSIE
Grandad?

GRANDFATHER
Don't worry, sweetheart. You're so close.

SUSIE watches her GRANDFATHER turn and walk away, disappearing into spots and dust ... infinity.

203 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 203

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY watches as JACK opens his eyes ...

204 EXT. SALMON STREET CAR - DAY (WINTER 1976) 204

SAMUEL is driving. JACK sits between LINDSEY and BUCKLEY in the BACK SEAT.

SUSIE (O.S.)
*That day my sister made a decision:
our father would not be coming home
to return to a state of war ...*

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY slowly turns and look out of the window.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY'S green HOUSE slides by.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*One way or another ... she would end
it.*

205 EXT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY 205

LINDSEY and BUCKLEY help JACK out of the car, as GRANDMA LYNN ushers them into the house. JACK walks with difficulty, using a STICK - his leg in plaster. Ribs and collar bone, strapped.

206 EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREETS - DAY 206

TRACKING: with the SOCCER TEAM, jogging through the streets in training. LINDSEY slows down, letting herself drift towards the BACK of the pack.

ANGLE ON: The SOCCER SQUAD run past MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE ... LINDSEY, now clear at the back has time to study it.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*For a week my sister cased my
killer's house ...*

ANGLE ON: POV of LINDSEY jogging down the street. She is being watched through barely parted lace CURTAINS. MR. HARVEY'S HAND slowly closes the CURTAIN ... daylight reflecting in his glasses.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Mr. Harvey began to feel a familiar
 itch. It had been a long time now...
 but the Salmon's had remained bent on
 crowding him.*

207 INT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY 207

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL is buying a BUS TICKET at a GREYHOUND STATION.

CLERK
*One fare to Philadelphia. Is that a
 return ticket, Ma'am?*

CLOSE ON: ABIGAIL hesitates.

208 EXT. STREETS - DAY 208

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY'S CAR pulls out of his DRIVE. LINDSEY
 watches him from the safety of her YARD.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*She saw he left the house for an hour
 every Thursday afternoon.*

209 EXT. VALLEY FORGE NATIONAL PARK - DAY 209

IMAGES: MR. HARVEY'S CAR pulls into the parking lot ... he
 strolls the PATHS ... his GLASSES reflecting SCHOOL GROUPS
 wandering past him.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*He would walk he trails of Valley
 Forge Park ... occasionally a teacher
 or tour guide would notice him and he
 would be met with a questioning
 stare.*

MR. HARVEY and the FEMALE TEACHER exchange soundless pleasantries
 as SUSIE'S VOICE OVER continues ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*He would tell stories of true love,
 widowhood and tragic loss. It was
 luscious food to a middle aged
 spinster who was tired of teaching
 grade school. He listened politely as
 she talked about her pets and her
 brother and the unseasonable weather;
 nodding and smiling as he pictured
 her sitting on the chair in his
 basement - dead.*

SUDDEN IMAGE: FEMALE TEACHER DEAD ... her features grotesquely
 contorted.

210 EXT. SALMON'S STREET - DAY

210

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY JOGGING with the SOCCER TEAM ... as she rounds the corner to MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE, he GLIDES PAST her in his CAR ... his glasses reflecting a FLASH of light as he catches her eye.

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY nearing MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE ... she chooses her moment. Slowly losing ground, she clutches her tummy to simulate CRAMPS, waving the others past her.

Slowing down to a walk, LINDSEY waits until the jogging TEAM disappears around the corner. She sits down, feigning exhaustion, by the row of untrimmed PINES that mark MR. HARVEY'S boundary.

LINDSEY watches a NEIGHBOUR go indoors, checks around ... then quickly curls up into a ball and rolls between the TREES.

211 EXT. PHILADELPHIA BUS STATION - DAY

211

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL emerges from the BUS STATION, suitcase in hand - looking APPREHENSIVE. She hesitates for a moment ... then HAILS a CAB.

212 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S GARDEN - DAY

212

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY peers from the TREES as the SOCCER TEAM runs past, doing one last lap ... checks her watch.

SUSIE (V.O.)
She had forty-five minutes ...

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY scrambles across MR. HARVEY'S GARDEN to his BASEMENT WINDOW ... she tries the WINDOW, but it's locked tightly.

LINDSEY kicks at the GLASS two or three times and it breaks!

213 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BASEMENT - DAY

213

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY jumps down into the BASEMENT. BROKEN GLASS crunches beneath her feet. The BASEMENT is tidy and swept. The SAFE sits in the corner ... a straight backed chair in the middle of the room... a large ALARM CLOCK on a shelf, next to the USUAL PHOTO of benign MR. HARVEY.

SUSIE (V.O.)
My sister knew her way around Mr. Harvey's house by instinct. It was a box in a subdivision of identical boxes. The floor plan of his house was exactly the same as our own.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY'S eyes momentarily settle on the SAFE in the corner of the room.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Something in the dank air of Mr.
 Harvey's basement made her cringe.*

ANGLE ON: LINDSAY staring intently at the SAFE.

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY'S FEET move across the basement floor. BELOW the FLOORBOARDS we see DOZENS of ANIMAL BONES strewn onto the DIRT.

She goes up the basement STAIRS, one at the time ... leaving a FINE GRIT of powdered glass with each step.

PUSH IN: the SAFE as light spills onto it from the top of the stairs, then swings back into darkness again.

214 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

214

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY steps into the HALLWAY, hesitating in this house, IDENTICAL to her own, expect for the DECOR. LIGHT sneaks in through CLOSED BLINDS.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY walks past the FRONT DOOR ... she freezes at a SOUND! Takes cover behind the door, staying out of sight of the WINDOWS ... she holds her breath ...

THUD! A LOUD JOLT as a NEWSPAPER thumps into the DOOR ... the NEWSPAPER BOY rides off on his bike. LINDSEY starts breathing again!

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY walking past the KITCHEN, every FOOTSTEP seems to creak and groan. As LINDSEY leaves frame, CAMERA PUSHES into the KITCHEN and finds SUSIE, standing in the kitchen of the SALMON HOUSE ...

215 INT. SALMON HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

215

ANGLE ON: Now the SUNLIGHT is much stronger ... LAUGHTER as SUSIE watches a TODDLER SUSIE run past!

SUSIE hurries after her ... now in a dreamy version of her own house, seeing MOMENTS from her CHILDHOOD:

YOUNG SUSIE carrying BABY BUCKLEY on her shoulders ... ABIGAIL lifting SUSIE up to place the STAR on the CHRISTMAS TREE, as LINDSEY looks on ...

INTERCUT:

216 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

216

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY searching through the house, she seems to almost hear the HAPPINESS from years earlier.

217 INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY 217

IMAGES: SUSIE following the memories ... sliding down BANISTERS ... LINDSEY and SUSIE begging comics off JACK ... BIRTHDAYS ... EASTER ... smiling as ABIGAIL tries to FOCUS her CAMERA ...

... SUSIE races outside with LINDSEY, chasing HOLIDAY ... SUSIE taking PHOTOS ...

218 EXT. HEAVEN/VALLEY FORGE - DAY 218

ANGLE ON: SUSIE races out of her HOUSE ... straight into MR. HARVEY'S CAR, parked at VALLEY FORGE. He is sitting behind the wheel, and starts the ENGINE.

219 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY 219

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY checks her WATCH.

SUSIE (V.O.)
Twenty minutes

220 EXT. HEAVEN/VALLEY FORGE - DAY 220

MR. HARVEY reverses away ... leaving SUSIE standing by the side of the ROAD.

On the SOUNDTRACK: *Driving Me Backwards* by Brian Eno

221 INT. HEAVEN/MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 221

ANGLE ON: SUSIE bursts into the HALLWAY, the joyous memories now gone ... the HOUSE now reflecting the COLD EMPTY reality of MR. HARVEY'S existence.

SUSIE looks for LINDSEY, but finds a GIRL lying DEAD in a DUSTY CORNER, behind a FALLEN CHAIR.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*Jackie Meyer. Delaware, 1967.
Thirteen. She was found in a striped
T-shirt, in a ditch by the side of
the road.*

ANOTHER GIRL screams from a heaving layer of dirt, like dry quicksand.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Flora Hernandez. Delaware, 1963.
Eight. He'd only wanted to touch her,
but she screamed. Her bones lie in
the earthen basement of an old
apartment house.*

MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE distorts and becomes a confusing AMALGAM of TREES, GRASS and ROOM ... a nightmarish mix of distorted reality. In room after room, are the BODIES of MR. HARVEY'S VICTIMS.

SUSIE nearly trips over LEAH'S BODY.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Leah Fox. Delaware, 1969. Twelve. She was lured into a small shack he had built out of old doors beneath a highway on-ramp. He took his time with Leah, knowing that the roar of the interstate would drown out her screams.

A BODY rolls past SUSIE, down a MUDDY BANK.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sophie Cichetti, Forty-nine years old. Pennsylvania, 1960. He made love to her, smashed her skull in and dumped her body on the bank of a creek.

TERRIFIED FACE of a DEAD YOUNG GIRL.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Leida Johnson. 1960. Buck's County, Pennsylvania. He dug an arched cave inside a hill near the quarry and waited. She was the youngest. She was six.

INTERCUT:

222 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS - DAY

222

IMAGES: As SUSIE discovers MR. HARVEY'S PAST, we INTERCUT with LINDSEY climbing the STAIRS. She goes into his BEDROOM, quickly rummaging through papers on the bedside TABLE.

CLOSE ON: LINDSEY feels a loose FLOOR BOARD wobble beneath her feet. She pulls the RUG back ...

223 INT. HEAVEN/MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

223

SUSIE backs away through BUSHES, as SHADOWS dart and move around her ... IMAGE of MR. HARVEY strangling A YOUNG GIRL.

SUSIE (V.O.)
Denise-Lee Eng. Connecticut, 1971. Thirteen. She was waiting for her father outside a bar. He raped her in the bushes and then strangled her. As voices grew closer, and he bit down on the dead girl's ear. "Sorry Man" he heard a drunk say who was taking a leak in nearby bushes.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY levers himself up off the DEAD GIRL and as her head rolls lifelessly to one side ...

... we see that it is HOLLY!

- 224 INT. GAZEBO/HEAVEN - DAY 224
 ANGLE ON: SUSIE collapses back into the GAZEBO ... WIND swirls around her like an angry hurricane ... it GROANS, as if making HUMAN MOANING noises ... she shrinks against the wall, and covers her ears.
- 225 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S STREET - DAY 225
 ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY turns into his STREET.
- 226 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY 226
 CLOSE ON: LINDSEY digs her fingernails into the loose FLOOR BOARD, prising it out. She reaches into the CAVITY beneath the floor, blindly groping.
- 227 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 227
 MR. HARVEY pulls into his DRIVEWAY.
- 228 INT. MR HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY 228
 LINDSEY pulls the SKETCH BOOK out of it's HIDING PLACE ... quickly flicks through the pages ... drawings of cross beams and braces, turrets and buttresses, measurements and notes.
 With the turn of each PAGE, SOUNDS from below punctuate the SILENCE ... CAR BREAKING with a SQUEAK ... CAR DOOR slamming ... KEYS in FRONT DOOR ...
 CLOSE ON: the LAST PAGE, with the familiar DRAWING of the CORNFIELD.
- 229 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 229
 ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY steps into his HALLWAY ... goes into his KITCHEN.
- 230 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY 230
 ANGLE ON: LINDSEY looks at the drawings, taking in the REALITY of what she sees ... stalks above the SUNKEN HOLE.
- 231 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 231
 CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY making a snack - LIVERWURST and a bowl of sweet GREEN GRAPES. He FREEZES at the SOUND of a FLOOR BOARD CREEK.

- 232 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY 232
CLOSE ON: LINDSEY'S HAND slowly lowers the loose FLOOR BOARD back into place.
She has the SKETCH BOOK under her arm. Very quietly, the BOARD slides into position, until LINDSEY can't hold it anymore ... she has to let go to allow it to drop the last inch.
CLICK!
- 233 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 233
ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY stiffens, and suddenly MOVES with frightening speed!
CLOSE ON: GRAPE BOWL clatters to the FLOOR, as MR. HARVEY'S FEET crushes GRAPES into the LINOLEUM
- 234 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY 234
ANGLE ON: LINDSEY hears MR. HARVEY ... she hurriedly pulls the RUG over the BOARDS.
- 235 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 235
MR. HARVEY takes the STAIRS, TWO at a TIME!
- 236 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY 236
ANGLE ON: LINDSEY shoves the BLINDS to one side and grapples with the HEAVY, JAMMED WINDOW ... pushes it open!
- 237 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS - DAY 237
RUSHING: MR. HARVEY races towards his BEDROOM DOOR.
- 238 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 238
ANGLE ON: LINDSEY smashes out the screen, and ROLLS onto PORCH ROOF ...
- 239 INT. MR. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - DAY 239
MR. HARVEY races across his BEDROOM towards the WINDOW.
- 240 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY 240
ANGLE ON: LINDSEY tumbles off the ROOF, breaking the GUTTERING and landing heavily in BUSHES.
In a SECOND, she scrambles up and RACES towards the PINES ...

... just as MR. HARVEY arrives at his WINDOW.

POV: LINDSEY SALMON, the number 555 on her SOCCER SHIRT, disappearing into the TREES.

241 EXT. SALMON STREET - DAY

241

FRANTIC TRACKING: with LINDSEY, weaving around HEDGES, parked cars, surprised NEIGHBOURS.

LINDSEY cuts across several BACK LAWNS, and clambers over the last fence, into her own BACK YARD.

242 INT. SALMON HOUSE - DAY

242

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY, covered in DIRT and CUTS and BRUISES bursts into the KITCHEN, startling GRANDMA LYNN, who is making COFFEE.

LINDSEY
(breathless)
Where's Dad?

Before GRANDMA LYNN can get a word out, LINDSEY races into the HALLWAY.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(calling)
Dad!

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY bursts into the LIVING ROOM, and stops DEAD in her tracks!

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Mom ...!

ANGLE ON: ABIGAIL standing in the middle of the room, still in her COAT ... her SUITCASE at her side.

LINDSEY is unable to move, her feet are glued to the floor.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Mom? What are you doing here ...?

AT THAT MOMENT, the SOUND of JACK limping down the stairs ... HUSHED VOICES as GRANDMA LYNN intercepts him in the HALLWAY.

LINDSEY and ABIGAIL are both looking at the door. ABIGAIL is TENSE ...

LINDSEY sensing her mother's anxiety, walks over and quietly takes hold of her HAND ... she squeezes it tightly.

JACK comes in the room and stops short ...

JACK
(softly)
Abigail ...

ABIGAIL takes in JACK'S BROKEN BONES ... the BANDAGES ...

ABIGAIL

Oh, my god ...

TEARS spill down ABIGAIL'S cheeks ...

JACK

Look what it took to get you home.

JACK limps over and takes her in his arms. ABIGAIL tenderly touches his BATTERED FACE.

JACK (CONT'D)

I would kiss you ... but I can't lean down.

ABIGAIL stands on her tip-toes and KISSES JACK ... as LINDSEY quietly leaves the ROOM.

243 INT. SALMON HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

243

LINDSEY walks straight into GRANDMA LYNN who scowls at LINDSEY'S DISHEVELLED appearance.

GRANDMA LYNN

Alright. Speak to me: what the hell happened to you?

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY hesitates ... she makes a decision.

LINDSEY

I took a tumble down a bank.

244 INT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

244

CLOSE ON: MR. HARVEY ... his eyes drift over his LIVING ROOM ... his CHINA ORNAMENTS ...

FLASHES of the number on LINDSEY'S SOCCER SHIRT: "555" intrude his concentration ... his half finished DOLLSHOUSES ... he is silently weighing the odds.

245 INT. MR. HARVEY'S GARAGE - DAY

245

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY is sweating as he pushes the SAFE up a couple of PLANKS into the back of his WAGON.

He quickly hurries into the FRONT SEAT, and starts the CAR.

246 INT. HEAVEN/GAZEBO - DAY

246

ANGLE ON: SUSIE as the SAFE containing her BODY slides past the GAZEBO, huge and distorted. BROWN viscous liquid leaks across the GAZEBO FLOOR ... SUSIE scrambles back into a PILE of DEAD LEAVES.

CLOSE ON: A corner of FOLDED PAPER sticks out of the leaves. SUSIE picks it out of the PILE ... it's the PAPER HOLLY gave her at their last meeting.

SUSIE picks it up and sees a childish DRAWING of a MAP.

247 EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

247

SUSIE is drawn away from the GAZEBO... as if FATE is guiding her to another place ...

She follows the MAP, taking a series of PATHS through the bizarre landscape of HEAVEN.

248 EXT. HEAVEN/WHEAT FIELD - DAY

248

WIDE ON: SUSIE, map in hand, finds her way into a WAVING endless WHEAT FIELD.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE suddenly stops ... ahead of her, in a clearing, a LITTLE GIRL, wearing a calico dress, is sitting beneath a lone OLIVE TREE.

She smiles at SUSIE.

FLORA

I come here almost everyday. I like to listen to the sounds.

SUSIE

Do you know Holly?

FLORA

Did she give you a map to this place?

SUSIE nods, she looks down at the piece of paper HOLLY gave her.

FLORA (CONT'D)

Then you must be ready.

The LITTLE GIRL takes SUSIE'S HAND.

FLORA (CONT'D)

I'm Flora Hernandez. The others will be here soon.

On the SOUNDTRACK: Song of the Siren by This Mortal Coil

SUSIE is suddenly aware of GIRLS and WOMEN emerging into the clearing.

ANGLE ON: SUSIE curious ... amazed ... overwhelmed. Tears spilling down her cheeks - as MR. HARVEY'S other VICTIMS slowly gather around her.

ANGLE ON: A FIGURE walks up to SUSIE ...

CLOSE ON: AN ARM wraps around SUSIE'S SHOULDERS in a COMFORTING EMBRACE ... SUSIE turns ... and sees HOLLY.

WIDE ON: SUSIE and HOLLY hug each other ...

249 EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

249

RAY and RUTH are walking down the LONG DRIVE to visit her PARENTS.

RAY

I never thought I'd see the day. It won't be the same without The Beast.

RUTH

It's either that, or it swallows the house!

WIDE ON: The SINKHOLE has grown to a HUGE SIZE, working it's way toward's the CONNOR'S HOUSE.

MR. CONNORS is walking towards them waving a sheaf of papers.

MR. CONNORS

Limestone and grout! What good is that gonna do! Jesus Christ! What a crock of shit!

RUTH

Yes, it is a lovely day, Dad! Beautiful weather!

ANGLE ON: Behind them, a WHITE WAGON comes slowly down the DRIVE.

CLOSE ON: The SAFE in the BACK of MR, HARVEY'S WAGON.

WIDER: MR, HARVEY pulls up beside the SINKHOLE and gets out of the car.

MR, CONNORS strolls over to MR, HARVEY who gestures towards the SAFE in the back of his STATION WAGON ...

MR. HARVEY

Sorry to be a nuisance. I've been meaning to dump it for years.

MR. CONNORS

You're too late. It's 'D-Day' ... I'm filling her in.

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY as he pulls out a wad of notes from his back pocket ...

MR. HARVEY

I'll compensate you of course.

PUSH IN: The TRUCK of the WAGON opens, spilling light across the SAFE containing SUSIE'S BODY.

250 EXT. HEAVEN/WHEATFIELD - DAY

250

CLOSE ON: LIGHT washes across SUSIE'S FACE, as she looks into the serene FACES of MR. HARVEY'S VICTIMS.

251 EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

251

CLOSE ON: The HEAVY SAFE THUDS to the ground.

MR. CONNORS
What's inside?

MR. HARVEY
Stale air.

RAY glances back at MR. HARVEY.

RAY
Who's that?

RUTH is walking away from MR. HARVEY, as if repulsed. She stands near the edge of the SINKHOLE.

RUTH
I dunno ... but he gives me the skeevies!

RAY pushes her playfully.

RAY
The skeevies? What are you? Twelve!

252 EXT. HEAVEN/WHEATFIELD - DAY

252

CLOSE ON: SUSIE closes her eyes.

253 EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

253

CLOSE ON: SUSIE opens her eyes ... she is now standing on the LIP of the SINKHOLE, staring intensely at MR. HARVEY, who is slowly pushing the SAFE towards the HOLE...

SUSIE (V.O.)
He was ordinary. Unremarkable. A bland man. The kind of man who is easily pitied and sometimes scorned ... but never blamed. This was the face he showed to the world. I saw another ...

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY looks up and appears to stare directly at SUSIE ... but he sees only RUTH.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Horror is real. It is every day. It is like the blossoming of a flower or the presence of the sun ... it cannot be contained.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: SUSIE ... MR. HARVEY'S WORDS scream in her HEAD!

MR. HARVEY
 (distorted screech)
 Say it! I need to hear you say it!

CLOSE ON: RUTH stumbles ... as she is BLASTED by a SUDDEN IMAGE of SUSIE.

SHOCKING, VIOLENT ... it's the same IMAGE that hit her all those years EARLIER.

EXCEPT this time, SUSIE'S HAND doesn't brush past RUTH'S ARM - it GRABS her ARM and SPINS her ROUND!

ANGLE ON: RUTH slumps to the GROUND in a FAINT. RAY leans over her, worried.

RAY
 Ruth ... can you hear me? Ruth?

CLOSE ON: RUTH lifts her FACE ... there is something different about her ...

What RAY sees is RUTH, what the AUDIENCE see is SUSIE.

SUSIE
 (weakly)
 Ray - he's here. He's going to bury me.

IMAGE: The SAFE slowly edges towards the LIP of the SINKHOLE.

RAY
 You need to lie down.

RAY helps RUTH to her FEET ...

254 INT. CONNOR'S SHED - DAY

254

SUSIE lies on the BED ... visible through the WINDOW, MR. CONNORS and MR. HARVEY are tipping the SAFE to the very LIP of the HOLE.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*I remembered what it was to live on
 this earth ... to open your arms to
 the light ...*

RAY leans over SUSIE in the DIMLY LIT SHED ... his face close to hers.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And feel the dark bright pity ...

There is fear, excitement, longing and doubt in SUSIE'S EYES ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... of being human.

SUSIE bathed in filtered light.

IMAGE: The SAFE is teetering on the EDGE of the SINKHOLE.

MR. CONNORS (O.S.)
 (grunting)
 One more push ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
I had been granted a moment of grace...

SUSIE (CONT'D)
 Ray -

RAY
 What is it? What's the matter?

SUSIE (V.O.)
But it was beginning to fade...

SUSIE looks into RAY'S EYES. She has a choice - she could tell him about the SAFE ... her BODY ... her KILLER.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
 Ray ...

... she HESITATES.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 Kiss me ...

RAY lips slowly touch SUSIE'S, with a gentle tenderness.

As they part, TEARS well up in SUSIE'S EYES ... a teardrop trickles down her face. RAY gently brushes away the TEARDROPS.

RAY
 (gently)
 Don't cry ... Susie?

RAY pauses realizing what he has just said. He looks into SUSIE'S EYES.

SUSIE
 You wrote me a note once. You called yourself the Moor.

RAY sees SUSIE for the first time: a FRAGILE IMAGE like a fragment of MEMORY from an earlier time.

RAY
 (whispered)
 You are beautiful, Susie Salmon...

INSERT: the SAFE tumbles into DARKNESS ...

RAY leans toward SUSIE ... and softly kisses her again.

The SCREEN radiates into brilliant WHITE.

255 EXT. RUTH'S SHED - DAY

255

On the SOUNDTRACK: The Big Ship by Brian Eno

ANGLE ON: RUTH and RAY walking away from the SHED.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*These were the lovely bones that had
 grown around my absence;*

IMAGE: JACK and BUCKLEY standing nervously dressed in BEST SUITS and TIES...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*The connections - sometimes tenuous,
 sometimes made at great cost ...*

IMAGE: LINDSEY and SAMUEL emerging from a REGISTRY OFFICE newly married ...

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But often magnificent - that happened
 after I was gone.*

256 INT. SINKHOLE - DUSK

256

ANGLE ON: The THROAT of the SINKHOLE as a SLURRY of GRAVEL and SCORIA slides down, burying the SAFE forever ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*And I began to see things in a way
 ... that let me hold the world
 without me in it.*

257 EXT. MR. HARVEY'S HOUSE - DAY

257

CRIME SCENE TAPE surrounds the green HOUSE, now surrounded by POLICE CARS.

ANGLES ON: FENERMAN and several POLICE dressed in bio-suits, remove BAGS of BONES.

258 EXT. ROUTE 202 - DUSK

258

ANGLE ON: MR. HARVEY whistling as he passes the STATE LINE into ILLINOIS.

259 INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

259

IMAGE: ABIGAIL quietly opens SUSIE'S BEDROOM DOOR ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
*When my mother came to my room, I
 realised that all this time I had
 been waiting for her. I had been
 waiting so long, I was afraid she
 wouldn't come ...*

IMAGE: ABIGAIL crosses the room and opens the BEDROOM WINDOW ... but something gives her PAUSE, she turns and looks around at SUSIE'S ROOM ...

ABIGAIL
I love you, Susie.

LATER:

SLOW MOTION: ABIGAIL shakes a billowing sheet over SUSIE'S BED ... she turns, reacting to something ...

SUSIE (V.O.)
Nobody notices when we leave. I mean the moment when we really choose to go. At best you might feel a whisper or the wave of a whisper, undulating down ... like a breath of air on a windless day.

260 EXT. WOODS - DAY (SUMMER 1977)

260

IMAGE: JACK and ABIGAIL, walking through WOODS hand in hand.

SUSIE (V.O.)
I would like to tell you that it is beautiful here, that I am, as you will one day be, forever safe...

261 EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

261

IMAGE: SUSIE walking through what seems like the same woods. She no longer seems so young, as if a SUBTLE AGING has OCCURRED.

SUSIE (V.O.)
But it's not quite like that. I still miss my family and I still sneak away to watch them sometimes ...

262 EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY (SUMMER 1977)

262

IMAGE: LINDSEY and SAMUEL sit on the porch of the OLD HOUSE, beneath overhanging TREES.

SUSIE (V.O.)
And sometimes they think of me.

IMAGES: LINDSEY and SAMUEL, with help from JACK, ABIGAIL and BUCKLEY set about restoring the OLD HOUSE.

ANGLE ON: LINDSEY holding her ROUNDED TUMMY ... she looks up: there is a mix of DISBELIEF and DELIGHT on her FACE.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My father dreamed that one day he might teach another child to love ships in bottles. He knew there would be both sadness and joy in it ...

IMAGE: JACK pauses for a MOMENT, paintbrush in hand, alone in the large HALLWAY.

SUSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And that it would always hold an echo
of me.*

263 EXT. SNOW COVERED LANDSCAPES - DAY (WINTER 1978) 263

SOARING: Camera glides from TREETOP to TREETOP ... weightless and free over a SNOW COVERED LANDSCAPE.

SUSIE (V.O.)
*My name was Salmon, like the fish;
first name, Susie ...*

264 EXT. DINER/WINTER TIME- DAY 264

WIDE ON: A ROAD SIDE DINER, near a BUSY ROAD. An ICY, COLD winter's day.

SUSIE
*I was fourteen when I was murdered on
December 6th, 1973...*

PUSH IN ON: a back shot of LONELY FIGURE sitting at the COUNTER of the DINER.

THE CAMERA CIRCLES AROUND TO REVEAL: MR. HARVEY, DISHEVELLED and UNSHAVEN sitting hunched at the COUNTER, nursing a CUP of COFFEE. He is a LOT OLDER than when we last saw him.

265 INT. DINER - DAY 265

A TEENAGE GIRL comes out of the RESTROOM, and heads out into the COLD, HUMMING along with her WALK-MAN

Walking straight into the cold BLAST OF AIR, MR. HARVEY follows her.

266 EXT. OUTSIDE THE DINER - DAY 266

ANGLE ON: The TEENAGE GIRL lights up a CIGARETTE in the sheltered lee of the DINER.

On one side is WOODS, on the other, a STEEP RAVINE drops away into a DEEP GULLY. TREE BRANCHES hang overhead.

MR. HARVEY
Looking for a ride?

GIRL
Um hummmmm.

The TEENAGE GIRL looks BORED and unimpressed at MR. HARVEY'S approach.

HIGH ANGLE: revolving above MR. HARVEY and the TEENAGE GIRL ... as a ROW of sharp ICICLES slide into shot, hanging from the BRANCH above the PAIR.

MR. HARVEY
Are you alone?

GIRL
Piss off ... creep!

The TEENAGE GIRL flicks the stub of her CIGARETTE at MR. HARVEY and walks off.

SLOW MOTION: an ICICLE breaks off and gently falls like a shimmering DART towards MR. HARVEY'S HEAD.

CLOSE ON: the ICICLE lands on his HEAD and harmlessly shatters. But the surprise causes MR. HARVEY'S step to falter, slipping on the frozen ground, losing his BALANCE.

WIDE ON: MR. HARVEY, at the top of the RAVINE, alone in a snow covered landscape, as he topples backwards falling down the STEEP RAVINE behind the DINER.

267 EXT. DINER/SPRING TIME - DAY (SPRING 1979)

267

The WINTER SNOW has all but melted away.

Signs of SPRING are in the air ... A frazzled MOTHER herds a group of ROWDY CHILDREN out of the DINER towards the FAMILY CAR.

A SMALL CHILD wanders off, venturing near the edge of the RAVINE...

MOTHER
Billy! Come away from there!

On the SOUNDTRACK: Celtic Swing by Van Morrison begins ...

THE MOTHER guides the CHILD away as the CAMERA travels over the EDGE of the RAVINE down into the GULLY.

A MELTING SNOW DRIFT reveals a frozen hand, BLUE and FROSTED, clutching the air.

TRACKING IN: the camera moves slowly towards the LIFELESS BODY of MR. HARVEY ... his EYES are OPEN and STARING.

A BUG crawls aimlessly across his CHEEK.

268 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

268

A LARGE CONSTRUCTION SITE - HUGE BULLDOZERS digging the old QUARRY.

A FOREMAN is taking measurements with a SURVEY TEAM.

He notices something in the dirt by his feet ... and BENDS DOWN, picking up a SMALL GLINTING OBJECT.

269 INT. FOREMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

269

CLOSE ON: A WOMAN'S FINGERS deftly brush MUD encrusted DIRT off SUSIE'S CHARM BRACELET to reveal ...

... the tiny bike, ballet shoe, flower basket and thimble, have been dulled by years of burial but in spite of this, glints of silver still break through the grime.

WIFE

Somebody lost their charm bracelet ...

THE FOREMAN looks up briefly before turning a page of his NEWSPAPER.

WIFE (CONT'D)

This little girl's grown up by now ...

FADE TO BLACK.

SUSIE (V.O.)

Almost. Not quite. I wish you all a long and happy life.

THE END