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## The Legend of Summerwind

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MICHILIMACKINAC OUTPOST (PRESENT DAY MACKINAC ISLAND,  
MICHIGAN) -- SEPTEMBER 3, 1756, DAY

Swirling mists surround the outpost.

In the courtyard of the wilderness outpost, GOVERNOR ROBERT  
ROGERS (40) gives his instructions to explorer JONATHAN CARVER  
(30)

GOVERNOR ROGERS

You've been assigned scout duty,  
Carver. You're to chart the lands  
along the rivers of the Wisconsin  
and Minnesota Territory.

JONATHAN CARVER

That's a big territory, Governor.

GOVERNOR ROGERS

You're the man for the job, Carver.  
You proved that to me during our  
French and Indian campaigns together.

JONATHAN CARVER

Those were some bloody battles.

GOVERNOR ROGERS

We need good maps of the territory.  
That information will be vital if  
we're ever to find the Northwest  
Passage.

JONATHAN CARVER

(to himself)  
If it exists at all.

GOVERNOR ROGERS

And Carver.

JONATHAN CARVER

Yes, Governor?

GOVERNOR ROGERS

If you do find profit for me on this  
voyage, I'll make it worth your  
efforts.

JONATHAN CARVER

(chuckles)  
Rogers, I knew you had something  
planned all along.

GOVERNOR ROGERS

Whatever territory you manages to map out, I'm going to file a claim with the Crown.

JONATHAN CARVER

Well, Governor, like I said, that's a big territory.

GOVERNOR ROGERS

Good luck Carver.

JONATHAN CARVER

Thank you, sir.

Carver salutes the Governor. The two men shake hands.

EXT. OUTSIDE MICHILIMACKINAC OUTPOST

In the swirling mists, Carver walks to the nearby waters of Lake Michigan. He pushes a loaded canoe into the water, jumps into the canoe, and paddles down the shoreline, disappearing into the mist.

EXT. WILDERNESS SCENES WITH MAP OVERLAY

Carver's route is traced on a map. A double image of his travels is simultaneously overlaid on the map.

Carver travels westward along the northwest shores of Lake Michigan, then south to the mouth of Green Bay. He continues into the Fox River system, then westward. Carver portages his canoe, now with just a fraction of the supplies he started the voyage with, overland, to the Wisconsin River. Carver's voyage follows the Wisconsin River to the Mississippi River, then up the Mississippi River to present day Minneapolis, Minnesota.

EXT. TRIBAL VILLAGE -- EVENING

Carver trades with the Indians. The TRIBAL VILLAGERS dance in celebration. Carver and the TRIBAL CHIEFS HAWNOPAWJATION and OTOHTONGOOMLISHEAW, along with a handful of TRIBAL ELDERS, gather around a large fire in front of a massive cave. They seat themselves around the fire.

They negotiate. Carver's gestures are grandiose, while the Chiefs remain relatively unimpressed. Finally, Carver appears to finish his proposal. He pauses, and waits, and waits, while the Chiefs contemplate his offer.

With a smile and a single nod of his head, Chief Hawnopawjation approves the proposal. Carver claps his hands once and nods with enthusiasm.

Chief Hawnopawjation claps his hands once, summoning his SCRIBE. The scribe sits himself at the Chief's right hand. The scribe uses a quill and a small stone cup of ink to write on a tanned piece of deerskin.

At the same time, Carver pulls a well worn leather-bound journal from inside his deerskin jacket and begins to write.

When the scribe has finished, he presents the deerskin to the Chief. The Chief glances at the deerskin document, nods, and presents it to Carver.

Carver finishes writing. Carver takes the deerskin from the Chief, barely glancing at it. Carver passes his open journal to the Chief. The Chief stares blankly at it.

Carver points first to the deerskin, then to the journal. Carver makes a motion with his hand, as if writing in the air. Indicating the bottom of a journal page, Carver makes a rolling motion in the air with his thumb.

Chief Hawnopawjation mimics Carver's thumb rolling gesture - in the air. Carver shakes his head and points to the journal. Chief Hawnopawjation looks at the journal, looks at Carver. Carver grabs Chief Hawnopawjation's hand, and dips the Chief's right thumb in the scribe's cup of ink. Carver rolls the Chief's thumb on the bottom of the journal page.

Carver nods, smiles, satisfied.

Chief Hawnopawjation is a bit irritated. His scribe quickly produces another scrap of deerskin, and tries in vain to wipe the ink off the Chief's thumb.

Carver reaches for the journal, closes it, and tucks it back into his jacket. He rolls up the deerskin and tucks it into his jacket.

Chief Otohtongoomlisheaw calls for a ceremonial pipe. He fills it with tobacco, lights it, and takes a long drag. He then passes the pipe to Carver.

Carver also takes a long drag on the pipe. Carver chokes and coughs, much to the amusement of his new Indian friends.

EXT. TRIBAL VILLAGE -- DAY

TIME PASSES, SEASONS CHANGE

Carver stays with the Indians, watching autumn turn to winter, then winter become spring. Carver reads the treaty he's negotiated.

JONATHAN CARVER (V.O.)

"To Jonathan Carver, a Chief under the most mighty and potent George the Third, King of the English and other nations, the fame of whose courageous warriors have reached our ears, and has been more fully told us by our good brother Jonathan aforesaid, whom we rejoice to see come among us, and bring us good news from his country. We, Chiefs of the Naudowissies, who have hereto set our seals, do by these presents for ourselves and heirs forever, and other good services done by said Jonathan to ourselves and allies, give, grant, and convey to him the said Jonathan, and to his heirs and assigns forever, the whole of a certain tract or territory of land, bounded as follows:

MAP ON TABLETOP

Carver uses his finger to trace the land area on a large yellowed hand drawn map.

JONATHAN CARVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

From the Fall of St. Anthony  
 (present day  
 Minneapolis)  
 running on the east banks of the  
 Mississippi, nearly southeast, as  
 far as the south end of Lake Pepin,  
 where the Chippewa River joins the  
 Mississippi, and from thence eastward  
 five days in travel  
 (present day Green  
 Bay)  
 accounting twenty English miles per  
 day, and from thence again north six  
 days travel  
 (to the northern tip  
 of Michigan's Upper  
 Peninsula)  
 at twenty English miles per day, to  
 the shore of Lake Superior, and from  
 thence again to the Fall of St.  
 Anthony, on a direct straight line.

EXT. TRIBAL VILLAGE

Carver continues to read the treaty, as the seasons change.

JONATHAN CARVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We do for ourselves, heirs, and assigns, forever, give unto the said Jonathan, his heirs and assigns, forever, all the said lands, with all the trees, rocks and rivers therein, reserving for ourselves and heirs the sole liberty of hunting and fishing on land not planted or improved by the said Jonathan, his heirs and assigns, to which we have affixed our respective seals, at the great cave, May the first, in the year of the Christian God, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven."  
Signed Hawnopawjation and Otohtongoomlisheaw.

Carver looks at the map and nods.

JONATHAN CARVER

Yessir, that's a big territory.

EXT. TRIBAL VILLAGE

Spring arrives. Jonathan Carver bids farewell to the Tribal Villagers. He climbs back into his canoe, and paddles away downstream.

EXT. WEST BAY LAKE -- SUMMER, 1759 - DAY

On a bright sunny day, Jonathan Carver paddles his canoe to the eastern shore of West Bay Lake, deep in the pine forests of Northern Wisconsin. He gets out of his canoe, and takes a small locked wooden chest, his rifle and a shovel from his canoe.

Carver climbs to the top of a short ridge, overlooking the lake.

ATOP THE RIDGE

Carver digs a hole and buries the wooden chest. He carefully camouflages the spot with leaves and debris.

Suddenly, two buckskin-clad MEN (of undetermined ethnic origin) attack, charging at him from the trees, whooping and yelling fiercely.

Carver puts up a good fight, as the men battle.

The attackers knock Carver to the ground. His head hits a rock, knocking him unconscious.

The attackers search desperately for the spot where Carver buried his wooden chest. They try to dig in several spots. No luck.

The attackers kick and beat Carver's body mercilessly.

With his dying breath, Carver gasps his final words.

JONATHAN CARVER

Curse you to hell.

The buckskin-clad attackers stab Carver's body with his shovel, dismembering the body.

One attacker pick up Carver's severed head, shake it angrily, and spits in the face. He throw Carver's head into the woods.

The buckskin-clad attackers grab Carver's rifle and shovel and disappear into the thick woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAND O' LAKES, WISCONSIN, 1916 -- DAY

ROBERT LAMONT (49) is a rugged man dressed in work jeans, a flannel short-sleeved shirt, boots, and a hat. He's toting a homemade rucksack, hiking through the thick northern Wisconsin pine forests, along the shores of West Bay Lake.

The woods are abundant with native wildlife. The trees are tall and thick. Birds are flying overhead. Waterfowl swim on the nearby lake, visible through the trees.

Robert stops for a minute, and takes off his hat. He picks ripened berries growing along the forest floor. Robert fills his hat half full of berries.

SHORELINE, WEST BAY LAKE

Robert sits on a broken log at the water's edge, at the bottom of the short ridge.

Robert enjoys his repast. He looks around, eyeing the trees, the lush forests, the sparkling waters. Fish jump in the nearby water. The eerie call of northern loons (*gavia mimer*) echoes across the lake.

A crow perched atop a nearby tree calls out caw.

Robert smiles and nods slightly.

ROBERT LAMONT

(to the nearby crow)

Good afternoon to you, too.

Quickly finishing his berries, Robert puts on his hat. He climbs to the top of the ridge.

Robert gazes out across the lake.

ROBERT LAMONT

Perfect.

Robert grabs a short-handled axe from his rucksack, and cuts a small 6' sapling. He removes it's limbs with the axe and sharpens the end of the trunk into a point.

Robert uses the sapling to trace a large rectangular outline on the ground.

When he finishes the outline, Robert stands back and looks at it. He smiles proudly.

ROBERT LAMONT

Yes. This will be perfect.

The perched crow takes flight. The crow swoops low over Robert, and lets out a short staccato caw caw caw.

Only momentarily startled by the crow, Robert looks around again, taking in the view from this spot. He nods in satisfaction.

Robert jams the pointed end of the sapling into the ground. Robert uses the squared end of the axe

IN SLOW MOTION

to drive the end of the sapling into the ground (as simultaneously there is an ominous echoing crack!) to mark the spot.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED

Robert nods approvingly, and takes another look around.

Robert looks at the lake. Suddenly, he dashes down the gently sloping bank to the water's edge. He strips. An exuberating sense of primitiveness grabs him.

ROBERT LAMONT

YAAAA HOOOO!

Charging into the water at full speed, Robert is caught breathless by the cold water.

ROBERT LAMONT

(barely able to breathe)

Ho! Oh! Whoa! Ho! Oh that's cold!

He spends a few minutes swimming.

A passing deer looks at him with curiosity, head slightly cocked at this stranger swimming in the ice blue waters.

Robert climbs out of the water, and lays down on the bank of the lakeshore, in the warm sunshine. He notices the sounds made by the gentle midsummer breezes rustling through the trees overhead, a somewhat haunting sound, almost as if someone were whispering

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
(haunting whisper)  
Whoooo

After a short time in the warm sun, Robert dresses. He shoulders his rucksack, dons his hat, and takes one last look around.

Robert walks back into the dense forest. The sunshine filtering through the thick overhead tree boughs casts a ghostly specter around him. Unaware of the apparition enveloping him, Robert disappears back the way he came.

The mournful cries of the loons on the lake begin again, growing louder. Overhead in the trees, a flock of crows joins the avian chorus, their cackling caws answering the loons' eerie cries.

ANGLE ON THE PLANTED SAPLING

As the avian chorus reaches it's crescendo, the sapling begins to quiver. The movement becomes more intense, shaking violently.

The sapling falls to the ground.

Silence.

TIME PASSES

Distant sounds of mankind's presence in this forest wilderness grow louder.

Robert Lamont returns to the clearing atop the ridge, accompanied by a CREW of workmen, horses, wagons and equipment.

Robert finds the fallen sapling.

ROBERT LAMONT  
Yes, this is the spot. Okay, boys,  
let's get to work!

The work crew begins the process of building a house in the wilderness. They cut trees manually with axes and crosscut saws. They use teams of horses to haul logs. Horses are used to pull a large excavating spade bucket as they excavate a basement.

In the excavation bucket, the ends of white bones stick out of the dirt. HERB DICKMAN (21), the foreman of the work crews, waves his hand at the excavation team.

HERB DICKMAN

Hold it a second.

The excavation team halts.

Herb grabs one bone and examines it.

It's a human jawbone.

Herb tosses the bone back into the bucket. The excavation team resumes work. The bucket gets dumped into a low depression in the woods.

A large house begins to take shape.

SUMMERWIND MANSION

When the house is completed it turns out to be a massive three-story, twenty room mansion, complete with two massive fieldstone fireplaces.

The workmen gather around Robert, leaning on their tools. They all stand back to admire their handiwork.

The Mansion has large picture windows, small third-floor dormers, and exterior loggias leading to a courtyard with paved walkways.

The Mansion also has a magnificent elevated terrace, with a spectacular view of West Bay Lake.

There is also a two-story guest cottage, connected to the main house by a covered pergola.

HERB DICKMAN

Mr. Lamont, you couldn't have picked a better spot than West Bay Lake to build this place.

WORKMAN RONNIE

(quietly)

No matter what the Indians say about this land.

ROBERT LAMONT

Gentlemen, you have done a magnificent job building Summerwind Mansion. The drinks are on me!

The workmen cheer at this news. They put their tools away, and head into the Mansion, cheering and whooping in celebration.

Robert stands there, continuing to admire his new abode.

ROBERT LAMONT

Yes, this is perfect. This is home.

Robert is the last one to join the celebration. Slapping the last workman on the back, they go inside.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- NIGHT

The workers are gathered in the large living room. They all have mugs of beer, and are enjoying themselves. A couple men are near the large fireplace, enjoying the warmth of the fire.

The fire crackles and spits out a glowing ember that lands on the carpet. It smolders there for a few seconds, then begins to burn the carpet - with a green flame.

Ronnie (one of the workmen) notices the burning carpet.

WORKMAN RONNIE

Whoa!

WORKMAN HAROLD

Shit! Put it out!

HERB DICKMAN

Relax boys. I got it.

Herb pours his beer on the carpet fire, putting it out. Robert hurries into the room.

ROBERT LAMONT

Hey! What are you doing? Now I'm going to have to clean that up.

HERB DICKMAN

Just putting out a little fire, Bob. Nothing to worry about.

ROBERT LAMONT

Fire? Shit, guys, don't burn my house down yet. You just built it.

WORKMAN RONNIE

Wasn't me.

WORKMAN HAROLD

One of those logs just spit a little, that's all.

ROBERT LAMONT

Okay, just don't ruin it. My wife still hasn't seen the place.

HERB DICKMAN

You think that socialite wife of  
your will appreciate all the hard  
work we done here?

ROBERT LAMONT

I appreciate it.

HERB DICKMAN

We expect you'll bring Mr. Harding  
up here on vacation some day, and we  
want him to be impressed.

ROBERT LAMONT

I'm sure Mr. Harding will appreciate  
all your hard work, Herbie. And I  
certainly appreciate all your hard  
work, too. And Mrs. Lamont better  
as well! Or else!

They all laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- DAY

A road has been cut through the forest to the property. A  
vintage car arrives at Summerwind Mansion.

Robert gets out, and walks around to the passenger side of  
the car. He gallantly opens the door for his WIFE, an elegant  
woman 15 years younger than Robert. She gets out.

ROBERT LAMONT

Well? What do you think?

MRS. LAMONT

Robert! It's huge! Is this really  
our house?

ROBERT LAMONT

It's all our's, darling. Welcome to  
Summerwind.

MRS. LAMONT

Oh, Robert. I love you.

Mrs. Lamont gives her husband a kiss and a big hug.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION

Robert gives his wife a tour of the Mansion.

LIVING ROOM

Robert shows her the fireplace.

ROBERT LAMONT

This will keep us warm on those cool northwoods nights.

While the two of them are admiring the fireplace, a breeze outside causes an eerie echo effect in the chimney.

MRS. LAMONT

Does it get very cold up here?

ROBERT LAMONT

Some of the locals tell me it gets down to 40 below in the winter.

MRS. LAMONT

Then we will not be coming here in the winter. I plan to stay nice and warm in Lake Forest this winter.

ROBERT LAMONT

We'll only come this far north when it's warm.

MRS. LAMONT

I wouldn't have believed such a beautiful place could exist this far into the wilderness.

ROBERT LAMONT

It's not wilderness. It's Wisconsin.

They go up the stairs to the second floor. Halfway up, the steps creak.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The Lamont's ascend the staircase. Upstairs is a long hallway.

ROBERT LAMONT

Strange that those steps would creak that way.

MRS. LAMONT

Can the carpenters fix that?

ROBERT LAMONT

They shouldn't have to fix it. It's a brand new house.

MRS. LAMONT

Oh, I'm sure we'll have to get used to the sounds of this house.

ROBERT LAMONT

If you're okay with it, we'll let it be.

They walk down the hallway, and open a door.

ROBERT LAMONT  
This is our bedroom.

MASTER BEDROOM

Mrs. Lamont enters the bedroom ahead of Robert. Robert stands in the doorway, watching his wife inspect the room.

Mrs. Lamont inspects the large closets. She admires the oversized bed with it's massive headboard. She looks around the whole room, then looks out the large window.

There is a magnificent view of the lake.

MRS. LAMONT  
Oh, Robert! This is wonderful. I can see the whole lake from up here.

ROBERT LAMONT  
I designed it that way.

MRS. LAMONT  
Robert, I love you.

They embrace.

ROBERT LAMONT  
Hey. I still haven't shown you the kitchen.

MRS. LAMONT  
And why would you show me the kitchen? When we're up here I plan to be on vacation. You can show the cook the kitchen if you like, but I don't plan to spend much time there.

ROBERT LAMONT  
Very well.

Robert picks up his wife, and lays her on the massive bed.

MRS. LAMONT  
Robert? What are you doing? Robert?

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION

MRS. LAMONT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Oh. Oh, my. Oh Robert.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, KITCHEN -- LATER

Robert and Mrs. Lamont are giggling.

ROBERT LAMONT (O.S.)  
I just want to show it to you.

MRS. LAMONT (O.S.)  
Okay, if you must. I suppose I should  
at least see where it is.

Robert playfully drags his wife into the kitchen.

ROBERT LAMONT  
Voila'!

MRS. LAMONT  
It's a kitchen.

ROBERT LAMONT  
And just look out his window. There's  
such a great view from here too.  
It'll be nice to look out when you're  
doing dishes -

Mrs. Lamont hits him.

ROBERT LAMONT (CONT'D)  
- when the servants are doing the  
dishes, and you're cooking -

She hits him again.

ROBERT LAMONT (CONT'D)  
- and you're supervising the hired  
help.

MRS. LAMONT  
(pointing to the  
basement door)  
And where does that door lead?

ROBERT LAMONT  
That goes down to the basement.  
That'll be my next project up here.  
I'll finish it off next summer.

MRS. LAMONT  
You know I don't like basements.  
They're always so dark and cold.  
All those cobwebs and icky things  
down there. Gives me the creeps.

ROBERT LAMONT  
You'll never have to go down there  
if you don't want to. But I am  
putting in a wine cellar. Maybe a  
billiard room too.  
(pause)  
Do you know how much I love you?

They embrace again.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, BASEMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Carrying a candle for light, Robert climbs down the basement stairs into an unfinished basement.

Robert uses the candle to light an oil lamp. It burns with a green flame.

A strong breeze blows out both the candle and the lamp.

Robert finds some matches and tries to re-light the oil lamp. He strikes a match. It goes out. He strikes another match. Same result. Finally, he lights a third match, and manages to light the lamp. It burns a normal yellow flame.

Robert feels along the mortar of the basement walls, until he feels a loose brick, just above eye level.

Robert removes the loose brick. He peers into the hole. Blackness.

Robert turns, and sets the oil lamp down. He doesn't notice a beam of glowing green light that shoots out from the hole in the wall. It passes over Robert's head and disappears.

Robert stands on his tiptoes and peers into the hole in the wall again. He reaches inside. His body begins to contort as he wiggles around, in an effort to reach further inside.

Robert finally pulls his arm back, and shakes it to get rid of the dirt on his arm. He turns and picks up the oil lamp.

When Robert turns back to the hole in the wall, he is met with evil glowing red eyes.

ROBERT LAMONT  
(exclamation of fright)

Robert drops the oil lamp. It lands on the dirt floor, spilling the oil and causing a small fire. Robert quickly kicks dirt on the fire, extinguishing it.

The glowing red eyes disappear.

Robert lights the candle.

Robert replaces the brick. He rubs the wall with his hand to make sure the wall is once again smooth.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- AFTERNOON

Another vintage automobile arrives at Summerwind. A YOUNG COUPLE (early 20's) gets out of the car.

Robert comes out to meet them.

ROBERT LAMONT  
Hello. Welcome to Summerwind. You must be the Murrays.

MR. MURRAY  
Yes. And you must be Robert Lamont. This is my wife, Mrs. Murray.

MRS. MURRAY  
How do you do?

ROBERT LAMONT  
I'm glad you could come.

MR. MURRAY  
Well, I couldn't afford to pass up a good caretaking job.

MRS. MURRAY  
Your wife said you were looking for a cook, too. So we decided right then and there to say yes.

MR. MURRAY  
Mrs. Murray is a wonderful cook.

ROBERT LAMONT  
Splendid. Splendid. Here, let me show you to your quarters. It's back here.

Robert leads the Murrays to the guest cottage.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and his wife are laying in bed. As they lay there, the sounds of the wind outside, and rustling tree branches against the Mansion are keeping them awake.

MRS. LAMONT  
Robert, did you leave a window open?

ROBERT LAMONT  
I don't think so.

The Mansion creaks and moans in the wind.

MRS. LAMONT  
This house certainly is noisy.

ROBERT LAMONT  
It's just getting used to us, like we're getting used to it.

MRS. LAMONT  
It wasn't this noisy during the day.

ROBERT LAMONT  
Oh, honey, it's just your imagination.

MRS. LAMONT  
So I'm not really hearing that wind  
blowing outside?

ROBERT LAMONT  
(imitates the wind  
blowing)  
Oooo.

MRS. LAMONT  
Cut it out!

ROBERT LAMONT  
Oooo.

MRS. LAMONT  
Oh, you!

ROBERT LAMONT  
Come here.

They snuggle closer together.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
(haunting whisper)  
Oooo.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- MORNING

Robert and Mr. Murray are walking around the Mansion.

ROBERT LAMONT  
That wind was certainly blowing hard  
last night.

MR. MURRAY  
What wind? There was no wind last  
night. It was calm all night.

ROBERT LAMONT  
But...strange. I could have sworn  
...never mind.

They look at a large tree next to the Mansion.

ROBERT LAMONT (CONT'D)  
Could you cut those branches back so  
they don't hit the house?

MR. MURRAY

I could, but why? They barely touch the house.

ROBERT LAMONT

Mrs. Lamont was frightened last night by the sounds of those branches against the house. Please trim them back.

MR. MURRAY

Very well, Mr. Lamont.

ROBERT LAMONT

And could you keep an eye out for the power company? They're supposed to be putting in the power line today.

MR. MURRAY

Already checked. They'll be here by 3:00.

ROBERT LAMONT

As much as I like all these new electric gadgets, I still prefer candlelight. Something soothing about a flickering flame. Guess it's just the way I was raised.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and his wife are laying in bed. The sounds of the wind outside and rustling tree branches are keeping them awake again.

ROBERT LAMONT

I told Mr. Murray to cut those branches.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- MORNING

Robert and Mr. Murray walk around the Mansion, back to the tree they looked at the day before.

ROBERT LAMONT

I asked you to trim those branches.

MR. MURRAY

And I did, sir. Look.

The two of them look up at the tree. No branches are cut. Robert glares at Mr. Murray.

MR. MURRAY

But, sir. I did cut those branches.  
I did.

ROBERT LAMONT

Cut them again, then. And if that  
doesn't do the job, cut the whole  
tree down!

Robert storms off. Mr. Murray watches Robert walk away,  
then looks up at the tree. He shrugs his shoulders and shakes  
his head.

MR. MURRAY

I did cut those branches. I did.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and his wife are laying in bed. The sounds of the  
wind outside and rustling tree branches are keeping them  
awake one more night.

ROBERT LAMONT

If you want a job done right, do it  
yourself Robert.

MRS. LAMONT

Robert, you're talking in your sleep.

ROBERT LAMONT

Who's sleeping?

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- MORNING

Carrying an axe, Robert walks to the large tree that's been  
giving him so much trouble. Mr. Murray is trailing behind.

MR. MURRAY

But Mr. Lamont -

ROBERT LAMONT

I shall do this myself, Mr. Murray.  
Stand back, please.

HOURS LATER

Mr. Murray is hauling away the last chunks of the felled  
tree. Only the stump remains where the tree once stood.  
Robert helps clean up the debris.

ROBERT LAMONT

At least I'll get some sleep tonight.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and his wife are laying in bed, fast asleep. As they lay there, the sounds of the wind outside and rustling tree branches cause Robert to awaken with a start. This time there's something new to listen to.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
(evil ghostly laughter)

ROBERT LAMONT  
What? What the....

MRS. LAMONT  
Oh, Robert. Go back to sleep. It's just that tree again.

ROBERT LAMONT  
It can't be.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
(evil ghostly laughter)

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- MORNING

Robert marches outside and to the spot where the annoying tree once stood.

There is no tree. Only the stump.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, COURTYARD -- AFTERNOON

Robert is sitting at a large wooden table. He has papers and drafting tools laying on the table. He is making a sketch drawing.

Mrs. Lamont brings him a pitcher of lemonade.

MRS. LAMONT  
You've been out here all day. I thought you might be able to use some lemonade.

ROBERT LAMONT  
Thank you, dear. With this stupid Prohibition, I guess lemonade is all we'll be getting for some time.

MRS. LAMONT  
What are you working on now?

ROBERT LAMONT

Mr. Hoover asked if I would help him design a new flood control system for a river project out west.

MRS. LAMONT

Is this going to be another underground system, like the one you built in Chicago?

ROBERT LAMONT

No. This is a large hydroelectric dam and aqueduct system.

MRS. LAMONT

Boston, Chicago, Washington, now out west. I swear, Robert, you're starting to put your work ahead of me. We never get to go anywhere together, just the two of us. Wouldn't you like to go to Paris or London with me instead of always working on all these projects?

ROBERT LAMONT

That's why we come up here together, darling.

MRS. LAMONT

Wisconsin is not Paris. It's so boring up here! There's no place to shop. I have nothing to do all day.

ROBERT LAMONT

All right. I'll come along on your next Paris shopping trip.

MRS. LAMONT

Oh, Robert! Paris is so lovely.

ROBERT LAMONT

Very well, then.

Robert returns to his drawings.

TIME PASSES

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, COURTYARD -- DAY

Robert is sitting in a wicker rocking chair in the courtyard with his wife and two other DISTINGUISHED LOOKING MEN. Everyone has a glass of lemonade.

ROBERT LAMONT

I tell you, Warren, it was the strangest thing. That tree was gone, but it still made scratching sounds at night.

MRS. LAMONT

But we've just about gotten used to all the strange noises this house makes now.

WARREN HARDING

Mr. Hoover here tells me you're enjoying working with him at commerce.

HERBERT HOOVER

And we'd better start calling Warren here "Mr. President."

WARREN HARDING

Knock it off, Herb. Up here, away from Washington, you may call me Warren. Just don't tell Mrs. Harding. She likes the "Mr. President" thing.

HERBERT HOOVER

Here here.

ROBERT LAMONT

So does that mean I'm going to have to call you "Mr. Secretary," Herb?

HERBERT HOOVER

As long as you don't call me a son-of-a-bitch.

They enjoy a good laugh. Robert passes out cigars to the men. He pulls a silver lighter from his pocket, and lights the cigars for his guests.

Robert brings out a silver flask and a tray of four small glasses from beneath the table. Robert pours everyone a drink.

ROBERT LAMONT

To good friends.

WARREN HARDING

To my fellow Americans.

HERBERT HOOVER

To the White House.

They all take a drink.

WARREN HARDING

Robert! Is this brandy? Don't you know about Prohibition?

ROBERT LAMONT

I'm aware of it.

HERBERT HOOVER

Come now. If we aren't allowed to toast our good fortune properly, then maybe we shouldn't be toasting at all.

WARREN HARDING

Nonsense. To our good fortune then.

As they toast, the glowing ember from Warren Harding's cigar falls off and lands in his lap.

WARREN HARDING

Oh, shit!

Warren quickly jumps to his feet, and tries to put out the glowing ember. Mrs. Lamont throws her glass of lemonade at him. The ember is extinguished.

WARREN HARDING

Thank you, Mrs. Lamont.

ROBERT LAMONT

We have to be careful with fire around here.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, BASEMENT -- LATER

Warren Harding, Herbert Hoover, Mr. Murray and Robert are in the now finished basement. Wooden paneling covers the once bare walls.

The men are playing pool on a very ornate pool table.

WARREN HARDING

This is a spectacular billiard table, Robert.

HERBERT HOOVER

It certainly is. And so many silver implements. How on earth can you afford all this on a government salary?

ROBERT LAMONT

I couldn't afford all this on what the government pays. I made my money the old fashioned way, in mining.

(MORE)

ROBERT LAMONT (CONT'D)

Just like you did, Herb. Plus I got a little something from my father just before he died. Mrs. Lamont's father left her a small dowry as well.

HERBERT HOOVER

I haven't told anyone yet, but I'm donating my pittance of a government paycheck to charity.

ROBERT LAMONT

I might consider doing something like that myself.

Warren Harding leans against the basement wall. That part of the wall glows brightly, and the glowing light envelopes Mr. Harding. No one notices. The glow fades.

MR. MURRAY

Perhaps you could see fit to increase Mrs. Murray's salary this year? With this economy roaring along so well...

ROBERT LAMONT

I will certainly take it under advisement, Mr. Murray. Perhaps I could offer you something besides money?

MR. MURRAY

Like what?

ROBERT LAMONT

We'll talk about it later. It's your shot.

MR. MURRAY

Thirteen in the corner.

Mr. Murray makes the pool shot.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and his wife are in bed, engaged in some heavy duty carnal activity beneath the covers.

MRS. LAMONT

Oh, Robert! Oh, Oh, oooo.

The noise from the wind and rustling branches begins again.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
 (ghostly whisper)  
 Oooo.

Robert, his wife, and their entire bed are enveloped by an eerie glow.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- AUGUST 2, 1923,  
 EVENING

Mrs. Lamont is sitting in a chair, knitting. Robert is reading a copy of the New York Times. A vintage radio is playing static-laced music in the background.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin. Flash. San Francisco, California. President Warren G. Harding suffered a massive heart attack today, and died. He had been on a fact finding trip to the west, and was accompanied by Commerce Secretary Hoover. Vice President Coolidge will be sworn in as the 30th President of the United States in Washington tomorrow morning. Meanwhile, the corruption investigation into Interior Secretary Albert Fall's sales of the Wyoming Teapot Dome oil reserves will continue. We now return you to regular programming.

The radio resumes playing music. Both Robert and his wife seem to be shocked.

MRS. LAMONT  
 Robert?

ROBERT LAMONT  
 The President is dead. President Harding is dead.

MRS. LAMONT  
 Oh, Robert.

ROBERT LAMONT  
 He's dead.

MRS. LAMONT  
 He was just up here a few days ago. He seemed so healthy.

ROBERT LAMONT  
 President Harding is dead.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, COURTYARD, SEPTEMBER, 1928 -- DAY

Robert is sitting in the courtyard with his wife and Herbert Hoover. Everyone has a glass of lemonade.

ROBERT LAMONT

I guess it's not going to be Mr. Secretary any more, Herb. Now I'm going to have to start calling you "Mr President."

HERBERT HOOVER

When Cal decided he didn't want to serve any longer, they started recruiting me. Looks pretty good at this point. And I'd like to pass that "Mr. Secretary" title to you, if you'll take it.

ROBERT LAMONT

Commerce Secretary? Me?

MRS. LAMONT

Oh, Robert!

HERBERT HOOVER

Why not you? You've been my Assistant Commerce Secretary for eight years. You know the job better than anyone except me. I'd like to have you on board.

4-year-old DOROTHY LAMONT skips into the courtyard.

ROBERT LAMONT

I would be honored, Mr. President.

HERBERT HOOVER

And who is this lovely young lady?

Robert picks up Dorothy and sets her on his lap.

ROBERT LAMONT

This is Dorothy. Say hello to President Hoover, Dorothy.

DOROTHY

Hello.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- OCTOBER 14, 1929, EVENING

Mrs. Lamont is sitting at an organ in her living room, playing music. A fire is burning in the stone fireplace. The radio is playing the "Amos m Andy" program.

The program ends with a sponsor's ad, followed by the news of the day.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The New York Times reported today that Secretary Lamont and officials of the Commerce Department today denied rumors that a severe depression in business and industrial activity was impending, which had been based on a mistaken interpretation of a review of industrial and credit conditions issued earlier in the day by the Federal Reserve Board.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC, THE WHITE HOUSE, MAY 1, 1930 -- DAY

President Hoover issues a statement.

HERBERT HOOVER (V.O.)

While the crash only took place six months ago, I am convinced we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover. There is one certainty of the future of a people of the resources, intelligence and character of the people of the United States. That is, prosperity.

EXT. DEPRESSION ERA BREAD LINE, OCTOBER 20, 1930 -- DAY

Men stand in line for a handout.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

President Hoover today designated Robert P. Lamont, Secretary of Commerce, as chairman of the President's special committee on unemployment.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION SUMMER 1932 -- DAY

Robert, Mrs. Lamont and (8-year-old) Dorothy arrive at Summerwind by automobile. They get out of the car.

ROBERT LAMONT

Ahhh. Vacation time has arrived. I couldn't wait to get out of Washington this summer. It was getting so hot.

Dorothy runs down toward the lake.

MRS. LAMONT

Dorothy. Wait.

ROBERT LAMONT

Oh, let her go. She's been riding  
in the car all day.

MRS. LAMONT

I suppose. Oh, Robert, I wish we  
could have stayed in Washington. I  
am going to miss so many parties  
there this summer.

ROBERT LAMONT

We can hold a party here if you like.

The distant rumbling of thunder can be heard, and the wind  
begins to blow.

MRS. LAMONT

I would rather hold one in Washington.  
Or at home in Lake Forest at least.

ROBERT LAMONT

Come inside. After a week here you'll  
never want to leave.

MRS. LAMONT

I'll just go get Dorothy.

ROBERT LAMONT

I'll get her. You go inside before  
it storms.

Mrs. Lamont goes inside Summerwind. Thunder rumbles again.

EXT. LAKESHORE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dorothy is swimming in West Bay Lake. A bolt of lightning  
strikes the lake. Dorothy is electrocuted.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM

Robert comes inside.

ROBERT LAMONT

That was close.

MRS. LAMONT

Robert, where is Dorothy?

ROBERT LAMONT

I couldn't find her. I thought she  
came in out of the rain.

MRS. LAMONT

You have to find her. Robert, she's  
still out there!

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION

Robert and Mrs. Lamont frantically search for Dorothy.

MRS. LAMONT  
Dorothy? Dorothy!

Robert spots Dorothy's body floating near shore.

ROBERT LAMONT  
Dorothy? Oh, God, Dorothy!

MRS. LAMONT  
(screams)

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- DAY

Family and friends are gathered around a small gravesite behind Summerwind. A MINISTER officiates.

MINISTER  
And so we commit the mortal remains  
of Dorothy Lamont to the Earth.  
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust  
to dust.

In the distance, a loon begins it's call.

CROWD  
(collectively)  
Amen.

A crow caws then flies low over the assemblage.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC -- AUGUST 3, 1932

HERBERT HOOVER (V.O.)  
Secretary of Commerce Robert P. Lamont  
has found it necessary to resign in  
order to reenter private business.  
Mr. Lamont has remained in his  
position at great sacrifice for  
several months at my request. I regret  
extremely his loss from the Cabinet  
as his abilities and service have  
commanded the respect and confidence  
of the entire country.

TIME PASSES

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, KITCHEN -- EVENING

A summer storm blows outside. Lightning flashes, accompanied by claps of thunder.

Inside, the Lamonts and the Murrays are finishing dinner. The men remain seated at the kitchen table. The women begin to wash dishes.

The muffled sound of the wind blowing outside is matched by the occasional banging of a loose shutter against the Mansion.

In time with the sound of the banging shutter, the sound of heavy footsteps are heard.

MRS. MURRAY

What in the world is that noise?

ROBERT LAMONT

It's just that damn shutter.

MRS. MURRAY

No. That's not it. I hear something else. It almost sounds like... footsteps.

MR. MURRAY

It sounds like it's coming up the basement stairs.

ROBERT LAMONT

There's no one down there. We're the only ones in the house.

The footsteps get closer. The basement door slowly creaks open.

The ghostly apparition of Jonathan Carver appears in the basement doorway. His eyes are glowing red.

The women scream hysterically. The men jump to their feet.

ROBERT LAMONT

What the - who are you? What do you want?

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST

(menacing)

Get - out.

Lightning strikes just outside the Mansion. Immediately a clap of thunder reverberates through the Mansion, shaking the house violently.

The women scream louder.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (CONT'D)  
(evil laughter)

Robert runs to a kitchen cupboard and grabs an old revolver. He shoots at the apparition twice, with no effect.

The ghostly image begins to glow brightly, menacingly, as it comes closer. The four humans flee for their lives.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION

Screaming as they flee into the now raging thunderstorm, the Lamonts and the Murrays scramble to Robert Lamont's car.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
(ghostly warning)  
This is my property! Get out!

The car is locked. Robert has difficulty finding the right key to unlock the doors. Finally he manages to unlock the driver's door.

Robert gets in the car and unlocks the other doors from inside. The others climb in.

Another close lightning strike, followed immediately by car-rattling thunder.

The car refuses to start.

ROBERT LAMONT  
Come on! Come on!

MRS. MURRAY  
Let's get out of here!

MRS. LAMONT  
I want to go home. Robert, I want  
to go home, now! Take me home now!

ROBERT LAMONT  
Come on! Come on!

Finally, the car starts, and they roar off into the night.

Silhouetted against the raging thunderstorm, the Mansion creaks and groans, as an unsecured shutter flaps in the wind. The ghost repeats his warning.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
(ghostly warning)  
This is my property!

The eerie call of the loons echoes amidst the storm.

NIGHT FADES AND THE SUN RISES ON SUMMERWIND

The eerie cry of one loon echoes across the lake. Crows caw.

10 YEARS PASS

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- DAY

Summerwind shows the signs of an aged vacant building. The paint is worn, a few windows are broken. A loose shutter hangs near one upstairs window. The lawn is unkempt and overgrown.

Crows caw overhead, and the eerie cries of loons still echo across West Bay Lake.

A car rolls slowly to a stop in the overgrown driveway. Two people get out and look at the abandoned Mansion.

MRS. MURRAY

Oh my.

MR. MURRAY

The place sure has changed in ten years.

MRS. MURRAY

Are you sure we should have come back? Just thinking of that...that ...thing we saw...

MR. MURRAY

Don't worry so. Mr. Lamont practically gave us the property.

MRS. MURRAY

Still....

MR. MURRAY

He lost a lot in Mr. Hoover's Depression. He had to sell. Besides, they never did come back here. He was glad to take ten cents on the dollar for it.

MRS. MURRAY

Do you really think you can fix it up the way it used to be?

MR. MURRAY

I don't know if we'll ever be able to afford all the high fallootin' furnishings Mrs. Lamont bought for  
(MORE)

MR. MURRAY (CONT'D)  
 the place. But we'll make it fit  
 enough for us lowly servants to live  
 in. You know, I'll bet some of her  
 silver is still around here.

They go inside.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM

Despite 10 years of human absence, the interior is remarkably  
 clean.

MR. MURRAY  
 Hey. This place is almost clean.  
 Looks like they left all the furniture  
 and everything else, too. This isn't  
 going to be as much work as I thought.  
 A little sweeping, a little dusting...

MRS. MURRAY  
 So says the man.

MR. MURRAY  
 Now, now. You're not the hired help  
 any more. I'm not expecting you to  
 do it all. We're in this together.

MRS. MURRAY  
 Well, I married you for your good  
 looks, not your money.

MR. MURRAY  
 Smart woman. That's why I married  
 you.

They kiss.

MRS. MURRAY  
 Now, do you suppose the old broom is  
 still here?

In short order, the Murrays manage to get the inside of the  
 Mansion cleaned up. They sweep. They dust. They wash the  
 walls with mops and buckets of soap and water.

Mr. Murray is cleaning old ashes from the fireplace. He  
 grabs the handle of the flu and shakes it. It seems to be  
 stuck. He tries again. Still stuck. He looks up the  
 chimney. Right on cue, he gets a face full of black soot.  
 And there's black chunks of something else mixed in with the  
 soot.

Mr. Murray sputters and spits the soot from his mouth.

Behind him, black chunks continue to fall from the chimney  
 into the fireplace.

Mrs. Murray laughs heartily at the sight of her husband's blackened soot-covered face.

Mr. Murray spits something else from his mouth, into his hand.

It's the head of a bat.

Mr. Murray is revulsed.

Mrs. Murray sees the head, and her laughter turns to screams of horror.

With one hand covering his mouth, Mr. Murray dashes outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, VERANDA -- LATE AFTERNOON

Mrs. Murray is seated on the edge of the veranda, looking at the lake. The sun is low in the western sky, across the lake. Ducks swim along the nearby shoreline, quacking noisily.

Mr. Murray, now cleaned up, shirtless, wet hair slicked back, comes out to join his wife on the veranda. He has a towel draped around his neck. He is using one end of the towel to dry his face.

MRS. MURRAY

Are you okay?

MR. MURRAY

Oh, I'm fine. It was just a dead bat. Nothing to worry about. What are you doing out here?

MRS. MURRAY

Just enjoying the peace and quiet. It is so beautiful and serene here.

MR. MURRAY

I love the place too. The first time I saw where Lamont planned to build, I knew it was going to be spectacular.

MRS. MURRAY

And now it's ours!

MR. MURRAY

Yep. Lock, stock and barrel.

MRS. MURRAY

And bats.

MR. MURRAY

And bats.

MRS. MURRAY

Let's go swimming.

MR. MURRAY

What? But we don't have any suits for swimming.

MRS. MURRAY

Who said anything about suits?

MR. MURRAY

Ho ho. Mrs. Murray, are you trying to seduce me?

MRS. MURRAY

I thought I did a pretty good job of that years ago. Come on, I'll race ya.

They race down the veranda steps and toward the water. Mrs. Murray is in the lead the whole way.

MRS. MURRAY (CONT'D)

Last one in has to cook dinner.

MR. MURRAY

That's not fair!

They both take off their clothes as they run down to the shore.

ALONG THE SHORE OF WEST BAY LAKE -- CONTINUOUS

The Murrays run down the gentle slope.

SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE WESTERN SUN

They run into the lake, diving into the chilly water.

IN THE LAKE

MRS. MURRAY

(shocked by the cold water)

Oh!

MR. MURRAY

Oh, God! That's cold!

MRS. MURRAY

Oh my. Oh my. Ho, that's cold.

MR. MURRAY

Brrrr. How can water be this cold  
in July?

They swim for a few minutes, playfully splashing one another, laughing and giggling. Then they hold one another in chest deep water.

MR. MURRAY

Had enough yet?

MRS. MURRAY

Enough what?

MR. MURRAY

Swimming. I'm freezing my -

MRS. MURRAY

I know how to warm you up.

Mrs. Murray reaches one hand around her husband's body, beneath the water.

MR. MURRAY

You are an evil woman.

MRS. MURRAY

(mock evil laughter)

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mr. And Mrs. Murray are laying in bed together. Lost in their own passions, they do not notice the sounds of the moaning wind and rustling tree branches coming from outside their window.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, COURTYARD -- MORNING

The Murrays are dressed in pajamas and bathrobes. They sit in wicker furniture at the courtyard table, eating breakfast.

MRS. MURRAY

You certainly have an appetite this morning.

MR. MURRAY

I should think you might too. We never did get to cook that dinner last night.

MRS. MURRAY

That's right. And what do you mean "we?" I won. You owe me a dinner.

MR. MURRAY

Have I told you what a great cook you are?

MRS. MURRAY

Yes. Don't think flattery will get you off. You're cooking dinner tonight.

MR. MURRAY

You know, I was thinking. Now that the Mansion is cleaned up, I'm going to clean up our old cottage.

MRS. MURRAY

We've already moved over most of our old stuff.

MR. MURRAY

I just want to fix the old place up. It has some good memories for me.

MRS. MURRAY

Me too.

They both give one another a mischievous look.

MR. MURRAY

You are an evil woman, Mrs. Murray.

MRS. MURRAY

(mock evil laugh again)

Mrs. Murray stands up, and begins to walk with an enticing wiggle toward the guest cottage. She looks back demurely at her husband.

MRS. MURRAY (CONT'D)

Come with me, sir.

As Mr. Murray rises to his feet, he drops his breakfast plate on the paved courtyard. It shatters. He ignores it, and chases Mrs. Murray into the guest cottage.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, KITCHEN -- DAY

Mrs. Murray is washing dishes. The window over the kitchen sink is open. A gentle breeze ruffles the curtains beside the window.

Mr. Murray enters the kitchen. He walks to the basement door, and inspects it. He then crosses the room to his wife.

MR. MURRAY

Well, he definitely shot at something.  
(MORE)

MR. MURRAY (CONT'D)

You can still see the two bullet holes in the door.

MRS. MURRAY

We all saw something. I saw something. Didn't you see something?

MR. MURRAY

I don't know what I saw.

MRS. MURRAY

Well, whatever it was, it frightened me.

MR. MURRAY

Whatever it was, it seems to be gone.

MRS. MURRAY

Thank God.

MR. MURRAY

Time to see what's still in the basement.

MRS. MURRAY

Just be careful.

Mr. Murray walks to the basement door. He hesitates. Screwing up his courage, he takes a deep breath, and reaches for the basement door.

A sudden gust of wind blows in through the kitchen window.

Mr. Murray shivers involuntarily. Startled, he pulls his hand back. He pauses, then reaches for the door again. With a swift grab, he opens the basement door.

Nothing happens.

He turns on the basement light switch, and begins to climb down the basement stairs. Suddenly, he cries out in fright

MR. MURRAY

Ha! Ho! Whoa!

Mr. Murray runs back up the steps to the kitchen. Right behind him, a bat flies out of the basement stairwell, into the kitchen.

Mrs. Murray screams.

The bat flies out the open window.

MR. MURRAY (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch!

MRS. MURRAY  
OhmyGod! What was that?

MR. MURRAY  
It's okay, honey. It was just a bat. I think. It sure startled me.

MRS. MURRAY  
Well, it scared the crap out of me.

MR. MURRAY  
Are you okay?

MRS. MURRAY  
I'll be fine. Just be careful down there. And no more bats!

MR. MURRAY  
I'll be careful. Let's try this again.  
(commanding, down the stairs)  
Bats! Begone!

Mr. Murray climbs down the basement satire without incident.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Murray begins exploring the basement. Everything looks to be the same as it was years earlier, covered with a fine layer of dust. There are even half a dozen pool balls from an unfinished game on the pool table.

Mr. Murray carefully looks at the walls. He runs his hand slowly along the paneled walls. Occasionally, he stops and knocks on the paneling, listening.

At one point his knocking on the walls sounds a bit more hollow. Mr. Murray knocks at that spot again, listening.

He walks away for a few seconds, and returns carrying a large hammer. He uses the hammer to gently tap on the wall, in that same spot. Finally, he uses the hammer to strike a heavy blow against the wall. The hammer glances harmlessly off the wall, striking him in the shin.

Mr. Murray drops the hammer, drops to one knee, and grabs his shin.

MR. MURRAY  
Ow! Ouch! Oho! Ow! Shit!

The section of wall Mr. Murray struck briefly glows brightly.

MRS. MURRAY (O.S.)  
Are you all right?

MR. MURRAY

I'm okay. Just bumped my shin is all.

Mr. Murray massages his leg for a few seconds. He stares at the wall, studying it. He picks up the hammer and uses the claw end to start prying a section of paneling from the wall.

After he removes that section of paneling, Mr. Murray uses the hammer to tap against the brick wall that was behind the paneling. He starts tapping low on the wall, working his way higher. When he reaches eye level, the tapping sounds a bit different than it did.

Mr. Murray gives the hammer a more forceful swing against the bricks. One brick is pushed deeper into the wall. Mr. Murray uses the hammer's handle to push against the brick. He pushes it all the way into a hollow recess. The brick drops behind the wall.

Mr. Murray cautiously peers through the hole in the wall, into the darkness behind the wall.

A small mouse scurries through the hole and right into Mr. Murray's face.

MR. MURRAY

(screaming in fright)

Aaaa!

Mr. Murray claws at his face, trying to remove the creature. The mouse has already made his escape, running up the basement stairs.

MRS. MURRAY (O.S.)

(screams in fear)

MR. MURRAY

(calling to her)

It's just a mouse, Honey.

(quietly)

I think.

Mrs. Murray charges down the stairs to the basement.

MRS. MURRAY

A mouse? Don't you dare leave me up there all alone with something like that in this house!

MR. MURRAY

It's okay now. It's gone.

MRS. MURRAY

It better be gone.

Mrs. Murray notices the missing paneling and the hole in the wall.

MRS. MURRAY (CONT'D)

And just what in the world are you doing here?

MR. MURRAY

It's just a small remodeling job. There was a hollow spot behind the paneling I wanted to fix.

MRS. MURRAY

Well, you better fix it, Mister.

MR. MURRAY

I'll have it done by tomorrow. Now you just go on back upstairs where it's safe.

Mrs. Murray begins to climb back up the stairs.

Mr. Murray returns to the hole in the wall. He looks inside again.

MR. MURRAY'S P.O.V.

Just a dark void behind the wall.

BASEMENT

Mr. Murray turns around. The glowing red eyes appear in the hole in the wall. A ghostly mist comes from the hole and envelopes Mr. Murray.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mr. Murray is sitting in a chair, reading a newspaper. Mrs. Murray comes into the room. She looks at him with a grin on her face. She does a slow sexy walk over to his chair.

Mr. Murray continues to read his paper.

MRS. MURRAY

Mr. Murray, Sir. I was a bad girl today. I should be punished.

MR. MURRAY

Oh, not now. I'm reading my paper.

Shocked by his rebuff, Mrs. Murray turns and storms out.

From off screen, angry organ music begins to play.

MR. MURRAY

Honey. Can you keep it down in there?  
I'm trying to read.

The music grows louder.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, COURTYARD -- MORNING

Mr. Murray is seated at the courtyard table, reading his newspaper. A glass of orange juice sits in front of him on the table.

Mrs. Murray walks out of the Mansion, cinching her bathrobe drawstring around her waist. She sits down across the table from Mr. Murray.

MRS. MURRAY

I missed you last night.

MR. MURRAY

I stayed in our old cottage.

MRS. MURRAY

Did I do something wrong? What's the matter?

MR. MURRAY

No, no, you didn't do anything wrong.  
I just have a lot on my mind lately.

MRS. MURRAY

That never stopped you before. Tell me what's wrong.

MR. MURRAY

Noting.

Mrs. Murray just looks at her husband. She shakes her head, sadly.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, VERANDA -- LATE AFTERNOON

Mr. Murray is sitting on the edge of the veranda. He's just sitting there, staring blankly at the lake.

Mrs. Murray joins him on the veranda.

MRS. MURRAY

Okay. You've been like this all day. Something's bothering you.

MR. MURRAY

Nothing's bothering me.

MRS. MURRAY  
 Something's bothering you, and you  
 are going to tell me what's wrong.

MR. MURRAY  
 Nothing's wrong. I'm...just...  
 thinking.

MRS. MURRAY  
 Did you find something in the  
 basement?

MR. MURRAY  
 No. Nothing. I'll be okay.

MRS. MURRAY  
 Okay. Join me for a swim?

MR. MURRAY  
 You go ahead. I'll watch from up  
 here.

MRS. MURRAY  
 You better watch.

Mrs. Murray dances her way down the veranda steps, across  
 the grass, and down to the lake. As she dances, she sheds  
 her clothes, one piece at a time.

Silhouetted against the sun across the lake, she enters the  
 water and starts to swim.

MRS. MURRAY  
 (calling to her husband)  
 Come on in. The water's warmer today.

Mr. Murray just waves at his wife in the water below. As he  
 sits there blankly watching, the eerie cries of the loons  
 begin again across the water.

REVERSE ANGLE

From the lake, Mrs. Murray watches her husband. After a few  
 moments, she sees him rise to his feet, and disappear into  
 the Mansion.

Two gunshots ring out.

MRS. MURRAY  
 Oh God.

In a desperate panic, Mrs. Murray swims to shore and races  
 to the Mansion.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Murray dashes in. She finds Mr. Murray standing there holding a smoking pistol. From behind her husband, Mrs. Murray throws her arms around him .

MR. MURRAY

I got him! I got that damn thing.

MRS. MURRAY

What did you get? Was that that thing back?

Mr. Murray walks over to the basement door, and bends down. Mrs. Murray covers herself as best she can with a small dish towel.

Mr. Murray proudly holds up a dead mouse.

MR. MURRAY

I got him.

MRS. MURRAY

The mouse? You had to use two shots to kill a mouse?

Mr. Murray carries the dead mouse outdoors.

SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Mr. Murray is sitting in his chair, reading his newspaper. Angry organ music is coming from another room.

SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs. Murray is laying in bed. Mr. Murray enters the room, and gets into bed. Mrs. Murray smiles. Mr. Murray just rolls over and goes to sleep. Mrs. Murray sighs.

EXT. GUEST COTTAGE -- DAY

Mrs. Murray searches for her husband.

MRS. MURRAY

Oh Mister Murray. Where are you?

Mrs. Murray makes her way to the front door of the guest cottage.

MRS. MURRAY (CONT'D)

Hey! Are you in here?

Mrs. Murray opens the front door of the guest cottage.

Inside the guest cottage, Mr. Murray is hanging with a noose around his neck.

Mrs. Murray scrams in panicked fear.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
 (evil maniacal laughter)  
 This is my property! Get out!

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- DAY

A For Sale sign is planted on the lawn.

TIME PASSES

Summerwind once again falls into a state of disrepair.

MONTAGE

Another more modern car arrives, carrying ANOTHER YOUNG COUPLE. They get out of their car, and excitedly make a quick tour around the Mansion and guest cottage.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
 (evil maniacal laughter)  
 This is my property! Get out!

The couple hurry to their car and roar off down the driveway.

The For Sale sign reappears on the lawn.

The process repeats itself yet again, as another car arrives. Another young couple gets out of this car. They are excited to be at Summerwind.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (evil maniacal laughter)  
 This is my property! Get out!

The couple makes a mad dash for their car, with terrified looks on their faces. The car races away from Summerwind.

The For Sale sign reappears.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, EARLY 1970'S -- DAY

Another prospective young couple, ARNOLD HINSHAW (30) and GINGER HINSHAW (28), arrives at Summerwind in their blue 1972 Chevrolet station wagon.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION

Viewing the arriving car from an upstairs bedroom window, the view is partially obscured by a sheer curtain.

The car comes to a stop, and the young couple gets out.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

See Ginger, I told you it was a magnificent house. Didn't I tell you?

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION

Crows caw.

The couple takes a long look at their new home.

GINGER HINSHAW

Oh, Arnold. It's so grand.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

A little elbow grease, some fresh paint, and we'll have her as good as new in no time.

As the couple walks toward the Mansion, a curtain moves in one of the upstairs bedroom windows. Ginger notices the movement.

GINGER HINSHAW

Arnold! Did you see that?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

See what?

GINGER HINSHAW

I thought I saw a shadow or something moving in one of the windows.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Probably just the wind. Remember, Mrs. Murray said the house has been vacant for the last few years.

GINGER HINSHAW

I guess so.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Shall we go into our new home, my dear?

GINGER HINSHAW

Our new home. Yes, let's go into our home.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM

Arnold and Ginger enter the Mansion. Looking around, they find it still in good condition.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

This isn't going to be bad at all.  
There's almost no dust in here.

GINGER HINSHAW

And all this furniture. It's almost  
as if someone were still living here.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

There is. It's the Hinshaw family.

GINGER HINSHAW

But...do you smell something? It's  
almost...it's like...cigar smoke....

ARNOLD HINSHAW

More like a woody smoky odor.  
Probably from the fireplace. Once  
we air this place out it'll go away.

GINGER HINSHAW

Oh, Arnold. The children are going  
to love all this room.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

And there's finally going to be enough  
room for everyone. This place has 8  
bedrooms, according to Mrs. Murray.

GINGER HINSHAW

The kids will each get their own  
room, too? They'll absolutely love  
that.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

And there's the master bedroom for  
us. Shall we christen our new home  
before the kids get here?

GINGER HINSHAW

Now, Arnold, there'll be plenty of  
time for that later.

Ginger leaves, and Arnold takes a slow walk around the living room, inspecting the place for himself. When he gets to the fireplace, he sits on the hearth, and looks into the fireplace and up the chimney.

Ginger comes back, carrying cleaning supplies. She sees Arnold sitting in front of the fireplace. As she watches, Arnold looks up the inside of the chimney. He wiggles the handle of the flue, and gets a face full of black soot.

Ginger laughs at the sight.

Arnold sputters to spit the soot out of his mouth.

CLOSE UP OF ARNOLD HINSHAW'S HAND

He spits out a mouthful of soot.

BACK TO SCENE

Arnold looks at Ginger. She's still laughing. He shakes his head, and chuckles.

GINGER HINSHAW

Looks like the first thing we get to clean up around here is you.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

But I haven't turned the water on yet.

GINGER HINSHAW

Guess we'll just have to find some other way to get you clean then.

EXT. ALONG THE SHORE OF WEST BAY LAKE -- MOMENTS LATER

Arnold and Ginger trot down to the lake, strip, and go for a swim. As they cavort in the water, a passing deer seems to look at them in curiosity, head slightly cocked, at these strangers swimming in the ice blue waters.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

A warm fire is burning brightly in the fireplace. Arnold and Ginger are sitting in front of the fireplace, warming themselves.

GINGER HINSHAW

Mmm, this is so nice.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Once I got the chimney cleaned out, it was easy. Flu was full of dead bats. Once I got it cleared, the fire almost seemed to light itself.

GINGER HINSHAW

So nice and peaceful.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

I'm surprised at how breezy it got outside tonight.

GINGER HINSHAW  
So relaxing here.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
I hope we don't have a storm blowing  
up.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Arnold! Will you please stop talking  
about the weather!

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Oh! Oh....

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

As the Hinshaw's make love, the noises of branches scratching  
the outside of their bedroom are only a mild distraction to  
Arnold.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Ginger? What's that noise?

GINGER HINSHAW  
It's the wind. Now will you please  
forget about the weather tonight?

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, KITCHEN -- NEXT MORNING

The Hinshaws are having their morning coffee. Arnold is  
seated at the kitchen table, reading a newspaper. Ginger is  
standing at the counter, having problems with the toaster.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Arnold, something's wrong with the  
toaster.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
What's wrong with it?

GINGER HINSHAW  
It won't toast.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Here. Let me have a look at it.

Arnold walks over to the counter, and begins to fiddle around  
with the toaster, trying to fix it the way any man would.  
He shakes the toaster. He tips it upside down. He looks  
inside the toaster. Then he grabs a knife and is about to  
stick it in the toaster.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Arnold! Wait! Stop!

Ginger grabs the toaster's electrical cord.

GINGER HINSHAW  
You could have been electrocuted!

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
I don't think that would have  
happened.

GINGER HINSHAW  
You were going to stick that knife  
into the toaster! That's a sure  
fire way to electrocute yourself.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
But only if the toaster is plugged  
in. Didn't you notice when you  
grabbed the cord?

Arnold takes the toaster's electrical cord and plugs it into  
the wall outlet.

ARNOLD HINSHAW (CONT'D)  
Try it now.

Ginger presses the toaster's slide down. The toaster works.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Hmm.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Works fine now.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Oh, you're just so smart.

Arnold returns to the kitchen table. He sits down and resumes  
reading his paper.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Looks like that little hardware store  
in town is having a sale this weekend.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Good. We'll need to get more paint  
and cleaner, from the looks of things  
around here.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
But more cleaner than paint, I think.  
I like the look of the natural wood  
this place has.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Yes. Maybe some stain and varnish  
would be better. Do they carry that?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

They should. Most hardware stores do.

GINGER HINSHAW

And see if they know of a reputable contractor. We're going to need some help with the remodeling. I don't want to wear myself out doing it all.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Oh, there's some of it I can do myself. I'm pretty handy with tools.

GINGER HINSHAW

Arnold. I want this place fixed up properly. None of your shortcuts, okay?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Yes, Dear.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- DAY

Two contractors have arrived to survey the work the Hinshaws want done. The sign on their truck reads "Dickman Construction." Arnold is showing a MUCH OLDER HERB DICKMAN (78) and his assistant, JERRY (45), around the exterior of Summerwind Mansion.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

There's a little bit I'd like to have done outside here. A new coat of paint. Some minor repairs to the shingles and the roof. There's a shutter somewhere that keeps banging against the house in the wind.

HERB DICKMAN

That's no problem.

They continue walking around the Mansion. They round the corner to the side where the large tree was cut down years ago.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

And on this side, maybe trimming a few branches from this...tree...

JERRY

What tree? All I see is a stump.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

But...I could have sworn...

HERB DICKMAN

We could grind down the stump for you if you want. Make it easier to mow around here.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Yes, yes. That would be fine.

HERB DICKMAN

Sure thing, Mr. Hinshaw. Won't be any problem at all.

The three men walk into the courtyard.

SUMMERWIND MANSION, COURTYARD

Arnold leads the men to a broken section of cement walkway.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Can your guys repair broken cement?

HERB DICKMAN

Shouldn't be a problem. Kinda looks like someone almost tried to pry this up. See how this section doesn't lay flat like the rest of the slabs?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Hmm, you're right.

HERB DICKMAN

And the pattern. It's like the slab was removed, then put back, but lined up wrong.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

That's exactly what it looks like.

HERB DICKMAN

No problem. My guys can get it back to shape in no time.

The three men begin to walk into the Mansion.

HERB DICKMAN

You know, I was one of the guys who worked on this place when we first put it up years ago.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

I'll bet that was a job, back then.

HERB DICKMAN

You bet it was. I could tell you stories about this place....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- LATER

The two contractors are kneeling, with one at each end of the long hallway.

HERB DICKMAN

What ya got for a reading, Jerry?

JERRY

Looks like 48 feet, 4 and 3/4 inches.

HERB DICKMAN

What? Are you sure?

Jerry walks back to Herb, holding the measuring tape. Jerry shows the tape to Herb.

HERB DICKMAN

That can't be right. That's almost ten feet shorter than my measurements.

JERRY

You wanna measure it again?

HERB DICKMAN

Yeah. And this time, you stay here and I'll go down to that end.

Herb takes the tape measure. He hands the end of the tape to Jerry, and walks down to the other end of the hallway.

As he walks down the hall, muffled sounds, almost like voices, are heard from the several closed doors he passes. Curious, Herb pauses for a second, and listens with a cocked ear.

Shaking his head, Herb continues walking to the end of the hallway.

JERRY

Well? How long is it this time?

HERB DICKMAN

I don't believe this.

Herb walks back to Jerry's end of the hallway. The sounds are still coming from the closed doors, phasing in and out as he passes. Herb ignores the sounds.

When he reaches Jerry, he shows him the measurement on the tape.

JERRY

That can't be.

HERB DICKMAN

This is weird.

JERRY

We've measured this hallway four different times, and we got four different measurements.

HERB DICKMAN

54 feet, 10 inches. Something weird is going on here.

JERRY

Can't we just take an average and go with it?

HERB DICKMAN

If it were a matter of inches I'd say yes. But six feet? No way.

JERRY

This place is starting to give me the creeps.

HERB DICKMAN

Yeah, me too. All the times I've had to come out here for a job. I've always felt like somebody doesn't want me here.

JERRY

You really were one of the guys who built this place back in the 20's?

HERB DICKMAN

Actually it was the summer of 1916.

JERRY

Jeesh, Herb. I didn't think you were that old.

HERB DICKMAN

I'll be 79 next Spring.

JERRY

You don't look it.

HERB DICKMAN

Honest living, my boy.

JERRY

Yeah. Right.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- LATER

Workmen are busy laying the new carpet in the hallway. More men are carrying in new dresser components to one of the bedrooms.

WORKMAN #6

Almost need a map to find my way  
around all these rooms. And I get  
this creepy feeling, almost like I'm  
being watched.

HERB DICKMAN

I'm keeping an eye on all of you.

WORKMAN #6

Okay, Boss. How we doing?

HERB DICKMAN

Good job, fellas. Keep it up.

As the workmen stand in the hallway talking, they suddenly stop. A GLOWING ORB of white light floats down the length of the hallway. The orb pauses in front of each man, then moves to the next man. The workmen all flatten themselves against the walls.

Herb stands his ground. The Orb shoots directly through his body. Herb is unaffected.

The glowing orb shoots past them all, and disappears out the window at the end of the hallway.

WORKMAN #6

What in the world was ...

HERB DICKMAN

Looks like you boys finally met Miss  
Dorothy.

WORKMAN #6

Miss Dorothy?

HERB DICKMAN

She's the ghost of West Bay Lake.  
God, she was a beautiful little girl  
when she was alive.

WORKMAN #6

The ghost? That was a ghost?

HERB DICKMAN

Aw, come on. You guys all know this  
place is haunted. Now, get back to  
work. All of you.

The workmen get back to work.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, COURTYARD -- LATER

The workmen are busy digging out the broken section of  
concrete walkway. They've dug down about four feet.

WORKMAN #7

How much deeper do we have to go?

JERRY

We usually go about 6 feet deep.  
Have to get below the frost line.

WORKMAN #7

Six feet? I feel like I'm digging a  
grave.

JERRY

Nobody ever died at Summerwind.

WORKMAN #7

You sure? I've heard stories about  
this place over the years.

JERRY

They're just stories.

Just then the workman's shovel hits something metallic.

WORKMAN #7

Holy -

JERRY

What in the heck?

WORKMAN #7

Oh, shit! It's a coffin!

The workman jumps out of the hole and runs for his truck.

JERRY

(yelling at the  
frightened workman)  
It's not a coffin!  
(to himself)  
But what in the world?

Jerry carefully uncovers the object. He picks it out of the dirt, and sets it on the ground next to the hole. It's a small wooden chest, with a padlock securing the lid.

Jerry gets out of the hole. He picks up the box, and tries to hide it with his shirttails. He carries the wooden chest to his truck. Moments later, he returns to work. He resumes his digging in the hole, nervously looking around. He reassures himself with a nod and a slight smile, confident that he was not seen.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- EARLY EVENING

The work crews finish for the day, and head for their trucks.

DANNY

I never believed all those stories about this place being haunted.

HERB DICKMAN

Well, from what I've seen out here over the years, this place is definitely haunted. Sort of a spook retreat.

JERRY

You actually helped build this place, didn't you Herb?

HERB DICKMAN

Yep.

DANNY

What's the story about this Miss Dorothy?

HERB DICKMAN

She was the daughter of one of the owners years back. She was about sixteen or so. Anyhow, she took a boat out onto the lake by herself one afternoon. While she was out, a thunderstorm blew up. You know, the way they do up here. Later, they found the boat, but there was no sign of Dorothy. Wasn't long after that her Mother tried to hang herself. She ended up in a sanitarium, from what I hear. Couple months later, the old man ended up blowing his brains out.

DANNY

Jesus. This place isn't haunted. It's cursed.

Herb finishes putting away his tools in the back of his truck. Most of the other workers' trucks leave.

Jerry gets into his truck, and tries to start it. Nothing. The truck is dead.

JERRY

Hey. Can one of you guys give me a jump?

HERB DICKMAN

S'matter Jerry? Your truck die?

JERRY

I think I just need a jump.

HERB DICKMAN

Hey, Danny. Pull around here and give Jerry a jump.

Danny pulls his truck up along side Jerry's truck.

DANNY

Somebody got jumper cables?

JERRY

Yeah, I do.

Jerry pulls out a set of jumper cables from his truck, and hands them to Herb. Danny and Jerry pop the hoods of their trucks. Herb hooks up the jumper cables.

Danny's truck dies.

HERB DICKMAN

Now what the hell?

DANNY

You killed my truck!

JERRY

Herb. Take the cables off and see if someone else can give us a start.

Herb removes the jumper cables. Danny's truck roars back to life.

HERB DICKMAN

Danny. What did you do?

DANNY

I didn't do nothin'. It just started again by itself.

(short pause)

This place is haunted.

HERB DICKMAN

Jerry. Give it a try.

Jerry starts his truck with very little effort.

DANNY

I'm getting out of here. Herb, I'm sorry, but you're going to have to get somebody else to work this job. I won't come back here, ever.

Danny drives off. Herb looks at Jerry.

HERB DICKMAN

How about you, Jerry? You quitting on me, too?

JERRY

Herb, we've been together a long time. If you want to come back here tomorrow, I'll be here too.

HERB DICKMAN

See you tomorrow, Jerry.

JERRY

Night, Herb.

Jerry begins to leaves. Herb gets into his truck.

HERB DICKMAN

(a quiet prayer)

Dear Lord, keep me safe.

Jerry's truck crashes into a large tree and explodes in flames. Jerry, on fire, stumbles out of this burning truck.

Herb gets out of his truck and runs toward Jerry. Jerry staggers around and falls to the ground. Herb gets to Jerry's smoldering body, too late to be of any help.

Herb shuffles back to his truck, as Jerry's body lays smoldering on the ground.

Herb starts his truck. He closes his door, and sits there for a few seconds. He looks at Jerry's body, then Looks at Summerwind. He shakes his head sadly, and drives away.

MOMENTS LATER

A glowing light drifts from Jerry's truck and envelopes Jerry's body. Jerry's body slowly dissolves into the light. The light drifts to Summerwind Mansion, and disappears into the building's foundation.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Arnold and Ginger are in bed.

GINGER HINSHAW

Finally, alone at last. I thought those workers would never finish.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Well...actually, they didn't finish.

GINGER HINSHAW

What? But I thought you said -

ARNOLD HINSHAW

There's still a few minor things to finish, but they did most of the big stuff.

GINGER HINSHAW

And, what? You're going to finish the rest by yourself?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

I can handle it. Plus I have you to help me.

GINGER HINSHAW

Oh, no, buster. You're not going to drag me into this again. I'm not playing carpenter here.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

And besides, the foreman kind of told me the rest of his crew refuses to work on this place any more.

GINGER HINSHAW

Um, why?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

They're scared. They think this place is haunted.

GINGER HINSHAW

Haunted? Why, that's nonsense.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Well...I don't know.

GINGER HINSHAW

Arnold? Did something happen?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Ginger. You have to admit, there's been some pretty strange things happen around here over the years.

GINGER HINSHAW

What? Like an unplugged toaster not working?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

I guess you're right.

GINGER HINSHAW

I usually am.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Okay. Now, come here.

GINGER HINSHAW

You little devil.

They start to wrestle beneath the covers.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- LATER

Ginger screams.

GINGER HINSHAW (O.S.)

Oh my God!

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ginger's head is thrown back, hanging over the side of the bed. The bed covers are moving rapidly.

GINGER HINSHAW (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Oh my God! Yes!

Ginger screams again, in orgasmic pleasure. Her eyes open wide, glowing a bright red.

Arnold's head appears from under the bed covers. He's smiling.

Ginger's eyes return to normal coloration. She smiles, and lifts her head to look at Arnold.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, KITCHEN -- MORNING

Arnold and Ginger are both seated at the kitchen table, enjoying their morning coffee. As they simultaneously sip coffee, they look at one another. Both smile in embarrassment.

GINGER HINSHAW

What?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Good morning.

GINGER HINSHAW

Good morning.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Did you sleep well?

GINGER HINSHAW

You know I did. What's going on?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Nothing. Just...

GINGER HINSHAW

Is something on your mind, my husband dear?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Who would have guessed that after  
six kids you could still be that  
wild.

GINGER HINSHAW

I wasn't the only one acting like a  
wild animal last night.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Growl.

Arnold's growl is answered by a hollow echo of his growl  
from the basement.

GINGER HINSHAW

Arnold! What was that?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

It was my animal magnetism.

GINGER HINSHAW

No no. Not that. Did you hear  
something in the basement?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Like what?

GINGER HINSHAW

Like an animal growling.

Arnold stands up and walks to the basement door. His hand  
reaches for the doorknob. He turns the knob, and slowly  
opens the door.

The basement stairwell is dark.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Growl!

His growl echoes from the basement.

ARNOLD HINSHAW (CONT'D)

Cool. It's an echo effect.

Ginger comes over, and stands behind Arnold. They both look  
down the basement stairwell.

GINGER HINSHAW

Helloooo.

Her hello echoes back at them. They begin to have fun with  
the echoes.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

(spooky)  
Oooo.

Arnold's voice echoes back.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Can anyone hear me?

Ginger's voice echoes back.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Welcome to Summerwind.

The words echo back - modified.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
Welcome to Summerwind. Get out!

Ginger screams.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Oh my God!

Ginger faints.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Ginger is laying unconscious on the couch. Arnold is sitting beside her, trying to revive her.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Ginger? Ginger.

Ginger slowly regains consciousness.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Arnold?

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
It's okay. I'm right here.

Ginger is now fully awake, and frightened.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Arnold? Oh my God, Arnold! What was that?

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Take it easy. It was just an echo, remember.

GINGER HINSHAW  
That was no echo. Somebody - some THING - told us to get out.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Now now, you were just imagining things. It'll be okay.

GINGER HINSHAW

Arnold. There's something in this house.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

We'll be okay.

GINGER HINSHAW

Arnold!

ARNOLD HINSHAW

We are not going to be frightened away from hts house.

(announcing to the ghostly inhabitants)

Do you hear me? We are not going to be frightened away from this house!

The wind begins to blow outside. The Mansion begins to creak in the wind.

ARNOLD HINSHAW (CONT'D)

(continuing his announcement to the ghosts)

This is our house now! We are not leaving!

A fire bursts to full blaze in the fireplace.

ARNOLD HINSHAW (CONT'D)

We will not be frightened away!

The lights flicker off and on.

ARNOLD HINSHAW (CONT'D)

We will not leave! Do you hear me? This is our house now. Ours! Arnold and Ginger Hinshaw own this house now! It's our house! We are staying right here!

The fire in the fireplace flickers and goes out. The lights go off. The only light comes from outside, through the windows.

GINGER HINSHAW

I think somebody heard you.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Stupid ghosts.

(announcing again)

This would have been scarier if you'd done it at night!

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, VERANDA -- MOMENTS LATER

The Hinshaws step out onto their veranda. They look back at the Mansion.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Stupid ghosts.  
(announcing again)  
Stupid ghosts!

The skies become grey, and lightning flashes.

GINGER HINSHAW  
That's enough, Arnold.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Stupid ghosts.

GINGER HINSHAW  
They can still hear you.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Good!

GINGER HINSHAW  
Arnold...

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Ginger, I'm not leaving. Do you  
want to leave?

GINGER HINSHAW  
No. This is our home now.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
It is our home.

GINGER HINSHAW  
We'll just have to learn to live  
with ghosts in the house.

Arnold begins to playfully tease Ginger.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Oooo. Ghosts. Spooky ghosts.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Cut it out.

It begins to rain on them.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Booo.....

GINGER HINSHAW  
(laughing)  
Arnold. Stop it.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Scary stuff.

GINGER HINSHAW  
All right! All right!

They embrace, laughing.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Okay, whoever you are. Welcome to  
the Hinshaw family home.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The storm that began earlier is now a full fledged thunder storm, with a lot of flashing lightning and rumbling thunder.

Arnold and Ginger are trying to relax. Arnold is playing soft music on their Hammond organ. Ginger is Watching television. There is a fire burning in the fireplace.

As one brilliant bolt of lightning strikes nearby, the clap of thunder causes the whole Mansion to shake, with increasing intensity. The lights flicker and go out. The music from the organ dies. The fire goes out seconds later.

BLACKNESS

The wind howls even louder outside. The Mansion continues to rumble and shake. Glasses and dishes shatter.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Now, this is spooky.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Sure. You just had to egg them on,  
didn't you? You just couldn't quit.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Oooo.

GINGER HINSHAW  
I know that's you Arnold.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Oooo.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Arnold. I know that's still you.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
(spooky)  
Oooo.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
That wasn't me.

Ginger strikes a match. She lights a candle for light.

GINGER HINSHAW  
It wasn't me, either.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)  
(spooky)  
Oooo.

The Hinshaws look at one another. They both get up.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
I think it's time for bed now.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Yes. My, look at the time.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The violent shaking of the mansion subsides. The wind dies down.

Ginger carries a candle for light. The Hinshaws walk down the long hallway, which seems to stretch forever. As they pass several closed doors, muffled voices can be heard from within.

The Hinshaws stop. They listen to the muffled voices. Curious, Arnold reaches for the bedroom door knob.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Arnold. Wait.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
We'll be okay.

Arnold turns the door knob. He opens the door.

Silence. The room is dark, except for the illumination from the distant flashing lightning outside.

A bolt of lightning strikes nearby, as the clap of thunder startles Ginger.

GINGER HINSHAW  
OH!

The lights come back on.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Power's back.

GINGER HINSHAW  
So it is.

Arnold moves to blow out the candle in Ginger's hand.

GINGER HINSHAW

No! I want to keep this lit tonight.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Sure. Okay. Whatever.

The Hinshaws close the bedroom door, and continue to their master bedroom. Arnold reaches for the door knob, turns it, and opens the door.

MASTER BEDROOM

Arnold turns on the bedroom lights. The bedroom window is open. Rain is blowing in through the open window. Arnold races across the room to close the window.

The window is stuck wide open. Arnold struggles with the window. With one mighty effort, the window slams shut.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Awww. This carpet is soaked over here.

GINGER HINSHAW

We can dry it out in the morning. Right now, I just want to go to bed.

Ginger sets the burning candle on her nightstand, next to the bed. Arnold turns off the lights. Only the lightning outside illuminates the room. The Hinshaws undress and climb into bed.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Good night, dear.

GINGER HINSHAW

Good night, honey.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)

Good ni-ight.  
(evil laughter)

Intense lightning and thunder

Ginger bolts straight up in bed, screaming.

Arnold jumps out of bed and turns on the lights.

GINGER HINSHAW

OhmyGod! OhmyGod! OhmyGod!

Arnold takes Ginger in his arms and cradles her head. Ginger's eyes glow a bright red.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

I'm here. It's okay.

The storm continues to re-intensify outside. Thunder. Lightning. More thunder.

Ginger's words are intense. But the look on her face, cradled in Arnold's arms, is menacing.

GINGER HINSHAW

Make it go away. Make it go away!

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Ginger, this is our house now, and nothing, nobody is going to scare us away.

(announcing again)

You hear me? We're staying! Leave us alone!

Another clap of thunder shakes the Mansion.

GINGER HINSHAW

Make it stop. Please make it stop.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

It's okay. I'm here. I've got you. Nothing is going to hurt you as long as I'm here.

Ginger's eyes return to their normal coloration. Ginger shakes in Arnold's arms. She manages to catch her breath and relaxes.

The thunderstorm subsides. Lightning continues to flash outside, but the thunder is more distant.

GINGER HINSHAW

What happened?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Take it easy.

Ginger lays back down. Arnold looks at her. Reassured, he gets out of bed and turns off the bedroom lights. He climbs back into bed.

ARNOLD HINSHAW (CONT'D)

I'm here. I'll protect you.

As Arnold flips the covers up over himself, he knocks the burning candle off the night stand, to the floor. A green flame burns on the floor.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Shit!

Arnold jumps out of bed. Barefoot, he tries to stomp out the fire.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Shit. Ouch! Oooo! Ouch!

GINGER HINSHAW  
(groggily)  
Arnold? What are you doing?

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Nothing. It's nothing. Go back to  
sleep.

The flames leap higher. Arnold's pajamas catch fire. He is engulfed in eerie green flames.

Stumbling blindly, Arnold crashes through the bedroom window.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION

A flaming Arnold falls from the bedroom window.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Arnold lies in a hospital bed with half his body bandaged. Ginger sits in a chair. A DOCTOR (40) reads his chart.

DOCTOR  
He's lucky it was raining.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Thank you, Doctor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING

Arnold rises with the dawn. He wears small bandages on his head and forearms.

Arnold limps to the window. He looks out on a clear morning. Arnold suddenly realizes that the window is open again.

Arnold struggles to close the window. With great effort, he manages to get it shut.

With a satisfied nod, Arnold turns away from the window. He grabs his shaving kit from the top of his dresser, and, still walking with a slight limp, leaves the bedroom.

Seconds later, Arnold comes back into the bedroom. He grabs his comb from the top of his dresser. Glancing at the window, he sees it's now open.

Arnold looks at Ginger. She's still fast asleep in bed. Arnold again struggles to close the window.

He closes the window again. Then, with a determined look on his face, Arnold leaves the room again.

He returns seconds later, with a hammer and a large nail.

The window is open again. Ginger is still fast asleep.

Arnold struggles and closes the window one last time. He positions the nail in the window frame, and pounds it into the wood with three fast blows of the hammer. The noise awakens Ginger.

GINGER HINSHAW  
What the hell are you doing?

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
I'm closing the window.

GINGER HINSHAW  
With a hammer?

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
No, with a nail.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Why?

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
So it stays shut.

Arnold tries to open the window. He can't. Satisfied with his work, he leaves the room.

GINGER HINSHAW  
Ask a stupid question ....

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, KITCHEN -- 20 MINUTES LATER

Ginger is mechanically going through the motions of making breakfast. She has a vacant stare on her face.

Arnold comes into the kitchen.

ARNOLD HINSHAW  
Good morning.

No response from Ginger.

ARNOLD HINSHAW (CONT'D)  
I said good morning.  
(pause)  
Are you okay?

GINGER HINSHAW  
I'm fine. Coffee?

Arnold sits down. Ginger pours him a cup of coffee. He sits there in silence, sipping his coffee. Ginger stares out the kitchen window.

GINGER HINSHAW

Tell me again why you were nailing the window shut at six o'clock in the morning?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

To make sure it stays shut.

GINGER HINSHAW

And why wouldn't it stay shut?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

You tell me.

Ginger turns to Arnold.

GINGER HINSHAW

What's that supposed to mean?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Aren't you the one who kept opening it on me?

GINGER HINSHAW

Are you crazy? I've never been able to open that window.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Well, somebody kept opening it on me. If it wasn't you, then who?

GINGER HINSHAW

Must have been our friendly ghost.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Some friend.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Ginger is painting a wall. Arnold is moving furniture around the room.

Arnold grabs the large dresser, about to move it away from the wall. It doesn't budge. Arnold tries again, grunting with the effort. The dresser stays put.

GINGER HINSHAW

I think it's built in.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Gee, ya think?

GINGER HINSHAW

We'll just have to paint around it.

Arnold begins removing the draws from the dresser. The large bottom drawer seems to be stuck. With much effort, Arnold yanks the drawer out. He looks into the large opening where the large drawer was.

There is a hollow black void behind the drawer opening.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Ginger. Take a look at this. It looks like there's an opening behind this dresser.

GINGER HINSHAW

Can you see anything back there?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

It's too dark.

Arnold leaves the room. Ginger looks closer at the open drawer space.

A glowing light shoots from the black void and envelopes Ginger. She stiffens. The beam disappears, and Ginger collapses to the floor.

Arnold returns with a flashlight.

ARNOLD HINSHAW (CONT'D)

Ginger!

Arnold scoops Ginger from the floor and lays her on the bed. She regains consciousness.

GINGER HINSHAW

What the? Why am I in bed?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

You fainted. Are you okay?

GINGER HINSHAW

Yes I'm fine.

Arnold kneels in front of the dresser opening. Ginger peers over his shoulder. Her eyes briefly glow red.

Arnold turns on the flashlight, and shines it into the opening. He puts his head into the opening.

GINGER HINSHAW (CONT'D)

Can you see anything?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Not much. It looks like an old closet or something back here.

GINGER HINSHAW

A closet?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Wait a minute. I see something.

ARNOLD'S P.O.V.

The narrow beam from Arnold's flashlight slowly moves around the empty space behind the dresser. Wooden walls covered with dusty cobwebs are all that can be seen. Then, on the floor, in a corner, something appears in the beam.

GINGER HINSHAW (O.S.)

What is it? What do you see?

There is a small pile of brown cloth in the corner. Black stringy material lies on top of the pile.

ARNOLD HINSHAW (O.S.)

It looks like...

From beneath the black material can be seen the lower portion of a white skull.

ARNOLD HINSHAW (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

FULL SHOT UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -- PREVIOUS SCENE

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Let me out!

Arnold scrambles out of the drawer opening. His face is white with fear. He is panicked, and runs from the room.

GINGER HINSHAW

Arnold? Arnold?

Ginger follows Arnold out of the room.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, COURTYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Arnold finds a chair in the courtyard, and collapses into it. Ginger stands in front of him.

GINGER HINSHAW

Arnold? What was it? What did you see?

(suddenly frightened)

Was it the ghost again?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

No. It wasn't the ghost. I'm not sure, but it looked like...

GINGER HINSHAW

What?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Ginger. It looked like a body. A dead body.

GINGER HINSHAW

OhmyGod! OhmyGod! OhmyGod!

Ginger collapses into a chair.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Ginger?

GINGER HINSHAW

Is this house cursed, or is it just us?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

I'm starting to believe in some of the stories about this place.

GINGER HINSHAW

Did we buy a haunted house?

ARNOLD HINSHAW

They said the guy who built this place went mad up here.

GINGER HINSHAW

Well, I'd be mad too, if I built a haunted house.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Not mad. Mad. He went crazy.

GINGER HINSHAW

Well, you'd have to be crazy to build a haunted house.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

The Indians say this is sacred ground. The house wasn't haunted when he built it. Ghosts just sort of moved in.

GINGER HINSHAW

Arnold. I don't want to stay here any more.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

You want to move again? We've only been here three months.

GINGER HINSHAW

I know. I know. But if this house is really haunted, I don't want to stay here any more. And I don't want my children moving in here either.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Do you think Mrs. Murray will give us our money back?

GINGER HINSHAW

She'll have to. She never said anything about this place being haunted.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

The full disclosure clause. I don't know if it applies to ghosts.

The avian chorus of cawing crows and crying loons starts up again.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)

Get - out.

The Hinshaws get up, put their arms around each other, and walk toward their car in the driveway.

DRIVEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Hinshaws get into their car. It refuses to start.

ARNOLD HINSHAW

Come on, come on.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)

(evil maniacal laughter)  
Stay off my property!

GINGER HINSHAW

Arnold, start the car!

ARNOLD HINSHAW

It'll start. It'll start.  
Come on baby.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)

(evil maniacal laughter)  
Stay off my property!

Ginger's eyes begin to glow brightly.

The car explodes.

A glowing light emerges from the burning car and drifts to Summerwind Mansion.

It disappears into the building's foundation.

TIME PASSES

The Mansion ages.

EXT. SHORE OF WEST BAY LAKE -- EVENING

Dark clouds roll in. A severe thunderstorm develops.

An aluminum rowboat with FOUR TEENAGERS lands at the shore.

MASON

Come on, you guys. We can take cover  
in the old Mansion.

LAUREN

Mason, isn't that place haunted?

DILLON

You're not afraid, are you, Lauren?

LAUREN

Yes I am.

MASON

If we don't get in out of this rain  
we'll all catch pneumonia.

CICI

I'm freezing!

The four scramble out of the boat, and run towards Summerwind.  
Lightning flashes all around them.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM

The four teens enter Summerwind.

LAUREN

It's dark in here.

DILLON

You hoo. Anyone home?

CICI

I'm freezing.

MASON

I'll see if I can get a fire going.

Dillon finds a candle and some matches. He lights a match.  
It goes out. He lights a second match. It, too, goes out.  
He lights one more match and manages to light the candle.

Mason finds some wood and tries to build a fire in the fireplace.

DILLON

Welcome to Summerwind Mansion. May I take your clothes?

LAUREN

Dillon. Cut it out, you perv.

DILLON

What? Haven't you ever heard that you're not supposed to wear wet clothes when it's cold?

CICI

Dillon. It's summer. It's not that cold.

DILLON

Okay, Cici. Then how come you're freezing?

(pause)

I rest my case.

Mason manages to light a small fire in the fireplace.

MASON

Okay you guys. I think this is going to burn. Come over here and warm up.

All four gather in front of the fireplace. They warm themselves as the fire grows brighter.

DILLON

Nice job, pyro.

MASON

That's me. Pyro Techno.

CICI

(snuggling next to Mason)

Is that why you're so warm, Mason?

MASON

Yep.

DILLON

Seriously you guys. We really should get out of these wet clothes.

Dillon takes off his wet shirt. He looks at Mason.

MASON

Yeah. Wearing wet clothes isn't good for you.

Mason takes off his shirt.

LAUREN

Oh, all right.

Lauren takes her shirt off. She is still wearing a bra.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

C'mon, Cici. Get out of those wet clothes.

CICI

Okay, okay. But if you guys try anything, I'll nail you both so hard in the nads you'll pray for death.

DILLON

(pretending to be scared)

Oooo!

MASON

(pretending to be scared)

Oooo!

All four strip to just their underwear. Mason drags a large recliner over in front of the fireplace. Dillon does the same with another chair.

The girls are about to sit down in the chairs.

MASON (CONT'D)

Don't sit down!

The girls stop short.

CICI

Why not?

MASON

Trust me, you don't want to sit in these chairs.

LAUREN

Why not?

MASON

Because. They're probably full of bugs.

Mason pounds the cushions of the chair in front of him. He raises a cloud of dust.

MASON (CONT'D)

See? These are for our clothes. Hang your clothes over the chairs to dry them out.

They all drape their wet clothes over the chairs.

Dillon turns his back to the fire. He begins to look around the room.

DILLON

Jeez you guys. I thought you said no one lived here.

MASON

It's been abandoned for years.

LAUREN

For an abandoned house, this place sure looks lived in.

CICI

Except for the dust on the chairs.

MASON

And listen.  
Do you smell something?

DILLON

Sounds like ... cigar smoke.

CICI

Ha ha. Very funny. That's such an old joke I forgot to laugh.

MASON

No. Seriously. I smell cigar smoke.

DILLON

I do too.

LAUREN

Are you sure this place is abandoned?

MASON

Old lady Murray has been trying to sell this place for years. Every time she gets someone to buy it, they turn right around and leave.

CICI

Why's that?

DILLON

Because this place is haunted, remember?

MASON

Booo.

LAUREN

Cut it out, Mason.

MASON  
 (haunting voice)  
 Welcome, Lauren. Welcome, Cici.  
 Welcome, Dillon. Welcome to  
 Summerwind Mansion.

LAUREN  
 (in a fake Southern  
 accent)  
 Why, thank you, kind sir.

CICI  
 Charmed, I'm sure.

MASON  
 "You can check out any time you like.  
 But you can never leave."  
 (evil laughter)

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

The thunderstorm continues to rage.

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (V.O.)  
 Welcome to Summerwind Mansion.  
 (evil laughter)

LAUREN & CICI (V.O.)  
 (scream in terror)

Carver's evil laughter echoes through the night. In  
 succession, four bolts of lightning strike Summerwind.  
 Thunder rumbles.

TIME PASSES

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- DAY

Crows caw.

DRIVEWAY

A red 1978 Chevy Impala pulls into the driveway of Summerwind  
 Mansion. As it comes to a stop, a middle-aged couple gets  
 out and looks at the Mansion.

RAYMOND BOBER  
 Well, Marie, what do you think of  
 it?

MARIE BOBER  
 Jeez, Ray. It looks so...haunted.

RAYMOND BOBER  
 That'll be our hook.  
 (MORE)

RAYMOND BOBER (CONT'D)

Come dine in Wisconsin's most haunted mansion. Spend the night, if you dare.

(mock evil laughter)

Ha ha ha.

We'll make a fortune from this place.

MARIE BOBER

I dunno. I still have my doubts.

RAYMOND BOBER

Look, Marie. For what old lady Murray was asking for this place, how could I say no?

MARIE BOBER

Like this. No.

RAYMOND BOBER

You're a prize, Marie. It's no wonder I married you.

MARIE BOBER

Gee. Thanks.

RAYMOND BOBER

Come on. Let's go see our new bed and breakfast.

The Bobers go inside.

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Marie begins to inspect the room.

MARIE BOBER

This place isn't as bad as I thought it was going to be.

RAYMOND BOBER

A little elbow grease, some soap and water, a little fresh paint. We'll have our little hotel up and running within a month.

MARIE BOBER

Do you really think people will actually pay to come to a haunted house?

RAYMOND BOBER

Sure. Spooks and goblins and ghosts are big business these days. Just look at that Haunted Mansion thing that Disney guy has. He gets thousands of people every year.

MARIE BOBER

Ray, dear. He has a whole park to go with his haunted house. He's in California. There are people in California.

RAYMOND BOBER

There are people in Wisconsin. And Illinois. And Minnesota.

MARIE BOBER

And you think they'll all come way up here just to sleep in a haunted house?

RAYMOND BOBER

Sure they will. They'll come. Besides, it's got to beat selling popcorn for fifty cents a bag.

SUMMERWIND MANSION, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Bobers walk down the long hallway. As they pass several closed doors, muffled voices can be heard from within.

The Bobers stop. They listen to the muffled voices. Curious, Ray reaches for the bedroom door knob.

MARIE BOBER

Ray. Wait.

RAYMOND BOBER

It's okay.

Ray turns the door knob. He opens the door.

Silence. The room has only silent furniture within. The window is open, and a curtain flutters in a slight breeze.

The Bobers look at one another

RAYMOND

Must've been the curtain.  
(nervous laughter)  
You thought?

MARIE BOBER

Must've been the curtain.  
(nervous laughter)  
You thought?

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

The Bobers enter the bedroom.

RAYMOND BOBER

Just the curtains in the breeze.

MARIE BOBER

Spooky curtains.

RAYMOND BOBER

Well, they sort of look like ghosts.

Ray closes the window, with ease.

RAYMOND BOBER (CONT'D)

Have to keep the windows closed.  
Keeps the spooks out.

MARIE BOBER

Oh, sure. Like ghosts actually use  
the windows to get in.

RAYMOND BOBER

Well, maybe not the ghosts. But the  
squirrels and bats sure will.

MARIE BOBER

Eww. I'd rather have the ghosts.  
At least they don't poop on  
everything.

RAYMOND BOBER

Where do you think grey Poupon comes  
from?

MARIE BOBER

Oh, jeez, Ray. You're terrible.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Ray and Marie continue down the long hallway. The sound of  
muffled voices continues to phase in and out as they pass  
closed doors.

When they reach the door to the master bedroom, Marie turns  
to look back down the hallway.

MARIE BOBER

Ray? Ray!

The glowing orb of white light is floating down the hallway  
toward them.

RAYMOND BOBER

Holy -

MARIE BOBER

Ray. What is it, Ray?

The Bobers cling to one another, frozen in fear. The glowing  
orb comes closer. When it reaches the Bobers, it stops. It  
floats higher, face to face with them. The glowing orb grows  
brighter. Then it flashes off and back on. It flies quickly  
back down the hall the way it came, and disappears out the  
window at the end of the hall.

MARIE BOBER

Ray. What was that?

RAYMOND BOBER

I think we've just met our first ghost.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, COURTYARD -- DAY

Ray and a very old Herb Dickman are standing around a table. On the table are blueprints.

HERB DICKMAN

I'm telling you, Mr. Bober. We measured that room three times. All three times we came up with different measurements.

RAYMOND BOBER

Just tell me. Will I be able to fit 38 tables and chairs into that room or not?

HERB DICKMAN

Probably not. Maybe 30. I'd say 27 or 28 is more likely.

RAYMOND BOBER

But my permits say I have to have at least 30 tables for seating people or I'll lose my conditional use permit.

Marie walks out to see what's going on. She's carrying a tray of glasses and a pitcher of lemonade.

HERB DICKMAN

I don't know what to tell you, Mr. Bober. But there's no way we can fit 38 tables in that room.

RAYMOND BOBER

Damn. What am I going to do?

MARIE BOBER

What about putting some of the tables out here, in the courtyard? People could dine al fresco. And on the veranda too.

RAYMOND BOBER

Marie, you're a genius.

HERB DICKMAN

Yeah. I suppose we could level off the floor out here for you. The veranda's pretty level already.

MARIE BOBER

And it has such a wonderful view of the lake.

HERB DICKMAN

I'll see what I can do for you.

The three make a toast with lemonade.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, VERANDA -- EARLY EVENING

Ray and Marie are sitting in well worn wicker rocking chairs on the veranda. They're watching the sun set in the western sky.

MARIE BOBER

Oh, Ray. This is so lovely out here. How will we ever convince anyone this place is haunted.

RAYMOND BOBER

After what we saw in the hallway upstairs?

MARIE BOBER

That wasn't really a ghost, was it? I always thought ghosts were, well, you know, more like people. All that was was a glowing light.

RAYMOND BOBER

I asked that foreman, Herb, about it. You know, he was a part of the crew that actually built this place. He said he's seen that same light many times around here over the years. He says it's the ghost of some girl who drowned in the lake years ago.

MARIE BOBER

Poor girl. But why does it stay here?

RAYMOND BOBER

I guess her folks once owned this place. Guess she just wants to stay. Must think this is still her home.

MARIE BOBER

Well, she can stay, as long as she doesn't start clanking chains in the middle of the night.

RAYMOND BOBER

Right. And speaking of the ghosts around here, I asked Mrs. Murray to stop by tomorrow afternoon to give us a little more history of the place. She used to live here.

MARIE BOBER

As old as she is, I'd be surprised if she doesn't end up haunting this place pretty soon, too.

RAYMOND BOBER

Marie. That's not very nice.

MARIE BOBER

I know. I'm sorry. I'll behave myself tomorrow.

They watch as the sun disappears below the horizon.

The loons begin their eerie cries across the lake.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, VERANDA -- NEXT AFTERNOON

Ray and Marie help an elderly Mrs. Murray to a seat in one of the wicker rocking chairs.

RAYMOND BOBER

We are so glad you decided to come over, Mrs. Murray.

MRS. MURRAY

When we left here so many years ago, I swore I'd never ever come back.

MARIE BOBER

Why was that, Mrs. Murray?

MRS. MURRAY

This property is cursed.

MARIE BOBER

Cursed?

RAYMOND BOBER

You mean haunted, don't you? I've heard some stories.

MARIE BOBER

And we already met one of the ghosts, too.

MRS. MURRAY

Yes, this house is haunted. But the property itself is cursed.

RAYMOND BOBER

What do you mean, cursed?

MRS. MURRAY

The Ojibwas and the Potawatamies say this was sacred ground. The Sioux defiled their sacred ground. White man don't understand that. By building on sacred ground, Robert Lamont brought a curse to anyone who lived here.

MARIE BOBER

Anyone? Not you?

MRS. MURRAY

Yes, me too. Just look at the history of what happened to the owners of Summerwind Mansion. Mr. Lamont was Secretary of Commerce under President Hoover, you know. But when the Depression hit, he was wiped out. That's how my husband and I were able to buy this place so cheap. He just wanted to get rid of it.

RAYMOND BOBER

I heard President Hoover actually stayed here?

MRS. MURRAY

Yes. But he wasn't President then. He and Warren Harding visited here a couple times. That was when Mr. Hoover was still the Secretary of Commerce. Mr. Lamont was his assistant.

MARIE BOBER

And you actually got to meet both President Harding and President Hoover?

MRS. MURRAY

Oh, yes. Mr. Murray actually played billiards with both of them in the basement. It was Mr. Murray who gave them the idea for that big dam out west.

RAYMOND BOBER

You mean Hoover dam? Are you telling me they actually planned that whole project right here?

MRS. MURRAY

Those men were the best engineers of the day. You'd be surprised at what a President and his trusted confidants can dream up when they get away from Washington. That must be a wretched city.

MARIE BOBER

So what happened to this Mr. Lamont?

MRS. MURRAY

His wife tried to take their two children and leave him. Then he got caught up in that Teapot Dome scandal. His investments went belly up in '33. He always said he had a deed to this huge tract of land here in Wisconsin, but he could never produce the papers to prove it.

MARIE BOBER

1933 was a bad year for a lot of people.

MRS. MURRAY

And just look at what happened to President Harding. Two weeks after he left here he had a heart attack and died in San Francisco.

MARIE BOBER

President Hoover didn't have any luck, either.

MRS. MURRAY

(chuckle)

Right. He got the full blame for the Depression, even though it wasn't his fault.

RAYMOND BOBER

You said you and your husband bought Summerwind from this Mr. Lamont?

MRS. MURRAY

That's right. He was practically giving it away. It had a good sized piece of land to go with it too, in those days. Over the years, I've managed to sell off most of the land.

(MORE)

MRS. MURRAY (CONT'D)

A couple of developers gave me a pretty penny for most of it years ago. I think their name was Eliason. But those boys were smart. They refused to buy the land that the Mansion sat on. Said it wasn't a good investment.

RAYMOND BOBER

I think it's a great investment. That's why I bought it.

MRS. MURRAY

My dear Mr. Bober. You haven't bought it yet. You're still leasing it from me, remember?

RAYMOND BOBER

Well, if this bed and breakfast hotel works out, I'll be buying it lock, stock and barrel.

MRS. MURRAY

I wish you good luck. You're going to need it.

MARIE BOBER

Mrs. Murray, why did you leave Summerwind?

MRS. MURRAY

A ghost chased us out.

MARIE BOBER

Are you serious?

MRS. MURRAY

Oh yes. Quite serious. Have you found the bullet holes in the kitchen door?

MARIE BOBER

We saw a couple holes in the door going down to the basement.

MRS. MURRAY

Mr. Lamont tried to shoot a ghost, and it chased us out. This house is definitely haunted. Have you met Miss Dorothy yet?

RAYMOND BOBER

Miss Dorothy?

MRS. MURRAY

She usually meets new guests in her house as soon as they move in. Most people describe her as a sort of light.

MARIE BOBER

Yes! We did meet her then. That must have been that glow we saw in the hallway upstairs.

MRS. MURRAY

That'd be Miss Dorothy. She was just a child. Drowned in the lake, poor girl.

RAYMOND BOBER

Is she the only ghost around here?

MRS. MURRAY

Oh, heavens, no. This place is like Grand Central Station. It's a sort of doorway, or a portal, if you will. Most spirits just move through without any sort of commotion. But every once in a while you get a spirit who doesn't want to cross over. He'll put up one heck of a fight, and you'll know when one of them is around. Lots of strange things happen around here when one of those spirits is around.

RAYMOND BOBER

This is fascinating stuff. Someone should be writing this down.

MRS. MURRAY

You going to write a book, Mr. Bober?

RAYMOND BOBER

I might. I just might at that.

MARIE BOBER

Mrs. Murray. Did you know our daughter once lived here?

MRS. MURRAY

Really? What was her name?

MARIE BOBER

Ginger. Ginger Hinshaw. She and her husband, Arnold, lived here for a couple months.

MRS. MURRAY

They seemed like such a nice couple.  
I almost hated to sell the place to  
them.

MARIE BOBER

Why was that?

MRS. MURRAY

Because I knew this would be trouble  
for them.

MARIE BOBER

They disappeared shortly after they  
moved in.

MRS. MURRAY

And did she ever mention any odd  
things happening when they were here?

MARIE BOBER

No. We hoped maybe there would be  
something still here to give us a  
clue about what happened to them.

RAYMOND BOBER

Even if it is just their spirits.

MRS. MURRAY

Do you two really think you can  
succeed here, when so many others  
have met with such tragedy here?

RAYMOND BOBER

What others? Presidents? I should  
do as well.

MRS. MURRAY

Has anyone told you about the  
children?

RAYMOND BOBER

What children?

MRS. MURRAY

Just a few years ago a group of kids  
disappeared during a thunderstorm.  
Their boat was found tied up down at  
the shore. They found charred bits  
of their clothes scattered throughout  
the Mansion.

MARIE BOBER

What happened to them?

MRS. MURRAY

No one knows for sure. All we know is they disappeared. Four bright young teenagers. Gone. Vanished.

MARIE BOBER

And you think this house has something to do with it?

MRS. MURRAY

No. The house didn't. But the spirits here most certainly did have something to do with it. I know it.

MARIE BOBER

These other ghosts. Who are they?

MRS. MURRAY

One of them is supposed to be Jonathan Carver. From what I saw of that ghost, and the drawings I saw of this Carver fellow, I'd have to say it probably is him. Still searching for his lost deed.

RATMONDBOBER

That is fascinating. Simply fascinating.

MRS. MURRAY

Mr. and Mrs. Bober. Would you mind if I took a look around here one more time? Make a crazy old lady happy.

MARIE BOBER

Of course. Feel free to look at whatever you like.

RAYMOND BOBER

Mrs. Murray, I want to thank you for sharing all this history with us. You are a living treasure trove of local legend and lore.

MRS. MURRAY

That's what they tell me, sonny.

MARIE BOBER

We'd love to have you back when we get the place finished.

MRS. MURRAY

I don't think so, Dearie.

RAYMOND BOBER

Oh, but you must come back sometime.

MRS. MURRAY

This is my last trip to Summerwind.  
I just wanted to rake one last look  
around before I go.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Ray Bober is sitting at a desk. He is looking at financial records. He punches numbers into a calculator.

Marie walks up behind him.

MARIE BOBER

Well? How bad is it?

RAYMOND BOBER

I just don't understand it. We've  
been open a month now and still we're  
only getting a trickle of customers.

MARIE BOBER

All those big expensive newspaper  
ads in Chicago and Minneapolis didn't  
help.

RAYMOND BOBER

Three customers, and they just wanted  
to see the place and have lunch.

MARIE BOBER

What are we going to do?

RAYMOND BOBER

I just don't know.

Ray sits there, staring at the financial records.

FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON ON THE VERANDA WITH MRS. MURRAY

MRS. MURRAY

You going to write a book, Mr. Bober?

RAYMOND BOBER

I might. I just might at that.

RETURN TO LIVING ROOM SCENE

Suddenly inspired, Ray shoves his financial records aside. He pulls out a manual typewriter. He puts a sheet of paper into the typewriter, and begins to pound the keys like a man possessed.

RAY'S P.O.V.

Looking at the typed page, as he types.

RAYMOND BOBER (V.O.)  
 "The Carver Effect"  
 By Ray Bober.

He stops. He rips the sheet of paper from the typewriter.  
 He puts in a new sheet.

RAYMOND BOBER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 "The Carver Effect"  
 By Wolfgang von Bober

Ray pulls the title page out and sets it aside. He puts  
 another sheet of paper into the typewriter, and begins to  
 type away, furiously.

RAYMOND BOBER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 "Chapter 1"  
 "A Visit To Summerwind Mansion"

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM -- NEXT MORNING

Ray is still typing away. Marie comes into the room.

MARIE BOBER  
 What in the world are you doing,  
 Ray?

RAYMOND BOBER  
 I'm almost finished.

Ray finishes typing.

RAYMOND BOBER  
 The end. Here. Tell me what you  
 think?

MARIE BOBER  
 The Carver Effect? Who is Wolfgang  
 Von Bober?

RAYMOND BOBER  
 It's a pen name. It's a book. About  
 Summerwind Mansion.

MARIE BOBER  
 So the first thing you wrote is a  
 lie?

RAYMOND BOBER  
 It's not a lie. It's, call it  
 creative license.

MARIE BOBER

Ray, if nobody wants to sleep in a haunted house, what makes you think anyone wants to read about a haunted house?

RAYMOND BOBER

Don't you get it? This book will create curiosity about Summerwind. I've, uh, punched it up a bit, as they say.

MARIE BOBER

More lies?

RAYMOND BOBER

The curiosity effect will draw more people here to see if what's in the book is real or not.

MARIE BOBER

And what happens when they find out you "punched up" the story?

RAYMOND BOBER

I didn't write anything untrue. I just sort of filled in the blanks, for people's imaginations.

MARIE BOBER

Creative license again? I still don't get it.

RAYMOND BOBER

Just wait. Trust me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUMMERWIND MANSION, LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Ray Bober is again sitting at a desk, looking at financial records. A copy of the book "The Carver Effect" sits on the table.

Marie walks up behind him.

MARIE BOBER

Well? How bad is it this month?

RAYMOND BOBER

I really thought that book would work. I just don't understand it.

MARIE BOBER

Well, we won't have to worry about it any more.

RAYMOND BOBER

I think I'm going to miss this place.

MARIE BOBER

Maybe Mrs. Murray was right. Maybe this place is cursed.

RAYMOND BOBER

Do you believe in curses?

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)

(evil laughter)

RAYMOND & MARIE

Oh, shut up already!

JONATHAN CARVER'S GHOST (O.S.)

Get - out.

RAYMOND BOBER

Keep your sheet on. We're going tomorrow. You can have your damned Mansion back.  
Stupid ghosts.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- NEXT DAY

Ray and Marie load the last of their things into a U-Haul trailer. Ray takes a hand-painted For Sale sign and nails it across the front of their business sign: Summerwind Bed & Breakfast. Marie closes the back of the trailer.

Crows caw.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- JUNE 1988, NIGHT

Lights can be seen dancing among the trees just beyond the driveway of Summerwind Mansion. The strange lights become the twin headlights of a car as it drives into the driveway. The car stops, the engine is turned off.

It's quiet.

The headlights stay on, casting a shadowy light on Summerwind.

FIVE TEENAGERS get out of the car.

WOODY

Here we are. The haunted house I was telling you about.

NATE

It sure looks haunted.

JUDY

Woody, is it really haunted?

WOODY

That's what they say, Judy. There's some pretty strange things that went on here over the years.

JON

You got the beer, Nate?

NATE

Yeah, Jon. I got the beer.

Nate pulls a cooler from the back of the car and sets it in front of the car. Jon grabs a beer and opens it.

PAM

Can one of you brave men build a fire? It's freezing out here.

JON

Why don't we just go inside? There's a fireplace in there.

JUDY

Oh, no! I'm not going in there! No way, Jon!

NATE

Guess we'll just have to figure out some other way to stay warm then.

JUDY

Nate. You pervert. Come over here.

Nate and Judy pair off and start making out.

WOODY

I guess that means I get to build a fire out here.

Woody starts picking up sticks and makes a small pile of them in the yard.

JON

Well I'm going to see what's inside.

Jon finishes his beer.

JON (CONT'D)

Who's brave enough to come with me?

WOODY

You're so brave, you go by yourself.

Woody lights the sticks and gets a small fire burning.

JON

Fine. Gimme another beer.

Jon takes a beer from the cooler. He opens the beer and takes a long gulp.

JON

Pam? You wanna come inside with me?

PAM

Okay.

Jon and Pam enter Summerwind, as a shadow moves in one of the upstairs windows.

WOODY

Holy crap! Did you see that?

Nate is still somewhat distracted by Judy. But he pauses for a second to answer.

NATE

See what?

WOODY

I'm not sure. I thought I saw something move in one of the windows.

NATE

Probably just the wind or something.

WOODY

Yeah. It's that "or something" that worries me.

(calls out)

Jon? Pam? You guys okay in there?

The eerie cries of a loon on the lake startle them.

JUDY

(screams)

NATE

Holy shit!

WOODY

Relax. It's just a loon out on the lake.

(calls out)

Jon! Pam!

From inside the Mansion

PAM (O.S.)

(screams)

Help! Help me!

Jon yells out from the front door of the Mansion.

JON  
Hey! Woody! Nate! You guys! Come here. I need help!

Instantly Woody and Nate rush to the front door.

SUMMERWIND MANSION, OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

PAM (O.S.)  
(hysterical screaming)

WOODY  
What is it? What happened?

NATE  
Where's Pam?

JON  
I need your help. Pam's stuck. We were going up the stairs when her foot broke through one of the steps. She's stuck in there.

WOODY  
Oh, man. Is that all? Come on, we'll get her out.

Judy yells at them from her spot next to the small fire.

JUDY  
You guys aren't going to leave me out here all alone, are you?

NATE  
You can come in with us.

JUDY  
No way. I'll stay out here and guard the fire.

NATE  
We'll be right back.

Woody, Nate and Jon go back into Summerwind.

FULL SHOT SUMMERWIND MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

A strong breeze begins to blow.

Muffled sound of breaking boards.

The loon cries on the lake.

## DRIVEWAY

Judy is standing by the small fire. A bat flies over her head.

JUDY

OhmyGod!

Judy gets into the car. She turns the keys in the ignition. The engine won't turn over.

JUDY

Come on! Come on! Why won't you start? Come on!

The other four teens come out of the Mansion. Pam is limping, leaning against Jon for support.

JON

You're going to be okay, Pam.

NATE

Yeah. Nothing to worry about. You'll be fine.

PAM

I just want to go home.

Judy gets out of the car.

JUDY

We can't. The car won't start.

WOODY

What do you mean, it won't start?

JUDY

I tried. It won't start.

Woody gets into the car. He turns the key. The car starts.

WOODY

Seems to be working fine now.

JUDY

But -

NATE

Women drivers.

PAM

Can we just go home, please?

JON

Yeah, let's go. This place isn't haunted.

WOODY

Jeez. We've only been here a few minutes and you guys want to go home already. I think you're scared.

JUDY

I'm scared.

PAM

I'm hurt.

NATE

I just want to go to bed.  
(grabs Judy)  
With you.

JUDY

Sounds good to me. Now can we please just go?

The wind gets stronger, blowing leaves and a few glowing embers from the small fire.

JON

Yeah, let's go. Looks like there's a storm coming in anyhow.

WOODY

Okay, you guys. Get in. We can come back some other time.

Nate and Judy climb into the back seat and start making out again. Jon and Pam get in the front seat with Woody. Woody turns the car around, and they start to leave.

The severe thunderstorm begins to rage. A bolt of lightning strikes a large tree near the driveway. The tree explodes, and large pieces of it fall to the driveway, blocking it.

The car lurches to a stop just inches away from the falling debris.

JON

Holy crap!

INSIDE WOODY'S CAR

WOODY

Great! The driveway's blocked.

PAM

What are we going to do now?

In the back seat, Judy is only momentarily distracted. She briefly pokes her head up behind the front seat.

JUDY  
Why'd we stop?

Nate stays focused on his objective. He reaches up from the back seat and pulls Judy back down to him.

NATE  
Just catchin' my breath for a sec.

JUDY  
You.  
(playful laughter)

Nate and Judy go back to what they were doing.

WOODY  
You two are worse than Pam's parents.

PAM  
Hey!

WOODY  
Okay, so what should we do now?

JON  
Maybe we should try to stay here for a while.

PAM  
What? Stay in the Mansion? No way!

WOODY  
It's okay with me.

JON  
At least it'll be dry inside. I'll light a fire in the old fireplace.

PAM  
No.

WOODY  
Come on.

EXT. SUMMERWIND DRIVEWAY

Woody maneuvers the car back to Summerwind. Woody and Jon get out of the car and go inside. Pam stays in the car with Nate and Judy.

INSIDE WOODY'S CAR

Nate and Judy are really getting into it. Pam tries to ignore them. Finally, their noises and actions in the back seat reach the point where Pam can stand it no longer.

PAM

Jeez. Woody was right. You guys  
are worse than my parents.

EXT. SUMMERWIND DRIVEWAY

Pam gets out of the car and heads for the Mansion.

PAM

Jon? Woody? Guys?

Pam goes inside.

Lightning flashes and thunder claps.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION

Several bolts of lightning strike Summerwind. The thunder  
is instantaneous.

INSIDE WOODY'S CAR

Nate and Judy sit bolt upright in the back seat.

JUDY

Pam? Guys?

NATE

Shit, they're inside.  
Come on.

EXT. SUMMERWIND DRIVEWAY

Nate virtually drags Judy out of the car. They hurry to the  
front door of the Mansion.

NATE

Jon! Woody! Pam! Where are you  
guys? You gotta get out of here,  
now!

Nate and Judy go inside Summerwind.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION

Summerwind Mansion begins to burn. Within minutes, it is  
completely engulfed in intense unholy green-tinged flames.  
Muffled tortuous screams of pain and agony are heard amidst  
the howling thunderstorm.

CLOSE UP - MANSION IN FLAMES

The image of the Mansion in flames morphs into newsreel  
footage.

INT. DEVELOPER'S OFFICE -- 20 YEARS LATER

Pulling back, the same flaming images are now archived newsreel footage on a real estate Developer's television. Onscreen, a REPORTER is retelling the tale.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Thirty years ago today, the famed Summerwind Mansion in Land O' Lakes, Wisconsin, perhaps Wisconsin's most haunted house, burned to the ground during a severe thunderstorm. The Mansion was originally built by Robert Lamont, former Secretary of Commerce, as a retreat for his family from the heat of the Chicago summers. In 1979, it was the subject of a book, "The Carver Effect," written by it's former owner, Raymond Bober. Today, all that remains of this once magnificent mansion is a burned out foundation, the legend, and perhaps a few unearthly inhabitants.

The DEVELOPER (45) turns the television off. He turns to his PARTNERS.

DEVELOPER

That Summerwind legend is still going strong. I see an opportunity here.

EXT. SUMMERWIND MANSION -- DAY

Modern construction equipment and work crews arrive at Summerwind Mansion. They begin the process of tearing down and rebuilding the Mansion.

The haunting cry of one lone loon echoes across the lake.

FADE OUT: