

MYSTERIOUS WAYS

“CRAZY”

Production #1006

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. MCBRIDE HOME -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT ONE

1

FRAN MCBRIDE, a suburban housewife in her mid-30's, fixes dinner. She's a very shy, nervous woman, one who has a little trouble coping with the day-to-day demands of living because of it. She's also plain. Definitely wouldn't stand out in a crowd.

Today, she's particularly stressed. It's been one of those days with too much to do and not enough time to do it. The kitchen's a wreck... bags of groceries to put away on the counter, breakfast dishes still in the sink. She drops a few pieces of raw chicken into a skillet of hot oil (fried chicken tonight), and begins washing dishes, staring out the window as she does, her mind wandering. After a moment, a breeze ripples the curtain gently... and then suddenly...

A SHAFT OF BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT

Shoots through the window, momentarily blinding her. Panicked, she tries to dodge it. Oddly, she can't. It somehow anticipates her every move, slowly enveloping her in its hot white radiance. Fran freezes, transfixed, as if listening to something. After a moment, we discover that she is...

A BARELY AUDIBLE WHISPER comes from within the light. It speaks to Fran, softly at first, but slowly growing louder... more insistent. Fran concentrates, trying hard to make out the words. And just when it looks like she might...

A SCREECHING SMOKE ALARM blares. The light vanishes as Fran blinks her attention back to the kitchen, turning to discover smoke billowing everywhere.

BREANNA (O.S.)

Mom!

Fran turns to find her two children, J.D. (9) and BREANNA (14), standing by the stove. The hot oil has bubbled over onto the gas flames, fire shooting up. Breanna's just about to pour a glass of water on it. Fran tries to stop her, but isn't quick enough, and the fire flares just as Fran pushes Breanna and J.D. out of the way. The flames just miss the kids, but Fran shrieks in pain, as the flame licks against her hand... *

Fran pulls the fire extinguisher out from under the sink, dousing the fire, as J.D. and Breanna begin to sob, terrified... *

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

BREANNA (CONT'D)
I kept yelling at you. You didn't
hear me...

J.D. *
(quiet, scared)
What's wrong with you?

Fran stands stunned, and guilty. What's happening to her?
She wraps them in her arms, careful of her injured hand.

FRAN
(crying)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

She pulls them close, all of them frightened and confused,
as we:

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT ONE

2

Fran sits on the bed, anxious, her burned arm bandaged. She'd rather be anywhere but here. PHIL, Fran's steady, problem-solving husband, hovers nearby, worried. PEGGY examines Fran, looking into her eyes with an ophthalmoscope -- professional, thorough, warm.

PEGGY

(gently)

How long has this been going on?

Fran looks down at the floor, embarrassed, and barely able to get the words out.

FRAN

Two months.

PEGGY

Any headaches? Head injuries?

FRAN

No...

PEGGY

Were you doing anything unusual when these visions happened?

FRAN

Just normal things -- cleaning, laundry. Then a light comes. It wasn't bad at first, but now --

Her voice breaks. Phil takes her hand.

PHIL

It's okay, honey.

FRAN

The kids could've been hurt. If I hadn't come out of it...

He squeezes her hand again, warm, supportive.

PEGGY

The lights -- what do they look like?

FRAN

(timid)

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

PEGGY
Spots? Do they flash?

FRAN
No. More like...
(searching for a word)
... beams.
(hesitant)
Shooting into my brain.

Concern flashes in Peggy's eyes, but she remains composed.

PEGGY
Your brain?

FRAN
(carefully)
It's trying to talk to me.

A red flag goes up for Peggy. Phil reacts, shocked.

PHIL
You're hearing voices?

FRAN
(barely audible)
A whisper. *

PEGGY
What's it say?

FRAN
I think it says, "Follow."

Phil and Peggy exchange uneasy looks, making Fran even more nervous.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT ONE

3

Breanna sits in the hallway, bored. A weird, disheveled man comes flying down the hall towards them -- DECLAN. He holds a couple of fat file folders and a baggie with something black inside it.

He seems to be searching for someone, so Breanna busies herself with a magazine, hoping to avoid any interaction. But he zeroes in on her anyway.

DECLAN
You seen a doctor around here?

Breanna looks up at him with that dull "don't bug me" expression popular among 14-year olds.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

BREANNA

Lots of 'em.

DECLAN

5'8-ish, curly black hair... cute?
A psychiatrist --

BREANNA

(surprised)
She's a shrink?

DECLAN

You seen her?

She points to the room behind Declan, the door closed.

BREANNA

In there, with my mom...

DECLAN

Aw...
(he can't say "shit")
...nuts!

Declan paces the hallway. Breanna figures he's either in a big rush, or he's gotta pee.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Think she'll be long?

BREANNA

How should I know?

Declan paces some more. Then he gets an idea.

DECLAN

Look. Do me a favor...uh.. what's your name?

BREANNA

Breanna.

DECLAN

Hey Breanna. Declan. Could you give her this stuff?

He drops the files in her lap, and hands her the baggie. Inside it: a rock.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

I'd wait, but I gotta get home.
(off her look)
Left my dog there.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

BREANNA

So?

DECLAN

All day. Probably took a big --
(looking at her,
quickly revising)
--wrecked the place by now.

Breanna just wants him to go away...

BREANNA

Whatever.

DECLAN

And tell her I couldn't make it weep.
(off her look)
They say it weeps if you squeeze it.
(off her even weirder
look)
I don't believe it. Some people in
Northern Kentucky do.

Declan takes off, quickly disappearing down the hall. Breanna
looks bewildered: *what just happened here?*

After a moment, she carefully removes the rock from the bag,
taking a quick look around to see if she's being watched.
She's not. So she squeezes it. And waits...

CUT BACK TO:

4 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT ONE

4

As Peggy finishes her exam with Fran. She steps back.

PEGGY

Did you mention the voices to Dr.
Kleiman?

Fran shakes her head no.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Well... I'd like to run some tests.
See if there's anything physical
going on. That all right with you?

FRAN

(timid)
Okay.

PEGGY

(smiling, comforting)
I'll talk to Dr. Kleiman.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1006 (Shoot #6) Crazy GREEN 6-21-00

6A.

4

CONTINUED:

4

PEGGY (CONT'D)
We'll schedule a full work-up: EEG,
MRI, lumbar puncture...

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

FRAN
(alarmed)
Lumbar puncture? Doesn't that hurt?

PEGGY
We'll give you a local anesthetic
for the pain.
(off her look, gently)
It helps diagnose certain brain
diseases.

*

Fran looks over at Phil, nervous.

PHIL
Honey, if it means we'll figure out
what's wrong with you...

Still holding her hand, gently.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I'll stay right there
with you.

She hesitates, then nods. But she sure doesn't like the
sound of all this. Off her anxiety...

5

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY TWO

5

Fran and Breanna are in the bleachers watching J.D.'s soccer
match. Fran loves this game, but her shy nature forces her
to maintain her composure. J.D.'s team, the VOLCANOES, really
suck, which bugs Breanna. Luckily, J.D. doesn't suck, and
he steals the ball, kicking it into the goal for a point.
Cheering erupts from the bleachers -- the Volcanoes and their
parents are thrilled.

BREANNA
Finally! Thought we were gonna go
the whole season without a goal.

FRAN
(keep your voice down)
They're doing their best.

BREANNA
This is their best? One goal in 10
games? What's they're worst?

Fran shoots Breanna a careful look: *behave yourself*. Fran
and Breanna clap, joining the cheering parents, though they're
careful to keep their enthusiasm in check. Unlike the
Patterson Family (MOM, DAD, TWO KIDS) nearby. They're dancing
all over the place, celebrating as if the Volcanoes just won
the World Cup. Breanna and Fran look over at them, appalled --
they'd never behave like that in public.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

PHIL
(running up)
What'd I miss?

BREANNA
J.D. made a goal. *

PHIL
(delighted)
All right!

As he sits, a SMALL GROUP OF 14 YEAR OLD GIRLS on the other side of the field begin motioning for Breanna. She sees them, but looks away quickly, pretending she didn't. And just in time to see J.D. score another goal. The McBrides cheer. But who can hear them, with "Patterson Mania" going strong... *

THE PATTERSONS
(to the tune of "Go
Rickie")
Vol-Kae-Noes, Vol-Kae-Noes, Vol-Kae-
Noes... EEEEEEEE----RUUUPT!

The McBrides look over at them, truly embarrassed.

6

INT. PEGGY'S OFFICE -- DAY TWO

6

CLOSE ON THE WEEPING ROCK -- water trickling over it, just like tears...

PULL BACK to reveal that it's now part of Peggy's beautiful desktop nature fountain. She and Declan are mid-conversation.

PEGGY
What'd you expect me to do with it?

Declan carefully removes the rock from the fountain.

DECLAN
Put together a personality profile.
Figure out why --

PEGGY
(interrupting,
disbelieving)
Of a rock!?

DECLAN
No...
(realizing)
Did you read the stuff in the folders?

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

PEGGY
(are you kidding?)
You mean the 200 interviews?

DECLAN
Of people that think this rock weeps.
Peggy glances at her watch, trying to be patient.

PEGGY
Declan, I have a job. Which I'm
supposed to be doing right now.
There's a patient waiting for me...

As she ushers him towards the door:

DECLAN
Wait. What am I supposed to tell
these people?

PEGGY
(smiling, a joke)
Seek professional help.

Declan reacts, *not funny*.

7

EXT. PEGGY'S WAITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS -- DAY TWO

7

Declan (clutching the rock) comes out with Peggy. Fran,
Phil and Breanna are seated, waiting.

PEGGY
Fran, Phil. Come on in.

Declan watches, frustrated, as Fran and Phil disappear into
Peggy's office.

BREANNA (O.S.)
You're the rock guy. Declan, right?
He turns, noticing Breanna, remembering her face...

DECLAN
Yeah. And you're...
... but not her name.

BREANNA
Breanna.

DECLAN
Breanna. Right.
(apologetic)
Sorry. Faces, not names.

(CONTINUED)

BREANNA
(noticing)
That the same rock?

DECLAN
Yeah. Peggy put it in a fountain.
Can you believe it? An anomaly of
nature, she puts it in a fountain.

Breanna eyes him suspiciously.

BREANNA
You're one of her patients, huh?

DECLAN
(surprised)
No, no. Just a friend. I teach
at the University.

BREANNA
About rocks?

DECLAN
No. I just check this stuff out.

BREANNA
What stuff?

DECLAN
Weird stuff.

BREANNA
Why?

DECLAN
Why not?

Breanna suppresses a grin: *the guy's weird, but he's kinda cool.* But she wants to know...

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

BREANNA
Why you always hanging around Dr.
Fowler then?

DECLAN
She likes weird stuff too.

Breanna shoots him a look. Declan tries to recover...

DECLAN (CONT'D)
Stuff. Not people.

Off Breanna's glare...

8 INT. PEGGY'S OFFICE -- DAY TWO

8

Peggy studies some test results as Phil and Fran (looking
anxious) wait.

PEGGY
Well, nothing out of the ordinary
here. Physically, you're very
healthy...

Though Peggy's tone is upbeat, Fran is really nervous now.

FRAN
So... what's wrong with me then?

Peggy puts the file down, calm, gently.

PEGGY
It could be any number of things.
What I'd like to do is get you started
on medication. See if we can get
your life back to normal.

Fran begins to relax, looking relieved. So does Phil.

PHIL
Great.

FRAN
How long do I have to take it?

PEGGY
(writing the
prescription)
Let's see how it goes... If these
visions stop.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

PEGGY (CONT'D)
(direct)
If they do, you should consider the possibility that medication is a lifetime commitment.

Fran reacts, suddenly feeling uncertain as Peggy holds the prescription out to her.

FRAN
(timid)
I don't know --

PHIL
Honey, I think it's a good idea. If it gets rid of these visions.

He smiles at her, reassuring. Fran relents with a nod. She knows they're right, but she's still uneasy.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 A BEAM OF WHITE LIGHT 9

Filling the screen. REVEAL FRAN, enveloped in it, standing transfixed, wide-eyed in wonder, listening to the voice's GENTLE WHISPERING. Lost in the moment. The whispers grow louder, more urgent... we may even make out some of the words now: *Follow... Turn... Part of You.*

Fran's expression suddenly grows fearful. She closes her eyes tightly, fighting it...

FRAN
No, no, No, No, NO...!

SMASH CUT TO:

10 OMITTED 10

11 INT. BATHROOM -- DAY TWO 11

Fran snapping out of her vision, finding herself alone in front of the bathroom mirror, shaken. She breathes in, trying to recover. Her gaze falls on a...

BOTTLE OF MEDICATION

Prescribed by Peggy (the name of it unreadable from our angle). She stares at it a moment, then makes a decision... gulping a pill down quickly.

12 INT. FRAN AND PHIL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT TWO 12

Late at night. Phil's fast asleep, but Fran's wide awake -- watching, listening, hearing only silence. Finally, she closes her eyes, at peace.

FADE OUT.

13 INT. DECLAN'S OFFICE - DAY THREE 13

MOLE sleeps in a corner as Declan and MIRANDA (clipboard in hand), stare down at the weeping rock. Miranda consults her findings. *

MIRANDA

Minute fissures striate the mass.
Undetectable to the naked eye.

He looks at her: *Meaning?*

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

The rock sucks up moisture, bleeds
it out slowly.

DECLAN

Weeping.

MIRANDA

Until the moisture is gone. Then
no more tears.

Declan shakes his head, about to say something, but stops short when he suddenly notices:

Breanna, standing in the open doorway.

DECLAN

Barbara!

BREANNA

Breanna.

DECLAN

Right. Sorry. How long you been
standing there?

BREANNA

Few minutes.

Breanna eyes Miranda up and down, wary. Miranda eyes her right back.

DECLAN

Breanna, Miranda. Miranda, Breanna.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

BREANNA

Hi.

MIRANDA

Hello.

Declan waits for Breanna to tell him what she's doing there.
But she doesn't.

DECLAN

So... what's up?

BREANNA

Still into weird stuff?

DECLAN

Yeah.

BREANNA

I got something you might wanna check
out...

Declan raises an eyebrow, all ears.

DECLAN

Great. Shoot.

Breanna eyes Miranda again, suspicious.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

It's okay. She works with me.

BREANNA

(after a beat)

You gotta promise to keep it secret.

Declan and Miranda exchange a look.

DECLAN

(hesitant)

Hmm. We can't really do that. Not
until we know what it is.

BREANNA

Okay. Fine.

*

Breanna turns on her heels to go, but Declan stops her.

DECLAN

Hey! Wait.

Breanna stops, turns back to them. Declan tries to hide a
smile -- he likes this kid.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Okay. I promise.

Breanna looks at Miranda.

MIRANDA

Me too.

Breanna steps back in, victorious... and very serious.

BREANNA

Okay. My mom's been hearing a voice... that nobody else hears.

Miranda's eyes widen: *Definitely weird.*

DECLAN

(intrigued)

Really? What kind of voice?

BREANNA

It's sort of a whisper. But mom didn't like it, so Dr. Fowler stopped it with drugs.

DECLAN

(disappointed)

That's why she was seeing Peggy.

(beat)

Well. You gotta respect her choice. Hearing voices... tough.

BREANNA

But it really wants to talk to her.

MIRANDA

(taken aback)

It does?

DECLAN

(amazed)

How do you know that?

Breanna hesitates, unsure how to answer. Finally:

BREANNA

It told me.

Off Declan and Miranda, both stunned.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 INT. DECLAN'S OFFICE -- DAY THREE

14

Declan and Miranda stare at Breanna, absolutely astonished, as she explains. (Mole sleeps straight through). *

BREANNA

Mom stopped hearing it, then I started. Don't see the lights and stuff though.

DECLAN

Lights?

BREANNA

Mom saw lights. She was fighting it. I did too at first. It was kinda scary. Then it told me to "resist not".

MIRANDA

(weird words)
"Resist not?"

BREANNA

I know. It's dorky. Anyway, I hear it a lot now. No one around me even knows.

Declan's fascinated. He leans in to her.

DECLAN

What else does it say? *

BREANNA

I can only understand pieces. It whispers most of the time.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

She hands him a little spiral notebook.

BREANNA (CONT'D)

I've been writing stuff in here.

DECLAN

(reading)

"Frankie, Larry, Mr. Rayl."

(pronounced Rail)

Who are these people?

BREANNA

I don't know 'em.

DECLAN

(bizarre)

"Keep things all hunky dory?"

BREANNA

Like I said. Dorky.

MIRANDA

Your mom heard this stuff too?

BREANNA

Don't know. She doesn't like to talk about it.

DECLAN

(back to reading)

"Great tradition?"

Breanna shrugs, Declan continues reading. He stops, suddenly alarmed.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

"I will always love you?"

BREANNA

Yeah. Says that a lot.

Declan and Miranda exchange worried looks. This is starting to sound dangerous.

DECLAN

You gotta tell your folks.

Breanna reacts, betrayed.

BREANNA

No. They'll take me to that shrink. I'll end up on drugs.

DECLAN

Peggy's not gonna drug you if --

(CONTINUED)

BREANNA
(starting to panic)
No! You promised.

DECLAN
I didn't know it was this serious --

BREANNA
(on the verge of tears)
It doesn't matter. I wouldn't have
told you if you hadn't promised.

Declan stops, unsure what to do. He did promise. He looks
to Miranda for an idea, but she just shrugs -- this is too
weird for her.

DECLAN
Look. Why don't you at least mention
some of this stuff you're hearing to
your mom? See if it triggers
anything for her.

BREANNA
She's not stupid. She'll figure it
out.

DECLAN
Only if it's saying the same thing
to both of you. In which case, she
should know... right?

Off Breanna, uncomfortable, but considering...

Fran's absorbed in another home game (Score 1-8). Breanna
sits next to her, anxious, trying to find a way to bring up
some of the phrases she's heard. She glances sideways at
her mom, then whispers out of the side of her mouth:

BREANNA
Great tradition.

Fran starts, looking around, unsure whether she heard
something or not. Deciding she didn't, she returns her
attention to the game. Breanna tries again...

BREANNA (CONT'D)
Great tradition.

Fran looks around again, puzzled. She turns to Breanna.

FRAN
Did you just say something?

15 CONTINUED:

15

BREANNA
Me? No. Like what?

FRAN
I'm not sure.

BREANNA
Maybe you're hearing that voice again.

Fran goes pale, embarrassed, hoping no one else heard Breanna.

FRAN
(whispering)
Honey...

BREANNA
Oh. Sorry. Forgot.

Fran turns her attention back to the game, a little unnerved, just as a kid on the opposing team kicks the ball past the Volcanoes goalie. She looks over at the sidelines, where a man stands with the kids. It's the LEAGUE PRESIDENT, but Fran's never seen him before.

FRAN
(quietly to Breanna)
Who's that?

BREANNA
League President. Coach Kudukis
quit.
(pronounced Kud-oo-
kis)

FRAN
He did? When?

BREANNA
Last week.

Fran keeps watching as Breanna tries to figure how to introduce the voice's next phrase. Finally, she just blurts:

BREANNA (CONT'D)
I will always love you.

Fran turns to Breanna, surprised -- Breanna's not usually that expressive.

FRAN
(touched, quiet)
That's sweet honey. I love you
too.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

She pats Breanna on the leg, wondering why she's acting so unusual.

FRAN (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

BREANNA
Yeah. Fine.
(on second thought)
Well, a little tired... we got a new
teacher at school. Giving us a lot
of work...

As she carefully watches for a reaction:

BREANNA (CONT'D)
Mr. Rayl...

Fran stops short, a glimmer of recognition in her eyes.

FRAN
Mr. Rayl?

BREANNA
(hopeful)
Yeah.

FRAN
That's odd.

BREANNA
Why?

FRAN
I had a teacher named Mr. Rayl. In
college. But it can't be the same
guy. He was old then, he'd be ancient
now.

BACK TO BREANNA -- as her eyes light up: *bingo!*

16 INT. DECLAN'S OFFICE -- DAY FOUR

16

Mole chews on a raw hide bone as Breanna excitedly explains her findings to Declan and Miranda.

BREANNA
Frankie was her nick name in college.
Mr. Rayl was an English teacher there.
And get this. He died 2 months ago.

Declan raises an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

BREANNA (CONT'D)

So... what if he's trying to communicate with my mom... with Frankie. And when he couldn't get through to her, he came to me.

Declan reacts, this is almost too weird even for him. He leans forward, careful about what he says next.

DECLAN

Breanna, you gotta tell your mom.

BREANNA

No...

DECLAN

This is serious.

BREANNA

I said no.

Declan leans back, frustrated. Miranda takes a stab...

MIRANDA

How's this guy gonna reach your mom if you don't tell her?

Breanna quiets, nervous, scared.

BREANNA

What if they think something's wrong with me?

*
*
*

DECLAN

(off her look of fear)

Tell you what. I'll go with you.

*
*

Breanna considers this a moment... then nods.

17 INT. MCBRIDE HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY FOUR

17

Declan and Breanna have just told her parents. They're stunned, particularly Phil.

PHIL

(incredulous)

A ghost is trying to talk to Fran?

DECLAN

Maybe... I don't know.

PHIL

That's nuts. Who are you anyway?

Declan hesitates, unsure how to answer.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DECLAN

I'm a...
(searches for the
word)
... an associate... of Peggy's.
Dr. Fowler.

Phil's still skeptical. But Fran can't contain her
curiosity:

FRAN

Why would Mr. Rayl want to talk to
me anyway? I only had him for two
semesters.

DECLAN

Maybe we can figure that out.

He pulls out Breanna's book.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

There's some other things he's told
Breanna...

PHIL

(floored)
There's more?!

Phil takes the book from him and begins flipping through it.

DECLAN

(to Fran)
Does "great tradition" do anything
for you?

FRAN

No.

DECLAN

Do you know a Larry?

FRAN

(thinking)
I did. A long time ago. Had a
crush on him. But he never even
noticed me. Besides, that was in
high school, not college.

BREANNA

(an idea hits)
He says, "I will always love you" a
lot. Maybe Mr. Rayl had a crush on
you.

(CONTINUED)

FRAN

I doubt it. I'm pretty sure he was
gay.

Breanna quiets suddenly, listening to something...

THE SOFT VOICE wafts through the air around her, whispering.
Breanna listens, attentive, rapt. It circles her, she turns
to look for it... but then it's gone.

BREANNA

I just heard it again.

Phil's jaw drops, seriously worried. But Fran's intrigued --
it seems so easy for Breanna, unlike her own experiences.

FRAN

Really? What'd it say?

BREANNA

Something like...tropical parades...

PHIL

(irritated)

Now wait a minute --

Fran cuts him off, unintentionally...

FRAN

(slowly)

Tropical... Paradise?

BREANNA

Yeah. That's it.

FRAN

(pale)

Oh my God.

PHIL

(annoyed)

What?!

FRAN

That's the name of a story I wrote.
It won a contest in college. One
of the judges... was Mr. Rayl.

Declan and Breanna are amazed. But Phil's not. He's
getting angry, and his stare is directed right at Declan.

PHIL

I'd appreciate it if you'd stop filling my daughter's head with a bunch of nonsense.

DECLAN

It's not nonsense. Not if --

PHIL

This is some sort of illness.
Probably hereditary.

*
*

DECLAN

But the phrases all relate to Fran. Frankie, Mr. Rayl, Tropical Paradise.

PHIL

Things Breanna's probably heard her mom talk about before.

(off Declan's look)

Look. I don't think she's lying or anything. But maybe this stuff got stored up in her subconscious somehow, and she's so traumatized by her mom's illness, it's bubbling up... as this... voice.

Declan thinks about it, hating to admit:

DECLAN

Good point.

PHIL

(arriving at the truck)

Listen, I'm glad you encouraged her to talk to us. But I'd prefer to have Dr. Fowler treating her directly... not some "associate".

DECLAN

(alarmed)

I... uh... you're gonna take her to Peggy?

PHIL

It's the best thing for her right now.

(pointed)

Professional help.

He heads back to the house, leaving Declan alone... and feeling pretty guilty.

19 INT. PEGGY'S OFFICE -- DAY FIVE

19

Declan's come to talk to Peggy about Breanna.

DECLAN

The kid's scared.

PEGGY

Of course she is. She's hearing voices.

DECLAN

(not harsh)

She's scared of you.

PEGGY

That's your fault. Instead of encouraging her to believe in the talking dead, you should've had her come to me in the first place.

DECLAN

What was I supposed to do? I made a promise.

PEGGY

Because of you, the girl's resistant to therapy.

DECLAN

She was already "resistant". She doesn't want to be drugged. And I agree with her.

PEGGY

(sarcastic)

Terrific. So what treatment would you recommend, Dr. Dunn?

DECLAN

(sincere)

Please, don't drug her. She's terrified.

Peggy studies him for a moment, irritated. Then:

PEGGY

Declan. I'll do what's best for my patient. But that's difficult with your interfering. Please... let me do my job.

Off Peggy and Declan staring at each other... a standoff.

20 EXT. SOCCER FIELD -- DAY FIVE

20

Parents picking their kids up from soccer practice. J.D.
joins Fran and Breanna, but just as they turn to go:

(CONTINUED)

LEAGUE PRESIDENT

Folks. Can I get your attention for just a minute?

Everyone turns to see the League President, beckoning them. He's a city boy, from the East Coast, direct and to the point, and a bit of a character.

LEAGUE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

We still haven't found a replacement for Coach Kudukis. I need a volunteer...

The parents look around at each other -- no takers. They start to wander away (including Fran and Breanna), but he calls out after them, irritated.

LEAGUE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

C'mon folks. I don't wanna break up the team. If we're gonna keep things all hunky dory around here, someone's gonna have to step up to the plate. [It's important to the kids. And it's important to you. The Volcanoes have been a part of Trott County's youth soccer for nearly 20 years.]

*
*
*
*
*

ON FRAN AND BREANNA -- who stop walking, exchanging a look. As he continues underneath:

*

BREANNA

Did you hear that?

Fran tries to sweep it under the rug...

FRAN

It's a common expression.

BREANNA

(oh come on!)

It is not.

LEAGUE PRESIDENT

(his voice rising)

... so we gotta continue this great tradition...

A long beat, the hair on the back of Fran and Breanna's neck standing straight up. Breanna puts the pieces together...

BREANNA

Mr. Rayl wants you to coach the Volcanoes.

Off Fran, thinking...

21 INT. MCBRIDE HOME -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT FIVE

21

Fran and Phil sit across from each other having an after dinner coffee. Fran's excited, but keeps her enthusiasm under wraps, unsure how Phil's going to react to what she's just told him.

PHIL
(dumbfounded)
Why?

FRAN
(hesitant)
He was gonna break up the team...

PHIL
Don't get me wrong. It sounds like a lot of fun. I'm just not sure it's a good time to start something new. While you're taking medication...

FRAN
I talked to Dr. Fowler about it. She thought it was a great idea.

PHIL
(damn)
She did?

Fran nods, nervous. Phil sips his coffee, unconvinced.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Well... just promise you'll quit if it gets to be too much for you.

Fran nods, her excitement growing...

22 INT. PEGGY'S OFFICE -- DAY SIX

22

Breanna's appointment with Peggy. Breanna looks oddly calm, given how panicked she seemed about this whole idea before. Peggy tries to draw Breanna out.

PEGGY
So, tell me a little about this voice you're hearing.

Breanna looks at Peggy, thinking for a moment. Then:

BREANNA
What voice?

Peggy gives Breanna a look: she's not stupid.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

PEGGY

The voice you told your parents you've been hearing for the past week. Mr. Rayl.

BREANNA

Oh, yeah. That. Well... it stopped. I think it was just some sort of bad dream anyway. Only happened a couple times. But it's gone now.

Off Peggy, as she takes a frustrated breath...

23 INT. MCBRIDE HOME -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT SIX

23

Breanna and Declan sit in the kitchen. Declan's stunned that Breanna lied.

*
*

DECLAN

You actually said that?
(she nods)
You shouldn't have lied...

*

FRAN (O.S.)

I agree.

BREANNA

(caught, careful)
I didn't lie... not exactly. I mean, I haven't actually heard it... since last night.

FRAN

Breanna, Dr. Fowler's just there to help. If you'd just --

But Fran stops when she notices the odd expression on Breanna's face...

THE GENTLE VOICE is speaking to Breanna again, encircling her, almost like an echo. Breanna listens intently -- calm, happy, smiling slightly -- as Fran and Declan watch, perplexed. We're able to make out a word here and there. Some we've already heard: *Mr. Rayl, I will always love you, follow.*

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

But now, there's a new phrase: *It's me, It's me, It's me...* echoing into the distance.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Bre?

Breanna blinks several times, snapping out of the vision, looking confused.

DECLAN

He just talked to you again, didn't he?

BREANNA

Yeah.

FRAN

What he say?

BREANNA

(uncomfortable)

Well... it's not Mr. Rayl.

Fran and Declan react, surprised. They thought they had it all figured out.

FRAN

Who is it then?

Breanna fidgets, uneasy. She mumbles something neither of them can hear. Declan leans in closer.

DECLAN

What?

Breanna takes a deep breath, a little embarrassed, knowing full well that what she's about to say sounds... crazy.

BREANNA

It's... God.

Off Fran and Declan, shocked and bewildered.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 OMITTED 24
25 EXT. MCBRIDE HOME -- DAY SEVEN 25

Declan and Miranda approach the door. VERY LOUD ROCK MUSIC blasts inside. The two exchange a look. Miranda knocks.

DECLAN

Right. They're gonna hear that.

Declan tests the door. It's open.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Breanna!
(no response)
Breanna!

A voice calls from the family room...

VOICE (O.S.)

In here!

They slip in.

26 INT. MCBRIDE HOME -- KITCHEN -- DAY SEVEN 26

They come around the corner to find...

FRAN -- not Breanna, on a treadmill... which, for no apparent reason, is in the middle of the kitchen. Believe it or not, she's the one blasting the music. She wears short-shorts and a hot little halter top -- Declan has to force himself not to stare. She's also experimented with her hairstyle: it's now funky, with highlights, and lots of mouse. Fran works out enthusiastically (the treadmill is set to a jog.) *
Miranda stares wide-eyed, and amused. But Declan just stands there, stunned and speechless: this isn't the timid woman he met earlier. Fran notices the cool choker Miranda wears *
around her neck. *

FRAN

Cool choker.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA

Thanks.

She glances over to Declan for an introduction, but he's still in shock. So she does it herself

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Miranda.

FRAN

(waving wildly)

Hey Miranda. I'm Fran.

She keeps running as Declan finally comes around...

DECLAN

(stuttering)

What... happened...

FRAN

(interrupting, loud)

... to my hair!? I changed it. *

DECLAN

Why?

FRAN

To celebrate. I stopped taking the drugs.

DECLAN

You stopped the -- ?

FRAN

Yeah. Interfered with the flow.

DECLAN

Flow?

FRAN

God's flow. It's loud and clear now.

Declan has no idea what to say. So he just says:

DECLAN

Oh.

FRAN

Figured out how to deal with it. Breanna helped me. If you don't fight it, it just sort of hangs out. It's cool.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA

God's flow...

FRAN

Right.

Fran changes the speed on the treadmill -- to a run. Declan and Miranda watch, amazed.

DECLAN

So... this means you're both hearing it now.

FRAN

Oh. No. Breanna was right. Wanted me. Stopped talking to her as soon as I went off the meds.

Fran's energy is quickly wearing Declan out. He sits.

MIRANDA

Heard anything interesting lately?

FRAN

You kidding? Amazing stuff. It's like my mind is on overdrive. Wonderful...

*
*

She jumps off the treadmill, and begins to towel down.

DECLAN

Like what?

Fran looks at him, not comprehending.

FRAN

Like what... what?

DECLAN

Like what does it say?

FRAN

Oh. Well...

(serious)

There's one thing it keeps repeating over and over.

DECLAN

What's that?

FRAN

(joke)

Get in shape or you'll kill yourself coaching.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (4)

26

Declan smiles slightly, still unsure of what's going on here. Breanna comes home from school, throwing her books and backpack into a chair, nodding to Declan and Miranda.

BREANNA

Hey!

DECLAN

Hey.

BREANNA

(to Fran)

What's to eat?

FRAN

(deadpan)

There's tofu in the fridge.

Declan and Breanna grimace.

BREANNA

Gross.

FRAN

Okay, then...

(light)

How about peanut butter cookies?

Breanna grins... her mom's been joking a lot like this lately.

FRAN (CONT'D)

In the cupboard.

She grabs a handful, giving some to Declan, Fran, and Miranda. As they all munch:

FRAN (CONT'D)

Heard there's a talent contest at school next week.

BREANNA

Yeah.

FRAN

You gonna be in it?

BREANNA

Doing what?

*

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (5)

26

FRAN
(thinking)
You could sing a song.

*
*

Breanna considers for a moment. It sounds like fun, but...

*

BREANNA
I don't know if I can sing.

Fran studies Breanna, an idea forming.

FRAN
There's one way to find out.

CUT TO:

27

INT. BAR/RESTAURANT -- NIGHT SEVEN

27

CLOSE ON AN ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER
It's Karaoke time!

*

Cheers and applause from the audience as he continues underneath:

*
*

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
[I think I see a lot of new faces here tonight. And we always love that. Because with new faces, comes new voices. How about it? Who out there would like to take a chance at stardom? Never know what big time Hollywood type might be out there watching...]

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Fran, Breanna, J.D., Declan and Miranda at a table. The crowd cheers.

*

FRAN
(nudging Breanna)
Go for it.

Breanna reacts, terrified.

DECLAN
Yeah. Go ahead.

BREANNA
No way!

FRAN
Nothing to be afraid of.

(CONTINUED)

BREANNA
Then you do it.

FRAN
(no problem)
Okay.

Fran bounds up on stage. The Announcer looks startled. So does everyone else at the table.

ANNOUNCER
Looks like we've finally got a brave
volunteer. What's your name?

*
*

27 CONTINUED:

27

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

(to Fran)
Your name?

FRAN

Uh... Fran.

ANNOUNCER

Okay, Fran. What'll it be?

She whispers "it" to him. He nods, leaving the microphone with her as he goes off stage.

Fran stands there quietly, looking out at the sea of faces, suddenly nervous. But determined to do this.

ANGLE ON PHIL

just entering the restaurant. He sees Fran -- his eyes widen. He scans the room, finding the table where Declan and the kids sit. He rushes over.

PHIL

(irritated)
What the hell is going on?

DECLAN

Fran's gonna sing.

The music starts -- the introduction of Whitney Houston's version of "I Will Always Love You." Declan, Breanna and Miranda exchange knowing looks: *mystery solved*. Fran brings the mic to her mouth, and begins singing... tentatively.

FRAN

"If I should stay, I would only be
in your way"

The crowd watches her, unsure what to think: Fran's awful. She struggles to stay on key, and on stage.

ON PHIL -- uncomfortable. Yet something about this scene is familiar to him.

FRAN (CONT'D)

"So I'll go, but I know, I'll think
of you, every step of the way..."

She goes into the chorus, starting to relax:

FRAN (CONT'D)

"And I-ee-I--ee--I.... will always
love you..."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (3)

27

FRAN (CONT'D)
(finding courage)
I-ee-IIII will always love you"
"You my darling you mmm..."

As Fran's started to enjoy the song, the audience has started to enjoy her. Breanna and J.D. look on, impressed. But Phil's annoyed, and embarrassed. *

FRAN (CONT'D)
"Bittersweet memories, That is all
I'm taking with me."

Fran motions to Breanna: *come up here!* Breanna runs up, the Announcer handing her a mike.

FRAN (CONT'D)
"So goodbye, please don't cry... We
both know I'm not what you, you
need..."

And Breanna joins in:

FRAN/BREANNA
"And I-ee-I--ee--I.... will always
love you..."

Breanna's not much better than her mom, but who gives a damn? They're having a ball. And the audience is falling in love with this mother-daughter duo.

FRAN/BREANNA (CONT'D)
"I-ee-IIII will always love you."

As the music goes into the instrumental break, Fran gestures to J.D., who also jumps up, and they all dance to that sexy saxophone. Fran then signals to the rest of them. Declan bounds right up, ready to party, dragging a very reluctant Miranda with him. *

But Phil stays put, really uptight, really embarrassed. The chorus kicks up again, and the whole place joins in...

EVERYBODY
"And I will always love you. I will
always love you. I will always love
you. I will always love you."

Off Phil, irritated, the party around him heating up...

28 INT. PEGGY'S OFFICE -- DAY EIGHT

28

Phil on the sofa, at the end of his rope. Peggy listening.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

PHIL

In a bar, for God's sake. At the top of her lungs!

Peggy shudders.

PEGGY

In front of everybody?

PHIL

Yeah. Suddenly she's a Vegas lounge lizard.

Peggy suppresses a smile.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And she's never home anymore.

PEGGY

Where is she?

PHIL

Tuesday, reading bed time stories to dogs at the pound. Wednesday, karate. Thursday, she started taking a writing class. We haven't had dinner together in over a week. I don't know how much more of this I can take. There's no sense of normalcy in the house...

PEGGY

Sounds like she's just having a little fun.

PHIL

I don't mind that. But she's gone off the deep end. I tried to get her to come here with me today, but she said she didn't need a shrink, she only needs to listen to her voice.

Peggy stops short. This is more serious than she'd thought.

PEGGY

She's still hearing it? *

PHIL

Ever since she stopped the medication.

PEGGY

(shocked)

She went off the meds?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

PHIL
Decided she wanted to hear the voice
when that "associate" of yours told
her it was the voice of God...

Peggy sits up, her blood beginning to boil.

29 INT. DECLAN'S OFFICE -- DAY EIGHT

29

Mole watches as Peggy and Declan argue. Peggy's unusually
irrational.

PEGGY
My *associate*?! How dare you!

DECLAN
I was just trying to help.

PEGGY
I told you not to interfere. You
violated that trust.

DECLAN
I didn't violate --

PEGGY
You told Fran she's hearing the voice
of God.

DECLAN
Breanna told her that, not me.

PEGGY
But you encouraged it.

DECLAN
No, I inquired about it.

PEGGY
Declan, this woman is ill...

DECLAN
That voice helps her. She's having
a blast. Even Breanna's doing stuff
she was a afraid of before --

PEGGY
(interrupting)
And her husband's on the verge of
leaving her.

A beat, as Declan absorbs this.

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

(pointed)

Seems to me he's the one with the
problem.

PEGGY

That may be, but your interference
is making it worse.

Declan studies her, stunned by her reaction.

DECLAN

You know, normally you'd at least
entertain the idea that this voice
is something else.

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

PEGGY
(sarcastic)
Like God?

DECLAN
Well... yeah.

PEGGY
Declan, it's a classic symptom of a
mental disorder.

DECLAN
But some of the most amazing people
in history have heard voices, and
they did wonderful things with their
lives... Abraham, Christ, Joan of
Arc, Moses...

PEGGY
This is not the same thing. And you
know it.

Peggy leaves, slamming the door behind her. Off Declan,
disturbed by Peggy's reaction.

29A EXT. MCBRIDE HOME -- DAY EIGHT

29A

Phil pulls up in a late model mini-van. He gets out, ambling
towards the house after a long day. Just as he reaches it...

Breanna comes flying out the front door, in a rush.

BREANNA
You gotta take me to school. Mom's
not home yet.

PHIL
Why're you going to school? It's 6
o'clock.

BREANNA
There's a dance tonight.

PHIL
(surprised)
You're going to a dance?!

(CONTINUED)

29A CONTINUED:

29A

BREANNA
Mom said I could.

*
*

PHIL
I don't mind. Just thought you
weren't into that stuff.

*
*

BREANNA
Mom said it would be fun.

*
*

Phil shrugs: *kids*. They head towards the car.

*

BREANNA (CONT'D)
You know mom used to write stories
in college?

*
*

PHIL
Oh yeah.
(smiling)
As a matter of fact, I first saw her
on a stage, reading a poem she'd
written.

*
*
*
*

BREANNA
(astonished)
Mom?!

*
*
*

PHIL
Yeah. She was terrified.
(he smiles)
They had to keep turning her
microphone up so we could hear her.
I thought to myself, "I could never
do that".
(a fond memory)
And yet there she was.

*
*
*
*
*
*

BREANNA
Doesn't sound like mom at all.

*
*

Breanna climbs into the car, but Phil pauses a moment,
thinking about this...

*

30 EXT. TROTT COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL -- ESTABLISHING --
DAY NINE

30*

Declan's truck pulls up in front. He climbs out.

31 EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD AREA -- DAY NINE

31*

An outdoor area on the hospital grounds. Declan takes in
his surroundings as he is escorted by a staff psychiatrist,
DR. RITCHIE.

*

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

This is a modern-day hospital, not the nut houses of days
gone by. The patients enjoy the afternoon sun, as caring
and compassionate staff members attend to them. They wear
their own clothing, though sometimes ill-fitting and poorly
matched. Some look perfectly normal, others are obviously *
sedated, still others clearly sick. One woman walks in *
circles, another sits in a chair, shuffling cards obsessively. *

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (2)

31

A man makes his way through the center of the courtyard...
two steps back, three steps forward, two steps back...

DR. RITCHIE

A lot of our patients hear voices.

Dr. Ritchie points to a woman at a table, PALOMA. She talks
to herself, drawing with crayons on large pieces of paper.

DR. RITCHIE (CONT'D)

Paloma's voices keep a running
commentary on her activities. And
according to them, everything she
does is wrong. It's torture for
her.

DECLAN

Why isn't she on medication?

DR. RITCHIE

She is. Just not responding to it.
So far.

DECLAN

Why not?

DR. RITCHIE

Late diagnosis. That happens. The
family sees the symptoms starting,
but doesn't want to interfere. By
the time they do, it's hard to find
the right treatment.

That worries Declan.

DECLAN

Can I talk to her?

DR. RITCHIE

Sure.

Declan goes to the table, watching Paloma draw for a moment.
She's passionately involved, not even noticing he's there.
After a moment, he sits next to her.

DECLAN

Hi. I'm Declan.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (3)

31

But Paloma doesn't look up, too absorbed by her work. She mutters to herself as she draws, using the full palette of colored crayons available to her.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
Beautiful drawings.

PALOMA
They help me.

DECLAN
The drawings?

Paloma suddenly looks up, overwhelmed.

PALOMA
Please stop.

Declan reacts, surprised.

DECLAN
Me?

PALOMA
No. You don't hear them.
(irritated)
They won't leave me alone.

DECLAN
Who are they?

PALOMA
I don't know.

She continues drawing, almost frantic.

DECLAN
God?

PALOMA
(emphatic)
No. Not God.

DECLAN
Are you sure?

PALOMA
Absolutely. Can't be God.

DECLAN
Why not?

PALOMA
Because I am.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (4)

31

Declan's not sure he heard right.

DECLAN

You're God?

PALOMA

Yes. Sometimes. We all are...

*

She suddenly slams her crayons down, starting to cry.

PALOMA (CONT'D)

Stop it!

*

Paloma's face scrunches up, sad. Declan looks at her drawing. It shows an alien-looking woman with her hands over her ears. She's surrounded by ghostly apparitions, all screaming at her. It's very disturbing. Paloma covers her ears.

PALOMA (CONT'D)

Make them stop.

(pleading)

Please.

She crumbles in her chair. Off Declan, deeply troubled.

32

EXT. SOCCER FIELD -- DAY NINE

32

A SOCCER BALL -- flies into the net. The Volcanoes's final goal -- they've finally won a game! Everyone goes berserk. Including the Volcanoes's "colorful" new coach, Coach Fran. She takes off for the bleachers, running up and down among the fans, celebrating, high-fiving with parents and other fans. She dances a little jig at the top, but stops suddenly, spotting someone a few feet away:

*

*

PHIL AND PEGGY -- looking very serious.

BACK TO FRAN -- who takes a deep breath, knowing this would happen sooner or later. She jumps down from the bleachers (through the back, like a teenager).

FRAN

Dr. Fowler.

PEGGY

Hi Fran. How are things going?

FRAN

Great. As you can see. Finally won a game. What can I do for you?

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY

I understand you stopped taking the medication.

FRAN

Yeah.

PEGGY

Wish you'd called me about it first.

FRAN

I've been kind of busy. Coaching and everything.

PEGGY

Maybe you can stop by my office later this week. Give us a chance to discuss it.

Fran thinks about it for a moment. Then:

FRAN

No. I don't really want to. See ya.

She turns to head back to the field, but Phil stops her.

PHIL

Honey, Dr. Fowler came all the way out here to talk to you. You could at least listen to her.

FRAN

She came at a bad time. I promised to take the kids for pizza.

PHIL

You can do it some other time.

FRAN

No. They're expecting to go now.

And they are. We can see them at the edge of the field, waiting for her...

PHIL

But this is more important for you --

FRAN

(kinda loud)
No it's not, Phil. I know what's important for me. And right now, it's taking my son's soccer team out for pizza after winning their first game.

(CONTINUED)

The other parents stare. Phil looks embarrassed.

PEGGY

Fran, I know you think you're okay...

FRAN

No, I don't think I'm okay... I am okay. I'm better than okay... I'm great. I've never felt so good in my life. And while I appreciate your concern, I'm not about to do anything right now to mess that up.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

She takes off, joining the Volcanoes who are huddled for a group cheer.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Let's hear it.

VOLCANOES

Down the alley, up the street, who's
the hardest team to beat? Termites!

The parents join the boys on the field, congratulating Fran, who looks like she's having the time of her life.

But Phil and Peggy are very worried.

33 INT. MCBRIDE HOME -- FRAN AND PHIL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT NINE 33*

Late at night. Phil is sound asleep, until he hears something strange. He rolls over to find Fran in the middle of the room, partially dressed, haphazardly tossing things into two opened suitcases on the floor. (Note: This scene has a similar feel and energy to "Close Encounters", when Richard Dreyfuss wakes his family to go see the UFO's.)

PHIL

Fran?

But Fran doesn't hear him, too absorbed in her packing.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(louder)

Fran. What are you doing?

FRAN

Going to Kenya.

PHIL

(are you nuts?)

What?!

FRAN

God said go to Kenya. There's been
a flood.

Phil reacts: *Fran's finally lost it.*

PHIL

Fran, you can't go to Kenya.

FRAN

Not just me. All of us. "Take the
whole family. They need help. As
much as they can get." God was very
clear. It's gonna be great.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRAN (CONT'D)

(beat)
I'll get the kids, you get the dog.

Fran heads for the door, but Phil beats her to it, his patience gone.

PHIL

(firm)
Go back to bed.

FRAN

(breathless)
We have to hurry. I already booked the flight.

PHIL

(incredulous)
You already booked --

FRAN

It leaves in four hours...

She tries to push past him, but he takes her by the shoulders.

PHIL

We are not going anywhere, Fran.

FRAN

But God told me --

PHIL

(anger flaring)
It's not God! It's an hallucination.

FRAN

Trust me Phil. It's God. I have to go. We all have to go.

Phil stares at her for a long, frustrated moment. Then deliberately steps aside.

PHIL

Fine. You go to Kenya. But without the family...

(definitely a threat)
And don't expect us to be here when you get back.

Fran stops short, stunned. She stares at him for a moment.

FRAN

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

PHIL
(quiet, serious)
You know exactly what it means.

A long, tense beat.

FRAN
You'd just throw away fifteen years
of marriage?

PHIL
(frustrated)
I'm not the one throwing it away...

FRAN
You don't understand. I can't just --

Fran suddenly grimaces in pain, as if trying to fight a
migraine that's coming on...

FRAN (CONT'D)
No...

And then she collapses. Phil watches, terrified, as Fran
begins thrashing and convulsing. If she hasn't looked crazy
before, she certainly does now. He rushes to her. *

PHIL
Fran. What's wrong? What's
happening?

But she's unable to respond, the thrashing becoming even
more violent. He runs to the phone, dialing 911, frantic.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
I need help. I need help...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

34 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT NINE

34

Peggy's there with Fran, trying to provide a comforting presence. Phil is slumped in a chair, exhausted, at the end of his rope. Fran's in bed, but uninjured, at least physically. Emotionally, she's in deep and troubled thought... as they all are.

FRAN

(subdued)

When can I go home?

PEGGY

Seventy-two hours.

(off her look)

I just want to make sure you're okay.

Fran relents with a sigh.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Is this the first time you've had a seizure?

FRAN

(nodding)

Phil and I were fighting. The voice interrupted, I told it to go away.

(off Peggy's look)

I "resisted."

Phil rolls his eyes, fighting to control his anger, under:

FRAN (CONT'D)

It was really serious this time. Almost dark. Kept saying, "It's over now, but it doesn't have to be..."

(quiet)

It scared me.

PHIL

It scares all of us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

PHIL (CONT'D)

How many times does this voice have
to send you to the hospital before
you get that you're sick?

Fran and Phil lock eyes, both distraught, their emotions
raw. After a long, tense moment:

PHIL (CONT'D)

I better go pick up the kids.

He grabs his coat and leaves. Peggy turns to Fran, who's
fighting back tears.

FRAN

He's probably right. This voice --
it's just breaking up my family.
God wouldn't do that.

Peggy nods, acknowledging Fran's decision to go back on
medication.

34A EXT. HOSPITAL -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY TEN

34A

35 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY TEN

35

Peggy examines Fran, who's resumed drug therapy, quickly
returning to the quiet, shy woman she was before the visions.
Actually, she seems even more passive than before. And
depressed. Breanna is too. She sits nearby, quietly reading
a book.

PEGGY

No visions?

FRAN

No.

PEGGY

Voices?

FRAN

No.

PEGGY

(finishing up)

Well, the medication's certainly
kicked in. I think we can send you
home in a couple days. Okay with
you?

FRAN

(numb)

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

Peggy reacts, something in Fran's tone making her uneasy. She puts her things away, glancing over at Breanna. Peggy notices that Breanna's just staring at the book in her hands... not really reading it.

PEGGY

How'd you do in that talent show?

BREANNA

Didn't go...

PEGGY

Why not?

Breanna just shrugs, continuing to stare at the book. Something about her manner troubles Peggy.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Are you having any more problems?

BREANNA

With what?

PEGGY

(of course)

That voice...

Breanna looks up, staring at Peggy for a moment: *problems?*

BREANNA

No...

(sadly)

Unfortunately.

Breanna goes back to the book. Off Peggy, disturbed...

36

INT. PEGGY'S OFFICE -- DAY TEN

36

Peggy stares at the wall, troubled, alone with her thoughts. The lights are dim, the fountain trickling. There's a KNOCK on the door. Declan steps in, awkward.

DECLAN

Hi.

PEGGY

Hi.

He sits across from her. They're both uncomfortable.

DECLAN

I came to apologize.

Peggy looks at him, appreciating the gesture, but she still needs to make a point.

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY
(not hostile)
You stepped way over the line this
time, Declan.

DECLAN
I know.

PEGGY
You have a job to do. I have mine.
You have to respect that.

DECLAN
I do. That's why I stopped by a
psychiatric hospital. Saw what you
were talking about.

Peggy reacts, surprised. She softens.

PEGGY

I appreciate that.

(beat)

I also appreciate the way you regard people as individuals. Never just lump them into categories. Always open, always objective. It's a nice quality.

Declan reacts: *where'd that come from?* He starts to realize that something's up.

DECLAN

Something wrong, Peg?

PEGGY

I've been thinking about my brother.

DECLAN

The artist?

PEGGY

(nodding)

Full scholarship to a prestigious school in France. Promising career ahead of him.

(beat)

Then he started hearing voices.

Declan reacts, surprised... and beginning to understand.

DECLAN

I didn't know.

PEGGY

When he left for college, he was vivacious, outgoing. When he came back, he wouldn't even talk to anyone. Just sat in the corner, completely withdrawn, listening to voices that no one else could hear. Took nearly a year of treatment to help him back into normal living.

(quiet, the memory painful)

It was hard.

(CONTINUED)

DECLAN

I'm sorry.

PEGGY

I've let that experience affect my professional judgment. I jumped to a conclusion -- a woman hears a voice, she must be sick.

*
*
*

DECLAN

She is...
(off her look)
Isn't she?

*
*
*
*

PEGGY

I don't know.
(beat)
I hear a voice sometimes.

*
*
*
*

DECLAN

(surprised)
You do?

*
*
*

PEGGY

Sure. Told me to go to medical school, marry my husband, play tennis...
(grinning)
...start hanging out with you.

*
*
*
*
*
*

DECLAN

(realizing)
Intuition.

*
*
*

PEGGY

Yeah.

*
*

Peggy pauses, thoughtful.

*

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Whatever Fran is hearing, it's not what my brother heard. His voices tortured him. They were destructive and cruel. He ended up withdrawing socially...

*
*
*
*

Declan reacts: *that doesn't sound anything like Fran.*

*

DECLAN

But Fran's voice tells her to play soccer, take a writing class, sing in a Karaoke bar...

*
*
*
*

Peggy looks at him, serious.

*

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3) 36

PEGGY

Doesn't sound like an illness, does
it?

*
*

Off the two of them as they realize -- it's not.

37 INT. MCBRIDE HOME -- NIGHT TEN 37

Phil comes downstairs, finding Breanna sitting quietly in a chair, reading from a legal pad. Things have been awkward between them since the drug therapy, so he takes a breath, smiling, hoping to mask his uneasiness.

PHIL

Kinda late for you.

Breanna ignores him, continuing to read. He steps closer, trying to make an effort.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

PHIL (CONT'D)

What are you reading?

BREANNA

Mom wrote another story.
(off his look)
For her class.

PHIL

Any good?

BREANNA

Hard to tell. It's not finished.
(pointed)
Must've stopped working on it when
she started those drugs again.

She leaves the pad on the chair, and brushes past him, heading upstairs. Phil picks the pad up, reading it... troubled.

38

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- DAY ELEVEN

38

Declan and Peggy sit with Phil just outside Fran's room.

PHIL

It's a great story. About a woman
with amnesia remembering who she is.

Declan and Peggy exchange a look. It's a profound topic, considering the circumstances. Phil breathes a deep, confused sigh.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(torn)

I don't know what to think. The
kids liked her better when she was
hearing the voice. It's not that I
don't understand why. I do... It's
just... it's not normal.

(resolved)

I know I'm doing the best thing for
her. The voices, the craziness...
it's over now...

The phrase triggers something for Peggy. She looks up, remembering the words from Fran's last vision.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

PEGGY

(pointed)

"But it doesn't have to be."

Off Phil, taking these words in...

39

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY ELEVEN

39

Phil enters, finding Fran staring out the window. She's still lethargic, a shadow of the vibrant woman she was before. Next to her, on a tray, a medication cup containing two pills.

PHIL

Hi.

He notices the pills, and pours her a glass of water.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I read your story.

She looks confused, the memory faint, as if she wrote it a million years ago.

PHIL (CONT'D)

The one you wrote for your class...

FRAN

Oh, yeah. That.

As he takes the medicine cup:

PHIL

You gonna finish it?

He offers the pills to her. Fran looks at them... then up at Phil, reaching out from her numbness, searching his eyes.

FRAN

Do you want me to?

Phil stares at her, slowly realizing that he does. He looks down at the pills, then back at Fran's sad face. He sits on the bed next to her.

PHIL

(tears welling)

Fran, you're not happy like this. And you deserve to be. If that means listening to this voice... then that's fine with me.

He suddenly tosses the pills out the opened window. Fran reacts, touched by his gesture, tears in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

PHIL (CONT'D)

(light)

But do me a favor. Next time, talk
to me before you buy tickets to Kenya.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

Fran nods her agreement, a smile creeping across her face, as Phil wraps her in his arms. They cling to each other, both realizing that they nearly lost the most important person in their lives... each other. *

BREANNA (V.O.)
(singing)
"And I-ee-I--ee--I...."

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. KAREOKE BAR -- NIGHT TWELVE 40

CLOSE ON BREANNA

As she sings a solo rendition of "I Will Always Love You."

BREANNA
"...will always love you... I-eeee-
IIII will always love you."

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Phil, Fran, J.D., Declan, Miranda and Peggy enraptured, as is the rest of the audience. Breanna sings passionately, with focus. And really well too. Much better than the first time we saw her with Fran. She must be practicing.

PEGGY
(to Fran)
Thought she missed the talent
contest...

FRAN
She did. She's getting ready for
the next one.

Breanna has the audience in the palm of her hand, as she gently eases them into the song's finale:

BREANNA
"You, darling, I love you. Ooh,
I'll always, I'll always love you"

The audience breaks into applause as the McBride family leaps to its feet -- proud, happy, together. They celebrate wildly, (almost like the Patterson family from the soccer field.) Declan and Miranda join in too...

But Peggy hesitates, staring at them, a little embarrassed...

But just for a moment. Because when she looks at them, she realizes that they're having a great time, while she sits glued to her seat, judging them.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

Finally, she too stands, applauding... cautiously at first,
but building courage until she's cheering right along with
the rest of the McBride family, as we slowly...

*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR