

Never Can Say Good-bye

By

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Original screenplay

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INT. HALLWAY: DAY

MICHAEL SCOTT TAPS the wall with a hammer, marking with an "X" where he hears a hollow sound. Rugged and well muscular fifty-something, Michael looks more like he should be swinging an ax cutting down trees than a scholar teaching college. Using a crowbar, he pries the panel closes the "X" from the wall, exposing a door. He drops the crowbar and turns the door knob. The door creaks open and hits the wall behind it. The room is dark.

P.O.V. FROM INSIDE OF THE ROOM: DAY

Michael stands in the doorway, framed in the hallway light. He takes the flashlight from his back pocket and shines it around the room. He walks in shining the beam around the room

INT. BEDROOM: DAY

The beam hits the cracked glass of the mirror on a dresser. The light reflects on a rocking chair. He continues to scan the room until he finds the window. Setting down the flash light, he directs the beam toward the window. He opens the shutters. Sunlight filters through the overgrown ivy. He tries to open the window; it has been nailed shut. He turns to survey the room. Angrily, SHANE SCOTT STANDS in the doorway. A petite and sexy woman in her late twenties, Shane's aura is intense and angry even when she is relaxed.

MICHAEL

Shit!

SHANE

What did you do?

MICHAEL

(excited)

I told you it was here! Come help me explore.

SHANE

(stepping back)

Mike, this isn't our house. We said wallpaper and paint.

MICHAEL

Amanda will be happy we found it.

SHANE

It was boarded up for a reason.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
Ghosts maybe.
(bouncing on the bed)
Let's have an adventure.

Shane looks around the room. Seeing the rocker's image in the mirror, she suddenly panics and runs down the hall. Michael follows her.

INT. HALLWAY: DAY

MICHAEL
(following)
Shane?

He catches up with her at the top of the stairs.

What's the matter?

SHANE
I hate this house.

MICHAEL
It's perfect for us.

SHANE
It's too big! It's too far out!
It's too old!

MICHAEL
The acoustics in the ballroom are great for your band. With a few modifications it would be a great studio.

SHANE
It gives me the creeps!

MICHAEL
(kissing her neck)
That'll change.

SHANE
(pouting)
Is that suppose to make me feel better?

MICHAEL
No. this is.

Michael passionately kisses her, gently pulling her back down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

SHANE

Not that bed.

MICHAEL

Our bed.

He scoops her up into his arms.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS: DAY

JUDY OLSON IS SHOWING ELIZABETH DOWNING around Bellow's University. In her sixties, Judy is determined woman. Perfectly dressed in the latest designer fashion, she is very used to getting her own way. Casually dressed, Elizabeth is a couple of decades younger. Barely being polite, she is clearly disinterested in anything Judy has to say. Instead, her attention is absorbed by the rural setting of the small campus. Most of the buildings date back to the forties and fifties. However, the football stadium and the Ramsdell Building stand out. They are both new additions, which don't conform to the rest of the structures.

JUDY

The fall term starts in two weeks. We have staff meetings in my office every week. Your department meets on Thursday mornings.

ELIZABETH

Fine.

JUDY

The first general staff meeting is 9 a.m. tomorrow. Mitchell Hall. Room 102.

They walk passed an elaborate fountain of a woman holding a child in the center. Elizabeth stops.

I'll introduce you then.

ELIZABETH

It's beautiful. Sara Jane Bellow's Memorial?

JUDY

(irritated)

My father's first wife. When he created the university, he made sure no one could remove it.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Why would anyone want to? It's beautiful. He must have loved her very much.

JUDY

(continues down the sidewalk)
Saturday is the annual Bellow's Ball. It's a fund raiser.

Elizabeth lingers at the fountain. She finds a dedication plate that reads, "Love that is not forgotten never dies."

(annoyed) Ms Downing! Your office is in the Ramsdell Building. This way.

ELIZABETH

(to herself)
The only thing ugly here is your attitude.

JUDY

As I was saying. The Bellow's Ball is Saturday. This year we are doing a period theme. The logging era to be exact. It'll be great fun.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING: DAY

Judy followed by Elizabeth enter.

ELIZABETH

I'll try to be there.

JUDY

It's a requirement for the staff. I made sure it was in your contract.
(unlocking the first door)
Here is your office. The Theater Department has costumes that are suitable.

ELIZABETH

You're very thorough.

JUDY

(opening the door)
I do my best.

ELIZABETH

Bit much for a temp.

(CONTINUED)

JUDY
I'll convince you to stay.

ELIZABETH
That won't happen.

JUDY
Coyote Springs is wonderful place
to set down roots.

ELIZABETH
If you're into that sort of thing.

Elizabeth looks a the computer.

I'll be using my laptop.

JUDY
This one is connected to our
system. It helps with grading.

ELIZABETH
I'll transfer the grades.

JUDY
I insist you use ours.

ELIZABETH
Mine is three times as fast and has
the latest software.

JUDY
I assure you this is top of the
line.

ELIZABETH
Do you have a copy of my teaching
schedule?

JUDY
On your desk. We had to add a few
classes and one more workshop.

ELIZABETH
I'm contracted for three classes
and two workshops. With a limit of
fifteen students.

JUDY
We just assumed you wouldn't mind.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Would you assume that?

JUDY

You'll have an assistant. Besides you wouldn't want to disappoint your fans.

ELIZABETH

I'm here to teach writing. I sign autographs at bookstores.

JUDY

What is your problem?

ELIZABETH

I am doing your brother a favor. He took a chance on me twenty years ago. He asked me to help boost enrollment by teaching a term and I never for get a kindness.

JUDY

My brother deserted the family years ago.

ELIZABETH

Obviously not. Otherwise he wouldn't have asked me to stop working on my newest novel to come here.

JUDY

You don't understand.

ELIZABETH

I don't want to either.

JUDY

I have arranged for you to see a few houses while you are here. Maybe you find one you like enough to buy.

ELIZABETH

I won't be in town long enough to bother. The hotel is fine.

JUDY

Don't forget the staff meeting tomorrow morning. It's in your contract.

(CONTINUED)

Judy leaves. Elizabeth leans against the door, bumping her forehead on it. LYNNE MASON SLIDES into the partially open doorway.

LYNNE

Beating yourself up won't help.

Elizabeth backs away from the door. Lynne opens it all the way.

LYNNE

Lynne Mason. Psychologist.
Parapsychologist. Neighbor
extraordinaire.

ELIZABETH

How nice.

LYNNE

Just so you know. Bathrooms are
around the corner on the
left. Break slash conference room
further down on the right. My
office and lab are in rooms 104 and
105. Michael Scott, famous
historian is in 106/ Need
anything, just ask.

Lynne turns to leave.

ELIZABETH

That's it?

LYNNE

Darlin', you just spent most of the
day with Madam Judy. You can't
handle anything else.

Lynne leaves. Elizabeth closes the door. She walks to the window and stars at the fountain.

INT. BEDROOM: DAY

The sun shines through the curtains, making a pattern on the bed. Both Michael and Shane are asleep. Michael is dreaming.

INT. MICHAEL'S DREAM: DAY

Michael hears a young boy giggling and a woman laughing. He gets out of bed and follows the sound.

INT. HALLWAY: DAY

Michael walks to the hidden room. He stops at the door. The hidden room is filled with sunshine. A TODDLER is being ROCKED by SARA JANE.

TODDLER
(seeing Michael)
Papa!

SARA JANE
Randolph. Why did you leave me?

MICHAEL
I tried to find you.

SHANE
(off camera)
Michael? Michael, where are you?

Michael looks in the direction of Shane's voice. As Shane steps into the doorway the image of an older woman superimposes itself on her. The image's otherwise beautiful features are distorted by rage and hatred.

SHANE (cont'd)
Why didn't you answer me?

Confused, Michael quickly looks back at the rocking chair. Sara Jane stands and holds out her arms. Michael attempts to walk. Shane/image holds him back. He struggles to free himself. Sara Jane vanishes.

INT. BEDROOM: DAY

Michael snaps awake. He rolls over. Shane is facing the opposite direction. The clock on the night table on her side of the bed reads 4:30 pm.

MICHAEL
(jumping out of bed)
Oh shit! The schedules!

Michael starts to get dressed.

(CONTINUED)

SHANE

(seductively rolling over and patting the bed)
Come back to bed. You can pick them up tomorrow.

MICHAEL

And break one of Madam Judy's rules?

SHANE

I wish you wouldn't call her that. She's my aunt.

MICHAEL

Maybe so. But with the new star in town, I'm old news.

SHANE

Come back to bed. I'll write you a note. If we lived in town, it'd only be a five minute drive instead of twenty.

MICHAEL

I'll be back.

Michael quickly kisses her and runs out. Shane angrily stares at the doorway.

INT. RAMSDELL BUILDING HALLWAY: DAY

Elizabeth walks up to Lynne's office. The door is open. She knocks on the door. Lynne looks up from her computer screen.

LYNNE

I thought you left.

ELIZABETH

I went for a walk. I'm sorry.

LYNNE

For what.

ELIZABETH

I'm not usually such a bitch.

LYNNE

You have nothing to apologize for. I know Madam Judy.

Lynne points to the chair.

(CONTINUED)

Have a seat.

INT.LYNNE'S OFFICE: DAY

Elizabeth walks in and sits down.

ELIZABETH
Interesting woman.

LYNNE
To say the least. Have you had a chance to see much of our little hamlet?

ELIZABETH
Some. It reminds me of a town I created in one of my novels. A woman came back to kill the people who hurt her son.

LYNNE
Did she get away with it.

ELIZABETH
Legally yes. But when all was said and done, none of their deaths took away any of her pain. What do you do?

LYNNE
Investigate hauntings.

ELIZABETH
Like a ghost hunter?

LYNNE
Not all hauntings have ghosts. More often than not its residual energy. It's like the same piece of film playing the same scene over and over.

ELIZABETH
Most of my friends believe in ghosts.

LYNNE
Don't you?

ELIZABETH
Not really. I believe once it's over, it's over and time to move on.

(CONTINUED)

LYNNE

Sounds like a story.

ELIZABETH

Not a very interesting one.

LYNNE

Come to dinner tonight and tell me all about. And I'll tell you mine. I love to cook, but cooking for one is boring. With Dave away, I've been living on take out.

ELIZABETH

It's a date.

LYNNE

(writing down the address)
Here. Give me a couple of hours.

ELIZABETH

Do you want me to bring anything?

LYNNE

Just your appetite.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM:DAY

Shane nervously takes a few steps in. She looks around. It's quiet. She walks to the closet and opens it. Clothes from the 1920's hang inside. She touches them. Taking one out, she holds it up to the mirror. The crack distorts the image. Tossing the dress on the bed, she smugly picks up a silver hair brush and brushes her hair. The rocker slowly starts moving. Seeing the image in the mirror, she sets the brush down and turns to look at it. Unseen by her, the image of the small boy appears in the mirror. He moves from the rocker to the window. He turns the latch and opens it. From Shane's perspective the window slams open by itself. The bedroom door slams shut. Shane runs to it. It won't open.

SHANE

(screaming)
Michael! Help me!

The curtains blow into the room. The rocker creaks. Shane turns around