

FADE IN:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN sits behind his desk.

TRUMAN

That was my hardest decision to date. He deserves to die. There's no doubt about that. The bomb did test successfully and I am a man of my word. So, the buck stops with you after he moves into the apartment.

A WELL-DRESSED MEN stands in front of Truman's desk.

MAN

Sir, a bathtub filled with acid will take care of the problem.

TRUMAN

I didn't hear that. Remember what I told you and keep it to yourself.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - 1952

RONNIE HOCKMAN (9 months old) sits on a high chair. He stares at the little boxing gloves hanging from the pole stuck to the tray.

A little boy's finger pushes the gloves. They sway back and forth.

Ronnie laughs, showing a big gummy smile.

TOMMY HOCKMAN, (5) stands in front of the high chair. He makes a face at his brother and pushes the gloves again.

Ronnie laughs out loud, a typical baby laugh.

MRS. HOCKMAN (O.S.)

Tommy, I told you to unpack your clothes and put them away.

Tommy frowns.

TOMMY

Okay.

Tommy mopes out of the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A tiny room with two windows. The only furnishings are a small bed and a bureau.

Tommy takes clothes (socks, tee shirts, and underwear) from a cardboard box on the bed and places them in a drawer.

Tommy closes the drawer.

The box falls on the floor.

Startled, he turns and gawks at the box.

The box slides across the floor, hitting his sneakers.

He dashes out of the room.

A CHUCKLE.

INT. RONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ronnie, with a blue pacifier, sleeps in his small wooden crib.

His legs move towards the edge of the crib.

He vigorously sucks on the pacifier.

His legs move again, his tiny feet going through an opening between the wooden bars.

Ronnie's eyes open wide. He slides quickly out of sight.

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy sleeps on his bed. His eyes open.

The sound of a baby SCREAMING.

He sits up and listens.

The SCREAMS continue.

An old LADY, with a shawl draped across her shoulders, appears in front of his bed.

Frightened, his eyes widen.

The lady fades out of sight.

Tommy hides under his blankets.

MRS. HOCKMAN (O.S.)

(Screams)

Oh, my God!

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

JOYCE, (5), pretty, blonde hair, sits on a swing, swinging. Extending her legs outward, she swings high in the air.

Tommy on the swing next to her, swings just as high.

Tommy flies off his swing and lands on his feet.

CAMILLA, (5), black hair in a ponytail, strolls up to Tommy.

CAMILLA

Hi, Tommy.

JOYCE

Tella what ya saw, Tommy.

Tommy gives Joyce the evil eye.

TOMMY

No! It's a secret.

Camilla whispers into Tommy's ear.

Tommy ponders for a second.

TOMMY

Okay. We'll go down in my cellar.

Tommy beckons Joyce.

TOMMY

Come on, Joyce.

Joyce follows Tommy and Camilla towards a huge old three family house.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The basement is lit up just enough to see the wooden stairway.

Tommy leads the way down the stairs. When he reaches the last step, he goes up on his tip-toes and reaches for dangling string. He pulls on it.

A light bulb illuminates the area.

Tommy moseys across the dirt floor as the girls follow close behind.

He lifts a latch and swings the door open. Tommy steps through the doorway and scans the area. The area is completely enclosed without any windows. A couple of folding chairs lie against the cement wall.

Tommy dashes over to the chairs. He takes one and drags it to the center of the room. He opens it up.

The girls stand by the doorway, watching Tommy.

Tommy stands on the chair and pulls down on the string to another light switch.

The girls stroll into the room and look around.

Tommy jogs over to the door and pulls it shut.

The light bulb flickers off and back on.

The girls jump.

JOYCE

I don't like it here.

TOMMY

You first, Camilla.

JOYCE

I'm not taking anything off.

Camilla lays her skirt on the chair.

CAMILLA

This house is always empty.

Tommy stares.

Camilla's hand lifts her skirt off the chair.

Tommy grins.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

Your turn.

Tommy unsnaps his pants.

The light bulb goes out.

The room is very dark.

The girls scream.

The sound of a latch.

Tommy pushes the door open, half way.

It closes again.

The girls scream.

Tommy pushes the door open.

The kids fly out of the room and zip across the dirt floor.  
They scamper up the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A large room with very high ceilings.

Tommy sits on the floor watching The Red Skelton Show on a  
small black and white television.

His mother, sad and depressed, sits on a sofa.

Mr. HOCKMAN, (28), stands on a chair and puts in curtain rods over a large bay window.

MRS. HOCKMAN  
We shouldn't have moved here.

MR. HOCKMAN  
The same size house, on the same street for half the rent.

MRS. HOCKMAN  
There must be a reason why it's empty all-the-time. I want to move.

Mr. Hockman leans forward on the edge of the chair. The back two legs come off the floor slightly.

The chair is lifted out from under him. He falls through the windowpane.

Mrs. Hockman screams.

A CHUCKLE.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Hockman sleeps on her bed. Her eyes open. She gets out of bed and leaves the room.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Hockman shuffles through the dining area and opens the bathroom door. She stops and listens. She turns.

Mr. Hockman, wearing a suit, smiles at her.

MR. Hockman  
How do I look?

Mrs. Hockman faints and falls to the floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT DAY

The unfurnished apartment is dusty and has numerous cobwebs

hanging from the ceiling.

Tommy (now 59) and DAWN MURPHY, early 30's, stand in the center of the room.

DAWN

It needs a lot of work, but you can't beat the price.

TOMMY

Do you know how many?

DAWN

Excuse me?

TOMMY

At least twenty.

DAWN

Twenty?

TOMMY

You know exactly what I'm talking about, Mrs. Murphy. Real estate agents know all about the murders in a house they're trying to sell.

A door to a bedroom slams shut. The barely perceptible sound of a baby crying.

Dawn stares at the closed door.

DAWN

Do you hear that?

TOMMY

It's my baby brother, Ronnie.

Dawn makes an inquisitive expression.

TOMMY

He slid between the crib boards and hung there until my parents found his body. I heard him screaming, but I didn't tell them. It was my fault.

The crying stops. Dawn moseys over to the closed door and opens it slowly. She peeks into the room. A hand touches her shoulder. She jumps.

TOMMY

Sorry I startled you. I'll take it.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tommy pours gasoline out of a five-gallon can onto a bedroom floor. He tosses the can onto the floor. He bends down and lifts a long candle in a holder and lights it. He places the candle upright on the floor and hurries over to the doorway into the

DINING ROOM

The floor is covered with gasoline and a couple of five-gallon cans lie on the floor. A candle stands upright in the middle of the floor. Tommy rushes through and into the

LIVING ROOM

A sleeping bag and air mattress lies on the floor next to a folding chair. Lit candles are on the floor all around the room. A can of gasoline lies on the floor by two of the walls. Tommy rushes over to a window and opens it. He goes over to a door that leads to a back stairway and opens it. He walks over to the folding chair and sits down.

TOMMY

(Sings)

I ain't afraid of no ghost.  
Ghostbuster. Da da da da.

Tommy scans the area. There's a huge opening between the living room and dining room. Beyond the dining room is the kitchen and a bathroom.

TOMMY

Alley alley onfrey. Come out,  
come out, wherever you are. Ya  
not much of a host, ghost. Not  
even a boo?

The image of a WOMAN, 21, completely nude stands in the

doorway to the bathroom.

TOMMY  
 Hllllloooo, Gail!

The woman fades away.

TOMMY  
 Not even a hi? I guess a quick  
 one would be out of the question.  
 Gail Stein drowned in a tub of  
 water. Her husband, Richard,  
 convicted of holding her under.  
 We all know better, DON'T WE?

Tommy is pushed from behind. He falls onto the floor. He  
 stands, smiling.

TOMMY  
 Come on, you can do better than  
 that. Why not knock over a candle?  
 That's if you're brave enough.  
 I could burn the place down myself,  
 but I thought I'd let one of you  
 do it.

A thin, OLDER WOMAN, a hideous burned away face, stands in  
 the kitchen.

TOMMY  
 Mrs. Goldberg. Dunking for fries in  
 a deep frier. Must have hurt.

The image fades away.

WHACK

Tommy rubs his arm.

TOMMY  
 Ouch! That's some punch, Aldolf.  
 Yeah, I know it's you. I can't  
 imagine what you gave my government.  
 Was it the secret bomb? The big one?

The image of ALDOLF HITLER appears, grinning.

TOMMY

You were a little ugly fuck,  
weren't you? Actually uglier  
than your body double. Phony  
dental records and cremating  
your double's body before the  
Russian's arrived worked. People  
are sooo gullible.

Hitler fades away.

Tommy looks around the room.

TOMMY

I would have been here sooner,  
but my mother didn't want me to  
burn the house down. She passed  
away last week.

Hitler appears standing in front of a can of gasoline.

TOMMY

A government agent told me  
about your demise. Very painful,  
I hope.

Behind Hitler, the can is lifted above his head and hovers  
momentarily before gasoline pours all over him.

Mr. Hockman tosses the can on the floor. He winks at Tommy.

Ronnie appears on the floor, several feet away from Hitler.  
He crawls over to the candle by Hitler's foot and knocks it  
over. Hitler bursts into flames. Mr. Hockman and Ronnie fade  
away.

Hitler engulfed in flames, runs into the dining room. A fire  
starts on the floor and quickly spreads.

Tommy dashes towards the doorway to the back stairway. He  
stops and looks around the apartment. Ghosts are everywhere,  
waving.

THE END