

KANE

It was a crank call, Sarah.  
Someone with a warped sense of  
humor --

SARAH

I know it was my friend Jeremy.

KANE

Then your friend Jeremy has a  
warped sense of humor.

SARAH

He wouldn't do that to me.

Kane takes a seat, motions for Sarah to do the same.

KANE

So what are you saying? You  
honestly believe he's trapped  
somewhere with The Boogeyman?

SARAH

He knew about the walls bleeding.  
I didn't tell anybody --

Sarah stops herself, realizing she has revealed too much.

KANE

When did you see bleeding walls?

SARAH

I've been seeing a lot of things  
lately.

KANE

Such as?

SARAH

The night Jessica died ... that was  
the first time I saw The Boogeyman.

Kane studies her ... worried.

KANE

Sarah --

SARAH

-- I know what you're going to say.

KANE

This isn't about The Boogeyman.  
This is about --

SARAH

-- Jessica dying the same way my  
mom died. I know.

\*  
\*

KANE

This is about your guilt. It  
always has been. You blamed  
yourself for not preventing your  
mother's suicide.

SARAH

You think I blame myself for  
Jessica too?

KANE

I think all of those guilty  
feelings you once had came bubbling  
back to the surface.

(a beat)

What do you think?

SARAH

I wish I had taken Jessica more  
seriously.

KANE

By believing in The Boogeyman?  
Validating her fear by making it  
your own?

Sarah looks away, knowing he makes more sense than she does.

KANE (cont'd)

You're not afraid of the Boogeyman,  
Sarah. You're afraid of the guilt  
... what it's capable of ... that  
you never completely came to terms  
with it.

SARAH

So I'm going crazy because I'm  
afraid of going crazy? That's what  
you're saying?

KANE

You're not crazy.

SARAH

Either I'm crazy ... or The  
Boogeyman is real. Right now, I  
don't know which one is worse.

Kane leans toward her, looks her in the eye.

KANE

They're the same fear. Once you  
face it, neither of those things  
will be a problem anymore.

end → Sarah considers ...

INT. SARAH AND LINDSAY'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Sarah stands in the middle of her room, staring at the closet  
door. She inhales deeply ... approaches the door and pulls  
it open. \*

Peering into the darkness she reaches inside, takes hold of  
the dangling light cord and pulls it. The closet lights up. \*

Sarah steps inside and closes the door. Standing completely  
still, she shuts her eyes ... waits.

Several moments later her eyes slowly open. She looks  
around. Nothing has changed. Running her fingers through  
her hair, she takes a deep breath.

SARAH

(exhaling)

This is ridiculous.

She takes one last look around her closet. Her eyes land on  
the glowing light bulb on the ceiling. She yanks the light  
cord -- the light clicks OFF.

Sarah stands still in the dark closet. Her BREATHING becomes  
louder as she waits for her eyes to adjust to the darkness.  
A moment later we hear --

SHUFFLING -- from somewhere in the closet.

Sarah's breathing quiets. Her eyes dart around the darkness.  
Where did that come from?

S C R E E C H ! -- the sound of hangers moving against the  
metal clothing rod.

Sarah looks in that direction. The clothes hanging on the  
rod are slowly parting ways, moving in opposite directions.

SARAH (cont'd)

Oh my god ...

Sarah turns her back to the moving clothes. Looks straight  
ahead at the closet door, determined.