

Sixth  
Sense

Malcolm speaks in a very calm voice. Never takes his eyes off the stranger.

MALCOLM

Anna, don't move. Don't say a word.

Anna barely nods her understanding.

MALCOLM

(to the stranger)

This is forty-seven Locust Street. You have broken a window and entered a private residence. Do you understand what I'm saying?

The stranger slowly looks up for the first time. His eyes lock on Malcolm.

STRANGER

You don't know so many things.

Beat.

MALCOLM

There are no needles or prescription drugs of any kind in this house.

The stranger suddenly comes forward into the doorway. Malcolm stumbles back onto the edge of the bed.

Anna sees the stranger for the first time. Her face drains of color.

The stranger looks at Malcolm. He half grins.

STRANGER

Are you drunk?

The stranger's stare slides to Anna.

STRANGER

Did you get him drunk?

The stranger gazes at Anna. Gazes directly into her eyes. A penetrating, unwavering stare.

STRANGER

Do you know why you're scared when you're alone?

Anna's expression instantly changes.

STRANGER

I know.

BEAT. THE ROOM GOES SILENT.

MALCOLM

What do you want? I don't  
understand what you want.

The stranger turns and glares at Malcolm.

STRANGER

What you promised.

Malcolm stops all movement.

ANNA

--My God.

MALCOLM

--Do I know you?

STRANGER

Let's all celebrate, Dr. Malcolm  
Crowe. Recipient of awards from the  
Mayor on the news. Dr. Malcolm  
Crowe, he's helped so many children...  
And he doesn't even remember my  
name?

Malcolm can't speak. Beat. The stranger's face starts to  
tremble.

STRANGER

I was ten when you worked with me.

Beat. Malcolm's intelligent eyes race for answers.

STRANGER

Downtown clinic? Single parent  
family?

(beat)

I had a possible mood disorder...

(beat)

I had no friends... you said I was  
socially isolated.

(beat)

I was afraid -- you called it acute  
anxiety...

(beat)

You were wrong.

(beat)

Come on, clear your head... Male,  
nine... Single parent... Mood  
discorder... Acute anxiety.

Malcolm looks like someone hit him with a sledgehammer.

STRANGER

I'm nineteen. I have drugs in my

system twenty-four hours a day...  
I still have no friends. I still  
have no peace. I'm still afraid.

Tears jump into the stranger's eyes.

STRANGER  
...I'm still afraid.

Malcolm stands.

MALCOLM  
Please give me a second to think.

Malcolm's shaking hands touch his mouth as he stares at the  
stranger. Beat.

MALCOLM  
Bed Freidken?

STRANGER  
Some people call me freak.

MALCOLM  
...Ronald... Ronald Sumner?

Tears fall down the stranger's face.

STRANGER  
I am a freak.

Malcolm looks up at the sound of those words. Something clicks  
in his head.

MALCOLM  
--Vincent?

THE ROOM GOES SILENT AGAIN.

MALCOLM  
Vincent Gray?

VINCENT GRAY stares with surprise through his tears.

Malcolm lets out a deep breath like he just emerged from deep  
waters.

MALCOLM  
I do remember you, Vincent. You  
were a good kid. Very smart...  
Quiet... Compassionate...  
Unusually compassionate...

Vincent's eyes burn at Malcolm.

VINCENT  
You forgot cursed.

VINCENT is fully crying now.

VINCENT  
You failed me.

MALCOLM  
(whispers)  
Vincent... I'm sorry I didn't help  
you... I can try to help you now.

Vincent turns to the sink. His hand goes in. He turns around and raises a gun at Malcolm. He FIRES. A VIOLENT, EAR-SHATTERING ECHO. Malcolm clutches his stomach and folds like a rag doll onto the bed.

Vincent instantly moves the gun to his own head. ANOTHER HORRIFIC BLAST SPIKES THE AIR. Vincent crumples onto the bathroom floor.

ANNA'S CHILLING SCREAMS FILL THEIR HOME.