

# GHOST WRITER

Written by

David Lambertson

[Dlambertson@hotmail.com](mailto:Dlambertson@hotmail.com)

**EXT. DOWNTOWN MUMBAI - DUSK**

Smog chokes the coming sunset, creating an eerie orange sky.

A congested potpourri of taxis, autos, rickshaws and motorcycles cram the narrow streets.

The HONKS of angry horns echo in the air - a commuting nightmare. In the middle of that mess --

**INT. TAXI - DOWNTOWN MUMBAI - DUSK**

A TAXI DRIVER taps his HORN as he cuts off a competing cab.

NOTE: ALL DIALOGUE IS IN HINDI - SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

TAXI DRIVER

You're not going to make it.

RAJ RANI (42), sinewy and strong, yoga fit, sits with perfect posture in the back seat - clasping a bound MANUSCRIPT.

RAJ

I know...

The Taxi Driver takes in Raj's face in the rearview mirror -- sees the resignation in Raj's eyes... Whatever zest for life he might have once had... Evaporated.

TAXI DRIVER

I didn't mean you. I meant on time.

Raj's phone BEEPS. He answers.

**INT. BOLLYWOOD BUILDING - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME**

Coffee, tea and Indian pastries arranged atop a small conference table... Preparation for a meeting.

DEEPAK PATEL (35), sweat stains on his white dress shirt, paces around the table, phone to his ear... A nervous wreck.

DEEPAK

(into phone)

They're arriving in five minutes!

**INTERCUT BETWEEN DEEPAK AND RAJ IN THE TAXI**

RAJ

There's traffic.

DEEPAK

There always is! You should have...  
Sorry... You do have the script -  
yes?

Raj's eyes fall on the bound manuscript.

RAJ

Sort of...

Raj kills the call on his end - gazes out the window.

DEEPAK

Sort of!? Raj...?... Hello...?

**EXT. BOLLYWOOD BUILDING - DUSK**

A twenty-story structure crafted from shimmering glass.

Raj, script in hand, plods towards the entrance like a prisoner headed for execution.

**SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME.**

Deepak nervously nibbles his nails as he keeps an eye on --

Three impatient FILM INVESTORS - scowls on their faces as they wait at the conference table.

Deepak removes his phone from his pocket - taps the RAJ ICON.

**EXT. BOLLYWOOD BUILDING - SAME TIME**

Raj stares skyward up the face of the shimmering building - as if it was Goliath and he was David.

He removes his phone from his pocket - sees Deepak's call. He closes his eyes, takes a huge breath - hits the answer icon.

RAJ

I can't do this anymore.

Raj pockets his phone - spots a large TRASH CAN near the entrance of the building.

He lumbers over to the trash can, hesitates just a moment, then drops the script on top of the other refuse.

Raj slides down to the pavement, leans against the trash can, taps his head against the metal side... A defeated man.

**SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME.**

A panicked Deepak apologizing to the angry Investors as they storm from the room.

**EXT. BOLLYWOOD BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Raj leaning against the trash can gazing at an image on his smartphone: AN OLD HOUSE. Underneath the image:

*RURAL HOME - FIXER UPPER - FOR SALE in BISHOP CALIFORNIA.*

Deepak bursts out the doors of the building - spots Raj.

**AT THE TRASHCAN**

Deepak's shadow looms over Raj.

Raj, immersed in the image on his phone, pays him no mind.

DEEPAK  
Where's the script?

Without looking up, Raj taps the trash can with his elbow.

DEEPAK  
That bad...?

Deepak peers inside the can, spots the manuscript wedged in between discarded fast food.

DEEPAK  
Ewww...

Deepak removes a handkerchief from his pocket - retrieves the script as if it were toxic waste.

He flips the cover open, scans the first page. Then flips to the second. It's TOTALLY BLANK.

Deepak flips to the third page - blank. Rifles through the rest of the pages - all blank.

DEEPAK  
You wrote one page?

RAJ  
Any notes...?

DEEPAK  
What's going on, Raj?

RAJ  
Apparently...  
(taps his temple)  
Nothing.

DEEPAK  
We have a contract with three very  
angry investors who have put a  
boatload of money into this --

RAJ  
You need to find another writer.

DEEPAK  
Another writer!? They invested in  
you. And if you really want to stay  
in this business --

RAJ  
I don't.

Deepak slides down, settles next to Raj.

DEEPAK  
C'mon, buddy - it's just a dry  
spell... Give it some time.

Raj's eyes still on his phone screen, consumed by this image  
of the FIXER-UPPER, RURAL HOME

RAJ  
I want to work with my hands.

DEEPAK  
You can type with your hands.

RAJ  
No. I want to build real things.  
Repair things. Like my father did.

DEEPAK  
Your father died broke.

Raj nods, takes this... Stares at the image of the house.

RAJ  
But he didn't die broken.

DEEPAK  
Raj, you need to write.

A now teary-eyed Raj turns his smartphone towards Deepak -  
shows him the image of the FIXER UPPER - RURAL HOUSE.

RAJ  
I need to go home...

**EXT. BISHOP CALIFORNIA - DOWNTOWN - DAY**

A small, quaint town high in the snow-capped Eastern Sierra Mountain Range. Population - just shy of 4,000.

**SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER**

Restaurants, gas stations and gift shops line the main street to serve passing tourists. But one of those buildings is a --

**INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY**

JAKE JOHNSON (65) an old-timey real estate agent pours himself a cup of coffee at a makeshift kitchen counter.

NOTE: ALL DIALOGUE NOW IN ENGLISH.

JAKE  
Sure you don't want some?

Raj, perched in a chair on the other side of Jake's desk, makes a - *no thanks* - motion with his hand as he intently studies a real estate PURCHASE CONTRACT.

JAKE  
Indians don't care for coffee?

Raj - still immersed, doesn't respond.

JAKE  
(louder)  
You don't like coffee?

RAJ  
Sorry... Yes, I do. But only with  
chicory.

Jake takes a seat across from Raj, props his boots up on the corner of his desk.

JAKE  
Chicory...?

RAJ  
(still reading)  
It gives it an earthy taste.

JAKE  
Sounds horrendous.

Jake points at the real estate contract.

JAKE

If you got any questions, now's the time to ask.

RAJ

(re: the contract)

It says, *As is*...?

JAKE

The house ain't been occupied for decades. Hell, I'm not even sure what works and what don't... That's why it's so cheap after all. *As is*... Means you know that.

Raj nods.

JAKE

So, we all good here?

Raj nods - scribbles his signature on the contract.

JAKE

If it were me, I'd just bulldoze it - start over.

RAJ

I want the challenge of restoring it... With my own hands.

JAKE

You're going to need more than your hands.

Jake scribbles on a piece of paper, slides it towards Raj.

JAKE

That's my grandson's name and cell number. He's pretty handy.

RAJ

Thank you, but I don't think I'll --

JAKE

He's a bit of a drug addict. Well, he was. Got into that fentanyl shit. Pretty sure he's okay now. He'll work for cheap, but if you want him it's --

RAJ

*As is*?

JAKE

As is.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - THE CRACK OF DAWN**

Nestled in an isolated grove of decaying WHITE BIRCH TREES and overgrown wild grass is --

The same house displayed on Raj's smartphone screen. Except --

It looks much smaller and a thousand-percent shittier. Far more dilapidated than *fixer-upper*.

The redwood frame cracked, faded and dirty - Dried, dead leaves clutter the roof.

A small stoop crafted from bricks leads to the front door.

A PICK-UP truck towing a small UHAUL TRAILER kicks up dust as it nears. The bed of the truck is filled to the brim with tools, building and cleaning supplies

Raj exits the truck. A content smile crosses his face as he takes in this piece of crap house... As if it were a mansion.

Raj hustles to the rear of the UHAUL TRAILER and slides the door open. It's stocked with canned food, rice, crackers, bottled water, kitchen utensils, bedding and the like.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - DAY**

The door CREAKS open as Raj enters. He starts in the --

**LIVING ROOM**

Eerily dim - the windows all covered with aluminum foil.

Dust, cobwebs and rodent droppings cover everything.

Raj flicks a light switch near the door - no juice. He tries several more times - no luck.

He hustles over to the windows, tears off the foil allowing the sunlight to clearly reveal --

ANTIQUUE FURNITURE, ravaged by time and neglect.

A small FIREPLACE. Its once white marble stone foundation now blackened with dirt.

In the corner, an antique, roll-top desk with a black, circa 1950 TYPEWRITER perched on it.



Raj approaches the typewriter - admires the relic from the past. Just before moving on he notices --

A wastepaper basket with wads of crumpled paper in it. Oddly, the paper appears recent - no dust or yellowing.

RAJ

Huh...?

To Raj's right, a small hallway leading to the bedroom.

Raj paces to his left and enters the --

#### **KITCHEN**

Even filthier than the living room.

A dusty dinette table in the corner - big enough for two.

A very old refrigerator and a rust-pocked oven are the nicest parts.

Raj turns the sink's faucet handle. A POP of air releases followed by yellowish-brown liquid oozing out --

The water eventually becomes clearer as the old pipes are flushed. Finally, something works... Sort of...

Off to the --

#### **HALLWAY**

Raj peers up at the ceiling. The access cover that leads to the attic is gone, exposing the home's redwood support beams.

He paces towards the --

#### **BEDROOM**

Furnished with an antique dresser, rocking chair and a small POSTER BED in the center of the room.

The bedding, tattered and worn.

Raj tests the mattress with his hand - surprisingly - it's okay. Now on to the --

#### **BATHROOM**

Tiny by today's standards.

Raj opens the faucets - gets the same results he got in the kitchen.

He reaches for the toilet handle - hesitates...

RAJ  
Please work...

FLUSH - it does!

#### **EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Raj by the pickup truck, the handle of a broom in one hand, phone to his ear with the other.

An array of cleaning supplies - a mop, detergents, wash rags and the like are on the ground.

RAJ  
(into phone)  
Your grandfather didn't mention if  
you did electrical work...  
(listening)  
Very good. Very good indeed. Can  
you come this afternoon?

#### **MONTAGE OF HOUSE CLEANING**

- Raj using a SWIFTER to remove cobwebs and dust.
- Raj wet-mopping floors
- Raj, face now sweaty and reddened, clad in latex gloves, vigorously scrubbing the kitchen sink and countertop.
- Raj filling the cupboards with canned goods.
- Raj placing new bedding and pillows on the poster bed.

#### **LIVING ROOM**

Raj opens a box containing a new laptop - sets it in the center of the roll-top desk.

#### **EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - FRONT STOOP - LATE AFTERNOON**

Raj, perched on the stoop, gulps back a bottle of water.

His clothes drenched in sweat and covered in filth from his cleaning marathon.

He smiles as he spots a red-tailed hawk circling above in the pale blue sky.

Raj closes his eyes as he inhales the cool Sierra air. Then --

The RUMBLE of an approaching 1980s VOLKSWAGEN VAN, faded orange paint, beat to shit - rust pocked and dented.

Black exhaust spews from the tailpipe as it comes to a stop.

Raj stands just as the driver-side door opens revealing --

LOGAN RAY (25), rail thin, both arms tatted from wrist to shoulder, donning a tattered baseball cap worn backward.

RAJ

Logan...?

LOGAN

Yep.

RAJ

Jake's grandson...?

Logan retrieves a metal toolbox from the van.

LOGAN

Were you expecting someone else?

RAJ

(muttering)

Sort of...

# **EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - BACK OF THE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Raj studies Logan as he pries open the dirty, rusted cover of a 1950s FUSE BOX.

Logan brushes away the cobweb and dirt revealing a series of old-timey GLASS FUSES.

He removes one - inspects it - burnt on the bottom.

LOGAN

Not good.

RAJ

Explain.

LOGAN

For starters, you need a new fuse box... That's a big chunk of change... And it'll take a while to find the right type.

Logan's eyes follow the thick electrical line to the house towards a rickety power pole, a 100 yards in the distance.

LOGAN

And I ain't sure that power line is  
even live anyway.

RAJ

What do you recommend?

Logan backs up from the house, takes in its size.

LOGAN

Go off the grid.

RAJ

Meaning...?

LOGAN

The house can't be more than a  
thousand square feet - maybe not  
even that. You ain't going to need  
much wattage.

Logan backs up... Eyeballs the leaf-covered roof.

LOGAN

I got to check it out, but I'm  
assuming it could handle a solar  
panel... You can get a battery back  
with it... And we could put a  
propane generator...

(points nearby)

Right there - for backup. Best part  
- no electric bill.

RAJ

How much?

LOGAN

Five hundred for me, plus  
materials.

Raj contemplates a moment.

LOGAN

Four-hundred...?

RAJ

That's not what I was thinking.

LOGAN

I'm not doing it for less than --

RAJ

Five is fine. The thing is, I don't want you to do the work. I want you to teach me how to do it.

LOGAN

You want to pay me to teach you how to work?

RAJ

Precisely.

Logan shakes his head in disbelief.

LOGAN

It's your money.

Raj extends his hand to seal the deal. Logan takes it.

LOGAN

I'm going to need to borrow your truck. The solar panels won't fit in my Van.

#### **BISHOP HOUSE - FRONT - MOMENTS LATER**

Raj watches as Logan hops into the pick-up truck, turns the ignition and rolls the window down.

LOGAN

Be back around noon tomorrow. If you need any light tonight, there's a battery lantern in the van.

RAJ

Thank you... Very kind.

Logan extends an open hand towards Raj.

LOGAN

Going to need a credit card.  
(off Raj's look)  
I ain't got the money to buy all the stuff.

Raj reaches into his pocket, retrieves a small wallet.

RAJ

Where did you learn how to do all this? The electrical --

Raj retrieves his credit card from the wallet.

LOGAN  
Took some courses.

RAJ  
Trade school?

And hands the credit card to Logan.

LOGAN  
Prison.

Logan snatches the card... Drives off.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - NIGHT**

A full moon casts the house in an eerie glow. The HOOT of an owl echoes in the distance.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A camping lantern basks the room in a yellow glow.

Raj sets his laptop on the center of the roll-top desk.

He glances at the old black typewriter, now set on a small table next to the desk.

RAJ  
What did you write...?

Raj checks his phone - black screen... Battery's dead.

**BEDROOM - THE DEAD OF NIGHT**

Raj fast asleep. The lantern on a nightstand next to him.

Then a faint...

CLACK-CLACK.... Emanates from somewhere in the house.

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK....

Raj stirs...

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK....

Raj's eyes pop open. He listens... Was he just dreaming?

He lies back down. Moments pass... Now a louder --

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK....

Raj bolts back up - grabs the lantern from the nightstand.

**HALLWAY**

Raj, holding the lantern aloft, creeps down the hallway, eyes on full alert... He reaches the --

**LIVING ROOM**

And tiptoes to the window - peers out searching for anything that might have caused the noise... Sees nothing in the dark.

Raj pivots - spots the typewriter now perched on the center of the roll-top desk. His laptop now shoved into the corner.

RAJ  
Did I....?  
(nearing the desk)  
I must have...

Raj hovers a finger over one of the typewriter keys... Finally presses it.

It's frozen. He tries another key, then another - same result. Years of rust no doubt.

RAJ  
Okay then...

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY**

Logan watches as Raj, on his knees, uses a power drill to screw in a mounting bolt.

LOGAN  
Be careful of the torque.

Raj approaches the task with the seriousness of a Doctor performing open heart surgery.

LOGAN  
Good... Good. Now the other side.

Raj stands, loses his footing. Luckily, Logan snatches him by the belt preventing a fall.

LOGAN  
Always on your knees.

Raj nods... Crawls over to the other side of the panel.

**BACKYARD - LATER**

A GENERATOR and a large PROPANE TANK sit on a makeshift platform a few yards from the house.

Raj holds a red wire and a white wire snaking out from where the old fuse box was.

LOGAN

Okay, now put the wire cap on them.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

The gentle HUM of a generator flows in through the open kitchen window.

Raj, on a step ladder, stretches to replace a single bulb in the kitchen ceiling.

He finishes, steps down and admires the results of his efforts, as meager as they were.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Are we ready?

Logan enters.

RAJ

Ready.

Logan points to the light switch.

LOGAN

You do the honors.

Raj places a finger beneath the switch as he crosses his fingers in his other hand. He flips the switch and --

THE LIGHT SHINES.

RAJ

Yes!

He darts into the --

**LIVING ROOM**

Flips the switch - LIGHTS ON.

RAJ

It works!

Logan enters.

Raj dashes over to the roll-top desk, inserts the laptop's cord into an outlet. The CHARGING LIGHT comes on.

RAJ

Perfect!



LOGAN  
You got anything to eat?

RAJ  
It's going to be a nice evening.  
How about al fresco?

LOGAN  
Who's Al Fresco?

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - DUSK**

The sky dims as a cool breeze rises.

The small dinette table from the kitchen now moved outside.

Raj and Logan sit in folding chairs on opposite sides  
finishing the remnants of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

Raj dabs his face with a napkin as he watches Logan devour a  
handful of potato chips, then guzzles back a bottle of water.

Logan wipes his mouth with his sleeve - the sophistication of  
a toddler.

RAJ  
It was an odd sound... Like a...  
CLACK-CLACK-CLACK. You ever hear  
something like that?

LOGAN  
Woodpecker - more than likely.

RAJ  
Yeah... You're probably right.

Raj smiles as he sees the lights emanating from the windows  
of the house. He raises his bottle of water - a toast motion.

RAJ  
To my American home.

Logan raises his bottle - clicks it against Raj's.

LOGAN  
To you becoming a citizen one day.

RAJ  
I am a citizen.

LOGAN  
(confused)  
I wouldn't have guessed.

RAJ  
Because...?

LOGAN  
Really? You know...  
(points at Raj)  
The Indian thing.

RAJ  
Are you saying that an Indian...  
Never mind...

LOGAN  
I wasn't trying to be mean... Just  
curious.

RAJ  
My father left India... Came to  
America, before I was born.

LOGAN  
How come?

Raj reflects for a moment.

RAJ  
Shame...

LOGAN  
Of what?

RAJ  
He married the woman he loved  
rather than the woman chosen for  
him... His family disowned him.

LOGAN  
Indians sound harsh, dude.

RAJ  
You wouldn't understand.

LOGAN  
Nope.

RAJ  
He did odd jobs all up and down the  
Sierras. Mammoth, June Lake,  
Tahoe... He was quite the handyman.

LOGAN  
Like me.

Raj scans the tattoos on Logan.

RAJ  
Not exactly... Anyway, we moved  
back to India when I was ten.

LOGAN  
Work dry up?

RAJ  
No. There was plenty of work.

LOGAN  
Then...?

RAJ  
It seems that the need of  
grandparents to know their  
grandchild outweighs their  
disappointment in their son.

Raj points out towards the snow-capped mountains.

RAJ  
I remember that like it was  
yesterday. The moment I saw the  
picture of...  
(points at the house)  
That on my phone, I felt a deep  
sense of --

LOGAN  
Poverty?

RAJ  
Home.

LOGAN  
(checks his watch)  
I gotta go.  
(standing)  
So, what about the internet? You  
want to set it up tomorrow?

RAJ  
I want you to teach me how...If you  
have the time.

LOGAN  
I got nothing but time.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Raj, at the roll-top desk, sips hot tea as he stares at an  
old photo displayed on his laptop computer screen --

RAJ AND DEEPAK STANDING IN FRONT OF THE BOLLYWOOD BUILDING - BEAMING SMILES ON THEIR FACES... Better times.

Raj closes the laptop lid, stands and stretches - achy muscles from a long day of work. His eyes land on --

The old typewriter on the adjacent table. Raj taps a key - CLACK. This time it works.

RAJ  
That's odd...

Raj shoves his laptop into the corner of the desk, grabs the typewriter and places it in the center.

He opens a desk drawer, removes one sheet of paper, inserts it into the old typewriter roll bar and types:

AAABBBCCCD...DD...

The letters are faded.

RAJ  
Needs a new ribbon...

Raj types: FADE IN:

He drums his fingers on top of the desk... Thinks... Nothing.

#### **BEDROOM - THE WEE HOURS**

Dark...

Raj, flat on his back, his open eyes locked on the ceiling - too many thoughts in his head to find sleep.

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK...

Raj flips on the light switch and peers out the window.

RAJ  
Where are you little woodpecker...?

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK... DING - a typewriter bell.

Raj's eyes widen... That came from somewhere inside.

#### **LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Raj, frozen in fear as he stares at the page on the old typewriter. It now reads:

AAABBBCCCD...DD...

FADE IN:

**GET OUT!**

The LIGHTS GO OUT - Total darkness.

A WHOOSH and sickening SNAP emanate from the hallway as the lights come back on. Raj looks towards the hallway and sees --

A DEAD MAN HANGING from a rope tied to the attic beams, clad in circa 1950 business attire.

His face and the exposed skin on his hands are an eerie, translucent blue.

RAJ

Bhoota!

The HANGING MAN's eyes pop open.

HANGING MAN

GET OUT!

Raj snatches his keys from atop the roll-top desk --

RAJ

BHOOTA!!!

Bolts for the door and bursts out to --

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - NIGHT**

Running like a madman.

He stumbles to the ground - picks himself back up, rushes towards his pick-up truck.

He swings open the driver's door - hops inside.

**INT/EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT**

Raj's trembling hands can't slot the key into the ignition.

RAJ

C'mon!

Finally does it. He turns the ignition - flips on the headlights only to see --

THE HANGING MAN standing directly in front of the truck. Oddly, now, no longer translucent. He looks real... Alive.

Raj, frozen in fear as The Hanging Man moves towards him. He ducks down as the Hanging Man reaches the truck window and --

Taps on the glass... Quite politely.

Raj doesn't stir - stays crouched down.

The Hanging Man taps again. Raj inches up... Now eye to eye.

The Hanging Man makes a - *roll down your window* - motion.

Raj rolls the window down just an inch or so.

THE HANGING MAN  
(French accent)  
Pakistani...?

Raj, jaw open, just stares at the Hanging Man.

THE HANGING MAN  
Answer me!

RAJ  
(panicky)  
Indian.

THE HANGING MAN  
A bit far from home, aren't you?

Raj doesn't respond - now equal parts fear and confusion.

THE HANGING MAN  
Aren't you!?

RAJ  
This... this... Is my home... Now.

THE HANGING MAN  
It is mine and therefore cannot be  
yours. Do not come back inside. I  
will not be as forgiving next  
time... Understood?

RAJ  
Most definitely.

THE HANGING MAN  
Very good then... Ta-ta.

The Hanging Man turns towards the house.

A wide-eyed Raj watches as The Hanging Man fades through the front door. And just then....

Raj's headlights go dark.

RAJ

No...

Then the engine dies.

RAJ

No! No! No!

Raj frantically turns the ignition key... The truck's dead.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - DAWN**

Quiet... Just the chirping of the morning birds and the rustling of foraging squirrels.

Logan's VAN rumbles up the dirt driveway.

**FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Logan, a boxed SATELLITE ROUTER cradled in one arm raps the door with his knuckles.

LOGAN

Raj. Open up.

No answer - he knocks again.

LOGAN

C'mon, man.

Logan scans the area and spots --

Raj, asleep in his truck.

**AT THE TRUCK**

Logan raps the window, startling a sleeping Raj.

Raj opens the door, stumbles out - hair a mess.

LOGAN

Why you sleeping in the truck?

RAJ

Promise you'll believe me?

LOGAN

Sure.

RAJ

There was a ghost.

LOGAN

I don't believe you.

RAJ  
In the house... Hanging from the  
attic rafters.

Logan shakes his head - starts towards the house.

RAJ  
Don't! We're not allowed!

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN**

Everything looks perfectly normal. Logan paces towards the --

**HALLWAY**

And looks up at the support beams from the opening in the  
ceiling - sees nothing unusual.

RAJ (O.S.)  
Logan...?

LOGAN  
We can put the router in the attic,  
You'll get a better satellite  
signal there.

RAJ (O.S.)  
Logan...

Logan shakes his head - returns to the opened --

**FRONT DOOR**

Spots Raj standing five feet away.

LOGAN  
Seriously, you're not coming in  
your own house?

RAJ  
He said I can't.

LOGAN  
There's no ghost.

RAJ  
I am most confident there was.

LOGAN  
Then why didn't you drive away?

RAJ  
He broke the truck.



LOGAN  
Jesus Christ.

Logan hustles to the truck - hops in. Turns the ignition. The engine roars to life. He turns it off - hops back out.

RAJ  
I swear.

LOGAN  
Shrooms?

RAJ  
Pardon?

LOGAN  
Did you happen to find and eat any  
wild mushrooms?

Raj shakes his head.

LOGAN  
I'm going to install the router. Do  
you want to learn how or not?

RAJ  
Not.

Logan pivots - heads for the front door.

LOGAN  
Had to be mushrooms.

Logan snatches the satellite router he left on the stoop - opens the door and enters.

#### **INT. BISHOP HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Logan, satellite router in hand, ascends a step ladder towards the opening in the ceiling leading to the attic.

He tosses the router through the opening then hoists himself up into --

#### **THE ATTIC**

Logan clicks the flashlight icon on his phone, scans the attic space. He sees dust and cobwebs everywhere and a --

CIRCA 1950, LOUIS VUITTON SMALL SUITCASE



**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - VAN - SAME TIME**

Van side door open.

Raj, laser-focused on the house, rests his arse on the floor of the van - tense arms wrapped around his knees.

RAJ  
(yelling)  
Are you okay in there?

LOGAN (O.S.)  
I need help.

Raj stands - paces in place...

RAJ  
I knew it... I knew it.

LOGAN (O.S.)  
Hey! Can you hear me!?

Raj inhales a lungful of courage and bolts towards the door and into the --

**LIVING ROOM**

Head on a swivel looking for any sign of danger.

RAJ  
I'm coming!

He reaches the --

**HALLWAY**

Sees the step ladder.

RAJ  
Oh no... Logan...?

Logan peers down at Raj through the attic opening.

LOGAN  
Lookie what I found.

Logan tosses the suitcase down to Raj who instinctively snatches it before it hits the floor.

LOGAN  
That might be worth something.

RAJ  
You called me in for this!?

LOGAN  
Dude, there isn't any --

Raj, cradling the suitcase pivots on a dime and bursts through the --

**LIVING ROOM**

LOGAN (O.S.)  
Fucking ghost.

RAJ  
AAAHHHHH!! AAAHHHHH!!! AAAHHHHH!!!!

And out the front door.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - VAN - A LITTLE LATER**

Raj rifles through the contents of the opened suitcase, now resting on the floor of the van.

Most of it - old FILM SCRIPTS.

Raj opens one to the title page: *WRITTEN BY: HENRY DUBOIS.*

He tosses it aside, opens another: *WRITTEN BY: HENRY DUBOIS.*

And another... And another.

Raj retrieves an age-yellowed envelope from the suitcase. He opens it, slides out a BUSINESS LETTER - FROM MGM STUDIOS.

RAJ  
 (reading the letter)  
*Due to recent events, your services  
 will no longer be needed...*  
 (thinking)  
 What events...?

LOGAN (O.S.)  
 Hey.

A sweaty and dust-covered Logan emerges from the house with Raj's laptop in hand - paces towards the van.

LOGAN  
 (hands Raj the laptop)  
 I set the router password to  
 SCAREDINDIAN. All caps.

RAJ  
 That's not very nice.

LOGAN  
 You know how to connect?

Raj nods as he places the laptop on the floor of the van,  
 opens the network settings.

LOGAN  
 How's the signal?

RAJ  
 Just a sec...  
 (surprised)  
 It's very good.

Raj feverishly taps the keys of the laptop.

On Raj's laptop screen - the GOOGLE SEARCH BAR. Raj keys in:  
*HENRI DUBOIS.*

RAJ  
 His name is Henri Dubois.

LOGAN  
 Who's --

RAJ  
 The ghost.

LOGAN  
 Jesus.

RAJ  
(reading search results)  
*Henri Dubois. French-American. Born 1915, died 1955... Dubois was a successful screenwriter, blacklisted as a result of the McCarthy hearings in 1950.*

LOGAN  
(sarcastic)  
Does it mention that he's a ghost?

RAJ  
(reading search results)  
*Unable to find work and under immense personal and financial pressure, he committed suicide at his home --*

LOGAN  
That doesn't mean anything.

RAJ  
*In Bishop, California...*

LOGAN  
Huh...?

RAJ  
I need to borrow your van.

LOGAN  
Your truck works.

RAJ  
I can't live in my truck.

LOGAN  
Dude... No.

RAJ  
And I'm going to need your help.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Raj waits by the van, side door open, as --

Logan stumbles out of the house, balancing sofa cushions atop his head. He tosses them inside the van.

LOGAN  
You're sure about this?

RAJ  
Yes. Bedding...?

Logan shakes his head - paces back to the house.

#### **MONTAGE - READYING THE VAN**

- Logan emerging from the house with Raj's bedding and pillows. Raj receives them, places them in the van.
- Logan emerging with some of Raj's clothes.
- Logan lumbering out with the small dinette table
- Logan approaching with bottles of water, some boxed and canned foods. Raj receives them, places them in the van.

#### **END MONTAGE**

Logan connects the surge protector to a long extension cord, hands it to Raj.

LOGAN  
One outlet for your phone. One for  
the laptop.

Raj nods... He gets it.

LOGAN  
Sure you don't want me to stay?  
(re: the house)  
You know, because of Casper.

RAJ  
I must face this on my own.

LOGAN  
By hiding in the van?

RAJ  
Precisely.

#### **INT. VAN - NIGHT**

Raj, clumsily atop sofa cushions fighting to get some sleep -  
No luck. In addition to the discomfort, the --

HOOT - HOOT - HOOT of an owl makes sleep impossible.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Raj, upright now, leaning against the sidewall of the Van,  
gazing at the screen of his cell phone. It displays a series  
of TEXT MESSAGES FROM DEEPAK.

- *When are you coming back?*
- *How come you're not responding!?*
- *Okay - enough is enough!*
- *You'll never work here again!*
- *Sorry...*
- *Have you lost your mind!?*
- *Sorry...*
- *YOU NEED THERAPY!*
- *Call me.*

Raj deletes the messages, then tosses his phone aside. He closes his eyes but --

HOOT-HOOT-HOOT echoes in the air - eyes pop back open.

#### **SECONDS LATER**

Raj on his knees, peering through the Van's side window.

RAJ'S POV - The house, basking in moonlight.

#### **EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - NIGHT**

Raj, clutching a sofa cushion to his chest like it was armor, creeps towards the house, one measured step at a time.

He reaches the front door, presses his ear up against it, listens - Nothing.

He takes one step back from the door, contemplates - maybe Logan was right.

He steps towards a darkened window, cups his hands around his eyes, peers in and then, in a snap --

HENRI's form fills the window. His skin translucent blue, pupils fiery red.

RAJ

BHOOTA!

Raj hightails it back towards the van.

Finally reaches it, swings open the side door and --

**INT. VAN - NIGHT**

Hops in. Slides the door closed with a SLAM.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - MORNING**

The pick-up truck rolls up next to the van.

Logan hops out, TWO COFFEES and a BOX OF DONUTS in hand.

He sets them on the small dinette table outside the van then RAPS on the van door.

The door slowly slides open revealing --

A very disheveled Raj - clothes wrinkled, hair a mess, using his hand to shield his eyes from the morning sunlight

LOGAN

I brought coffee and donuts.

RAJ

Did we have something planned?

LOGAN

I'm going to teach ya how to chop wood.

RAJ

Because...?

LOGAN

Winter's coming. You're going to need firewood. You ain't got a heater in the house.

RAJ

I'm not going in the house.

LOGAN

Then you're sure as shit going to need a firepit out here.

Raj nods... Makes sense.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - DAY**

A LARGE AXE leans on a small pile of fallen birch trees dragged near the house.

Nearby, Raj studies Logan as he digs a shallow hole.



LOGAN  
That should do it...  
(at Raj)  
Ready?

RAJ  
Indeed.

Logan tosses his shovel, rolls a birch tree off of the pile.

LOGAN  
Make a mark with the axe, bout  
eighteen inches down.

Raj bends down - meticulously starts counting inches...

RAJ  
One... Two... Three --

LOGAN  
Jesus Christ, just use the tip of  
your finger to your elbow.

Raj complies - places his finger on the end of the tree -  
eyeballs where his elbow lands.

LOGAN  
Good - now make the mark.

Raj gently runs the axe blade over the bark, like he was  
applying butter to toast.

LOGAN  
A little more muscle.

Raj grinds the axe blade into the wood, makes a nice groove.

LOGAN  
Better... Now watch.

Logan motions for the axe - Raj hands it to him. With three  
swift blows of the axe the 18-inch piece is separated.

LOGAN  
Now all we have to do is split it.

Logan inserts the tree segment upright into the shallow hole.

Just as he starts to swing the axe --

RAJ  
You're supposed to be teaching me.

Logan hands Raj the axe.

LOGAN

Always keep a firm grip on the axe handle, right through contact.

RAJ

Understood.

LOGAN

Because if you don't, the axe will bounce off the wood right back into your skull.

RAJ

Got it... Firm grip...  
(takes a deep breath)  
Okay, here goes...

Raj raises his arm - swings the axe with great force, BUT --

Misses the wood entirely, the axe slipping from his sweaty hand, WHIRLING in the air, just missing Logan and --

THUD - embedding in the front door.

Raj and Logan stare at the embedded axe... Pondering.

LOGAN

(re: the door)  
That could have been me.

RAJ

I can do better.

LOGAN

Ya think?

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - DINETTE TABLE BY THE VAN - DUSK**

Raj and Logan, both sweat-stained and weary, guzzle bottled water as they admire a neatly stacked bundle of chopped wood.

LOGAN

Not bad, Raj. Not bad at all.

Logan closes his eyes, takes in the mountain air.

RAJ

What are you thinking about?

LOGAN

I got an AA meeting tonight... I'm getting a new sponsor... Really not looking forward to starting over with someone new.

RAJ  
What happened to the old one?

LOGAN  
Died... Two weeks ago.

RAJ  
How?

LOGAN  
Axe accident.

Raj's eyes widen.

LOGAN  
I'm screwing with you... He got  
drunk. Drove his car into a tree.

A moment passes.

RAJ  
Do they work? The meetings?

LOGAN  
Apparently not for my sponsor.

RAJ  
Seriously...

Logan looks at Raj... Ponders.

LOGAN  
I don't know... I'd cut my pinky  
finger off to get high now.

RAJ  
Please don't.

Logan stands, ready to leave - catches a whiff of an odor.

LOGAN  
Dude, you really need a shower.

RAJ  
I am aware. But...  
(nods towards the house)  
You know.

LOGAN  
Ah, Christ...

Logan marches towards the house.

RAJ  
Don't go in!

And enters the front door.

RAJ  
Be careful!

Seconds pass, then --

Logan bounces from the house carrying shampoo, soap and two towels cradled. He sets them on the dinette table.

LOGAN  
Backyard. Hose. Now.

Logan heads off to the pick-up truck.

RAJ  
Good luck at your meeting.

Logan turns - wiggles his pinky finger at Raj.

#### **BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Raj sets the shampoo, soap, towels and fresh clothes on a rickety bench near a spigot and hose.

Raj removes his soiled clothes, then turns the hose spigot - feels the water with his hand - as cold as the Sierras.

RAJ  
Eeessh...

Raj takes a deep breath, raises the hose above his head and douses himself with water.

RAJ  
Cold... cold... COLD!

He grabs the shampoo and soap and suds himself up as quickly as humanly possible. Then douses himself again.

RAJ  
COLD! COLD! COLD!

#### **SIDE OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Raj, now in fresh clothes, towels his still wet hair as he strides forward, then turns the corner into the --

#### **FRONT YARD**

Stops in his tracks when he spots the hindquarters of a --

BLACK BEAR rummaging for food in the van.

RAJ  
Uh-oh...

Raj spots the axe near the front stoop. He grabs it just as the --

Bear pivots around in the van - now eye to eye with Raj. The Bear's face caked with remnants of Raj's food.

RAJ  
(cradling the axe)  
I mean you no harm.

The Bear tumbles out of the van - GROWLS.

Raj instinctively HURLS the axe - comically off, strikes the front tire -- WHOOSH, the air goes out.

A guttural growl in return.

RAJ  
Sorry!

The Bear rises up - GROWLS again.

RAJ  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Raj pivots on a dime - storms towards the front door and --

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

Bursts in, SLAMMING the door behind him.

He moves to the window, peers out.

RAJ POV: The Bear sniffing the ground where Raj stood.

The HANGING MAN, who we now know as HENRI DUBOIS materializes behind Raj.

HENRI (O.S.)  
I thought you understood the rules.

Raj pivots - spots Henri, in his translucent blue glory, on the other side of the room.

Henri's pupils flash red as he takes a step towards Raj.

HENRI  
I believe I was very clear.

Raj swings open the door - BEAR!

And slams it back shut.

RAJ  
I have no choice.

Henri moves closer.

HENRI  
Nor do I.

And closer...

Raj faints from fear, collapsing to the floor.

### **SMASH TO BLACK**

The sounds of CHIRPING BIRDS welcoming the morning.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
(muffled/distant)  
Raj... Raj...?

DISSOLVE TO:

### **INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Raj, crumpled on the floor next to the door, stirs awake.

He pats himself down, checking to see if there is any damage.

There's none. He rises, smiles as the realization hits him...

RAJ  
He can't hurt me...

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Raj!

Raj opens the door to see --

### **EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - MORNING**

The van - side door wide open, remnants of torn food boxes and claw-ripped clothing on the ground.

Logan at the edge of the property, hands cupped around his mouth - looking out towards a forest of birch trees.

LOGAN  
Raj!!!!

RAJ  
Over here.

Logan pivots.

LOGAN  
What the fuck happened!?

**THE GROUNDS AROUND THE VAN - LATER**

Raj picks up the last of the trash left by the Bear's foraging as Logan jacks up the flat front tire of the van.

LOGAN  
(removing lug nuts)  
You can't stay in the van anymore.  
The bear will return. They always --

RAJ  
I'm staying in my house.

LOGAN  
What about Casper?

RAJ  
Henri.

LOGAN  
(removing lug nuts)  
Whatever.

RAJ  
If he had the power to harm me, he would have exercised it last night.

LOGAN  
So he's like Oz?

Logan pulls the flat tire off the axle.

RAJ  
Oz...?

LOGAN  
*The great and powerful wizard -*  
turned out to be just an old man  
behind a curtain.

RAJ  
He is not a man. He is a spirit.  
But one who can only frighten me to  
the extent I choose to be  
frightened.

LOGAN  
Whatever floats your boat.

Raj peers into the Van at the ravaged food.

RAJ  
I'll need more groceries.

LOGAN  
Give me a list and your credit  
card. I got to go into town anyway.

RAJ  
Because...?

LOGAN  
(re: the flat tire)  
I ain't got a spare!

**MONTAGE - LATER THAT MORNING - RAJ MOVING BACK IN**

Raj drags the dinette table towards the house - manages to  
shoehorn it through the front door.

Raj, balancing the sofa cushions on his head strides through  
the front door.

Raj, laptop computer and surge protector in hand, heads  
towards the house.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Raj, bedding in hand, enters and spots --

Henri, translucent blue, pupils a hellish red.

RAJ  
(calmly greeting)  
Hello, Henri.

Raj taps his forehead.

RAJ  
Shampoo and soap - be right back.

**BACKYARD - SECONDS LATER**

Raj snatches the soap, shampoo and soiled clothes from the  
tree stump. Returns to the --

**BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER**

Henri still there as Raj re-enters.



HENRI  
I warned you!

RAJ  
Yes... I recall.

HENRI  
I am evil incarnate!

RAJ  
You're nothing but light and dust.

Raj heads towards the --

**BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Places the soap and shampoo in the shower.

**BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

Henri, slumped in the chair - Looks human now, and a bit dejected.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN RAJ IN THE BATHROOM AND HENRI IN THE BEDROOM**

Raj examines his teeth in the mirror.

HENRI  
Define Bhoota.

RAJ  
What's that?

HENRI  
Bhoota... You've called me that...  
Several times.

Raj grabs his toothbrush, squeezes some paste on it.

RAJ  
In India, a type of ghost.

Raj starts to vigorously brush his teeth.

HENRI  
What type - specifically?

Raj pauses his brushing.

RAJ  
Restless... Due to unsettled  
matters when they were alive.

HENRI  
Unsettled matters?

RAJ  
Something preventing them from  
moving on to transmigration...

Raj pokes his head out of the bathroom - eyes Henri.

RAJ  
To Nirvana.

Raj pops back to the bathroom.

HENRI  
(muttering)  
Like unwritten words...

RAJ (O.S.)  
What did you say...? Henri...?

Raj pops his head back out of the bathroom - scans the room.

Henri has faded away.

A smile consumes Raj's face... *Victory over the Bhoota.*

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Logan at the sink scrubbing his hands - covered with grime  
from changing the tire.

Raj at the stove preparing dinner.

Logan takes a seat at the dinette just as Raj sets two plates  
on the table: Hot Chapati (flatbread), basmati rice and a  
vegetable curry.

Logan takes a bite of the flatbread.

LOGAN  
Not bad...

Then a bite of the vegetable curry.

LOGAN  
Not good.

RAJ  
Do you want something else?

LOGAN  
I'll soldier through it. Sit.

Raj takes a seat. They eat in silence for a few moments.

#### LIVING ROOM

HENRI, ear against the wall near the kitchen entrance, eavesdropping on the conversation.

#### KITCHEN

LOGAN

What are your plans after we finish fixing this place up?

Raj contemplates...

RAJ

I'm not quite sure... I was thinking about opening a wellness center.

LOGAN

You mean like a gym?

RAJ

Not exactly. It would be for body and mind.

LOGAN

So a gym.

RAJ

Never mind.

LOGAN

What about writing again?

RAJ

I no longer possess that ability.

#### LIVING ROOM

Henri inches even closer to the entrance... Very interested.

#### KITCHEN

LOGAN

You haven't any ability to handle an axe - but you're still trying.

RAJ

Meaning?

LOGAN

You're probably just being too hard on yourself. Take a fresh look at your stuff.

RAJ

That would be a pointless.

LOGAN

Because...?

RAJ

It's impossible for a writer to judge whether their own work is of high quality... Others make that determination.

#### **LIVING ROOM**

Henri nods in agreement - *a shared view among creatives.*

#### **KITCHEN**

RAJ

It doesn't matter anyway. My Mind is empty... Like I'm in a creative coma.

LOGAN

Suit yourself.

Logan wipes his face with a napkin - stands.

LOGAN

I gotta go. I assume you're not going to need the van anymore.

Raj nods.

#### **LIVING ROOM**

Henri fades away.

#### **KITCHEN**

LOGAN

Thanks for the... Not sure what you call it.

RAJ

Curry.

LOGAN  
Curry. Please don't make it again.  
(leaving)  
Tomorrow I'm going to teach you how  
to caulk your window frames.

RAJ  
Excellent.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Raj at a window, examining the window frame - cracked and weather-worn. Just then he spots --

The Bear, sniffing the ground where the van was once parked.

Not finding anything, the Bear rumbles away.

Just then - a phone TEXT ALERT.

FROM DEEPAK: *Call me. It's urgent!*

FROM RAJ: *Did someone die?*

FROM DEEPAK: *No!*

FROM RAJ: *Are you sick?*

FROM DEEPAK: *No!!!!*

FROM RAJ: *Then it's not urgent.*

Raj pockets the phone, stretches and YAWNS - been a long day.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A beam of moonlight cascading through the window the only source of illumination.

Raj, nestled in bed, sleeping peacefully.

CREAK... CREAK... CREAK...

Raj stirs...

CREAK... CREAK... CREAK...

Raj's eyes flutter open, finally landing on --

HENRI - gently rocking in the chair adjacent to the bed.

RAJ  
(irritated)  
Really?

HENRI

You believe you can no longer  
write?

RAJ

You were eavesdropping...? I don't  
like --

Henri, knuckles his eyes, mocking a crying toddler.

HENRI

Wah, wah, wah. Poor little baby  
writer. His wittle head devoid of  
thoughts.

RAJ

Here's a thought. How about you let  
me sleep?

HENRI

Your self-pity is repulsive.

Raj pats the pillow, lies back down - pulls up the cover.

HENRI

God granted you the gift and  
passion to write, yet you refuse to  
do so.

RAJ

Please... Shut up.

HENRI

I had to HANG myself because,  
despite the gift and passion  
granted to me by God, I was  
prohibited from writing by MAN!

A frustrated Raj bolts back up.

RAJ

You weren't banned from writing.  
You were banned from being  
published. And God may grant a man  
a creative passion. He does not  
guarantee a reward for a man's  
exercise of that passion.

Moments pass...

HENRI

That's very good. You should write  
that down.

Raj thinks for a sec - *should he?* Nope - he lies back down, cradles the pillow over his head.

HENRI

You are on the same journey that I have already taken...

RAJ

(muffled, thru pillow)  
I am not.

HENRI

Destined for the same fate.

RAJ

Be quiet.

HENRI

There is only one solution to both of our predicaments.

RAJ

You leaving.

HENRI

Mon ami, we must write together. It will light your spark and help me extinguish mine.

Raj turns towards Henri.

RAJ

What!?

HENRI

I now realize that I am bound here because of...

(taps his forehead)

The words unwritten. You can help me finish mine. I will help you restart yours.

Raj turns over - cradles his pillow even tighter.

HENRI

What do you think...?

(much louder)

I asked - what do you think?

Raj bolts up - points towards the door.

RAJ

Get out of MY room!

HENRI  
You're being unnecessarily mean.

Raj flops back down into bed.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Raj, just falling back to sleep.

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK... From the living room.

RAJ  
I'm not writing with you, Henri!

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK... DING

Raj reaches into the nightstand drawer and retrieves his phone earbuds. He inserts the earbuds, lies back down.

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK...

**EXT. DOWNTOWN BISHOP - DWAYNE'S PHARMACY - THE WEE HOURS**

The moon hangs like a lantern in the midnight sky casting a glow over --

Logan, HAMMER in hand, pacing outside a small building - *DWAYNE'S FRIENDLY PHAMARCY*. He's a bit of a nervous wreck.

LOGAN  
Just get it over with...

Logan scans the street - makes sure the coast is clear as he approaches the pharmacy's glass door. Then --

Stops in his tracks, contemplates...

Logan, eyes still fixed on the glass door, grabs his phone from his pocket, taps three numbers.

FILTERED/VOICE THRU PHONE  
9-1-1. What's your emergency?

LOGAN  
Someone's vandalizing Dwayne's pharmacy.

Logan hangs up, takes a deep breath, then --

HURLS the hammer towards the glass door.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

A refreshed Raj bounces in from the bedroom.



And glances at the roll-top desk as he heads for the kitchen - stops in his tracks when he notices a --

STACK OF TYPED PAGES, about ten sheets written in screenplay format. From the font, obviously typed on the old typewriter.

Raj picks up the top page - reads it.

RAJ

Hmm...

He takes a seat at the desk as he reads the second page. Then quickly gets to the third...

RAJ

This is really good...

Then the fourth page...

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Raj, still at the roll-top desk, except now, his laptop is perched in front of him. Henri's typed pages close by.

Raj feverishly taps the words on the typewritten pages into his laptop.

Unbeknownst to Raj, a curious Henri looms behind, peering over Raj's shoulder.

HENRI

What are you doing?

Raj shudders in panic - screams.

RAJ

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeek!

Raj takes several deep breaths - checks his neck pulse.

RAJ

You nearly gave me a heart attack.

HENRI

That's a tad dramatic.

RAJ

Don't sneak up on me like that!

HENRI

I have no choice in the matter...  
Appearing out of thin air is  
fundamental to being a spirit.

RAJ  
Well, work on it.

HENRI  
Why are you putting my words in  
this box of yours?

RAJ  
Box...?

HENRI  
Does my work vanish in there?

RAJ  
You don't know what a laptop is?

HENRI  
I Died. 1955... Remember?

RAJ  
Fair point. This...  
(re: the laptop)  
Is what we use rather than a  
typewriter today.

Raj holds up a sheet of Henri's typed page next to the same  
words now on the laptop screen.

RAJ  
See?

HENRI  
No paper?

RAJ  
None needed. You can write as much  
as you want.

HENRI  
Let me try.

Raj moves aside. Henri presses his finger on the Z KEY.

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z on the screen.

HENRI  
Tis magic...

RAJ  
And you can fix mistakes without  
using correction fluid. Just hit  
the backspace.

Raj demonstrates by deleting the Zs Henri typed.

HENRI  
But where do the words go?

RAJ  
On a hard drive...  
(off Henri's confusion)  
It's like a library inside the  
computer.

Raj picks up the stack of typed pages.

RAJ  
You're very talented.  
(re: the pages)  
Your story - right? About being  
blacklisted...?

HENRI  
It's part of my story. Obviously...

Henri feigns the classic - *hanging by a rope* - motion.

HENRI  
I didn't finish it. And you have  
not answered my question.

RAJ  
I'm sorry. You're question was --

HENRI  
Why are you typing my words?

Raj reflects for a moment.

RAJ  
I didn't want to lose them... I  
thought you might throw them  
away... You can be impetuous.

HENRI  
I am anything but impetuous.

Raj feigns the classic - *hanging by a rope* - motion.

HENRI  
That was one time.

A KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.

RAJ  
That's Logan... You need to go.

Henri fades away...

**FRONT DOOR - SECONDS LATER**

Raj opens the front door, revealing JAKE JOHNSON, the real estate agent and Logan's grandfather.

RAJ  
Mr. Johnson...?

JAKE  
Logan's in jail.

Raj's jaw drops, imagining the worst.

RAJ  
Jail...?

JAKE  
He wanted me to let you know he  
won't be coming out for a while.

Jake tilts his head inside, eyeballs the place.

JAKE  
I'm impressed. Looks nice. Anyway,  
message delivered... Got to get to  
the office.

Raj, dumbstruck, watches as Jake ambles towards his SUV.

RAJ  
Aren't you worried!?

JAKE  
Nope.

Jake stops, pivots towards Raj.

JAKE  
It ain't a rare event.

**INT. BISHOP POLICE STATION - JAIL CELL - DAY**

Raj grasps the blue-steel bars of a jail cell as he addresses Logan, perched on a metal cell bench.

RAJ  
I can post your bail.

LOGAN  
No.

RAJ  
It's not a problem. It's the least  
I can --

LOGAN

How do you not get it!?

RAJ

I'm confused.

LOGAN

I need to be here.

Logan stands, approaches a confused Raj.

LOGAN

For a while now, I've had the itch.  
You know, to...

Raj nods - he does know.

LOGAN

I forced myself to do the right  
thing.

RAJ

How is robbing a pharmacy the right  
thing to do?

LOGAN

I didn't rob the pharmacy. Sure, I  
went there with that in mind...  
Instead, I just broke some glass.

RAJ

Because?

LOGAN

I needed to be put somewhere where  
I couldn't get drugs.

RAJ

You could have stayed with me.

LOGAN

And left anytime I wanted to get  
high... Raj, I need to be here.

RAJ

For how long?

LOGAN

My Grandfather's lawyer says I'll  
be out in a few days... That should  
be enough time to get me through  
this spell.

RAJ  
And if it is not?

LOGAN  
I got more hammers.

**EXT. BISHOP POLICE STATION - DUSK**

Skies darkening... A nasty storm is brewing in the distance.  
Raj leans against his truck - phone in front of his mouth.

RAJ  
(at phone speaker)  
Indian stores near me.

PHONE VOICE  
*I have found three stores nearby.*

RAJ  
Really...?

INSERT PHONE SCREEN: A map of several NATIVE AMERICAN stores nearby - not what he needed.

RAJ  
Eastern Indian Stores near me.

PHONE VOICE  
*I have found Sanchi's Goods and Apparel, Sacramento California.*

RAJ  
How far is it from Bishop to Sacramento?

PHONE VOICE  
*Sacramento is 271.5 miles from Bishop California.*

Raj pockets his phone as THUNDER RUMBLES in the distance.  
He looks towards the highway... Thinks.

**EXT. TWO-LANE MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Heavy rain PELTS the road. Lightening CRACKLES in the skies.  
Raj's truck passes a road sign: *SACRAMENTO - 192 MILES*

**INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY (TRAVELING) - NIGHT**

Wipers flapping at top speed, barely clearing the windshield.

Raj white-knuckling the steering wheel, squinting to try and make out the lane markers.

The bright HEADLIGHTS of an oncoming BIG RIG distort Raj's view... He unknowingly moves towards the middle of the road.

HONK-HONK from the truck horn.

Panicked, Raj steers his truck to the right just as the Big Rig whooshes by. Raj SLAPS his face.

RAJ

Focus...

Another CRACK of lightning. The RUMBLE of thunder...

**EXT. SACRAMENTO - SANCHI'S STORE - PARKING LOT - DAWN**

Clear now... The storm has passed.

The only vehicle in the lot - Raj's pickup truck.

**A FEW HOURS LATER**

The lot now peppered with cars.

Raj emerges from his truck, stretches, yawns - shakes his head trying to clear the cobwebs. Heads towards the store.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The door kicks open and Raj, loaded with SHOPPING BAGS, stumbles in... His clothes wrinkled, face unshaven - dark circles under his eyes.

He goes to the --

**BEDROOM**

Spots Henri in the rocking chair.

Raj pays him no mind as he starts removing a variety of traditional Indian garments from one of the shopping bags.

HENRI

I've written more pages.

RAJ

Uh-huh...

Raj removes two YOGA MATS from another bag, then exits.

**KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Several more shopping bags are on the kitchen counter.

Raj removes scented meditation candles and incense sticks from one, sets them on the dinette table.

**LIVING ROOM**

Henri standing by the roll-top desk.

HENRI

Where is your friend?

**INTERCUT - RAJ IN THE KITCHEN AND HENRI IN THE LIVING ROOM**

RAJ

Jail.

HENRI

Ah... A relapse no doubt.

(in French)

Ce qui doit arriver, arrivera.

RAJ

I don't speak French.

Raj beams with delight as he removes two large cans of INDIAN CHICORY COFFEE.

HENRI

It means that what must happen,  
will happen... That certain  
outcomes are unavoidable.

Raj shuffling through a kitchen drawer - searching.

RAJ

Where's the can opener...?

HENRI

Like an addict's relapse. It's as  
certain as a moth to a flame.

RAJ

Didn't relapse...

Raj finds the can opener - eyes it like it was gold.

RAJ

Found it.



**EXT. BISHOP POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DUSK**

Raj and Logan heading towards Raj's pick-up truck.

**INT/EXT. RAJ'S TRUCK - MAIN STREET (TRAVELING) - DAY**

Raj at the wheel. Logan lost in thought as stares at the buildings on Main Street.

RAJ  
Just stay with me.

LOGAN  
I already told you - no.

RAJ  
Why though?

LOGAN  
Cause it ain't going to do me any  
good if I can't learn to live with  
myself.

Raj stops at a STOP LIGHT right by DWAYNE'S PHARMACY.

The glass door Logan shattered is now covered in plywood - still pending repair. They both stare at it.

LOGAN  
I got to fix that tomorrow. Part of  
my plea deal. I'll be out to teach  
you how to caulk the windows --

RAJ  
(driving on)  
We're not going to be working on my  
house anymore.

LOGAN  
I get it... I wouldn't --

RAJ  
We're going to be working on you.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Raj, patiently waits, clad in fine, traditional Indian garb. He wears the clothes he purchased in Sacramento. A --

KURTA SHIRT, long-sleeve, made of soft cotton, colorful and extending down nearly to his knees, and pair of --

SALWARS PANTS, solid white, baggy with narrow ankles - perfect for stretching and yoga.

RAJ  
(calling to the bedroom)  
How are you doing in there?

A very displeased Logan emerges - clad in a similar outfit.

LOGAN  
Do I really have to wear this?

RAJ  
You do.

LOGAN  
Makes me look like I'm going to an  
Indian prom.  
(eyeballing Raj)  
Makes you look like my date...

Logan starts to remove his shirt.

RAJ  
I drove all the way to Sacramento  
in a FUCKING STORM to get those  
clothes!

Raj is immediately embarrassed by his outburst - not like him  
at all.

RAJ  
I am so sorry... Forgive me.

LOGAN  
Sacramento...? You have heard of  
Amazon... Yeah?

RAJ  
I checked. They couldn't provide  
delivery in time.

LOGAN  
Putting me in an Indian dress was  
an emergency?

RAJ  
You've heard the expression, well-  
dressed - yes?

Logan nods - of course he has.

RAJ  
Think of yourself as wellness-  
dressed. Visual and mental  
alignment are essential.

RAJ (CONT'D)

As an example, the sleeves of the shirt cover your arm tattoos. They would be a distraction to meditation.

LOGAN

Indians don't like tattoos?

RAJ

Quite the opposite. They are quite popular.

LOGAN

Then...?

RAJ

We adorn skin with positive images and words. The names of loved ones, flowers, deities, symbols of love and strength. All reinforcements of a positive state. You on the other hand have several depicting nothing but negativity - bony skulls, a bloody knife, and if I recall correctly a tattoo of --

LOGAN

I get it!

RAJ

Some sort of demon.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

The windows now covered with bed linens- darkening the room other than --

Two incense candles perched on the roll-top desk flickering - filling the room with peaceful light.

Next to them, lit incense sticks emit a meditative aroma.

Raj and Logan sit cross-legged on yoga mats.

RAJ

The chant is... *Om Namo Narayana*.

LOGAN

What does it mean?

RAJ

Om is an Indian primordial sound, representing the universe.

LOGAN

Okay...

RAJ

Namo means I bow... *Narayana* is another name for Vishnu, the preserver in Hinduism. So.. *Om Namō Narayana* means - *I bow to the divine.*

LOGAN

Ah.... Like Step One.

RAJ

Pardon...?

LOGAN

Step one of AA - *We came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.*

RAJ

Sure... If that works for you.

(as he demonstrates)

Now, straighten your spine, close your eyes and take a few deep breaths to center yourself.

Logan closes his eyes and mimics Raj, taking deep, slow breaths.

RAJ

Now, we'll chant together. Listen to me first, and then join in.

#### **A WHILE LATER**

Repeated chants, in unison from Raj and Logan

RAJ

Om Namō Narayana...

LOGAN

Om Namō Narayana...

Calm and profound, voices steady and soothing.

RAJ

Om Namō Narayana...

LOGAN

Om Namō Narayana...

Raj stops, stands... Logan unaware, continues chanting as Raj extinguishes the meditation candles.

RAJ

How do you feel?

Logan opens his eyes...

LOGAN  
Different...

RAJ  
A very good start.

LOGAN  
Start?

RAJ  
Tomorrow is Yoga.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

Raj at the front door, waving at Logan as he takes off just as he receives another TEXT ALERT from --

DEEPAK: *Check your bank account.*

RAJ  
Check my bank account...?

**AT THE ROLL-TOP DESK**

A frantic Raj logs on to his bank account. On the screen:

*ACCOUNT STATUS: FROZEN*

RAJ  
That's impossible.

Raj tries logging on again - same result.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Raj, phone to his ear, wearing a path in the floorboards.

RAJ  
How could this happen?

**INT. BOLLYWOOD BUILDING - DEEPAK'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Deepak, feet up on the desk listens to Raj through the speaker of his business phone.

DEEPAK  
Not all that complicated.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN RAJ AND DEEPAK**

RAJ  
It seems really complicated.

DEEPAK

You signed a contract with an investment company to write a script. You decided not to write a script. As a result --

RAJ

I couldn't write a script!

DEEPAK

As a result, they sued you for breach of contract. And your representative... That's me --

RAJ

I know that's you.

DEEPAK

Called you two dozen times and sent you as many text messages to talk to you, all of which went unanswered.

RAJ

Truly sorry about that.

DEEPAK

The court ruled for the plaintiffs in your absence and granted a lien against your assets... See, not so complicated.

RAJ

Can't you get another writer?

DEEPAK

They invested in a Raj Rani script.

Raj paces - the wheels are spinning... His eyes land on the old typewriter.

RAJ

What if I got them one?

DEEPAK

Do you have one...?

RAJ

Give me a couple of days. I'll have a first act done.

**KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Raj brewing a pot of Chicory Coffee.

RAJ

Henri!

No response...

Raj pours a cup.

RAJ

HENRI!!!

And goes to the -

### **LIVING ROOM**

And spots Henri, relaxed, cross-legged, on the sofa.

HENRI

You rang?

RAJ

I've thought it over. I agree with you... We should write together.

Raj goes to the desk, takes a seat - opens up the laptop.

RAJ

Come on over.

HENRI

No.

Raj pivots - locks eyes with Henri.

RAJ

No?

HENRI

I've changed my mind. I no longer wish to collaborate with your kind.

RAJ

My kind...?

HENRI

I came to America to become a writer. You came to America to stop being one. That does not sound like a solid basis for a partnership.

RAJ

No... It doesn't...

Raj turns back to the laptop, contemplates as his fingers hover over the keyboard.

RAJ  
 (reads aloud as he types)  
*Henri Dubois was fueled by  
 dishonesty, arrogance and weakness.  
 A fatal combination for any man.*

HERNI  
 Stop.

RAJ  
*Though many believed that Henri's  
 arrogance was unearned.*

HERNI  
 That's a lie.

RAJ  
 (turns towards Henri)  
 Then help me write the truth.

Henri stares at Raj for a moment... *Finally* --

HERNI  
 No.

Henri fades away. Raj - panicked - stands.

RAJ  
 I can't write! I need your words,  
 your story...

HERNI (O.S.)  
 (echoing in the room)  
 Because?

RAJ  
 I need a script that I can put my  
 name to... I need the money.

HENRI (O.S.)  
 (echoing in the room)  
 Your needs appear to be meager.

RAJ  
 All of my money is frozen. Please!

From the corner of the room...

HENRI (O.S.)  
 And what would I gain from it?

Raj turns toward the corner - sees the re-emerged Henri.



RAJ  
 Transmigration... Freedom.... Once  
 you get your words out... The ones  
 you were meant to be write - you'll  
 no longer be restless... No longer  
 be Bhoota. You'll be free...

**AT THE ROLL-TOP DESK - A LITTLE LATER**

Henri looms behind --

Raj peering at his laptop screen: A BLANK TITLE PAGE.

Raj keys in the title: *BLACKLISTED*.

HENRI  
 I do quite like these computers.

Next: *WRITTEN BY*

Raj hesitates - he knows the next keystroke starts him on a  
 journey antithetical to his core values. Finally, he types...

*Written by: RAJ RANI*

HENRI  
 Perhaps go with Rodger.

RAJ  
 What...?

HENRI  
 Raj sounds like short for Rodger  
 anyway. Like, *hello Rodge*.

RAJ  
 That's inane.

HENRI  
 I'm concerned that Americans may  
 not be interested in a screenplay  
 penned by an Indian. It's not wise  
 to narrow the audience.

RAJ  
(a) this is not 1955, (b) you don't  
 think *Rani* gives away the fact that  
 I'm Indian?

HENRI  
 I was thinking Rodger Randall.

RAJ  
 No.

HENRI

Actors and actresses change their names to disguise their ethnicity all the time. Writers also --

RAJ

So, in the script, we should change your name from...

(snobby French accent)

Henri Dubois to... I don't know - Hank Dobbs?

Henri takes this in.

HENRI

Fair point. Go with Raj.

Raj types: *FADE IN*, cracks his knuckles - readies himself.

RAJ

Okay, you talk, I type.

HENRI

There are already twenty-five typed pages in the desk drawer.

Raj opens the drawer of the roll-top desk - removes a stack of typed pages.

RAJ

If you weren't going to write with me, then...

Raj holds up the typed pages.

RAJ

What's this!?

HENRI

I lied.

RAJ

Why on earth would you lie?

HENRI

I'm - *fueled by dishonesty* - remember?

RAJ

That was just to get you to --

HENRI  
 I am well aware.  
 (re: the typed pages)  
 We should get started.

# **HOURS LATER**

Raj working the keyboard, Henri relaxing on the sofa.

RAJ  
 So you were a member of the  
 communist party...?

HENRI  
 The French communist party - yes,  
 for a brief time during a naïve and  
 reckless youth.

Raj returns his focus to the laptop.

RAJ  
 I need to change the dialogue here.

HENRI  
 Be specific.

RAJ  
 Dialogue between you and Amélie.  
 (reading the screen)  
*I'm being persecuted and banished  
 merely for holding an opinion...  
 Treated as if I were a common  
 criminal or a homosexual.*

HENRI  
 The problem?

RAJ  
 That's not really a thing anymore.

HENRI  
 Criminal?

RAJ  
 Homosexual. You're going to look  
 like --

HENRI  
 I'm flawed...  
 (contemplates)  
 Leave it as is... Readers want  
 honesty in a character, warts and  
 all as Americans would say... As a  
 writer, you should know that.

Raj shakes his head... Returns to the keyboard.

**STILL AT THE DESK - THE WEE HOURS**

Henri still on the sofa. Raj, tired and exhausted, opens up an email app:

INSERT EMAIL TO DEEPAK:

*As promised, the draft of the first act is attached. Let me know what you think.*

Raj powers down the laptop, stands - stretches and yawns.

RAJ

I got to get some sleep. Logan will be here first thing.

HENRI

You need to jettison your friend. Our writing is far more important.

RAJ

It's not.

HENRI

How's your bank account?

Raj takes this in...

RAJ

I take your point. But Logan needs me right now. We'll write everyday, the minute he leaves - eight hour minimum.

HENRI

And you will sleep....?

RAJ

When I can. Speaking of which - you don't - correct?

HENRI

Don't...?

RAJ

Sleep.

Henri shakes his head.

RAJ  
(re: the typewriter)  
Then there's no need for you to  
stop.

**BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Raj, out like a log. Nothing's going to disturb his sleep.  
Not even the --

CLACK - CLACK - CLACK - DING

Emanating from the living room.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - BIRCH TREE GROVE - MORNING**

Serene... A gentle breeze blows.

Morning sunlight filters through tree leaves, casting  
sporadic shadows on the ground.

Raj and Logan, dressed in their traditional Indian garb,  
yoga mats at their feet.

RAJ  
We'll start with the basics.

LOGAN  
Couldn't we just lift weights or  
something?

RAJ  
Yoga is designed to lift weights...  
(taps his forehead)  
From your mind. It's all about  
connecting with your breath and  
finding inner peace.

LOGAN  
Seems like it's all about  
contorting your body.

RAJ  
We'll start with the Tadasana.

LOGAN  
Tad - what?

RAJ  
The mountain pose.

LOGAN  
Why didn't you just say that?

Raj stands tall, feet together, hands by his sides. Logan mimics his stance, slightly awkward.

RAJ  
Now, focus on your breathing.  
Inhale deeply through your nose...  
(demonstrates)  
Exhale slowly through your mouth.

Logan closes his eyes and follows Raj's breathing pattern.

RAJ  
How does it feel?

LOGAN  
Like I'm taking a breathalyzer.

RAJ  
Feel the soil beneath your feet.  
Imagine roots growing from your  
feet into the earth, grounding you.

Logan opens one eye, peeking at Raj, then closes it again, trying to concentrate.

RAJ  
Now, we'll move into Vrikshasana...  
The tree Pose. Shift your weight  
onto your left leg, and place your  
right foot on your inner left  
thigh. Hands together in prayer  
position.

Raj effortlessly transitions into the pose. Logan wobbles but manages to get into position.

LOGAN  
This is harder than it looks.

RAJ  
It's all about balance. Focus on a  
point in front of you to help  
steady yourself.

They hold the pose for a few breaths. Logan wobbles a bit but finds his balance.

RAJ  
Good, now switch legs.

Logan complies.

RAJ  
 Now, the forward bend. Inhale,  
 raise your arms above your head.  
 (demonstrates)  
 Exhale, and fold forward, reaching  
 for your toes.

Logan groans as he bends reaching for his toes.

LOGAN  
 I ain't that flexible.

RAJ  
 It requires practice - repetition.

**MUCH LATER**

Logan, now sweating like he finished a wrestling match, lies  
 on a mat - eyes closed.

RAJ  
 Last one for today, the Shavasana,  
 or Corpse Pose. Place your arms by  
 your sides, palms facing up.

Logan complies.

RAJ  
 (softly)  
 Inhale peace... Exhale stress...

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - STOOP - DUSK**

Logan gulps bottled water as he feels the cooling air.

Raj emerges from the house, bottled water in one hand, yoga  
 mat in the other. He plops the mat down next to Logan.

RAJ  
 It's an extra. I want you to  
 practice at home.

Raj takes a seat on the stoop - YAWNS.

LOGAN  
 Hah! You're more tired than me.

RAJ  
 I didn't sleep much last night.

LOGAN  
 Because...?

RAJ  
I was writing.

Logan SLAPS Raj on the back - a bit too hard.

LOGAN  
Atta go, Raj.

RAJ  
(feeling the sting)  
Thanks...?

LOGAN  
What about your ghost - he gone?

Raj ponders this... Then tells the perfect white lie.

RAJ  
He no longer bothers me.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Raj yawns as he pours a cup of chicory coffee.

HENRI (O.S.)  
I'm waiting...

Raj, red-eyed and tired, enters the --

**LIVING ROOM**

Spots Henri on the sofa, a small stack of typed paper in hand.

Raj's phone rings: DEEPAK.

RAJ  
I need to take this...  
(heads for the door)  
Give me a moment.

HENRI  
I already had to wait for the  
addict to leave and now you --

Too late - Raj is through the door and is already --

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - NIGHT**

Raj paces, phone to his ear.

RAJ  
What did you think of the first  
act?



DEEPAK  
I loved it... I hated it.

RAJ  
I'm lost.

DEEPAK  
The story itself is fantastic. But  
your main character is French.

RAJ  
And...?

DEEPAK  
Needs to be an Indian. You know  
that.

RAJ  
It's a biopic about Henri Dubois.  
He's French!

DEEPAK  
Or it's just a story about a  
blacklisted writer. He could be  
anything. Except in this case - he  
must be an Indian.

Raj looks skyward at a carpet of twinkling stars, as if  
somehow the solution to his problem could be found there.

DEEPAK  
Raj...?

RAJ  
Let me finish it as is... I'll make  
the changes later.

DEEPAK  
To an Indian.

Raj scruffs the ground with his feet, hates this predicament.

RAJ  
Yeah...

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Raj re-enters. Henri clacking away on the old typewriter.

HENRI  
Who was that?

RAJ  
My agent. He's read the first act.

HENRI  
And...?

RAJ  
Loves it.

HENRI  
No notes? No changes?

RAJ  
Nothing worth mentioning.

HENRI  
Really?

RAJ  
We need to get started. I have a full day tomorrow.

HENRI  
Wasting time with an addict.

RAJ  
It's not a waste of time. It's helping him to --

HENRI  
Delay the inevitable.

RAJ  
(firmly)  
Achieve the achievable.

HENRI  
(in French)  
Tu bâtis des châteaux en air.

RAJ  
If you are going to insult me, have the courtesy to do it in English.

HENRI  
It translates to - *you're building castles in the air*. It means you're delusional.

RAJ  
Get out of my chair.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN BISHOP - DWAYNE'S PHARMACY - MIDNIGHT**

Logan, HAMMER in hand, gazes at the pharmacy's glass door.  
He bites his lower lip as beads of sweat form on his brow.

He takes a step forward - stops. Then paces in a small circle, anguished and agitated.

LOGAN  
Somebody help me...

He raises the hammer, locks eyes on the door and --

Drops it to the ground...

Logan slides down to the sidewalk, back against the building.

He crosses his legs in a lotus position, closes his eyes...

LOGAN  
Om Namo Narayana... Om Namo  
Narayana... Om Namo Narayana.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE WEE HOURS**

Raj, still in his clothes, asleep. Out cold, but then --

He stirs... Tosses and turns... Suddenly restless.

A NOOSE is tightened around his neck. His hands instinctively grab it as Raj's panicked eyes pop open to reveal --

HENRI - translucent blue, the pupils of his angry eyes red eyes locked on Raj.

HENRI  
I trusted you... You lied to me!

Raj chokes on the tight noose.

HENRI  
You're going to make me an Indian!?

RAJ  
(struggling/muffled)  
No! No!

HENRI  
You'll hang for that.

Henri pulls hard on the rope and Raj --

BOLTS UP IN BED... Sweating, frantic breaths... Sees nothing.  
Just a nightmare.

RAJ  
Henri!

**LIVING ROOM**

CLACK - CLACK - CLACK - Henri calmly tapping the keys of the old typewriter.

RAJ (O.S.)  
Henri!

Raj enters... Henri glances towards him.

HENRI  
Yes...?

RAJ  
I lied to you.

HENRI  
How so?

RAJ  
They want to make your character an Indian.

HENRI  
Yes... I know.

Henri returns to typing.

RAJ  
You knew...?

HENRI  
Of course I did. Although I would have preferred otherwise, your Agent friend is quite correct.

CLACK - CLACK - CLACK... Henri back to typing.

RAJ  
So you're changing it?

HENRI  
I am not. That'll be your task - when we're done. You can manage that small task - yes?

Raj nods.

CLACK - CLACK - CLACK.

HENRI  
Since you're up anyway, we might as well make the most of it.

RAJ  
Let me get some coffee.

**PRE-DAWN**

Henri looms behind as Raj, perched at the roll-top desk keys in Henri's typed pages into his laptop.

A tear tumbles down Raj's cheek... Then another...

He stops typing, wipes his eyes.

HENRI  
What...?

RAJ  
(re: the laptop)  
It's heartbreaking... I didn't  
think Amélie would leave you. How  
could she do that?

Henri takes a seat on the sofa... Contemplates.

HENRI  
I was useless... Drowning myself in  
self-pity and wine... What woman  
would want a man like that?

RAJ  
The woman who married you.

Henri shakes his head in disagreement.

HENRI  
I wasn't the man she married... And  
I wasn't going to become him again.

Raj moves to the sofa... Tries to get a read on Henri,  
obviously lost in past memories.

RAJ  
Why did you take your life?

Henri doesn't respond.

RAJ  
Was it because you were  
blacklisted?

HENRI  
What is your theory, mon ami?

RAJ  
Because you were heartbroken.

HENRI  
You're getting ahead of the story.

RAJ  
Please...

HENRI  
And Amélie had no choice in her  
destiny. I do not blame her.

RAJ  
You're not answering my question.

HENRI  
Perhaps it was merely because I was  
weak. Sometimes the correct answer  
is the simplest one... No?

RAJ  
Weakness is a character trait.  
Suicide is an action. So again,  
why?

HENRI  
Perhaps I could not live as a  
failure. Or perhaps I could not  
live as a failure without the  
comfort that love brings... I hung  
myself the day I heard news of  
Amélie's remarriage. Who is to say  
whether I would have done so were I  
still able to write?

RAJ  
You are.

HENRI  
In time... Let's continue the  
journey before we decide whether or  
not we know the end.

Raj nods.

HENRI  
And you?

RAJ  
Me...?

HENRI  
Why are you alone? Have you not  
been in love?

RAJ

I have.

HENRI

Enlighten me.

RAJ

Her name was Aisha... We were to marry... Someday, anyway.

HENRI

But you did not.

RAJ

In my culture, financial stability is expected to come before marriage. I could not offer that. I needed to be a writer. It took far too long to become a successful one... She married another.

An awkward moment of silence...

HENRI

Are you at peace with your choice?

RAJ

I am not... Especially now.

HENRI

Now...?

RAJ

I've lost my passion for writing.  
I've retained my passion for her.

HENRI

Use her in my story.  
(off Raj's surprise)  
You're going to make it an Indian story. I would quite like it if you made my Amélie, your Aisha.

RAJ

Very kind of --

HENRI

We need to get back to work.

#### **THE NEXT MORNING**

Raj, asleep on the sofa - a sprawled out, crumpled mess.

A KNOCK on the door. Raj comes to, stretching and yawning.

Goes to the door, opens it, and is immediately bear-hugged by Logan.

LOGAN  
Thank you.

A confused Raj hugs him back.

RAJ  
For...?

LOGAN  
Saving my life last night. That  
chanting shit is awesome.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - BIRCH TREE GROVE - MORNING**

Raj and Logan sitting cross-legged on their mats.

RAJ  
The first step in Vipassana is to  
find stillness. It's not about  
forcing your mind to be quiet, but  
rather observing it without  
judgment.

LOGAN  
Easier said than done.

RAJ  
It's natural for the mind to  
wander. The key is to gently bring  
your focus back to your breath each  
time it does. Now, close your eyes.

Logan closes his eyes, his hands resting on his knees, palms  
up. Raj watches him for just a moment.

RAJ  
(soothing tone)  
Take a deep breath in...

Logan complies.

RAJ  
Hold it for a moment then... Slowly  
exhale... And again. Feel the air  
entering your nostrils... Filling  
your lungs... Leaving your body.  
And again... Focus only on the  
sensation of your breath. If  
thoughts arise, don't fight them.



RAJ (CONT'D)  
Simply acknowledge them and gently  
bring your focus back to your  
breathing.

Logan's breathing becomes more rhythmic, his body relaxed.

RAJ  
Expand your awareness to your body.  
Notice any sensations without  
trying to change them. Feel the  
weight of your body against the  
ground, the texture of your clothes  
on your skin. If you feel any  
discomfort or tension, observe it  
without judgment. Everything you  
feel is a part of your experience.  
But feel each sensation without  
judgment.

Logan breathes as Raj yawns, fighting the need for sleep.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Raj at the roll-top desk, feverishly entering Henri's typed  
pages into his laptop.

Henri paces the room behind him.

RAJ  
Almost done...

Raj grabs the next typed page from Henri's stack, starts to  
keyboard it in... Slows down... And then stops.

RAJ  
(re: the typed page)  
I don't want to type this.

HENRI  
You have no other choice.

Raj nods - his fingers hover over the keyboard.

**INSERT LAPTOP COMPUTER SCREEN.**

**NOTE: All of the words in the scene below will be spoken by  
Raj in VOICE OVER and appear on the screen as they are  
spoken.**

**RAJ (V.O.)**

**INT. SMALL HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

*Dimly lit, filled with the scent of dust and failure.*

*A noose dangles at the end of a rope descending from the attic rafters.*

*Henri, formally dressed, hair neat and tidy, moves a rickety wooden ladder into position.*

*He slowly ascends the ladder, each step groaning under his weight. He reaches the top and pauses for --*

*One last moment - is this really to be his final fate?*

*Memories flood his mind. His eyes well with tears. He takes a step up. He has answered the question.*

*Henri reaches the top step of the ladder. His balance and posture perfect, as if he practiced this many times before.*

*He slips the noose over his head, closes his eyes, his breathing slow and deliberate.*

*HENRI*

*I am... A writer.*

*Henri kicks the ladder away.*

*The sudden drop is swift. The rope tightens around his neck, cutting off his breath. Then...*

*Silence... Save for the gentle swaying of the rope and the creaking of the rafter.*

#### **END LAPTOP SCENE - BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM**

*Raj's lips wobble fighting a cry as he keys the last line into the laptop.*

*He leans back... Takes a beat.*

*RAJ*

*I think that's enough for now. We can pick it up --*

*HENRI*

*I'm done.*

*(off Raj's look)*

*It's the end... FADE OUT.*

*RAJ*

*It can't be.*

*HENRI*

*But it was.*

*Raj thinks...*

RAJ  
Someone had to find you... Your  
body.

HENRI  
I have no recollection of who  
did... And I don't care to  
contemplate the obvious.

RAJ  
The obvious ...?

HENRI  
That the smell of my rotting corpse  
alerted someone. A delivery boy. A  
postman... A Ranger.

Raj takes in Henri's somberness... Thinks.

RAJ  
I think you were found by Amélie.

HENRI  
Impossible.

RAJ  
She returned home to see you... To  
be with you... Just too late.

A moment passes...

HENRI  
I would like that.

Raj returns his focus to the keyboard, not noticing Henri --  
Fading into the ether.

A few moments later --

Raj turns towards the sofa - sees nothing.

RAJ  
Henri...?

A warm smile crosses Raj's face.

RAJ  
Nirvana, mon ami.

Raj returns his focus to the laptop - types away... Energized  
and in the height of creativity.... A sense he hadn't felt in  
a long time.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - MORNING**

Raj lugs a suitcase towards Logan, waiting at Raj's pick-up truck.

**SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER**

Logan takes the suitcase, tosses it in the bed of the truck.

RAJ  
Thank you for keeping a watch on  
the place... I should be back in --

LOGAN  
I need a favor.

RAJ  
Anything.

LOGAN  
I want to bring some of my friends  
out here --

RAJ  
Friends?

LOGAN  
Other addicts.

RAJ  
Because?

LOGAN  
To teach them wellness... It helped  
me. I'm just thinking if a loser  
like --

RAJ  
You have my permission.

Raj places a hand on Logan's shoulder.

RAJ  
And you are not a loser. Trust me,  
I know.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN MUMBAI - DAY**

A congested potpourri of taxis, autos, rickshaws and  
motorcycles cram the streets. In the middle of that mess --

**INT. TAXI - DOWNTOWN MUMBAI - DAY**

An agitated TAXI DRIVER at the wheel.

Raj in the back seat, his laptop computer perched on his lap.

**EXT. BOLLYWOOD BUILDING - DAY**

Raj strides towards the entrance, ignoring his reflection in the shimmering glass.

**INT. BOLLYWOOD BUILDING - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Coffee, teas and Indian pastries arranged on a small conference table.

Deepak on one side of the table. On the other side --

Three smiling FILM INVESTORS, each with a manuscript in front of them: *BLACKLISTED... WRITTEN BY: RAJ RANI*.

Raj enters. The Investors stand and clap - *bravo applause*.

Raj smiles, takes a seat next to Deepak.

**NOTE: ALL DIALOGUE IS IN HINDI - SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.**

DEEPAK

Let's get down to business.

Deepak opens a folder with a contract.

DEEPAK

The lien on Raj's bank account is to be lifted immediately.

INVESTOR ONE

Done.

DEEPAK

\$250,000 for the script or 2.5% of the budget, whichever is greater plus three points on the backend.

INVESTOR TWO

I'm only willing to go two points. And only if he's willing to come back when needed for publicity events.

DEEPAK

Raj, your call.

Raj nods in agreement.

INVESTOR THREE

We've already got a mock-up of the poster.

Investor Three opens his briefcase, retrieves a MOVIE POSTER  
 MOCK-UP: *An eerie background behind a man in a business suit hanging from the attic rafters.*

He slides it towards Raj.

INVESTOR THREE

What do you think?

RAJ

(suddenly somber)  
 It's dark...

INVESTOR THREE

We can lighten the color scheme --

RAJ

I'm not talking about the colors.  
 The tone is too dark. And there was  
 much more to the character other  
 than how he died. In fact --

An intercom speaker CRACKLES.

VOICE FROM INTERCOM (V.O.)

Deepak, the reporter from Filmfare  
 is ready for you and Raj.

**INT. BOLLYWOOD BUILDING - DEEPAK'S OFFICE - DAY**

A female FILMWAY REPORTER interviewing Raj, under the watchful eye of Deepak, at a small conference table.

FILMWAY REPORTER

It was reported that you had  
 retired from writing --

DEEPAK

He never announced he was retiring.  
 Just taking some time off to  
 recharge the batteries, right Raj?

RAJ

I retired from writing.

FILMWAY REPORTER

So what brought you back?

Raj doesn't answer - his mind obviously somewhere else.

FILMWAY REPORTER

Mr. Rani...?

RAJ

I'm sorry... What?

FILMWAY REPORTER

I asked what brought you back to writing?

A moment passes.

RAJ

I had a... Spiritual awakening.

FILMWAY REPORTER

Can you elaborate?

RAJ

No.

(at Deepak)

I'd like to go home now.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - DAY**

Raj's truck pulls up. As he emerges, he spots --

A smoky barbecue, burgers and dogs. And a new picnic table where Logan and --

Two of his ADDICT FRIENDS are engaged in gluing back pieces of smashed ceramic COFFEE MUGS.

LOGAN

Raj!

Logan hustles over as Raj removes his suitcase from the truck, gives him a bearhug.

LOGAN

How did it go?

RAJ

As expected.

Raj motions towards the picnic table, the Addicts still immersed in gluing pieces of the mugs together.

RAJ

What's this...?

LOGAN

It's Kintsugi. A Japanese wellness exercise I looked it up.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You smash something up and then put it all back together, filling the cracks with gold-tinted glue.

RAJ

Why?

LOGAN

Because by embracing flaws and imperfections, you can create an even stronger --

RAJ

I meant why my coffee cups?

LOGAN

Ah... Yeah. I didn't expect you back so soon.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Raj pours freshly brewed chicory coffee into a plastic cup.

He grabs it, recoils as he feels the heat on his fingers.

Logan enters.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Promise, I'll bring new cups tomorrow.

(off Raj's nods)

And clean up the front. I'd do it now but I'm late for a --

RAJ

Go.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

Raj, plastic coffee cup in hand, gazes out the window at --

THE BEAR - returned to clean up the remnants of Logan's barbecue.

The Bear turns for a moment, locks eyes with Raj. Then a LOW GROWL and the Bear returns to his scavenging.

RAJ

We all must do what our nature demands.



**ROLL-TOP - DESK - LATER**

Raj drums his fingers as he stares at his laptop screen. On it: *We all must do what our nature demands.*

Raj gazes just another moment before hitting the backspace bar, deleting the words.

RAJ  
Perhaps not...

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Raj, nestled in bed, fast asleep.

CREAK... CREAK... CREAK...

Raj's eyes flutter open, finally landing on --

HENRI - gently rocking in the chair adjacent to the bed.

RAJ  
Henri...?

HENRI  
I would say - in the flesh - but we know better.

RAJ  
(totally confused)  
You moved on...

HENRI  
I tried... I couldn't.

Raj scoots up in bed.

RAJ  
Because?

HENRI  
The title page. Written By...

RAJ  
I told you. I'm not going with Rodger Randall.

HENRI  
I'm quite aware.

RAJ  
Then...?

HENRI  
It needs to be Henri Dubois.

RAJ  
WHAT!?

Raj bolts out of bed.

HENRI  
In order to find eternal piece, I  
need to be credited with my work.  
The world needs to know I wrote it.

RAJ  
It's too late for that.

HENRI  
It is never too --

RAJ  
(angry)  
Follow me.

#### **LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Raj at the roll-top desk. Henri looming behind him.

On the laptop screen, a promotional article regarding the  
upcoming film: *BLACKLISTED, BY RAJ RANI*.

RAJ  
You would have me labeled a  
plagiarist!?

Henri contemplates for a moment.

HENRI  
Are you not one?

RAJ  
No!

HENRI  
Raj....?

Raj stands - eyeball to eyeball with Henri.

RAJ  
I have everything at risk here! My  
bank account. This house! My  
reputation!

HENRI  
But I wrote it.

Raj clenches his jaws...

RAJ  
It doesn't matter.

HENRI  
Because?

RAJ  
Because...? Because, as they say...

Raj heads towards the kitchen, turns towards Henri.

RAJ  
You're dead to me.

Raj disappears into the kitchen.

RAJ (O.C.)  
AND TO EVERYONE ELSE!

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Raj re-emerges from the kitchen, bottle of water in hand.

Henri is nowhere to be seen. Raj enters the --

#### **HALLWAY**

And YELPS as he spots...

Henri, hanging from a rope tied to the attic beams. His face and skin back to that eerie, translucent blue.

HENRI  
Is this what you want for me?

Raj swallows an angry breath, takes a sip of water - then calmly strolls past Henri...

RAJ  
Good night, Henri.

As Raj disappears into the bedroom, Henri swivels around on his hanging rope.

HENRI  
You're not being very nice...  
(no response)  
I thought we were colleagues...  
(no response)  
Do you know what's worse than being  
blacklisted...?  
(no response)

HENRI (CONT'D)  
 Being a fraud...  
 (no response)  
 Raj...?

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - BIRCH GROVE - FIRST DAY AFTER**

Raj leads Logan and now three ADDICT friends of his in a series of yoga exercises.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - HALLWAY - THAT NIGHT**

Raj strolls by Henri, hanging from the attic.

RAJ  
 Good night, Henri.

HENRI  
 I will haunt your dreams!

RAJ  
 Right...

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - SECOND DAY AFTER**

Gray skies as a peppering of snowflakes float to the ground.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

Logan watches as Raj applies a weatherproofing caulking seal around the perimeter of the window frame.

LOGAN  
 Make the bead just a little bit smaller.

**HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Raj strolls by Henri, hanging from the attic.

RAJ  
 Still hanging around?

Henri makes an attempt at kicking Raj as he passes - misses.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THIRD DAY AFTER**

A fire fueled by birch tree logs flickers in the fireplace.

Raj, Logan and the Addicts, all in a lotus position on the floor engage in meditative chants.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Raj paces towards Henri, still hanging, head bowed - a lone tear streaking down his cheek.

RAJ  
Are you trying to fool me...?

HENRI  
Leave me be.

RAJ  
Because I am not a fool.

HENRI  
At long last, have you no decency!?

The line stings Raj - He knows the origin.

HENRI  
I beg you... I need to move on.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING**

Raj, on the stoop, sipping chicory coffee, taking in the snow-covered landscape. But his eyes show no delight - instead, they reflect a somberness... A soul searching.

Logan sits next to him, also cradling a cup of coffee.

LOGAN  
You want me to believe that your  
imaginary ghost wrote your script?

RAJ  
Further conversation is useless if  
you think me insane.

LOGAN  
Fine. A ghost wrote the script. Got  
it. But so what?

RAJ  
I took credit for it.

LOGAN  
And...?

RAJ  
I am a liar.

LOGAN  
Until you tell the truth.

RAJ  
I can't.

LOGAN  
I don't think you really have a  
choice.

RAJ  
Meaning...?

Logan stands, sips coffee as he takes in the scenery.

LOGAN  
You're the one who taught me that  
one cannot achieve wellness if one  
is living a lie...

Logan pours the rest of his coffee on the ground, watches it  
melt through the snow.

LOGAN  
Or was that just for addicts?

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Raj stares at a hanging, motionless Henri.

RAJ  
I have a plan I need to run by you.

Henri's eyes pop open.

HENRI  
Does it involve me receiving credit  
for my work?

RAJ  
And celebrated for it.

Henri slips to the ground.

HENRI  
You have my attention.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Henri studies Raj, at the door, a packed suitcase nearby.

Raj reaches for the handle, stops short of grabbing it.

RAJ  
This will be the last time we see  
each other.

HENRI

Perhaps we will meet again... In  
the hereafter. I will look for you.

Raj grabs the suitcase - extends his free hand towards Henri.

They engage in a weird, ghostly handshake.

RAJ

It's been an honor.

HENRI

The honor was all mine... Thank  
you, Raj Rani. Safe travels.

Raj nods, then slips out the door.

**INT. BOLLYWOOD BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

A stoic Raj sits across from the FILMWAY REPORTER - appearing  
very impatient.

NOTE: ALL DIALOGUE IS IN HINDI - SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

FILMWAY REPORTER

Are you sure he's going to be here?

RAJ

He will.

FILMWAY REPORTER

(checks her watch)

I do have other --

RAJ

It will be worth the wait.

A few more awkward moments of silence and then --

DEEPAK bursts in.

DEEPAK

(nervous politeness)

Hey, what's going on, Raj? You know  
I handle all press meetings.

RAJ

Except for this one. Please... Sit.

As Deepak slowly slips into a chair, Raj hits SEND on an  
email on his smartphone.

RAJ  
(at the Filmway Reporter)  
I have a scoop for you. Blacklisted  
was written by Henri Dubois.

The Reporter's eyes narrow with confusion.

DEEPAK  
I think you mean it was based on --

RAJ  
No. It was written by him.

DEEPAK  
That's impossible.

FILMWAY REPORTER  
I need you to explain.

The Reporter starts feverishly taking notes.

RAJ  
I found his script in the house I bought in California. The very one he hung himself in. All I did was transcribe his typed pages into my computer.

FILMWAY REPORTER  
Are you admitting to plagiarizing?

I am. RAJ

FILMWAY REPORTER  
Because?

DEEPAK  
Raj, stop talking.

RAJ  
I thought his work was brilliant...  
And thought mine was horrible.

FILMWAY REPORTER  
Is this a joke? I'm not going to  
report this just to be made a fool  
of later.

RAJ  
Like Henri, I am dead serious. At  
the start of this interview, I sent  
both you and Deepak an email.

The Reporter and Deepak fumble for their phones. The Reporter beats Deepak to it.

RAJ  
My written confession and the  
headline for your story.



FILMWAY REPORTER

(reading email)

*The credits on the film Blacklisted  
should be as follows: written by  
Henri Dubois... Stolen by Raj Rani.*

RAJ

Good enough?

**A FEW MOMENTS LATER**

A calm Raj, sipping coffee at the table eyeballing a --

Stabbed in the back Deepak angrily pacing the room.

DEEPAK

I'm now disgraced. And you - You'll  
be sued for everything you own! How  
could you --

RAJ

Gift you the most successful film  
you will ever have.

DEEPAK

What!?

RAJ

Once that article is posted,  
Blacklisted will be the most talked  
about film project in decades. I  
stole a script - from a dead man.  
You can't buy that level of  
publicity. You won't need to spend  
a dime on advertising... Everyone  
will watch it. And thanks to Henri,  
everyone will love it.

Deepak stops his pacing - thinks... Perhaps Raj is right.

RAJ

And your investors will not have to  
pay a nickel for the script. It's  
theirs for free. All I want is a  
promise that there will be no more  
liens against my bank account. Can  
you arrange that?

Deepak takes a seat... Nods.

DEEPAK

You know you'll never be paid to  
write again. Your career... It's  
over.

RAJ  
 That is not for you to decide... Or  
 for me for that matter.  
 (standing)  
 And it never really has been.

Raj removes a sealed envelope from his pocket - hands it to Deepak.

RAJ  
 I need you to get this to Aisha.

RAJ  
 Raj... She's still married.

RAJ  
 I know.

DEEPAK  
 (re: the envelope)  
 Then.

RAJ  
 My apology... My regrets.

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Raj enters, drops his suitcase on the floor.

**SUPER: A FEW DAYS LATER**

He looks towards the roll-top desk, spots a piece of paper in the old-timey typewriter.

He removes it from the roller. It reads: *MON AMI... THERE ARE STILL STORIES WITHIN YOU...*

Raj takes a few steps, peers down the hallway. Sees nothing.

Looks towards the ceiling. The access space now covered.

A warm smile crosses his face.

**EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - DAY**

Logan, and now four Addicts doing yoga exercises on a patch of lawn that has been shoveled clean of snow.

**SUPER: A WEEK LATER**

Meanwhile --

**INT. BISHOP HOUSE - DAY**

Raj at the roll-top desk. His laptop screen opened in front of him. On the screen:

*TITLE: GHOSTWRITER.*

*WRITTEN BY: RAJ RANI*

Raj goes to the next screen page, types: *FADE IN:*

He takes a sip of coffee, squares his shoulders, cracks his knuckles and then starts typing like there's no tomorrow.

*FADE OUT.*