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t h e s i x t h s e n s e

may . first . ninety-eight
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INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

A NAKED LIGHTBULB SPARKS TO LIFE. It dangles from the ceiling of a basement.

LIGHT QUICK FOOTSTEPS AS ANNA CROWE moves down the stairs.

Anna is the rare combination of beauty and innocence. She stands in the chilly basement in an elegant summer dress that outlines her slender body. Her gentle eyes move across the empty room and come to rest on a rack of wine bottles covering one entire wall.

She walks to the bottles. Her fingertips slide over the labels. She stops when she finds just the right one. A tiny smile as she slides it out.

Anna turns to leave. Stops. She stares at the shadowy basement. It's an unsettling place. She stands very still and watches her breath form A TINY CLOUD IN THE COLD AIR. She's visibly uncomfortable.

Anna Crowe moves for the staircase in a hurry. Each step faster than the next. She climbs out of the basement in another burst of LIGHT QUICK FOOTSTEPS.

WE HEAR HER HIT THE LIGHT SWITCH.

THE LIGHTBULB DIES. DRIPPING BLACK DEVOURS THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Two place settings. Two large plates of Chicken Francaise half eaten. An empty bottle of white wine sits in the center of the table.

Anna arrives with the back up bottle.

MALCOLM CROWE sits in a vest and tie, both undone. A jacket and a raincoat lay on briefcase next to him. Malcolm is in his thirties with thick wavy hair and striking, intelligent eyes that reflect years of intense study. His charming, easy going smile spreads across his face. He points.

MALCOLM

That's one fine frame. How much
does a fine frame like that cost you
think?

Malcolm points to the HUGE FRAMED CERTIFICATE propped up on a dining room chair. It's printed on aged parchment type paper. The frame is a polished mahogany.

Anna hands the back up bottle over to Malcolm.

ANNA
(smiling)

I've never told you... but you sound
a little like Dr. Seuss when you're
drunk.

Malcolm uncorks the wine and starts filling the empty glasses.

MALCOLM
Come on Anna, I'm serious.
Serious I am.

Anna giggles. She's clearly buzzed herself. Malcolm doesn't get it. Anna takes a few
calming sips of her wine. Her attention slowly moves to the framed certificate.

ANNA
Mahogany. I'd say that cost at least a
couple hundred. Maybe three.

MALCOLM
Three? We should hock it. Buy that
C.D. rack for the bedroom.

ANNA
Do you know how important this is?
This is big time.
(beat)
I'm going to read it for you.

MALCOLM
I sound like Dr. Seuss?

Anna ignores Malcolm and clears her throat. She leans forward from her seat and reads
the certificate out loud.

ANNA

In recognition for his outstanding achievement in the field of child psychology, his dedication to his work, and his continuing efforts to improve the quality of life for countless children and their families, the City of Philadelphia proudly bestows upon its son Dr. Malcolm Crowe, the Mayor's Citation for Professional Excellence.

Beat. The power of the words sober the two of them.

ANNA

Wow. They called you their son.

Beat.

MALCOLM

And what do you think?

Anna turns and stares at Malcolm.

MALCOLM

You believe that's true, what they wrote about me?

Anna's expression is suddenly dead serious.

ANNA

How can you ask me that? I don't care if you are drunk. How can you even wonder for a millisecond about that?

(beat)

...I'm second place to those people. Those families they're talking about.

Malcolm is about to say something. Anna cuts him off.

ANNA

It's a fact and I hope it won't always be that way, but it is a fact.

ANNA(cont'd)

The only reason I could bare that fact .
up till now, is because I know you...

Anna studies her husband's face. She shakes her head a little in disbelief.

ANNA

You really don't get it do you?

Silence. Beat. Anna gazes at her husband quietly.

ANNA

You have a gift. Not a gift that
allows you to hit a ball over a fence.
Not a gift that produces beautiful
images on a canvas... Your gift
teaches children how to smile again,
how to laugh and cherish life. Do
you have any clue what kind of
miracle you are?

(beat)

Yes, I believe everything they wrote
about you... And then some.

The effect on Malcolm is profound. His eyes fill with emotion.

MALCOLM

(whispers)

Thank you.

Anna leans towards him. They hold each other tight. After a beat, Anna leans back and
wipes her eyes.

ANNA

There wasn't supposed to be any
crying at this celebration. Just a lot
of drinking and sex.

Malcolm's charming easy going smile returns.

MALCOLM

I would like some white wine in a
glass.

Anna hands him his glass. He stares at it.

MALCOLM
I would not like it in a mug. I would
not like it in a jug.

Malcolm looks at Anna surprised at what he said. They crack up laughing. THEIR
SWEET LAUGHTER FILLS THE HOUSE.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

TWO GIGGLING SHADOWS APPEAR IN THE BEDROOM DOORWAY. They try to
turn on the light. It doesn't come on.

MALCOLM
Bulb's out.

Anna giggles some more as Malcolm's shadow stumbles across the bedroom.
MALCOLM TURNS ON THE BATHROOM LIGHT.

ANNA SCREAMS.

Malcolm spins around. His heart stops.

Malcolm and Anna stare at a STRANGER seated on the edge of their bed.

THE BEDROOM WINDOW IS SHATTERED. THE WIND MOVES THROUGH THE
ROOM. A lamp lays broken on the ground by the window.

NO ONE MAKES A SOUND.

The STRANGER seated on their bed is about nineteen. Drugged out. Pitch black eyes
bulging. His hands are folded on his lap. He shakes ever so slightly as he sits. He has a
patch of white in his hair.

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

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

Anna barely nods her understanding.

MALCOLM

(to the stranger)

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

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

STRANGER

You don't know so many things.

Beat.

MALCOLM

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

The stranger's face changes as he looks at Malcolm. He half grins.

STRANGER

Are you drunk?

The stranger's stare slides to Anna.

STRANGER

Did you get him drunk?

MALCOLM

She doesn't need to be involved in
this.

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

STRANGER

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

Anna's expression instantly changes.

STRANGER

I know.

BEAT. THE ROOM GOES SILENT.

MALCOLM

Tell me what's happening here? I
have no idea what you want.

The stranger turns and glares at Malcolm.

STRANGER

What you promised.

Malcolm stops all movement.

MALCOLM

(whispers)

My God, do I know you?

STRANGER

Dr. Malcolm Crowe, recipient of
awards from the Mayor on the news.
Dr. Malcolm Crowe, he's helped so
many children. Let's all celebrate Dr.
Malcolm Crowe.

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

STRANGER

You said everything would be all
right. You said there was nothing to
be afraid of. You said this was a
common stage in coping with the
trauma of divorce.

(beat)

You were wrong.

Malcolm looks like someone hit him with a sledgehammer.

STRANGER

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

Tears jump into the stranger's eyes.

STRANGER

...I'm still afraid.

The stranger's hands move on his lap, revealing A CRUDE HAND GUN.

ANNA

(whispers)

...This isn't happening.

MALCOLM

We need to slow this way down. I need to think. Give me a second to think.

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

MALCOLM

What if I told you your name?

(beat)

That'd be something right? Show you, you mattered.

The stranger's unsettling gaze remains steady.

MALCOLM

(ranting)

Okay, you're nineteen. I don't recognize you... You must have looked very different... Probably worked with you as a pre-adolescent... Nine, ten years old.

Beat. Malcolm's intelligent eyes race for answers.

MALCOLM

You have a hard Philly accent.
You're local. I must have seen you at
the downtown clinic back then...
Single parent family...

(glances at gun)

... possible mood disorder.

(beat)

No friends... Socially isolated.

(beat)

Afraid... Acute anxiety...

(beat)

Come on clear your head!... Male,
nine or ten... Single parent... Mood
disorder... Acute anxiety...

(Beat)

Ben Freidken?... No.

STRANGER

Some people call me freak.

MALCOLM

...Ronald... Ronald Sumner... Not
right.

Tears fall down the stranger's face.

STRANGER

I am a freak.

MALCOLM

No you're not!

STRANGER

I thought you were special.

That jars Malcolm for a second. He recovers.

MALCOLM

Clear your head... Clinic.. Nine-
ten... socially isolated... single
parent... Acute-

Beat. Malcolm looks up.

MALCOLM
Vincent Gray?

THE ROOM GOES SILENT AGAIN.

MALCOLM
-Vincent?

Beat.

STRANGER
I was ten.

Malcolm takes a deep breath like he just emerged from deep waters.

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

Vincent's eyes burn at Malcolm.

VINCENT
You forgot cursed.

VINCENT is fully crying now. He raises the gun. Aims it across at Malcolm.

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

Vincent closes his eyes and FIRES. A VIOLENT EAR SHATTERING ECHO.
Malcolm clutches his stomach and folds like a rag doll.

Vincent instantly moves the gun to his own head. ANOTHER HORRIFIC BLAST
SPIKES THE AIR. Vincent tips back on the bed as if in slow motion.

ANNA'S CHILLING SCREAMS FILL THEIR HOME.

DISSOLVE TO: