

Death by Shakespeare  
by Dan Fiorella

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FADE IN:

EXT. OAK ISLAND PIT -- EVENING

It's a rural construction site; drilling machines, earth movers, and water pumps are chugging away. A rope from a winch leads down into a deep pit. TODD AINSWORTH, a dashing adventurer, early 30s, carries a clipboard and talks with a stuff-shirt, 3-piece suit BACKER.

TODD

Today's the day. I can feel it.  
(rubs fingers together)  
It's tangible.

BACKER

You'll excuse me if I hold onto my confetti just yet. You're down over 200 feet. It's not a pit any more, it's a mine.

They walk over to a table set up with a chart of the pit.

BACKER (CONT'D)

The partners are getting nervous.

TODD

Nervous? I'm the one putting up the bulk of the money.

BACKER

Because you like this cockamamie stuff. They just want a return on their capital. No pirate has ever buried a treasure this deep.

TODD

Ah, but maybe they never had anything this valuable to bury this deep before. Look at this pit. It's not just a hole in the ground. Thick oak planks every ten feet. Rock cistern to flood the pit if someone gets down to the 100 foot mark. Layers of stone slabs. Iron bars. Some kind of primitive cement. Oh, there's something down there, all right. People have been excavating this pit for 200 years and dug up nothing but failure. I'm reaching the bottom, mate.

BACKER

Well, you had better reach it soon.  
Before you wind up with a tunnel to  
China.

Suddenly, everything comes to a dead halt.

WORKER (O.S.)

Mr. Ainsworth! We hit something!

Todd and Backer come over to the pit site.

There's an intercom rigged up on the table. Todd gets on it.

TODD

Toby, you there?

TOBY (O.S.)

That I am, boss.

TODD

What do you have?

TOBY (O.S.)

There's a bloody hatch down here.  
Looks like oak. There's a crucifix  
where the knob would be. And a heavy-  
duty padlock.

TODD

You have the bolt cutters?

TOBY (O.S.)

I have.

TODD

Use em. Any Mason symbols?

BACKER

The treasure of the Knights of  
Templar?

TODD

Sh! Toby you there?

TOBY (O.S.)

Just snapping through the chains.  
No, no Mason symbology. But it's a  
Christian door. Crosses carved into  
the entire door.

TODD

Get the video snake down there!

The Crew unspools a fiber optic video camera device down  
the pit.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Toby, hold on, we're sending down  
the snake eye. I want to see this.

TOBY (O.S.)  
Okay. Padlocks off. I'm  
testing...the door opens.

A monitor by Todd flickers to life. A fuzzy picture of TOBY in the pit comes on. Toby, a rugged-looking Scotsman, is before a small wooden door.

INTERCUT:

INT. PIT -- CONTINUOUS

There's a small wooden door in the side of the pit. There's a crucifix where the knob would be. There's a heavy, ancient padlock and chain cut away.

TOBY  
You receiving?

TODD  
That's what you wore?

TOBY  
You're a funny one, Todd.

Toby pushes the door open and looks in.

TODD  
What is it?

TOBY  
Dark.

TODD  
Let the robo-cam go in first with  
the lights.

TOBY  
It's going in now.

The monitor shows nothing.

TODD  
Lights, please.

The monitor comes alive, showing a cave.

TODD (CONT'D)  
A cave! The pit leads to a cave!

There in the cave is a old wooden crate, chained closed.  
Then a shadow rushes by.

TODD (CONT'D)  
What was that?

TOBY (O.S.)  
What was what?

TODD  
I thought I saw something run by.

TOBY (O.S.)  
No treasure that I can see.

TODD  
There's a chest.

TOBY (O.S.)  
I see it.

TODD  
Can it come up?

TOBY (O.S.)  
The chain looks ready to give way.  
I'm going to open it.

TODD  
Steady, man.

Toby comes into the frame as he reaches the crate. The chains push easily away. He pulls at the lid and it opens.

There's a flash of energy.

The monitor goes to static. Then a face. The face of a Shakespearian-era WITCH, an old hag, fills the screen. Toby screams.

The monitor and the intercom go out.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Toby? Toby? What's going on?  
Where's the video?

TECHIE  
We're working on it, sir. We don't know what's causing it.

Suddenly the monitor goes on. There's Toby's body, lifeless by the crate. The picture moves in closer and closer. There's something in Toby's hand. It's a manuscript, a 17th century script in perfect condition.

The robo-cam goes in closer until you can see the cover. In Old English handwriting it reads: "Macbeth by William Shakespeare."

INT. BART & MAX'S DORM -- DAY

MAX FEDERMAN, a bookish, bespectacled scruffy student is packing. BART AVON, a good-looking college jock in his jersey carrying a football looks on. He's with his friend, JULIE QUILL, a perky, school-spirit kind of junior.

MAX  
Shakespeare????

JULIE  
What?

MAX  
It's Shakespeare. You want him to do Shakespeare?

BART  
I can't do Shakespeare.

JULIE  
You're in performing arts. Of course you're going to do Shakespeare. It's a Shakespearian festival for God's sake.

BART  
So we're staying for spring break?

JULIE  
We have to rehearse. We have to prepare if we want this on its feet when classes resume.

MAX  
That sounds exciting...in an opposite kind of way.

JULIE  
Bart, what did you enroll in acting class for?

MAX  
Because there are a ton of girls and the only competition is gay guys.

BART  
Don't say that! Out loud!

JULIE  
Very noble.

BART  
Since when do you take Max seriously? Can you believe I'd do that to meet girls?

JULIE  
That's how you met me!

MAX  
Mission accomplished.

BART  
Shut up, Max.

MAX  
Look, Julie, don't get upset. I'm joking. Bart met you and that's as far as it went. So, of course he'll be there for your Shakespearean festival. Because it means so much to you.

JULIE  
Why don't you stay and help?

MAX  
You mean nothing to me.

BART  
I mean, they could always use more help.

MAX  
For a Shakespearean festival? I'm a writer. What could I possibly contribute?

BART  
Sets to be built. Lights to be hung.  
Things to be fetched.

MAX  
There's spring to be broken.

JULIE  
I have to get going. Finals.

BART  
So, I'll be seeing you?

JULIE  
Will you? Will you really?

She leaves.

Max pulls some socks out of his case.

MAX  
Not mine.

He tosses them to Bart's dresser, knocking into a mirror. It topples over and Bart grabs it before it falls.

BART

Watch it. You break it and it's  
seven years bad luck.

Bart pulls out a rabbit's foot and rubs it.

MAX

You know, I broke the rearview mirror  
on my car. That must mean bad luck  
for seven years or seven thousand  
miles, which ever comes first.

BART

Come on, man. Stay. It'll be great.

Max slams the suitcase closed.

MAX

Your mouth says "yes," but my ears  
hear "no."

BART

Well, it would be awful if while you  
were gone it came out.

MAX

What came out?

BART

How a successful student was running  
a term paper mill on campus.

MAX

I did no such thing! And you bought  
five of them!

BART

Hate to see you expelled over that.

MAX

Dirty, miserable jock.

INT. SUV -- DAY

Todd, driving, is on the hands-free cell phone.

BACKER (O.S.)

Where are you now?

TODD

At Wexler College. Three's a gent  
here who can authenticate the  
manuscript.

BACKER (O.S.)  
None of us are too thrilled with you  
running around with a priceless  
artifact.

TODD  
Fret not, my liege, fret not.

EXT. COLLEGE THEATER -- DAY

Max and Bart walk toward the theater, tossing a football around. It's an old building, far removed from the main campus. Attached to it is Wilkes hall, holding offices and classrooms of the drama department. Max lets one fly. Bart chases after it and makes an amazing flying catch, rolling into the ground with it.

MAX  
Lucky catch.

A shiny SUV pulls up. Todd gets out, carrying a secured briefcase.

TODD  
Excuse me---

MAX  
Yeah?

TODD  
I'm looking for Professor Frankel.

BART  
Yes, his office is upstairs above  
the theater. You enter through Wilkes  
Hall.

TODD  
Thanks.

Todd trots off.

Bart gets up and throws the ball.

BART  
Go long!

Max has to chase after it.

MAX  
Stupid jock.

INT. PROFESSOR FRANKEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Todd knocks and pokes his head in.

TODD  
Professor Frankel?

FRANKEL  
Yes?

Todd looks up to see professor TRENT FRANKEL at the top of a ladder at his vast shelves of books. He's an older, lanky, disheveled, slightly crazed-looking soul.

The office is a disarrangement of papers, scripts, books and theater props. There's a desk with a PC and, over in the corner, a printer.

FRANKEL (CONT'D)  
Up here.

TODD  
Prof. Frankel. I'm Todd Ainsworth.  
We spoke.

FRANKEL  
Ah, yes, come in. Come in. You're the adventurer who wanted to authenticate a manuscript.

TODD  
That's right. I'm told you're the local expert.

FRANKEL  
Well, people talk.

Frankel comes down and shakes Todd's hand. He sees the case.

FRANKEL (CONT'D)  
Is that it?

TODD  
Yes.

FRANKEL  
I'm betting you think it's for real.

TODD  
Oh, yes.

FRANKEL  
So, what do you know about it?

TODD  
You've heard of the Oak Island Pit?

FRANKEL  
Oak Island? Just north of here?  
Sure! There's buried treasure there the stories say.

TODD

My team and I were able to reach the bottom of the pit. There we found an ancient vault. Inside that vault; this.

He opens the case to Frankel, and unfolds some waxed protective wrapping. Inside is "Macbeth."

FRANKEL

This? Was at the bottom of a pit?

TODD

It was.

Frankel starts looking it over.

FRANKEL

I can't believe it. It can't be.

TODD

Can't be what?

FRANKEL

Shakespeare's original manuscript.  
This is amazing. This is astounding.  
Ye gods!

TODD

Good, eh?

FRANKEL

Good? This is freakin' fantastic!  
Let's talk.

Frankel clears some clutter off a chair and offers it to Todd.

INT. LAB -- DAY

Frankel and Todd wait as a very intense professor of science, DR. GOUGH, studies some monitors and a print-out. The crate from the cave is there as well.

They study the manuscript under a microscope.

They carefully go over the pages.

They study the crate and chain.

Frankel has a text book of Shakespeare's signature and writing and compares it to the manuscript.

The portfolio is under a scanning device.

GOUGH

Extraordinary! Now I'm glad you  
kept me around for this.

FRANKEL

Then it's authentic?

GOUGH

The chest, the wood all typical 17th  
century workmanship, so the manuscript  
has to be that old, at least.  
Analysis of the paper and ink all  
point to the same conclusion; What  
you have there is a really old book.  
I'd like to run one other test.  
Pollen.

TOBY

Pollen?

GOUGH

We check the parchments for pollens.  
That can help us place the book in  
England. This is a tremendous find  
if you can prove that's Shakespeare's  
scribbling.

TODD

I'm sure of it. Thank you, Doctor.

GOUGH

When are you going to announce?

FRANKEL

Mr. Ainsworth has left that to me.  
I run the drama program, so I know a  
thing or two about timing.

TODD

This'll set the academic world on  
its ear. It's huge!

FRANKEL

"When the hurlyburly's done, When  
the battle's lost and won. That  
will be ere the set of sun. Upon  
the heath.  
There to meet with...*Macbeth*."

The monitors and print-out register activity ever so briefly.

INT. THEATER -- DAY

A group of students seated in the audience.

SALLY, a comely blond, and TOM, a regular looking serious  
actor (both 20), enter, and take their seats.

(Everyone entering carries a book bag or backpack or laptop case or tote bag or some such thing).

SALLY

---I asked him, am I too tall for the role? Too short? Too young? Too old? He looks me straight in the eye and says "Yes." I really hate auditions.

TOM

Sally, that was two weeks ago. I know mobsters who give up vendettas in less time.

SALLY

And what's that supposed to mean?

Tom shrugs as a couple of seniors enter: GLENN, a pushy, intense guy and LYLE, a slick stand-up comic wanna-be.

GLENN

---I'm telling you, Lyle, I march into their offices in a gorilla suit holding my script and they'll read it. How could they not read a script from a guy in a gorilla suit?

LYLE

So you're actually going to rent a gorilla suit?

GLENN

Rent? I own!

They grab seats near Tom and Sally.

DONNA hurries in, out of breath and joins the group. She's a brassy, New York-type, another senior.

DONNA

Hey, guys. What are we talking about?

LYLE

The usual.

DONNA

The gorilla suit?

GLENN

You're late. She's late, isn't she, Tom?

TOM

You're late.

DONNA  
My second audition ran way late.  
But it was worth it. I think the  
casting director liked me.

TOM  
Why? He asked you back?

DONNA  
After I finished, he said "next,  
please." They never say please.

LYLE  
Sounds like you're a shoo-in, Donna.

GLENN  
Is that what you wore? That? Man,  
I've told you a million times, Donna,  
you gotta flash them some skin.

DONNA  
Glenn, it was an audition for "The  
Sound of Music." I was up for the  
part of a nun.

GLENN  
Well, you can kiss that part good-  
bye.

SALLY  
What "Sound of Music" audition? I  
didn't see that.

DONNA  
Neither did I but someone from my  
first audition mentioned it, so I  
ran over.

SALLY  
You just ran over without preparing?  
Without warming up? Just cold, like  
that?

DONNA  
Uh-huh.

SALLY  
You're allowed to do that?

LYLE  
Tom, Tom, okay, so how's this--  
(comic persona)  
Ever notice the sign on the way to  
the airport? The one that says  
"Caution, low flying planes?" What's  
the deal with that? What?  
(MORE)

LYLE (CONT'D)  
If a plane flies over, I'm supposed  
to duck? I don't get it.

TOM  
Lyle, would you please come up with  
your own style?

LYLE  
I'm working on it, I'm working hard.  
And I'll know my own style as soon  
as I see it.

DONNA  
Try harder.

LYLE  
I don't get no respect. No respect  
at all.

SALLY  
I'll be right back. I have to freshen  
up.

LYLE  
Me, too.

Donna pulls him down.

DONNA  
You're fresh enough.

Sally goes up onstage and heads to the backstage area.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Bart and Max enter. There's a ladder up against a wall.  
Bart steers them out from under it.

MAX  
Ah, the theater! The smell of the  
greasepaint, the roar of the crowd.

BART  
That's not greasepaint.

MAX  
Then, seriously, you need to get  
some scented candles going in here.

BART  
Stop being so negative.

MAX  
Why?

BART

Look at it as a chance to meet some nice girl. There are a lot of nice ones here. And the bulk of the student population is gone.

MAX

Off on spring break.

BART

Less competition for you.

Julie comes over, clipboard in hand, harried and frizzled.

BART (CONT'D)

Julie! Hi! I brought Max.

JULIE

Oh, great. We can use the help.  
Help.

BART

You okay?

JULIE

I'm thinking I bit off more than I can chew.

Bart starts massaging Julie's shoulders.

BART

Don't worry.

MAX

We're all here to help you regurgitate.

JULIE

Professor Frankel told me what we're doing.

BART

Henry the Fifth?

MAX

Oh, too bad. I hear it's not as good as Henry the Fourth. But, sequels rarely are.

JULIE

No, we have to put on...the Scottish play.

BART

Why?

JULIE  
Didn't say. Something about a surprise.

BART  
Really? It's a 500 year old play.  
How many surprises are left?

MAX  
Okay, I'm not the biggest Shakespeare-phile here, but what's the Scottish Play?

JULIE  
The Comedy of Glamis.

MAX  
Sorry.

JULIE  
Scottish general and his Lady,  
Macduff and King Duncan, the Scottish business.

MAX  
Oh, Mac---

Bart covers Max's mouth.

BART  
Sh!

MAX  
What?

BART  
You can't say it.

MAX  
I can't say Mac---

Bart silences him again.

JULIE  
No, please.

MAX  
What? I was just saying---

BART  
Don't!

MAX  
Why not?

JULIE  
The curse.

MAX  
Curse? What curse?

JULIE  
You can't say the name of the play.

MAX  
What play? Mac---

Bart covers Max's mouth again and they drag him out the rear exit. Julie follows.

EXT. THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

Bart releases Max.

MAX  
Will you stop doing that!

BART  
Calm down.

JULIE  
He was doing it because you were  
going to say Macbeth.

MAX  
You just said it!

JULIE  
We're not in the theater now.

BART  
It's bad luck to say the play's name  
in a theater.

MAX  
That's the stupidest thing I ever  
heard! I can say Macbeth here...

He steps inside the door.

MAX (CONT'D)  
But not here?

BART  
Right.

MAX  
Is it me?

He steps back outside.

JULIE  
Legend has it that the play is jinxed.  
Has been from the beginning.  
(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Every performance has met with  
problems or worse. From Shakespeare's  
own production on down.

MAX  
So nobody ever calls "Macbeth"  
Macbeth?

BART  
Right.

MAX  
And if you do say it?

BART  
Bad things.

MAX  
Bad things? How bad?

JULIE  
It varies. Maybe an actor gets hurt.  
Maybe the theater burns down.

MAX  
And once said, everyone is doomed?

BART  
There's a counter-curse to break the  
spell.

JULIE  
Oh, right. Frankel mentioned it in  
class when we were studying theater  
lore.

MAX  
Lore?

BART  
Lore.

MAX  
And you believe this?

BART  
No, of course not. No. Yeah.

JULIE  
It's a theater tradition. And you  
don't mess with theater tradition.  
Actors are a superstitious bunch.

MAX  
Athletes are worse.

BART

What?

MAX

Who wore the same underwear for 10  
games straight?

BART

Point taken.

MAX

This is like that whole "break a  
leg" thing where you can't say "good  
luck."

BART

Exactly. So just don't say it.

MAX

I bet you can say "Florida" when  
you're in Florida.

BART

Max.

MAX

Fine, fine, it's "The McPlay" from  
here on in.

JULIE

Great! Let's hit those floorboards!

INT. LAB -- NIGHT

Gough is alone, working on an electronic scanner device.  
He's got a monitor on, displaying a highly magnified portion  
of the folio. He sees some pollen.

GOUGH

There we are, my little piece of  
pollen.

He extracts it and places it under a microscope.

A cackle is heard. Gough looks up but dismisses it. He  
turns to a reference book. Finding the sample listed, it's  
a flower indigenous to England.

GOUGH (CONT'D)

Broom. Spartium scoparium. Genista  
scoparius. Sarothamnus scoparius.  
Habitat; The densely-growing Broom,  
a shrub indigenous to England, grows  
wild all over temperate Europe and  
northern Asia, being found in  
abundance on sandy pastures and  
heaths. Bingo.

The cackling again. The electronic equipment comes to life on its own. Confused, Gough goes to turn things off. Nothing happens. He goes to the main over ride switch. A beaker falls over, spilling liquid all over the floor by the switch. Gough steps in it as he throws the switch and is electrocuted.

INT. THEATER -- DAY

The actors are moving around on the stage.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Max is sweeping up some saw dust from a carpentry project in progress. He's trying to stay out of the sight of the actors.

MAX  
(muttering)  
What? And give up show business?

He fills a dust bin and looks around to dump it. He heads off to a hallway to find a garbage can.

He finds a door labeled "waste" and goes in. He finds a trash can and dumps his sweepings. Then the door slams shut.

There's a moment, then the knob clicks and tries to turn.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hello?

More shaking of the knob and knocking.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Ding-dong, Stafford-on-Avon calling.

ANNETTE comes walking by the door. She's a tiny, frizzy Bohemian, cheerfully stressed, carrying all manner of paper and scripts and a clipboard.

ANNETTE  
Hello?

MAX  
In here.

She opens the door.

ANNETTE  
Hello. This isn't the entrance.

MAX  
20/20 hindsight. I'm here helping with the festival. Max.

ANNETTE  
Annette.  
(MORE)

ANNETTE (CONT'D)  
I'm Professor Frankel's intern. I'm assisting with him on the festival.

She's staring at Max.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)  
Wow, your aura's really in conflict.  
It shouldn't be. You're really helping us. Not everyone showed.  
Stupid spring break. I mean, people make commitments to do hard work then skip out to have fun. Fun's fun but it's not very satisfying.

MAX

Okay, great. I have to get back to work now.

He steps back into the closet and closes the door. Annette blinks, shrugs and moves on.

Sally comes down and enters the bathroom. A beat later, Max peeks out of the closet. He goes back in. A moment later, he peeks out again. He decides to chance it. As he steps out, Sally comes out, swinging the door out into Max. Max is down. Sally bends down to help him up. During the fussing, Max sees Sally and is instantly smitten.

SALLY

Oh, I'm sorry. Are you all right?

MAX

That's all right. Nothing folded or mutilated.

SALLY

You're new here? I didn't see you come in.

MAX

Yes, yes. I am. I'm with Bart. Bart Avon. This is my first time. I was in the closet for a while but I figured it was safe to come out now.

SALLY

Good for you. I'm Sally. I know how difficult that can be---

MAX

Max. It was a little embarrassing, I wasn't sure if I should stay in or not. I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings.

SALLY  
You really can't worry about anyone  
but yourself.

MAX  
I know! I keep saying that but  
everyone keeps throwing a guilt trip  
at me, so here I am. It's happened  
to you?

SALLY  
No, but to a lot of my friends. So  
live and let live, I say. After  
all, what do you expect in the drama  
department? They're not called drama  
queens for nothing.

Sally chuckles, as does Max, though he doesn't know why,  
exactly. Except that Sally's cute.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Well, if you're here for the  
Shakespeare festival, we'd better  
get going. Come out, meet everyone  
else. You're part of the team now.  
We're running some scenes now. And  
waiting for the big announcement.  
I'm sure Bart is wondering where you  
are.

MAX  
Lead on, McDuff.

SALLY  
That's it, get right into the spirit  
of things. Come on.

Sally takes Max's hand and leads him into the theater.

INT. THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

Max and Sally enter. The group is up and about, including  
Bart and Julia.

ANNETTE  
Oh, you're back. Everyone, this is  
Max. He's new.

LYLE  
Ah, fresh meat.

MAX  
I'm sort of indentured volunteer.  
I'm really a writer. Not an actor.

DONNA  
A writer, eh? So, you write any women's roles?

MAX  
Ah, no. Not as a rule.

SALLY  
I'm surprised. I thought you'd be more in touch with your feminine side. You really should work on female roles.

DONNA  
Really. If I see one more no-name waitress part, I think I'll scream.

SALLY  
Exactly. Or the girl friend in peril. There's a stretch.

GLENN  
Don't worry, girls. I got it covered. I'm working on a piece about a hooker with a heart of gold!

DONNA  
Gosh, things are looking up.

MAX  
You're a writer?

GLENN  
Writer-slash-actor.

LYLE  
Slash idiot.

GLENN  
Why I oughta---

LYLE  
Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk.

MAX  
You're right. I should write more women parts...

He gazes a bit at Sally. Max then realizes Donna is looking at him, as if waiting.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Not this second.

DONNA  
When you make it big, remember your friends.

MAX

I will...

Donna goes to her seat.

MAX (CONT'D)

Who was that?

SALLY

This is all exciting.

MAX

Eh, Shakespeare's not so great.

SALLY

What?

MAX

If he was really good, he'd have a theme song.

LYLE

I like that. Can I use it?

MAX

Knock yourself out. You do stand-up?

LYLE

Oh yeah.

GLENN

Not only him. When he's onstage, everyone stands up...and leaves.

LYLE

Okay, I need a lot more stage time.

GLENN

He froze last time.

TOM

Like an Eskimo Pie.

LYLE

I need more stage time.

MAX

Can't me get up there. I'd freeze up, too.

Frankel and Todd enter and make their way to the stage. Todd is carrying a large case.

FRANKEL

Halt, everyone, halt!  
(MORE)

FRANKEL (CONT'D)  
If we had presses, I'd demand that  
they be stopped. Please take your  
seats!

The group grabs some seats.

FRANKEL (CONT'D)  
I have some incredibly wonderful  
news, brought to us by my new best  
friend, Mr. Todd Ainsworth, patron  
of the arts.

The girls look suitably impressed with the hunky Todd, who tips his hat to them.

FRANKEL (CONT'D)  
As you are aware, we are opening the  
spring semester term with a fund  
raiser. A Shakespeare orgy of high  
drama.

Glenn's hand goes up.

FRANKEL (CONT'D)  
A metaphorical orgy, Mr. Tazmont.

Glenn's hand goes back down.

FRANKEL (CONT'D)  
And we will cap the festival with  
our production of Shakespeare's  
Unmentionable play.

Max leans over to Sally.

MAX  
The "M" play?

Sally nods. Max turns to look at Bart and with a "I knew that" grin.

FRANKEL  
And that play will feature this as  
the cornerstone of our fund raiser.

Todd opens the case for all to see. The portfolio is in there. He sets it on a table.

FRANKEL (CONT'D)  
This recently unearthed manuscript.  
It is the Scottish play, the original  
draft. In Shakespeare's own hand.

The crowd looks appropriately impressed.

JULIE  
Professor, you can't be serious.

FRANKEL  
Serious as sword fight. Come, come  
and gaze upon it.

ANNETTE  
Is that what Professor Gough was  
working on when he---?

FRANKEL  
Alas, yes. It was his testing that  
confirmed the authenticity of this  
script.

ANNETTE  
Poor Professor Gough.

The group hustles up.

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

TOM  
How?

FRANKEL  
Mr. Ainsworth will be happy to regale  
us with his tale. But foremost, he  
is to be thanked for allowing us to  
use this venue as the first public  
display of the play.

GLENN  
Paying customers will flock in to  
see this. That's what I call stunt-  
casting.

JULIE  
This is going to be some fund-raiser.

DONNA  
Well, ain't you the little Indiana  
Jones.

TODD  
You flatter me.

DONNA  
I'm just getting warmed up, honey.

TODD  
Can't let my alma mater down, can I?

Todd begins to tell the story of the digging of the pit.  
Glenn and Sally confer at one end of the group.

GLENN  
So, the new guy, is he with anyone?

SALLY  
He's with Bart.

GLENN  
Bart? I didn't think Bart was a member of the club.

SALLY  
That's what Max told me. Look at them, they're thick as thieves. They are so a couple.

At the other end of the group, Bart is conferring with Max.

BART  
(a bit loud)  
Max, I could kiss you.

MAX  
This is what my life has come to.

BART  
That whole bit about the Scottish play; golden. Julia and I have been sharing quite the laugh at your expense.

MAX  
Glad I could help.

BART  
We've really bonded over it. I don't want to talk about it too much---

MAX  
Right. You don't want to jinx it.

Meanwhile, off to another side of the group, Lyle and Annette are whispering. Annette is staring at the manuscript.

ANNETTE  
Something's not right.

LYLE  
What?

ANNETTE  
This book has an aura. Never saw a book with an aura before.

LYLE  
It's just an old, moldy book.

ANNETTE  
With an aura?

Lyle's at a lost.

Max looks over to see Glenn and Sally head to head, deep in discussion.

MAX  
So, what's Sally's story? She's a cutie.

BART  
Why?

MAX  
Why? You promised me women.

BART  
I really don't know her. She's in the advance classes. Looks like her and Glenn are an item, though.

MAX  
Figures.

Todd finishes his tale. Apparently, Donna's the only one really paying attention.

FRANKEL  
Come now, let us imbibe! Tarry not, underlings, tarry not!

Donna takes Todd's arm as the group exits the auditorium. But Max hangs back. Sally does as well. They stare at the folio.

SALLY  
Is it me, or is there something there?

MAX  
I feel it, too.

SALLY  
What is it?

MAX  
I don't know. I think...this is speaking to me.

SALLY  
How?

MAX  
I'm a writer. For as long as I can remember, I've wanted to write.  
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

And this is Shakespeare, *the writer*. Not the icon. Not the legend. Not the high school class. He sweated over this. Look, you can see where things are crossed out and changed. This is amazing. This is history. This is immortality. It's a testament to him that after all this time, we care.

SALLY

That's so poetic. Bart is one lucky man.

MAX

Sure, with all his lucky charms why wouldn't he be?

Sally smiles.

Glenn pokes his head into the auditorium.

GLENN

Hey, Sally, c'mon! You too, newbie!

SALLY

Coming?

MAX

In a minute. You go. I know you don't want to keep him waiting.

SALLY

He does get fussy and cranky if he has to wait. You'll catch up?

MAX

I'll catch up.

Sally leaves.

MAX (CONT'D)

How did she know about Bart's lucky charms? Oh, well.

Max looks around. He's about to touch the manuscript when...

BANQUO (O.S.)

Thou dost invite danger with thy actions.

Max pulls back and spins to see BANQUO, a pale, older man, in clothes and manner of the 16th century, at odds with these modern times.

MAX  
What? Who are you? Security?

BANQUO  
In a matter of speech. I am here to tell thou it is unwise to dally with that accursed play.

MAX  
Sorry. I just wanted to touch...immortality.

BANQUO  
Nay, not immortality but damnation. T'were fools for bringing it aground.

MAX  
Look, sir, maybe you need to talk to Professor Frankel. He's sort of in charge---

TODD (O.S.)  
Everything okay?

Max turns to see Todd coming in. He runs up to the stage and gets the case.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Can't just leave this laying around.

Max looks. Banquo is gone. That's odd. Todd heads out with the case.

INT. THEATER -- DAY

The group is working on sets for the play.

INT. BART & MAX'S DORM -- NIGHT

Max is typing on his laptop.

INT. STAGE -- NIGHT

The actors run lines.

INT. STAGE -- DAY

Tom is on the stage. Lyle mans a switch in the wing. Tom signals Lyle. Lyle hits the switch. Nothing happens. Tom stamps on the stage floor. Still nothing.

INT. THEATER -- DAY

Frankel paces the aisle as Annette watches from a seat.

ANNETTE  
What if we set the play as a 1930s  
gangster tale?

Frankel flips through his clipboard.

FRANKEL  
Been done. London, 1969.

ANNETTE  
How about a 1950s setting in an  
Eastern Bloc nation?

He checks again.

FRANKEL  
Been done.

INT. STAGE -- DAY

Max is painting a stage flat of a house, with a cut-out window. Sally walks by. Max smiles and watches her pass. Bart appears in the window holding a hammer and gets painted by Max.

INT. STAGE -- DAY

Lyle is at the switch. He throws it. A trap door on stage opens up. Tom pokes his head up. He holds a screwdriver and gives Lyle a "thumbs up."

INT. SUB STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

As Tom comes down the ladder, Glenn is positioning a rack of various spears near the opening.

GLENN  
When I was told I was going to be a spear holder in the play, I didn't know they meant all of them.

TOM  
You put the spear in Shakespeare.

EXT. THEATER -- DAY

Donna and Todd are having a lovely picnic on the grounds outside the theater.

DONNA  
You were in Tut's tomb?

TODD  
Indeed.

DONNA  
Is there any part of the world you  
haven't visited?

TODD  
I find myself avoiding the Arctic.  
Don't care much for the cold.

DONNA  
But it's a dry cold. Man, I'm lucky  
to get out of Queens.

TODD  
It works for you.

DONNA  
Thanks. So, what's next?

TODD  
Difficult to say. I've been  
approached for financing an expedition  
into Peru.

DONNA  
Sure, looking for El Dorado.

TODD  
More or less. And I've got some  
people very excited about some  
satellite imagery of Mt. Ararat.

DONNA  
Mt. Ararat...Noah's ark?

TODD  
That's the place.

DONNA  
That's very far off.

TODD  
Or I might just hang about here for  
awhile. Brush up on my Shakespeare.

They kiss.

INT. THEATER -- DAY

Everyone seated in the auditorium seats, eating lunch. Bart is cozy with Julie as Max and Sally talk with others. Glenn glances at Bart and Julie, then gives Sally a look. Sally shrugs.

Frankel pacing as Annette observes.

ANNETTE  
We do the play in a futuristic,  
Orwellian world!

Checks clipboard.

FRANKEL  
San Franciso, 2002.

ANNETTE  
Man, this is a tough nut to crack.

Max wonders over, pushing his broom.

MAX  
Why don't you do it set in ancient  
Scotland?

FRANKEL  
That's very "Rob Roy." Very  
"Braveheart." I like it!

EXT. WILKES HALL HALLWAY -- DAY

Glenn, Lyle and Donna are in a hallway in an upper floor of the building. They approach the door to the utility room.

LYLE  
Hey, hey, I got a new joke. Knock-knock.

DONNA  
You're kidding, right?

Donna and Glenn pull the door open and go into the utility room.

LYLE  
What?

Lyle follows.

INT. UTILITY ROOM -- DAY

Glenn, Lyle and Donna come into this musty, mid-sized storage bunker in Wilkes Hall. Shelves and boxes hold many stage props and larger props, sets and flats are stacked to the side as well.

There is a garbage chute and slop sink in there as well, with cleaning products and implements.

GLENN  
Swords! We must have swords!

DONNA  
Who thought of storing props up here?

LYLE

They got this stuff stashed all over  
the place.

DONNA

Frankel's got to get more organized.

Donna finds an umbrella stand filled with all types of swords.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Got 'em!

LYLE

Shakespeare without swords is like a  
day without sunshine.

Lyle grabs a staff from the corner.

LYLE (CONT'D)

I like this.

DONNA

Lyle, what are you doing?

LYLE

This is my staff. I'm having a staff  
meeting.

Glenn pulls out a box labeled "box o'bones." Opening it, he  
finds a un-assembled human skeleton, including the skull.  
Glenn picks up the skull.

GLENN

Ah, poor Yorick, I knew him well.

DONNA

From where?

GLENN

Weight Watchers. He was the head of  
the class.

LYLE

Wrong play, Hammy.

GLENN

That's Hamlet.

LYLE

That's for the theater critics to  
decide.

DONNA

Costumes. I don't see any costumes.

LYLE

Costumes aren't here. There's a cedar closet downstairs. They keep them there.

DONNA

It'll be a miracle if we pull this off.

Suddenly the door slams shut.

LYLE

Hey.

Glenn goes to the door. It's stuck.

DONNA

Won't it open?

GLENN

No. It's stuck.

LYLE

Locked?

GLENN

The knob's turning. Get me something to pry it open with.

Donna reaches for a sword and they wedge it into the door jam. Donna's hand slips and she cuts herself on the blade.

DONNA

Ow! Dammit!

GLENN

What?

DONNA

I cut myself on the stupid sword. I thought these were prop swords.

Glenn pulls out a hanky to wrap around her hand.

GLENN

You can still get hurt. Lyle, see if there's a first aid kit. I saw one in back.

Lyle finds a box labeled "1st Aid."

LYLE

Here. Some peroxide. Clean it out.

They pour it on Donna's wound.

DONNA  
Stings! Stings!

GLENN  
Any gauze?

Lyle pulls out a box of Espon salt.

LYLE  
Epson salt.

GLENN  
Don't need it.

Lyle tosses the box, it hits the door and spills. The door \*  
suddenly opens.

DONNA  
Finally!

LYLE  
Let's out of here and get that looked  
at.

INT. THEATER -- DAY

Julie is seated in the auditorium. The curtain is down on stage. There's activity behind the curtain and shushing and hushing. Then Max comes stumbling out.

He makes his way to Julie.

MAX  
Excuse me, Julie---

JULIE  
Yes, Max?

MAX  
One of the nights, I know you were looking to do selected scenes. I was wondering; have you considered parody?

JULIE  
What do you mean?

MAX  
Well, hanging around with you guys, I've gotten my Bard on and I wrote this sketch. Maybe you could include it.

JULIE  
Maybe. I'd have to see it.

MAX  
(to stage)  
Hit it, guys!

Sally steps out as host, wearing glasses and looking very PBS.

SALLY

Good evening and welcome to "Shakespeare, the Lost Episodes." Tonight we are presenting a recently unearthed play written by young Shakespeare for his high school senior day assembly. High school was a very special time for Shakespeare and it was there he was voted most likely to be confused with Francis Bacon. Now, with no further ado, we present "Abbot and Othello," by Willy Shakespeare, homeroom 302.

Sally steps off. The curtain rises. There stands Lyle, dressed as Shakespeare's Othello.

LYLE

'Tis now in this time of misery I hath summoned my holy man to advise me.  
I await his arrival from the field of battle so that on our godless foe he may tattle. Hey, Abbot!

Glenn enters, dressed in a monk's robe.

GLENN

Your majesty.

LYLE

So now, relate to me my castle's readiness, for my enemies advance with steadiness.  
Have we the forces and the power to protect our regal tower?

GLENN

Weary though our forces be, Their strength is fired by champions three.  
The noblest knights within your realm Lead our men with skill seen seldom.

LYLE

Who be these knights of such bravery?  
Their names shall be ever free of knavery.

GLENN

Speak I of men from provinces far  
and abroad.  
Cross seas and deserts they journeyed,  
milord.  
So their surnames might seem odd to  
thine ear.

LYLE

Nonetheless, speak, so that I might  
hear!

GLENN

Who is in yon tower, What is at thy  
moat, and I Know Not works ye  
catapult.

LYLE

Knowest not the monikers of these  
three?

GLENN

Undisputedly, your majesty.

LYLE

They relate them to thine king,  
forthwith.

GLENN

Who is in yon tower, What is at thy  
moat, and I Know Not works ye  
catapult.

LYLE

Haveth we or haveth we not a man in  
yon tower  
To sling our arrows, my Abbot?

GLENN

Absolutely, sire.

LYLE

And what sayeth thou his name to be?

GLENN

Who.

LYLE

The man in yon tower.

GLENN

Who.

LYLE

The tower guard.

GLENN  
Who is in yon tower.

LYLE  
Why asketh this of me? I know not!

GLENN  
Nay, my liege, he is at ye catapult.  
We have yet to speak of him.

LYLE  
We're at the catapult? How?  
By thy whim?

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

As the skit continues, Frankel is overseeing the installation of the "Macbeth" display, a pedestal with the manuscript in a glass display case in the center of the lobby. The school HANDYMAN finishes it off, giving the glass a good wipe. Frankel sends him on his way.

GLENN (O.S.)  
Thou spake his name, my grace.

LYLE (O.S.)  
Me thinks I am confused! Who sayeth  
I is at ye catapult place?

GLENN (O.S.)  
To that, my king, I say no way.  
Who labors at you tower this day.

LYLE (O.S.)  
Then I asketh anon, what is the name  
of the man in yon tower?

GLENN (O.S.)  
Nay, What is the name of the man at  
thy moat.

LYLE (O.S.)  
Who is at my moat?

GLENN (O.S.)  
Who is at yon tower.

LYLE (O.S.)  
I know not.

GLENN (O.S.)  
Ye catapult.

LYLE (O.S.)  
My Abbot, all I wish to learn at  
this hour is who is the man defending  
yon tower?

GLENN (O.S.)

Aye, milord.

LYLE (O.S.)

Thou doth?

GLENN (O.S.)

Nay, milord, not I!

Frankel looks over the book. He exhales on the glass and gives it a wipe. Satisfied, he goes into the theater.

The glass display begins to fog up on its own. Then an invisible finger writes "thou shall perish."

INT. THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

The skit continues to the group's amusement.

LYLE

Then who doth?

GLENN

Absolutely, sire. And a fine job he maketh of it.

LYLE

Who doth?

GLENN

Absolutely.

LYLE

Absolutely is in yon tower?

GLENN

Nay! Who is in yon tower!

LYLE

I know not!

GLENN & LYLE

Ye catapult!

GLENN

At last, sire, you are now enlightened as to the knights that count.

LYLE

Alas, I don't even know what I'm talking about!

Sally re-enters in front of the still-arguing duo.

SALLY

I believe you get the gist of it.

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Tune in next time for "Shakespeare; the Lost Episodes" when we present a trilogy he knocked off for his fraternity rush week. We will stage "Three Stooges of Verona," "The Nutty Merchant of Venice," and "Abbot and Othello Meet Frankenstein." We hope you join us anyway. Good night.

Curtain drops.

In the audience, Julie is laughing and applauding.

JULIE  
Well, that was out of the ordinary.

MAX  
Might be a nice change of pace. Mix it up a bit.

JULIE  
Could be.

MAX  
I have others.

JULIE  
Let me think it over. We might have a spot for you. We'll talk it over at Amy's Pub. And that's a wrap, people!

MAX  
Thanks.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Max runs up and comes behind the curtain as Annette breaks some props down, Glenn, Lyle and Sally take off their costumes. He thanks the guys and goes over to Sally and Annette.

Glenn and Lyle raise the curtain. The theater's empty now. They place the safety light in place. They're off.

SALLY  
That was wonderful, Max. I really enjoyed it.

ANNETTE  
Nice job.

MAX  
Thanks for helping. I glad I'm not amongst Shakespeare-snobs

SALLY  
So, Amy's; you in?

MAX  
Most definitely.

SALLY  
Great. Can I ask you something?

MAX  
Of course.

SALLY  
I see Bart and Julie are spending a lot of time together.

MAX  
Oh, yeah. All part of his plan.

SALLY  
His plan?

MAX  
Oh, he's been pursuing Julie in his own persistent yet clumsy manner.

SALLY  
And you?

MAX  
Truth be known, he's using me to get Julie. Apparently, it worked. Not to sound too crude, but Bart said if I helped him, he'd hook me up with one of his classmates.

SALLY  
Oh. So, then, you're unattached?

MAX  
As a matter of fact, I am uncoupled at the moment. Why do you have something in mind?

SALLY  
I just may.

She packs up and heads out, flashing Max a 100 watt smile.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
See you later.

MAX  
Excellent.

Sally's off as Annette comes over.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Well, it's all coming together.

ANNETTE  
That was great, Max. I haven't  
laughed that hard since my  
appendectomy.

MAX  
Your appendectomy was funny?

ANNETTE  
You hadda be there. But look at  
you! Your aura is crackling tonight!

MAX  
I never get tired of hearing that.  
So, Annette, are Glenn and Sally  
seeing each other?

ANNETTE  
I suppose. Their vision is excellent.

MAX  
No, I mean are they a couple?

ANNETTE  
A couple of what?

MAX  
Dating?

ANNETTE  
Who? Sally and Glenn?

MAX  
Yes, are they?

ANNETTE  
Hardly.

MAX  
Okay, good. Then I can make a move  
and not step on any toes.

ANNETTE  
Between you, me and the backdrop,  
we're all wondering why you haven't  
already.

MAX  
Is it that obvious?

ANNETTE  
Very much. I think you two are on  
the same plane.  
(MORE)

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

And everyone was very impressed with your work. This might be the time to act, while your aura is so brilliant.

MAX

You're right. I just have to do it. I have to step up. Thanks for the advice.

ANNETTE

Great, then. See you at Amy's.

And she's off.

MAX

Zounds. This is working out okay. Thank you, Macbeth.

Max walks off stage, whistling. He exits the theater. The stage light flashes and pops.

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- NIGHT

The book begins to radiate energy. The pages ruffle. The book's pages flip to the scene of the three witches.

EXT. OAK ISLAND PIT -- NIGHT

The excavation site is quiet these days. Most of the earth-moving equipment is gone. The rest, idle. A LONE WATCHMAN sits outside a small trailer, smoking.

There are ropes and barriers around the hole. There is a slight rumbling. The Watchman notices this.

WATCHMAN

Who's there, eh?

No response, except for further rumbling. Hmm, it appears to be coming from the pit. The Watchman makes his way over.

The earth begins to quake. The rumble echoes out of the pit. Then fire shoots forth into the sky. The Watchman can't look away.

The fire settles down into a steady eerie glow from the belly of the pit.

The Watchman turns away, his eyeballs gone and he lets out a scream.

EXT. AMY'S - NIGHT

An older neighborhood bar and grill, featuring burgers and such.

The group enters. Sally and Glenn are talking.

SALLY

No, he said it. It's Bart and Julie.

GLENN

I knew it. My straight-dar's never wrong. Max?

SALLY

Available and looking.

INT. AMY'S - NIGHT

Bar is off to the back. Many tables of various sizes, styles and origins are set up, with a large rectangular set-up with benches in the alcove in the front window. The group enters. Donna's hand is bandaged.

GLENN

Barkeep! Mead for all! Fair maiden, fetch me an ale and tarry not!

TOM

Down, King Leery.

They all pile into the window seat. WAITRESS brings them a pitcher and glasses and leaves some menus. They hand them back.

ALL

Fries.

TOM

Eight orders. Two with cheese, three ketchup, one with gravy, one order chili fries and one with mayo.

MAX

Mayo?

ANNETTE

What can I say? I love mayo.

Julie and Bart canoodle to the side.

MAX

So, why do you guys do this, the acting? I mean nobody thinks it's possible to succeed in this business, why bother?

GLENN

Are you kidding? There are actors in Hollywood earning ten, twenty million dollars a pop. And for what?  
(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Playing make-believe. I want a piece  
of that!

TOM  
And the streets are paved with gold.

DONNA  
It ain't easy, that's for sure.

SALLY  
And no guarantees.

MAX  
I don't know if I can deal with it.

TOM  
If you think you're good at it you  
have to try. You won't know if you're  
good unless you get a reaction.

ANNETTE  
And you certainly did okay tonight.

MAX  
Yeah, I did, didn't I?

GLENN  
Brilliant.

SALLY  
Wonderful.

MAX  
Thanks.

DONNA  
(to Julie)  
Hey, love birds, we're not being too  
loud for you, are we?

JULIE  
Hey, don't get all up in our business  
because your boyfriend's off  
gallivanting around the world.

DONNA  
Todd does not gallivant.

TOM  
Where in the world is Waldo, anyway?

DONNA  
He's headed back to Oak Island.  
Something came up.

Max looks over to the bar area and catches a glimpse of the ghost of Banquo.

Sally is egging Glenn on to talk to Max as Max suddenly gets up.

MAX

Excuse me.

Max hurries over to the bar, but no Banquo to be seen.

INT. PROFESSOR FRANKEL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

It's just Frankel at his desk with the lamp on. He's hunched over some forgotten volume of yore.

The lamp dims.

In the distance, a witch's cackle echoes down the hall.

FRANKEL

Hello? Annette? Julie?

The light returns to full wattage. He ponders this a moment, then returns to his reading.

INT. BART & MAX'S DORM -- NIGHT

Bart and Max are asleep.

Bart is having a restless time of it. He's dreaming, that's for sure. Suddenly, he sits upright.

EXT. DREAM THEATER -- NIGHT

Bart is walking to the stage in full Shakespearean garb.

INT. DREAM BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT

People racing about, getting ready to go on. Sounds like a full house. The curtain is down.

JULIE

Hurry, hurry. You're on.

She shoves Bart out onto center stage.

INT. DREAM STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Bart stumbles out to his mark, a big "X".

BART

Wait, wait; what play are we doing?

The curtains go up.

Bart is blinded by the stage lights. He can't see the audience, but he can hear them laughing and laughing hard.

Suddenly, he realizes he's on stage in front of a full house in his underpants.

Then the witch's cackling resumes.

FRANKEL (V.O.)

Mr. Avon?

Bart turns. There's Frankel, driving a dagger into his shoulder.

INT. STAGE -- DAY

Bart is standing on the empty stage in his underwear. Frankel is there, gently prodding Bart in the shoulder.

FRANKEL

Mr. Avon?

Bart snaps to.

BART

What? Where am I?

FRANKEL

In the theater. It appears you are sleep walking. Or in your case, sleep-trodding.

Frankel leads him to the auditorium seats.

INT. THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

They sit.

BART

I dreamt I was onstage in my underwear in a play I didn't know.

FRANKEL

That's a very common dream among actors.

BART

Do they wind up onstage in their underwear?

FRANKEL

No, you've made that interpretation uniquely your own.

BART

The dream was so vivid. Something was calling me here.

FRANKEL

Theaters often have their share of  
the supernatural.

BART

This theater isn't old enough to  
have old haunts.

FRANKEL

No, but it was built over an ancient  
Indian graveyard.

BART

What?

FRANKEL

I'm kidding. True, the structure  
itself isn't old but the works we  
perform bring their own history with  
them.

BART

Professor, I really do enjoy acting  
but it's not my calling. I'm here  
playing ball and getting my credits  
so I can join the police force.  
This is an elective credit for me.  
Why would I be down here?

FRANKEL

You're not the first student to be  
bitten by the acting bug. Now, off  
to bed with you. We have much work  
on the morrow.

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

The troupe is on stage rehearsing. Sally, Donna and Julie  
in witch costume are onstage. Frankel is directing from the  
audience seats.

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Enter Tom and GLENN as Macbeth and Banquo.

TOM

So foul and fair a day I have not  
seen.

GLENN

How far is't call'd to Forres?  
(indicting witches)  
What are these  
So wither'd and so wild in their  
attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants  
(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)  
o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? Or are  
you aught  
That man may question? You seem to  
understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger  
laying  
Upon her skinny lips. You should be  
women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to  
interpret  
That you are so.

TOM  
Speak, if you can. What are you?

DONNA  
All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee,  
Thane of Glamis!

SALLY  
All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee,  
Thane of Cawdor!

As the scene is in progress, a rope holding a counter weight begins to unravel.

JULIE  
All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be  
King hereafter!

Tom (as Macbeth) looks concerned.

GLENN  
Good sir, why do you start, and seem  
to fear  
Things that do sound so fair?  
I' the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show?  
My noble partner  
You greet with present grace and  
great prediction  
Of noble having and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal.  
To me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of  
time,  
And say which grain will grow and  
which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg  
nor fear  
Your favors nor your hate.

DONNA  
Hail!

SALLY

Hail!

JULIE

Hail!

The counter weight bag is definitely over the actors.

DONNA

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SALLY

Not so happy, yet much happier.

JULIE

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be  
none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

DONNA

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

TOM

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell  
me more.  
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane  
of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? The Thane of  
Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be  
King  
Stands not within the prospect of  
belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from  
whence  
You owe this strange intelligence,  
or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our  
way  
With such prophetic greeting? Speak,  
I charge you.

A flash of smoke and Witches vanish into the trap door.

INT. SUB STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The girls neatly come down through the trap door and assemble.  
The trap door tries to close but is stuck open.

GLENN (O.S.)

The earth hath bubbles as the water  
has,  
And these are of them.  
Whither are they vanish'd?

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

TOM  
Into the air, and what seem'd corporal  
melted  
As breath into the wind. Would they  
had stay'd!

Frankel steps onstage.

FRANKEL  
Okay, better. Tom, I need to see  
more confusion. Your character is  
confident, yes, in the natural world  
but now we're talking about the  
supernatural. You're battle weary,  
on sensory overload at this point---

The rope comes undone yet the bag remains in place for a moment then suddenly, it releases.

The squeaky pulley is heard. Everyone looks up.

GLENN  
Heads up!

The bag lands drops through the trap door with a thud. Donna screams.

EXT. THEATER -- DAY

An ambulance is there. Donna is taken out on a stretcher by the EMS WORKER.

JULIE  
Will she be okay?

EMS WORKER  
Just a simple fracture. Missed the femur. But she'll be fine in six weeks. That's just a guess on my part.

DONNA  
(groggy)  
Don't you recast!

She's in the ambulance and it drives off.

MAX  
Wow. I always heard actors say "break a leg" but I never saw one actually do it.

EXT. BAY -- NIGHT

Todd Ainsworth's private boat motors across the waters.

INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

Todd reading up on Shakespeare. The lights flicker.

Todd looks up. It's Banquo, seated across from him.

TODD

What? Who are you?

BANQUO

Go to your lady. She is in danger.  
They are all in danger. The play is  
the thing that holds the evil. It  
must be hidden from daylight again.

The lights flicker again. Banquo is gone. Todd looks around, blankly. Then he gets on the intercom.

TODD

It's Ainsworth. Captain, can you  
turn us around?

INT. AMY'S -- NIGHT

The gang is at their table.

TOM

That damn play is haunted.

MAX

What does that even mean? How does  
a play get cursed?

TOM

Legend has it that while writing the  
play, Shakespeare needed to do some  
research for the witches roles...

EXT. STONEHEDGE -- NIGHT

SHAKESPEARE is crouching behind some bushes. He carries a lantern, paper and quills.

TOM (V.O.)

He heard of some witches who lived  
out in the country and decided to  
investigate.

The full moon comes out from some clouds.

The area of Stonehedge is bathed in a ghostly white moon glow. Suddenly, a bonfire rises up at the center of the Stonehedge circle.

There a gnarly, gnarly WITCH begins tossing items into the blaze and making incantations.

Shakespeare grabs his lantern, paper and quills and moves in closer.

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And he found what he was looking  
for. He snuck in closer and copied  
the witches incantations down.

Witch dances wildly about the flames.

Shakespeare, behind one of the monoliths, is taking it all down. When he thinks he has enough, he gets up to leave and stumbles over a black cat. The cat screeches.

The Witch turns to look.

Shakespeare blows out the lantern and hurries off.

The Witch comes over to the spot. She waves her hand and Shakespeare's footprints begin to glow. She nods and follows.

EXT. GLOBE THEATER -- DAY

A sign in front of the theater announces that next week "Macbeth: a tale of treachery, corruption and witchcraft" will be premiering.

The Witch steps up to read the sign.

INT. GLOBE THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

A GROUP OF ELIZABETHAN PLAYERS are in rehearsal. Three Men don wigs and begin a scene as the witches.

The Witch walks in. She watches a moment. She's none too pleased.

TOM (V.O.)  
The Witch discovered what Shakespeare had done. Angered by this violation of her blackest magical secrets, she cast a spell, a powerful spell, on the play itself, cursing it and all who perform it. Since that day, ill luck has plagued every performance ever staged.

Shakespeare's copy of the script drops to the ground. Then the quill. The script glows an unnatural green.

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And to say the name of the play is to awaken the sorceress herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- NIGHT

That very script, under the glass, now pulsing with a magical glow.

EXT. DREAM THEATER -- NIGHT

Sally, in full Elizabethan splendor, crosses the campus to the theater.

INT. DREAM THEATER -- NIGHT

She glides down the aisle of a packed house to great applause.

INT. DREAM STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

She regally hits her mark onstage.

She strikes a pose and starts to speak but no words come out.

The audience gets ugly fast. They howl and boo.

Sally gets panicked. She tries to speak louder but nothing comes out.

The audience is throwing vegetables now.

The curtain drops.

Frankel, looking sinister, comes over.

SALLY

I don't understand. My voice, I couldn't talk.

FRANKEL

That happens to many, my dear. Many. Perhaps you were not truly bitten by the acting bug.

SALLY

Do you think?

FRANKEL

Would you like to be?

SALLY

I would! I would!

Frankel stamps his feet. Beetle-like bugs comes crawling out of the stage's floor boards. They are nasty, hungry looking creatures.

SALLY (CONT'D)

What is that?

FRANKEL

Acting bugs. Hold still. It won't take but a moment.

The bugs crawl all over Sally. She screams as they cover her.

INT. GIRL'S DORM -- NIGHT

Sally is backed all the way into the corner of her bed, screaming.

A light comes on. Annette is in the top bunk leaning down.

ANNETTE

Sally!

She climbs down to comfort her.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

Sally, wake up. You're having a nightmare. It's okay. It's okay.

Sally starts to come around.

SALLY

Oh my god, oh my god. What the hell was that?

ANNETTE

It was a dream, just a dream.

INT. PROFESSOR FRANKEL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Frankel's up on the ladder, looking for a book.

He hears the cackling again. More annoyed now than frightened, he goes into the hallway.

FRANKEL

Who's there?

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Frankel steps out. He hits the light switch. Nothing happens. Irked, he moves on.

FRANKEL

Hello?

The cackling echoes up and down the hallway. Frankel glimpses a shrouded figure turning a corner.

FRANKEL (CONT'D)

Who's there? Stop!

Frankel's off.

INT. STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Frankel enters the stairwell. The emergency lights suddenly come on. He looks down and is certain he sees someone running down. He follows.

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

Frankel pushes through the doors.

He looks up and sees the stage curtain ruffle. He heads up to the stage.

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

He comes up onstage. He finds the part in the curtain and steps through.

The cackling is louder and happier now.

There's a scream.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THEATER -- EVENING

The group is sitting around, each is holding a candy or snack wrapper.

BART

Six grams.

JULIE

I got eight.

GLENN

Five. Five grams.

LYLE

I'll see your five, but counter with  
16 grams total fat.

SALLY

I'm out.

TOM

I fold.

Max comes in.

MAX

What's up? What are you doing?

JULIE

Snack food poker. Grams of fat.

MAX

Oh. Total or saturated?

JULIE

Saturated.

LYLE

What is up with putting nutritional information on candy wrappers?  
Doesn't the term "junk food" pretty much sum it up?

MAX

Shouldn't you guys be deep in rehearsals by now?

TOM

Waiting for Frankel.

SALLY

Almost as bad as waiting for Godot.

LYLE

(mimicking PA system)

Godot, party of one, your table is ready. Godot, please, your table is ready.

ANNETTE

He should have been here hours ago.

TOM

Well, let's have at it then, shall we? Let's run some lines until he shows.

SALLY

Sure.

Annette runs up to open the curtains.

The group gathers up its things and scripts and heads for the stage.

The curtains part. There is Frankel's body, hanging from ropes from the rafters, rope around his neck, a look of horror on his face.

Sally and Julie scream. Annette steps out onstage.

ANNETTE

What?

They point up. Annette looks up then faints.

Tom, Glenn, Max and Lyle dash up to the wings and begin lowering the body. Bart gets Annette.

They gather at the foot of the stage.

JULIE  
Someone call 911.

Bart takes out his cell phone and then just stares at it.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Bart? Bart, dial!

He snaps to and dials.

Annette comes around.

ANNETTE  
What happened?

JULIE  
First Donna, now this. The curse.

MAX  
Oh, come on. This isn't a curse.  
It's an accident.

GLENN  
What was he doing up there?

MAX  
Didn't he say he was coming early to  
check the riggings after Donna's  
accident?

JULIE  
To have one of his own?

BART  
I can't get a signal.

JULIE  
Let me try.

Julia gets her phone.

LYLE  
Come on, we're not into the curse  
thing for real, are we? I just  
thought it was a running gag.

MAX  
Of course it is. Unless we've just  
come out in favor of the existence  
of witchcraft.

SALLY  
"There are more things in heaven and  
earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of  
in your philosophy."

TOM

"The fault lies not in the stars but  
in ourselves."

GLENN

Great Elizabethan point/counterpoint,  
guys.

LYLE

It's just a silly superstition.

BART

Of course it is...But, did anyone  
actually *say* the play's name?

MAX

What? Macbeth?

GLENN

Don't say Macbeth!

LYLE

You said Macbeth!

GLENN

Oh my God! I did! I did say Macbeth!

BART

Stop saying Macbeth!

JULIE

I can't get a signal.

SALLY

That's crazy! I thought this whole  
campus was a hot zone.

Max pulls out his laptop and gets it up.

MAX

Let me try something.

The provider comes up. An I.M. message pops up from Witch1606. Then the message "By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes." Then "Something wicked this way comes" begins typing over and over.

MAX (CONT'D)

Guys...I may have let the "M" word slip the other day.

GLENN

What?

BART

When?

MAX

After you guys did my sketch. I  
wasn't thinking. I had someone else,  
I mean, something else on my mind.

There's a clap of thunder. The lights flicker.

LYLE

We are so screwed.

BART

Let's just get out of here and call  
the cops.

ANNETTE

Please, please call someone!

They all rush off to the lobby.

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

As the portfolio lays there innocently, the group goes running to the exit doors. They run into them but the doors won't open. They smash into the doors. They start banging on them.

ANNETTE

They're locked!

JULIE

They don't lock from the inside!

ANNETTE

How do we get out? How? Somebody  
do something!

Julie grabs her to comfort her.

TOM

Let's check the other doors. Fire  
exits. Come on, people. Think  
practical.

BART

Split up?

TOM

Good, good. Lyle, Glenn, check the  
fire exits. Julie, Sally, Annette  
and Bart, see if the hallway to Wilkes  
Hall is open. Check the class room  
windows if you have to. Max, we can  
go upstairs. I think there's a hatch  
to the roof.

ANNETTE

I can't. I can't.

TOM  
Okay, don't worry. You don't have  
to. We'll do it. Want to wait here?

Annette nods weepily.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Okay. You have a cell phone?

She shakes her head no.

ANNETTE  
I hate cell phones.

Tom takes out his phone.

TOM  
Take mine. Keep trying to call out.  
Try to attract attention.

ANNETTE  
The campus is deserted.

TOM  
There are always people around,  
Annette, always. Okay, we good? We  
meet back here in 20 minutes.

They all split up and head off.

Annette starts dialing.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Tom and Max push against the door at the top of the stairwell.  
It won't budge. They just collapse.

TOM  
This is nuts. Whoever heard of curses  
in this day and age?

MAX  
I thought all you actors did...Wait  
a second, wait a second...Bart said  
there was a counter curse. Something  
Frankel taught in class.

TOM  
That's right, he did. The person  
had to leave, quote some Shakespeare  
and something else.

MAX  
Don't you remember it?

TOM

Frankly, no one pays much attention  
when Frankel talks.

MAX

No?

TOM

Unless he said it was going to be on  
the test.

MAX

No notes? No one has the lesson  
plan?

TOM

Let's check Frankel's office. His  
lesson plans are there.

INT. UPSTAIRS CLASSROOM -- NIGHT

Bart and Julie are trying the windows. They won't budge.

Sally comes in.

SALLY

Anything?

BART

Nothing. Sealed tight.

SALLY

This is crazy. This is insane. I  
mean, a few accidents, okay, a curse.  
Ha-ha. A nice little actor joke.  
This can't be happening.

JULIE

Come on, Sally. Stay with us here.  
Don't panic. We can't lose it now.

BART

We're trapped. Something evil is  
happening.

JULIE

Let's get back to the lobby. Maybe  
the others found a way out.

SALLY

I hope so. I hope so.

They leave the class.

INT. CLASS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The hallway is now filled with fog. The trio is terrified.

JULIE  
We have to get back to the others.

BART  
We're not going to make it.

SALLY  
Hurry, hurry.

They pass a fire hose station. The handle on the door twists open.

The hose comes leaping out. It grabs Julie and begins wrapping around her like a boa constrictor.

Bart is frozen in fear.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Bart! Help her! Help her!

Julie is being crushed and strangled but Bart remains paralyzed. Sally runs over and tries to pull the hose off but it's fruitless. Julie is dead.

The hose goes limp.

Bart is curled up in a corner. Sally is screaming hysterically.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Tom and Max come down the hall, headed to Frankel's office. Slowly, they go in.

INT. PROFESSOR FRANKEL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Tom and Max creep in. Tom finds the light switch. Now it works.

They approach Frankel's desk. All the lines on Frankel's phone are flashing, as if on hold.

Max and Tom look at each other. Slowly, Tom picks up the phone.

TOM  
Hello?

The Witch's cackling is heard. Tom punches up the other lines, the cackling continues. Tom slams down the phone.

TOM (CONT'D)  
We'd better make this quick.

Max sits at the desk and opens up the PC.

MAX  
Oh no. Password.

TOM  
2-b not 2-b.

MAX  
You're kidding.

Tom shrugs. Max types it in and Frankel's desktop appears.

TOM  
Now what?

MAX  
Search his hard drive. I'll need  
some key words.

TOM  
Lore.

MAX  
Lore?

TOM  
Lore. Try curse. That should bring  
up the lesson.

Max goes to it. The computer is working...working. There's a creaking noise.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What was that?

MAX  
Old hard drive?

More creakage. Tom paces while Max waits. Tom's by the book case. A book drops. They jump.

MAX (CONT'D)  
A book!

The computer stops and beeps. Max checks.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Got it!

Max opens the file labeled "Theater lore and legends."

The notes open. Max starts scrolling.

Max finds a spot and leans in to read. He's peering in closely. Suddenly a spooky face pops up and laughs.

Startled, Max flies backwards out of the chair and Tom stumbles and falls.

They look at the monitor; the face is bobbing up and down laughing.

TOM  
It's that stupid screen saver of his.

Max gets up and jiggles the mouse a bit. The notes re-appear.

MAX  
Here, here got it. One of the classic theater superstitious surrounds Shakespeare's play "Macbeth." Bad luck plagues this play---

TOM  
That's it, print it! Print that out.

Max does so.

MAX  
We're back to square one, though.

TOM  
Getting outside.

The creak creaks again.

MAX  
What is that?

The book case tears away from the wall.

TOM  
Look out!

The wall of books falls on the desk and PC as Tom dives away. Max gets clobbered.

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- NIGHT

Frustrated with the phone, Annette goes to the doors. Now a note about the doors: The outer doors are glass and open inward. They are hung in pairs, with each pair opening butterfly-ed to the other.

Annette takes the phone and dials up 911 but still can't get a signal. She hears a noise. Outside the door is a black cat, which hisses at her.

Annette bangs on the door.

ANNETTE  
Shoo! Scat! Get out of here!

She's between the levered doors. The locks on each side of her magically unlock.

Suddenly, the doors swing open, catching Annette between. The doors then squeeze her, crushing the life out of her. She struggles but loses.

The blood-smeared doors shut and lock. Annette's body slumps to the floor.

INT. DREAM STAGE -- NIGHT

The curtain goes up. On stage is an old manual typewriter on a stand with a candelabra beside it, and a piano stool in front. The chair is over the X spot, which is on the trap door.

Max steps out, dressed like Shakespeare. He sits at the typewriter and begins to type.

There is thunderous applause.

Max stops to crack his knuckles to more applause.

Suddenly, the trap door opens and Max drops.

INT. PIT -- NIGHT

Max is falling inside the Oak Island pit. He passes ghosts of Banquo, Frankel, Annette, Julie and OTHERS FROM DIFFERENT ERAS.

At the bottom, the crypt opens, waiting for him to fall in.

INT. PROFESSOR FRANKEL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Max is laid out on Frankel's couch.

Tom is holding a jar of cleaning ammonia under Max's nose.

Max snaps to.

MAX

What? What happened?

TOM

I thought I lost you there. You got clocked pretty good by the shelf.  
You okay?

MAX

Nothing a couple dozen aspirin can't handle.

A few sparks fly out of the smashed computer.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Hey! Frankel's notes! Did it print  
okay?

TOM  
I didn't even check.

Tom helps Max up. They look around.

MAX  
Where's the printer?

They scramble over to the printer stand in the corner. No paper. Max finds a ream of paper and loads some in. The printer stirs to life and stops. The "no toner" light begins flashing.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Toner? Does he have a toner cartridge here?

TOM  
I don't know. Start looking.

They start checking closets and drawers.

INT. BASEMENT -- NIGHT

The bowels of the building containing the furnace, climate controls and vents galore. Glenn and Lyle make their way in.

LYLE  
Things are looking bad.

GLENN  
How. Bad. Are. They?

LYLE  
Things are so bad I just saw the Grim Reaper looking for an exit.

GLENN  
That's bad.

Some cackling is heard.

LYLE  
Damn. It wasn't that funny.

Suddenly the furnace flames up. The door opens and flames belch forth.

Glenn and Lyle manage to dodge it. The flames are growing.

GLENN  
We have to shut the door.

Lyle grabs a mop and works his way toward the door. Finally Lyle is able to swing the door closed with the mop and locks it down.

Lyle puts the now flaming mop into the mop bucket and they go.

INT. PROFESSOR FRANKEL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The office has been tossed pretty well. Drawers and cabinets are open, papers and office supplies scattered.

TOM

Anything?

MAX

Nothing! Where does all my tuition money go if these people don't have supplies? Is there a supply closet in this place?

Tom heads into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Tom checks the doors, opening up classrooms, janitor closets, bathrooms. Tom stops at another office.

TOM

Here!

Max runs over.

MAX

What?

INT. OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

They run into the office and go right to the printer.

TOM

We'll take the cartridge from this one and put it in the other one.

MAX

Of course!

Tom and Max remove the cartridge from the printer. The light bulbs in the room start popping.

INT. CELLAR -- NIGHT

Glenn and Lyle push open a door into a forgotten part of the building.

LYLE

What's the plan? Tunnel out?

GLENN  
If need be.

They come to an utility door marked "Ventilation; Authorized Personnel Only."

LYLE  
What do you make of it?

GLENN  
I hereby authorize you to enter.

They open the door.

INT. VENTILATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

It's a large vent going up. A ladder leads up.

LYLE  
Air vent.

GLENN  
Goes up.

LYLE  
Ready?

GLENN  
After you.

INT. VENT -- CONTINUOUS

Lyle is climbing up, Glenn behind.

LYLE  
So, anyway, this famous TV actor decides he has to expand his range. He gets his agent to get him in a play---

A flue below them suddenly shuts.

LYLE (CONT'D)  
Um, yeah. A play. Something classy. The agent manages to get him a lead in a Shakespeare play. Hamlet. To be staged in London, no less. He joins the cast but it's pretty apparent he isn't up to the part---

Another vent flue closes below. A breeze starts up inside the vent.

LYLE (CONT'D)  
Finally, it's opening night. Full house. The actor comes out.  
(MORE)

LYLE (CONT'D)  
He's stinking up the stage. No sense  
of poetry, no sense of drama.

GLENN  
Yeah.

Above, a large exhaust fan starts up.

LYLE  
So the crowd starts booing him. And  
then the catcalls start. The crowd  
is getting ugly. So, finally, the  
actor breaks character, steps to the  
footlights and says to the audience,  
"What do you want from me, I didn't  
writer this crap."

GLENN  
Ha!

The fan kicks into high. Lyle and Glenn can't hold on.  
They drop. One of the flues directs them into a side going  
down and they slide away.

INT. THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

They come crashing through a grating and they land in the  
theater. They manage to get up. They seem okay for the  
most part.

INT. PROFESSOR FRANKEL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Tom and Max return. They begin to fuss with the printer to  
get the cartridge in.

TOM  
It doesn't fit. It's a different  
model.

MAX  
Gimme the old one.

Max grabs it and shakes it up.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Old writer's trick. We might have  
just enough.

Max loads in the original cartridge.

There are still sparks from the PC and monitor. One of the  
sparks lands in the trash pail. Suddenly, flames erupt.

The printer is set and begins to whirl to life. Tom and Max  
are pleased.

The flames in the pail climb higher and higher.

The paper in the printer begins to feed through.

The flames lap against the ceiling. Max finally notices.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Fire! Do something, before it  
spreads! We can't let it burn the  
printer!

The sprinkler in the office goes off. Everything gets drenched.

The paper comes out of the printer a soggy, illegible mess.

The flames die out as the printer gives up the ghost, throws some sparks and dies.

Tom can only bang his fist on it.

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

The wet Max and Tom are heading back to the lobby.

TOM  
I hope one of the others found  
something.

MAX  
Man, I should be in Florida right  
now. At least there I stood half a  
chance.

They hear the girls scream from the lobby. They hurry to it.

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Bart, Glenn and Lyle stand over Annette as Sally sobs nearby.

TOM  
Annette! Is she---?

Bart nods.

Glenn runs over to the doors, still locked.

GLENN  
How?

No one can answer.

SALLY  
This can't be happening. It can't.

TOM  
No exits?

Again, listless shakes of heads.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Where's Julie?

Bart can't bring himself to talk. Sally resumes sobbing.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Look, we still have a shot. There's  
the counter curse.

SALLY  
Counter-curse? From Frankel's class?

MAX  
Yes. Did anyone here take notes?

BART  
I did.

MAX  
Of course you did.

LYLE  
Where are your notes?

BART  
In the dorm, where else?

TOM  
Great.

BART  
What? You think I'm going to walk  
around with them on me?

MAX  
Why not? You carry around a rabbit's  
foot, a four-leaf clover and a lucky  
penny. I'm surprised you didn't  
have it printed, laminated into a  
handy card you could put in your  
wallet.

BART  
Just shut up. You're so perfect.  
You got us into this!

MAX  
Me? You begged me to be here! I  
didn't want to come. I had a chance  
for some fun and sun! But no, I get  
to hang out here with your stupid  
play actors so you could hit on Julie---

SALLY  
Stupid play actors??

MAX  
I didn't mean it like that---

SALLY  
Well, take a second pass at it.  
I'll wait.

TOM  
This isn't helping, people.

SALLY  
Really. You hold us in such contempt?

MAX  
No, I don't. Look, I don't belong  
here. I'm not supposed to be here.  
I'm sorry...Sally, Bart, all of you.  
I'm just sorry about...everything.

Max simply wonders back into the theater.

INT. THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

Max plops down in one of the empty seats.

Slowly, the figure of Banquo materializes in the seat behind him.

BANQUO  
It continues anon.

MAX  
Who are you?

BANQUO  
I am Adam Weathers.

MAX  
What are you doing here? Are you a  
ghost?

BANQUO  
A spirit I am. I was the first actor  
cast to play the part of Banquo.

MAX  
Why are you here?

BANQUO  
T'was the witch's curse that killed  
me. The show had but begun rehearsals  
when I was trampled by a run-away  
wagon. It was a slow and painful  
death.

MAX  
Bummer.

BANQUO  
As its first victim, my spirit has  
been bound to this damnable script  
since.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE; 1610 -- DAY

The Witch is tied to a stake for burning. The VILLAGERS seemed relieved. Shakespeare is in the crowd, looking apprehensive. The Witch is staring daggers at Shakespeare.

BANQUO (V.O.)  
The witch was captured and tried.  
And convicted. And punished. But even then, William became convinced that part of her lived on in the cursed manuscript.

Shakespeare tosses the manuscript into the fire.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE; 1610 -- LATER

As the OFFICIALS clear away the debris of the fire, Shakespeare is the only one left watching. There, in the ashes is the manuscript, unharmed.

BANQUO (V.O.)  
As accidents continued, William sought to protect the populace from further horrors.

MAX (V.O.)  
By burying it?

BANQUO (V.O.)  
Aye.

INT. PUB -- NIGHT

Shakespeare sits, nursing an ale. His arm is bandaged and in a sling and he's got an eye patch now. Beside him sits a small crate.

Enter FRANCIS DRAKE, noble adventurer. Shakespeare speaks with him, hands him money and Drake takes the crate.

BANQUO (V.O.)  
Determined to rid his company, his theater, his life, of the bewitched tome and upon learning of Francis Drake's travels to the New World, he fashioned a notion. It was William's hope to banish the script to the new wilderness, far from civilization.

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

Elizabethian ship under sail.

BANQUO (V.O.)  
Off to the Americas. But not just  
banish it, but to bury it as well.

EXT. OAK ISLAND SHORE; 1610 -- DAY

CREW MEMBERS row ashore with the crate and digging tools.

BANQUO (V.O.)  
Not just to bury it, but to entomb  
it.

EXT. OAK ISLAND PIT; 1610 -- DAY

Crew digging. A PRIEST stands at the edge of the pit,  
blessing it and sprinkling it with holy water. The CAPTAIN  
takes out a salt container and dumps it all in.

BANQUO (V.O.)  
And there it laid. Until that bloody  
fool dug it up.

INT. THEATER -- DAY

Banquo and Max seated.

MAX  
And Ainsworth brought it here. You  
wouldn't know a way out, perchance?

BANQUO  
Alas, I am but ignorant to such  
things.

MAX  
Figures.

Tom and Glenn walk in. Banquo is gone.

TOM  
Max!

GLENN  
Were you just talking to someone?

MAX  
A ghost from Shakespeare's time.

Glenn and Tom share a look. Bart, Lyle and Sally come in.

GLENN  
Okay, yeah.

TOM

Why not?

MAX

It's the play. It's cursed.  
Seriously cursed. Shakespeare's  
witch is here.

TOM

Kinda assumed that. Look, Max, we're  
all in this together.

GLENN

Tempers are a little short.

SALLY

And we're a little on edge.

BART

It's cool, man.

MAX

Well, good, considering you're the  
one who talked me into staying.

BART

Hey!

SALLY

Excuse me, we're supposed to be  
finding out about this counter spell.

GLENN

Max, we just remembered about the  
computer lounge.

MAX

What about it?

GLENN

There's one here, in Wilkes Hall.  
If we can get in there, maybe we can  
find something on the web.

BART

All of us?

SALLY

We have to stay together.

LYLE

We just present a bigger target.

SALLY

You prefer being picked off one at a  
time?

TOM

What if---?

GLENN

What if what?

TOM

Do you think we can distract it?

BART

Distract the curse?

TOM

What if we...do some scenes from "Macbeth" here and one or two of us slip out. Maybe the stage activity might focus this, this malevolence onstage. Keep it here in the theater.

LYLE

Wow. That is such a stupid idea.

TOM

Hey, feel free to pitch your concept, Shecky.

BART

You want to bring this wrath down on us all? Are you nuts? We're trying to get away from it!

SALLY

Stop it! What did we just finish saying about being in this together.

The group falls into a silence.

GLENN

Maybe one of the witch scenes?

TOM

That sounds like good bait. Say you, me and Lyle. We handle the cauldron scenes while Max goes to the lab and gets a download of the counter-curse.

The actors just stare at each other, thinking it over. The fear is palpable. Max, finally jumps in.

MAX

I love this plan. It's almost like it wrote itself.

INT. STAGE -- NIGHT

The stage is dim. The cauldron is center stage. Tom, Glenn and Lyle are dressed as the hags.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Sally is at the lighting board and turns up the stage lights.

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

TRIO

Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

INT. THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

Max is at a side exit leading to a hall. Bart hands Max his lucky rabbit's foot. Max shakes his hand and slips off.

TOM

Fillet of a fenny snake;  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Max reaches the computer lab room. It's a comfortable lounge with a series of desks and computers for use by students.

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

TRIO

Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

LYLE

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd I' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat and slips of yew  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab.  
Add thereto a tiger's chawdron,  
For the ingredients of our cawdron.

INT. COMPUTER LAB -- CONTINUOUS

Max slips into one of the computer stations and logs on to the PC.

MAX

Okay, you're all over the ethernet,  
let's see if you've infected the  
land lines yet.

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

TRIO

Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

GLENN

Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

INT. COMPUTER LAB -- CONTINUOUS

The Google screen comes up. Max types in "Macbeth" + curse.

The list comes up. Max scans it and sees "The Macbeth Curse" by Prof. Martin Frankel. He clicks on it. It's the same, on a site labeled "Term papers for sale!"

MAX

Eureka!

Screen comes up "Download?"

Max clicks on "Yes."

Screen comes up to accept credit card payment.

Max pulls out his credit card and fills it in.

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

As the scene winds down, Tom steps back a bit. Suddenly, the trap door opens and Tom falls into it.

INT. SUB STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The rack of spears is under the trap door. Tom lands on them, getting impaled on most of them.

The others run to the trap door and look down. They scream some more.

INT. THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

Max comes running in, waving papers.

MAX

I got it! I got it! And you each  
owe me five dollars.

He realizes everyone is on stage, peering into the trap door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Donna is in a bed, leg up and in a cast.

Todd enters.

TODD

Donna, I just found out. I came as  
quickly as I could.

DONNA

Oh, Todd, how about this? Man, I  
really wanted to be in a cast but  
not like this.

TODD

I heard you were nearly killed. And  
after what happened at the excavation  
site---

DONNA

What happened?

TODD

There was some sort of explosion.  
The watchman was blinded. I was up  
there when I heard about you. We've  
shut the site down completely.  
Everyone's off the island.

DONNA

Sounds like the curse is working  
overtime.

TODD

The curse. Of course. It's  
unthinkable but what else could it  
be? It's that damn manuscript! It  
was buried there for a reason. The  
salt water. It wasn't to keep people  
out. It was to keep it in. What  
have I unleashed?

DONNA

Todd, honey, calm down. It's just  
an old actor superstition.

TODD

I'm afraid not, Donna. I think  
everyone is in grave danger.

DONNA  
You can't be serious.

TODD  
Very.

DONNA  
What makes you so sure?

TODD  
Let's just say I met with a ghost  
who knows. You were lucky, Donna.

DONNA  
That's me, Lucky Donna.

TODD  
It's getting worse, it's getting  
stronger. The others won't be so  
lucky.

Donna grabs her cell phone and dials.

DONNA  
No answer.

She dials again.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Come on, Sally. Voice mail. Again.  
(redialing)  
No one's picking up---wait.

Phone connects. The cackling is heard.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
What was that?

TODD  
Where are they supposed to be?

DONNA  
They're at the theater. You have to  
save them, Todd, save them.

Todd hurries out.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Be careful, Todd!

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

The group sits. They're reading the papers. Tom's body is  
now onstage with the others.

BART  
This is it. This is it, definitely.

MAX  
I got it off an internet term paper site.

SALLY  
"Hamlet." The quote was from  
"Hamlet." I should have remembered  
that.

LYLE  
Now what?

GLENN  
We have to get Max outside.

LYLE  
Aye, there's the rub.

BART  
Doors won't open. Windows won't  
open. The glass won't break.

Glenn crumbles up the paper and tosses it away. He then  
considers his piece of litter.

GLENN  
Wait a second. I think I know a  
way.

SALLY  
What?

GLENN  
The garbage chute. Wilkes' upper  
floors have chutes.

LYLE  
That's right. We were there.

GLENN  
Looking for props. Maybe you can  
slide down it.

MAX  
Oh, goody.

They stare at Max. Max grabs a copy of the counter-spell.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Let's do this.

GLENN  
You guys wait by the lobby. You'll  
have to invite him back in.

BART  
Should we do that distraction stuff  
again?

LYLE  
Do we really want to try that again?

Sally gets on stage and begins one of Lady Macbeth's speeches.

SALLY  
We fail?  
But screw your courage to the sticking-  
place  
And we'll not fail.

She waves Glenn and Max off. They hustle off. As Sally continues bulbs and kelig lights pop and burst above her but Sally shoulders on.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
When Duncan is asleep-Whereto the  
rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him--his two  
chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so  
convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume and the receipt of  
reason  
A limbeck only. When in swinish  
sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a  
death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan?  
What not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear  
the guilt Of our great quell?

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Glenn and Max make their way down the hall to the storage room. Max pushes on the door. It won't open. Max pushes harder.

MAX  
No! This can't be happening! Damn  
you!

Glenn comes over and pulls the door open.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Oh. That's better.

GLENN  
If I could, you know I would do this.

MAX

And I'd let you. But it has to be  
me. It's all my fault.

GLENN

No it's not.

MAX

I wasn't even supposed to be here,  
Glenn. If I never came, this never  
would have happened.

GLENN

There's no way anyone could have  
foreseen this, Max. No one

MAX

I mocked your traditions. I was  
callous about your craft. I brought  
this on.

GLENN

This thing, it's evil, it's beyond  
some actor's good or bad luck charm.  
And it's up to us to save everyone.  
It's a long shot but I have faith in  
you, Max.

Glenn then kisses Max on the lips.

MAX

What was that?

GLENN

I thought we were having a moment.

MAX

Moment? There was no moment. How  
is this a moment?

GLENN

It seemed moment-ish.

MAX

Wait, you're gay?

GLENN

Yeah.

MAX

Does Sally know?

GLENN

Sure, why?

MAX

I thought you were a couple.

GLENN

No.

MAX

No? Is Sally gay?

GLENN

No.

MAX

So, I could ask her out?

GLENN

Not if you're gay.

MAX

Who said I was gay?

GLENN

Sally did.

MAX

How would she know that I'm gay?

GLENN

So, you are gay?

MAX

No, I'm not gay.

GLENN

Were you ever gay?

MAX

No.

GLENN

Man, I thought you were playing hard to get.

MAX

I wasn't.

GLENN

It was very arousing.

MAX

Again, not my intent.

GLENN

Like they say, all the good ones are married or straight.

They go in.

INT. UTILITY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

They step in.

The box of bones starts to rattle and shake. It drops to the floor and the bones spill out. The skeleton forms and comes to life.

GLENN

Gad zooks!

MAX

Holy crap!

The skeleton gets its bearings, then grabs a sword. Glenn pushes Max toward the chute. Then he grabs a sword.

MAX (CONT'D)

Glenn!

GLENN

You go!

MAX

But---

GLENN

Go on, go on. I've taken stage combat classes.

The sword fight begins between Glenn and the Skeleton. Max makes his way to the chute. The door is jammed and he tugs on it.

Back and forth, Glenn and the Skeleton dual. It's a furious fight. Flats fly and props and cleaning products drop to the floor.

Each time the Skeleton tries to make toward Max, Glenn is able to beat it back.

The fight leaves the room and spills into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Glenn and the Skeleton fight on. Finally, Glenn grabs the advantage and lunges, running his sword through the Skeleton's rib cage, pinning the Skeleton to the wall. But the Skeleton doesn't die.

As Glenn yells "Ah-ha!", the Skeleton swings its sword around and takes off Glenn's head.

INT. UTILITY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Glenn's head rolls into the room and stops. Glenn blinks twice then is gone.

Max screams and hustles into the chute and slides away.

INT. CHUTE -- CONTINUOUS

As Max slides down the long, winding chute horrible images flash about him: Banquo getting run over by the wagon, the Witch burning at the stake, Sally eaten by bugs. Rats, black cats and boiling cauldrons surround him. It seems like the longest garbage chute in the world.

Suddenly, he's out.

EXT. REAR ENTRANCE OF THEATER -- NIGHT

A rear wall with a large trash compactor installed. A lot of banging and tumbling is heard, then Max comes crashing out of the chute and he plops into the trash compactor.

INT. TRASH COMPACTOR -- CONTINUOUS

Stunned and confused, Max tries to steady himself upon the pile of trash.

EXT. TRASH COMPACTOR -- CONTINUOUS

The trash compactor comes to life.

INT. TRASH COMPACTOR -- CONTINUOUS

The walls start closing in on Max.

EXT. TRASH COMPACTOR -- CONTINUOUS

Max scrambles out of the hatch and falls to the ground.

He lies there a moment, then snaps to and looks around.

MAX

I'm out. I made it. I'm out!

The wind begins to howl and lightening flashes. The weather is worsening, a mighty storm abrewin'. Max gets up and hurries to the front.

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

The theater is quiet. The group listens for any sound.

Suddenly, a banging comes from the lobby. They look terrified. Lyle runs up the auditorium and peeks out.

LYLE

It's Max! He made it!

Everyone runs to the lobby.

EXT. THEATER -- NIGHT

With a storm raging, Todd pulls up in his car. He runs over to Max.

TODD  
Max! You're alive!

MAX  
So far.

TODD  
The play! It's cursed!

MAX  
Duh. We're trying to break the curse now. Step back.

Max turns around three times. The others are pressed against the glass doors, waiting, watching. Max spits over each shoulder. He takes out the paper and the wind blows it away. Max attempts a grab but it's gone. He panics a moment, then turns to face the door.

MAX (CONT'D)  
"Thrice around the circle bound---  
Line!"

SALLY  
(reading)  
"Evil sink into the ground!"

MAX  
Right, right. "Evil sink into the ground!"

He approaches the door and knocks.

MAX (CONT'D)  
May I enter?

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Sally goes to the latch. It gives. Max hesitates---what is he getting himself back into?--but he pushes on; the door opens and he steps in.

MAX  
I'm in.

SALLY  
"Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us."

LYLE

"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin  
damn'd, Being with thee airs from  
heaven or blasts from hell---"

BART

(reading)

"Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable  
shape that I will speak to thee."

Suddenly, all the doors burst open and the storm rages in.

Sally is blown against the display case. It goes over, and the book splays open. Sally lands face down in the book and broken glass.

The book glows anew.

Sally gets up. Her face drips blood. Her eyes aglow, she is possessed by the spirit of Shakespeare's Witch.

MAX

Sally?

Sally gets up, getting acclimated with this body.

LYLE

Okay, Sally, honey, baby, you okay?

Sally looks at Lyle, then waves her arms.

Lyle freezes up, goes completely stiff. Sally then walks over to him

Bart and Max start to edge away to the front doors, as Todd steps up to Max.

TODD

(whisper)

We have to get the book away from here. It has to go back to the pit.

Sally pushes Lyle over. He falls to the floor and shatters into a thousand pieces.

Satisfied, she turns toward the group, as she raises her hands again.

Banquo appears.

BANQUO

At last, we meet again, you hag!

Banquo charges Sally and swirls around her, stunning and confusing her.

TODD

Now!

Max runs up and grabs the book. They all run outside.

EXT. THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

They get to Todd's car.

BART

Where to?

TODD

The harbor. My boat's there. We have to get back to Oak Island.

They peel out.

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Banquo fades away and Sally realizes she's alone. She looks out the door and sees the taillights in the distance. She waves her arms and the tire tracks glow in the mud.

EXT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Sally comes to the stage. She steps over the bodies without missing a beat. She heads to a supply closet. She pulls out a couple of swords and tosses them aside. A spear. She tosses that again. Finally, she gets what she needs, the cauldron and drags it to centerstage.

EXT. HARBOR -- NIGHT

The rain continues.

Todd's car pulls up. They get out, Max clinging to the book. They are all on alert. Todd leads them to his mooring.

TODD

Cast off those lines while I start it up!

Max and Bart free the boat and jump onboard. Todd gets the engines going.

TODD (CONT'D)

Hurry!

INT. STAGE -- NIGHT

Sally has the cauldron up and running, buckets of water are nearby. She has a severed hand and drips some of the blood into the brew and it starts to bubble.

An image of the boat on the water materializes.

She takes the spear and jabs it into the water.

EXT. BAY -- NIGHT

The boat is running along pretty well. Suddenly lightening bolts come down around them.

INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

Bart is strapped in and fingering his lucky penny like he's going to wear it to nothing.

INT. STAGE -- NIGHT

Sally stirs the cauldron with the spear end.

EXT. BAY -- NIGHT

The water gets rougher and the waves crash over the side of the boat.

INT. HELM -- CONTINUOUS

Todd is holding the wheel steady as he can as Max hangs on tight, clutching the book.

More lightening, more waves.

EXT. OAK ISLAND BEACH -- NIGHT

Suddenly the boat appears and heads toward the island.

INT. HELM -- CONTINUOUS

Todd is cutting power and fighting the controls.

TODD

I'm going to have to beach her.  
Hang on!

Max braces himself.

EXT. OAK ISLAND SHORE -- NIGHT

The boat runs aground in some shallow water.

EXT. BOAT -- CONTINUOUS

Todd, Max and Bart grab life vests and jump off the boat and head for shore.

EXT. OAK ISLAND SHORE -- NIGHT

The group and the book make their way to the shore. There are woods just off the shoreline. Todd stops to get his bearings.

TODD

Damn. We're on the wrong side of  
the island.

BART

What?

MAX

But you know where we are, right?  
You can get us there?

TODD

Come on.

Todd runs into the woods.

MAX

That really wasn't an answer.

Bart and Max follow.

INT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

The trio are running. The tree branches start to grab at them. One of them tries to grab the book from Max. He's able to get it back.

Bart is barely able to stay up. Max grabs him and pulls him along.

MAX

Come on, roomie, you can do this.  
Don't give up now!

As they run, the dirt gets loose under them, the turns into a thick liquid, like they're running in molasses.

TODD

We're almost there.

BART

We're not going to make it.

MAX

With a little luck we will.

Bart pulls out a small horse shoe from his back pocket and kisses it, then tosses it over his shoulder.

Their feet suddenly free up and they are able to reach the clearing leading to the pit.

EXT. CLEARING -- CONTINUOUS

They get to the clearing and there's a brilliant flash of light. There stands Sally.

She raises an arm and Todd suddenly lifts into the air.

Max clings to the book.

She lifts her other arm and Bart suddenly lifts up. Todd and Bart hover there, suspended above the beach.

Max doesn't move.

Sally clenches her fists. Todd and Bart begin to writhe in pain as they drift in the air.

Sally just glares at Max. Max holds the book out toward Sally. Still holding Bart and Todd in the air, she steps toward Max as Max approaches her then stops.

Max drops the book. Sally advances a few steps, then stops.

She gives Max a look and clenches her fist tighter. Bart and Todd scream out in pain.

Max looks up, then at the book. Max slowly bends down.

MAX

Sorry, Sally.

He bolts upright giving Sally a tremendous uppercut with the book. She staggers back. He whacks her again with the book. She's down. Some pages slip out. Todd and Bart drop to the ground.

Max runs toward the pit with the book.

EXT. OAK ISLAND PIT -- NIGHT

The pit is still glowing as Max reaches it. Max looks into the pit. It's not pleasant.

Max tosses the book. It goes up then stops, suspended in the air. A cruel laugh and Max turns to see Sally standing there, controlling the book by magic. Slowly the book comes down and begins to head to Sally.

Max grabs the book and tries to pull it away. Some pages fall out and blow away. One blows into the pit and disintegrates.

Todd and Bart come up to the pit and watch the tug of war between Sally and Max.

Bart gets his resolve, takes out his four-leaf clover and swallows it. Then he charges.

TODD

Hey, what are you doing!

Max loses his grip on the book. It floats toward Sally who looks victorious when suddenly...

Bart comes barreling through, takes a flying leap and grabs the book mid-air. Bart and the book go down into the pit.

MAX

Bart!

The pit's hellfires vomit forth anew.

Todd runs over to the large valves and begins opening them up.

Sally screams, then she begins convulsing and drops to the ground.

The pit is filling with sea water.

Todd runs over to an earth-mover now and begins pushing dirt into the pit.

The spirit of the Witch is torn away from the shaking body of Sally and sucked down into the pit. Then Sally goes very still. Max runs over to her.

Sally transforms back to normal.

MAX (CONT'D)

Sally? Sally? Are you all right?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. OAK ISLAND PIT -- MORNING

The sky is clear and bright. Todd is finishing up with his bulldozer and gets out. The pit is filled in. Max is patting down the top layer of dirt with a shovel.

TODD

Your pal saved our lives.

MAX

He just wanted to help people. I'm sorry about everything. All those people gone.

TODD

It could have been so much worse. Thanks for helping me correct my mistake.

Sally stirs and wakes. Max runs over to her.

MAX  
Sally? You okay? How do you feel?

SALLY  
I think I'm changing my major.

TODD  
We should head to the beach to signal  
a boat.

Todd heads off.

SALLY  
It's all a blur. I just remember  
you fought it...you saved me.

Sally grabs hold of Max and hugs him for all he's worth.  
They kiss, long and hard. Then Sally pulls away.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Wait. You're straight?

Max helps Sally up, who is happy for the assistance. They follow Todd.

Sally stops and looks around and shakes her head.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Now the play is done:  
All is well ended, if this suit be  
won,  
That you express content; which we  
will pay,  
With strife to please you, day  
exceeding day:  
Ours be your patience then, and yours  
our parts;  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take  
our hearts.

MAX  
What's that from?

SALLY  
"All's Well That Ends Well."

MAX  
I hope so.

They leave.

A breeze blows in. Some papers blow around. There is a loose page of parchment, the title page of the Macbeth script. It blows onto the top of the filled-in pit.

The ink upon the page begins to glow.

BLACK OUT.

The end