

EXTRACT FROM "THE SIXTH SENSE"

INT. COLE'S HOME - AFTERNOON

The front door CREAKS open as Cole walks in after school. He looks around before closing the door. His eyes stop on Lynn seated in the open doorway of the den. Malcolm is seated with her. They both look up. Lynn comes out. She reaches Cole -- kneels down in front of him.

LYNN
(whispers)
How was school, baby?

Cole shrugs.

LYNN (cont'd)
(whispers)
You know, you can tell me things if you need to.

Cole doesn't respond. Beat.

LYNN (cont'd)
(whispers)
Well, you know what I did today?

Cole shakes his head "No."

LYNN (cont'd)
(whispers)
I won the Pennsylvania Lottery in the morning.
I quit my jobs. Ate a big picnic in the park with
lots of chocolate mouses pie and then swam
in the fountain all afternoon...
(smiling)
What did you do?

Cole starts to smile too. He thinks.

COLE
(whispers)
I was picked first for kickball teams at recess. I
hit a grand slam to win the game and
everyone lifted me up on their shoulders and
carried me around cheering.

Cole and Lynn smile at each other. Beat. Lynn tries to hide the utter sadness behind her smile.

LYNN
I'll make triangle pancakes. You got an hour.

Lynn takes Cole's school bag and jacket before moving to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - AFTERNOON

The den doubles as a playroom. Boxes of old toys sit in the corner. A small, plastic, multi-colored table sits on the rug. Cole appears in the doorway. Malcolm sits up and smiles. He points to the chair on the other side of the coffee table.

MALCOLM
You want to sit?

Cole nods very softly, "No."

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Don't feel like talking right now?

Cole nods again very softly, "No."

MALCOLM (cont'd)
How about we play a game first?

Cole looks a little more interested.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
It's a mind-reading game... Did I mention I
could read minds?

Cole nods, "No."

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Here's the game. I'll read your mind. If what I
say is right, you take a step forwards the chair.
If I'm wrong, you take a step backwards the
doorway. If you reach the chair, you sit. If you
reach the door, you can go. Deal?

Cole tilts his head, then nods, "Yes."

Malcolm presses his fingers to his temples like a vaudeville magician. He
closes his eyes tight.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Just after your mom and dad were divorced,
your mom went to a doctor like me and it didn't
help her. And so you think I'm not going to
help you.

Beat. Cole, surprised, takes a small step forward.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
You're worried because she said she told him
things. Things she couldn't tell anybody else.
(beat)
Secrets.

Cole takes a step. Malcolm opens his eyes. He looks right at Cole.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
You have a secret. But you don't want to tell
me.

Beat. Cole takes another step. The next step will put him at the chair. Malcolm
lowers his fingers from his temple.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
(whispers)
You don't have to tell me your secret if you
don't want to.

Malcolm smiles. Returns his fingers to the mind-reading position. Malcolm
looks to Cole's arm. Cole is wearing A LARGE SILVER WATCH. It swims on
his thin wrist. It could probably slide up to his shoulder. Malcolm closes his
eyes.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Your father gave you that watch as a present
before he left.

Cole takes a step BACK. Beat. Malcolm lowers his hands surprised.

COLE
He forgot it in a drawer. It doesn't work.

Beat. Malcolm puts his fingers to his temple. This time a little bit slower. He
gazes at Cole's school uniform.

MALCOLM
You don't like to say much at school. You're
an excellent student however. You've never
been in any kind of serious trouble.

Beat. Cole takes a slow step back. Beat.

COLE

We were supposed to draw a picture. Anything we wanted... I drew a man. He got hurt in the neck by another man with a screwdriver.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE OVERTAKES THE DEN.

MALCOLM

You saw that on T.V., Cole?

Cole answers by taking a small step back. Beat.

COLE

Everybody got upset. They had a meeting. Momma started crying.

(beat)

I don't draw like that anymore.

MALCOLM

How do you draw now?

COLE

I draw people with smiles, dogs running, and rainbows.

(beat)

They don't have meetings about rainbows.

MALCOLM

(soft)

I guess they don't.

Malcolm looks down at Cole's feet. They're almost at the doorway. One more step and he's there. Cole is very still. He doesn't move at all.

COLE

(whispers)

What am I thinking now?

Malcolm takes his time before speaking. He just stares. No fingers to the temple. No games. He just stares. Beat.

MALCOLM

You're thinking...

(beat)

I don't know what you're thinking, Cole.

Cole quietly takes a step back into the doorway of the other room.

COLE

(whispers)

I was thinking... you're nice.

(beat)

But you can't help me.

Cole's tiny figure steps away. Malcolm stares helplessly at the empty doorway where his client used to stand.

THE DEN IS SUFFOCATED WITH SILENCE.