

A SWITCH IN TIME  
by  
John Stephen Howard

johnstephenhoward@gmail.com  
818-633-5415

INT. ARTHUR'S COLONIAL-STYLE HOME - STUDY - DAY

DYLAN, a wallflower high school senior, sits in an armchair.

Statues of explorers Ferdinand Magellan and Marco Polo and pictures of archeologist Howard Carter loom over him.

On the table, a bust of Dylan's grandfather, Arthur Sullivan.

On the wall, an oil painting of Ramses VIII clutching a spear and wearing an uroborus amulet of a snake eating its tail.

The real ARTHUR (80) carries a tray with two cups of hot tea, startling Dylan who startles at almost anything.

ARTHUR

Tea time is a habit I picked up in my graduate studies at Oxford. I find it soothes my nerves, and my dear boy, yours appear to need some soothing.

Arthur sets the tray down near his bust which Dylan studies and takes a seat across from him.

ARTHUR

Don't I look handsome? I unearthed it from the closet the other day. Miriam did that, saying she was capturing my youthful looks for posterity. If only she could've stopped both of us from aging.

DYLAN

I didn't realize Grandma was so talented.

Dylan sips his tea and winces.

ARTHUR

There may be a drop or two of whiskey in there--don't tell your parents!

(beat)

Now, what brings you all this way, a whole ten minutes, to see your grandpa?

Dylan sets his cup far away, but Arthur readily drinks his.

DYLAN

Sorry I haven't been over to see you that much.

ARTHUR

Let me guess: your parents' arguing caused you to flee the coop.

DYLAN

It's been more like a coop than a home these days--since Wayne's accident.

ARTHUR

Life, my boy, is a treacherous trail with difficult twists and turns that leave some of us behind.

Arthur gazes down at the smart watch on his wrist: a slide show reveals different pictures of his late wife, MIRIAM.

Dylan notices and his eyes open wide.

ARTHUR

Surprise: an old artifact like me can be hip to new technology.

Dylan looks down in apology.

ARTHUR

Even my grandson is not immune to seeing me as irrelevant.

DYLAN

Not at all. The truth is, I need your help. I have to give a presentation in history class. And I thought, with the anniversary of your discovery coming up, you could show me...

ARTHUR

How to win over an audience with the incredible tale of the curse of Ramses VIII?

Dylan nods, already regretting this, and Arthur gives a rapturous gaze at the painting of Ramses VIII.

ARTHUR

I often dream of putting his magnificent amulet once more around my neck.

DYLAN

You talk as if you really believe the myth.

ARTHUR

Belief is everything. Make sure,  
Dylan, you do your presentation  
with the old Sullivan charm.

DYLAN

But I'm not like you--I'm somewhere  
between my mother and father. Wow,  
that's a scary combination.

ARTHUR

If you want to impress a girl in  
your class--and I know you do--let  
me explain the story so you can  
better appreciate it...

FLASHBACK - INT. RAMSES VIII'S BED CHAMBER - NIGHT

SUPER: LUXOR, EGYPT - 2,150 B.C.

Paintings of Ra, Hathor, and the uroborus symbol line the  
walls along with torches.

RAMSES VIII (early 40s) admires his reflection in a gold disc  
mirror. His chiseled features glisten from sesame oil.

His wife, AMUNET (early 20s), holds his mirror with a papyrus  
handle as she strokes his cheek with her free hand.

Her sleek body, in the sheerest of muslin, reveals streaks of  
henna on her skin to accentuate her orange fingernails.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

Ramses VIII was the greatest  
pharaoh ever. No one was ever a  
better leader. No one stronger, no  
one more handsome than he.

Ramses VIII spots a wrinkle that runs in a diagonal from the  
corner of his eye like a deadly dagger.

RAMSES VIII

Please don't tell me that's...

AMUNET

Merely a wrinkle. I think it makes  
you even more handsome which seems  
impossible.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

It did seem impossible. No one was  
a younger middle-aged man than he.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Strike the middle-aged part. It  
must not be spoken of forever  
hence.

RAMSES VIII  
I've got a brilliant idea.

AMUNET  
Another one?

RAMSES VIII  
It's time again to honor a servant  
during Hathor's Convergence.

ARTHUR (V.O.)  
It was the best idea ever for one  
as mighty, as wonderful, as, well,  
immortal as Ramses VIII, for he  
should never have to age.

INT. SERVANTS' HUT - NIGHT

Ramses VIII with Amunet give wicked grins at a MALE SERVANT  
and his wife, a FEMALE SERVANT, who are stunned and afraid.

RAMSES VIII  
Come! Kneel properly for you have  
been chosen for the next  
Rejuvenation Ceremony. And your  
wife will be leading the way!

The Male Servant and Female Servant look to each other in  
confusion and distress and drop to their knees.

AMUNET  
We've heard of a couple whose love  
for each other shines so bright, it  
gets Ra's attention.

RAMSES VIII  
And the sacrifice of someone so  
deeply loved the night before his  
own makes the spell extra potent.

The Male Servant clasps his wife's hand.

ARTHUR (V.O.)  
Her death would sweeten her  
husband's sacrifice and make Ramses  
VIII even younger--but it was too  
bitter of a pill for the male  
servant to swallow.

EXT. RAMSES VIII'S PALACE - NIGHT

The Male Servant quakes before the GUARDS at the entrance.

GUARD #1

The ceremony isn't until Hathor's  
next ascent.

GUARD #2

What do you seek at this hour  
without Ra's guidance?

The Male Servant presents a silken-wrapped object.

MALE SERVANT

I have a gift for my great and  
powerful god.

GUARD #1 reaches for the gift, but Male Servant recoils with  
a hand up in forgiveness as Guard #2 hoists his mace-axe.

MALE SERVANT

Please... I must deliver it myself,  
and the only hands to touch it must  
be the sacred ones of my pharaoh.

GUARD #2 lowers his weapon to let the Male Servant in.

INT. RAMSES VIII'S BED CHAMBER - NIGHT

Ramses VIII glares at the gold mirror Amunet holds up as she  
runs her free hand through his hair and Guard #1 enters.

AMUNET

There, there, good pharaohs don't  
pout. Tomorrow night, Hathor will  
take away that nasty, wasty  
wrinkle.

RAMSES VIII

(to Guard #1)

Why do you disturb your god at this  
un-Ra-like hour?

GUARD #1

Your sacrificial gift has come  
bearing a gift.

RAMSES VIII

A gift brings a gift? Please, I  
want it now!

Amunet hugs Ramses VIII; Guard #2 ushers in the Male Servant.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

It took a leap of courage for that  
humble servant to face the all-  
powerful but vain Ramses VIII.

MALE SERVANT

My great and wonderful...

Ramses VIII gestures for the Male Servant to continue.

The Male Servant appears to have swallowed something sour but  
turns the corners of his mouth up again.

MALE SERVANT

And amazing pharaoh, I wish to show  
appreciation for your blessings  
upon me.

RAMSES VIII

How delightful! Just for that, I'll  
make sure we place your wife's body  
where the vultures can't get to it--  
any more than they already have.

The Male Servant seizes up, overwhelmed with grief.

RAMSES VIII

Oh, come now! We can't have tears!  
Not when you've brought me a  
present.

The Male Servant brings the silken-wrapped object closer.

He removes a dagger and stabs the pharaoh in the heart.

Then again and again.

Ramses VIII falls back, surprise etched on his DEATH FACE.

Amunet shrieks as she flails her arms at Male Servant's back  
until the dagger in his hand falls out.

Guards rush to help, but she seizes it, slits Male Servant's  
throat, and shoves him off to lie atop Ramses VIII and wail.

EXT. RAMSES VIII'S PYRAMID - NIGHT

Amunet's HOWLS continue from the previous night as she clings  
to Ramses VIII's body inside a royal litter.

SUPER: HATHOR'S NEXT ASCENT...

The full Moon shines upon the pyramid as Egyptians gather.

INT./EXT. ROYAL EGYPTIAN LITTER - NIGHT

Amunet is alone--she holds the mirror up and sees Ramses' ghostly reflection and lifts the uroborus amulet to the Moon.

AMUNET

Look upon us, Hathor! I sacrifice  
myself for my beloved.

Within the amulet, the SERPENT GLOWS a BONE-WHITE and  
ANIMATES its PERPETUAL CYCLE of eating its tail.

AMUNET

I go to where we both will breathe  
no more, knowing that in some time  
hence, the great Ramses VIII will  
return!

A MOONBEAM, like a GHOSTLY FLAME, strikes the amulet.

Amunet shudders with pleasure and dread.

AMUNET

Hear me now: anyone who dares to  
desecrate my beloved's resting  
place will become the vessel of his  
undying spirit!

FOUR EGYPTIANS hoist the litter into the pyramid.

Moments later, they exit and, with FOUR OTHERS who tug on the  
ropes of pulleys, slide the block to seal the entrance.

PRESENT DAY - EXT. APPLETON, KY - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Boarded-up stores, cobwebbed awnings, a faded sign reads:  
"Total Population: 49,999."

DYLAN (V.O.)

My beloved, your sacrifice is  
immortalized, and when my ascent is  
nigh, I will bring you with me.

Colorful flyers on utility poles announce: "Arthur Sullivan  
to Recount Exciting Youthful Adventures."

SUPER: APPLETON, KY - JANUARY 15, 2018

EXT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

It's a red brick building with the school's name in stone above the doors. The U.S. flag flutters on the roof.

INT. MR. WINTHROP'S HISTORY CLASS - DAY

Dylan wipes sweat from his brow and gestures theatrically.

DYLAN

For my return is nigh as Hathor's  
Convergence approaches.

Dylan's fellow students tepidly applaud.

Dylan's three friends, GUILLERMO, CEDRIC, and PHILLIP, stare at him like he has bellyflopped after attempting a high dive.

Guillermo flicks the ring on his nose, Cedric, looks on with sad eyes, and Phillip rocks back and forth in his chair.

Dylan takes his seat by RACHEL, a petite junior with kind eyes who wears a pretty dress that's both casual and formal.

She beams at Dylan who shrinks away in embarrassment.

MR. WINTHROP shakes his head in disappointment at Dylan.

INT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Students decorate for the homecoming dance. Paintings of Egyptian mythological figures animate the gym.

Dylan makes his way to Rachel who's on a ladder taping gold fabric to the wall.

RACHEL

Dylan, can you get that?

He scoops up the other part from the ground and spots where she wants him to attach his end: up near the ceiling.

He gulps: the ladder seems to ascend forever.

MATCH CUT TO:

DAYMARE - EXT. RED RIVER GORGE CLIFFS - DAY

The cliff blends in with the endless sky. The bright sun shines on a small figure who climbs the reddish-brown rocks.

WAYNE, Dylan's older brother by a year, squints as sweat gets in his eyes. He wipes it away and continues to scale the cliff with ease as a bird soars behind him.

He reaches for a rock that dislodges at his touch, and he plummets, his face an expression of terror.

END DAYMARE

Rachel touches his shoulder, and Dylan sees the ladder again.

RACHEL

Dylan? Your presentation... I know how nervous you get--not that you looked nervous... or not that much, but I thought you did good.

He glares at the scene around them.

A banner, "The Transmigration of Our Lives," hangs above a student-painted depiction of Hathor's Full Moon Ritual.

An Egyptian priestess, in flowing, gold-lined robes, suckles from a giant cow, Hathor's, teat with the ghostly blue moon between its arcing horns.

Rachel blows excess glitter off a moon beam and glances at a sign with drawings that overlap of a super moon, blue moon, and lunar eclipse with this message above:

WELCOME BACK, RAMSES! SEE YOU AT THE MOON CONVERGENCE.

Dylan frowns and shakes his head.

DYLAN

I realize all this just encourages Grandpa.

She climbs the ladder and raises the moon beam by herself.

RACHEL

You should be proud of how your grandfather's discovery brought it to life.

She descends the ladder, grabs a glitter gun, and shows him how to spray gold and silver glitter across the moon beams.

DYLAN

He's an old man who keeps reliving his glory days from 40 years ago, but I know he's really thinking about my grandmother...

RACHEL

It's natural for him to think of her--his true legacy.

DYLAN

What's unnatural is how he talks about Ramses' amulet and getting his hands on it again.

RACHEL

Does this have something to do with that drawing you won't show me of your grandfather?

His drawing FLASHES on the wall: Arthur wears the uroborus amulet, and within his face lies RAMSES VIII'S GHOSTLY one.

He blinks, and the Hathor painting reappears.

DYLAN

His obsession is unhealthy.

She hands him the glitter gun and sizes him up.

RACHEL

I know things have been difficult for you, but does it make you feel better to...?

DYLAN

What?

RACHEL

I'm just saying... Everyone needs something to be excited about.

DYLAN

Sure. Nothing else is happening in this town.

He heads for the doorway until her voice stops him.

RACHEL

Dylan! The dance this Friday...

DYLAN

I only came here to get out of Pre-Calculus.

RACHEL

Maybe you'd like to go... That is, we could go together.

DYLAN

Might be too dangerous for you.

She's hurt, so he flashes a smile as he hands back the glitter gun and points to his left foot.

She shakes her head as he saunters toward the door where a teacher puts him on star-cutting duty.

BOLD FRESHMAN inches close until he startles her.

BOLD FRESHMAN

I'm not doing anything that night.

RACHEL

Oh, that's... sweet. But, no.

BOLD FRESHMAN

That guy's stupid!

RACHEL

Look, Dylan's acting weird these days, but he was there for me when I needed him. With anyone else, I'd give up. But he's worth the wait. Maybe someone'll think you are some day.

He's deflated, so Rachel gives him her business card.

BOLD FRESHMAN

You're a therapist?

RACHEL

Let's keep this professional.

He seems like he's about to skip away in joy but attempts to appear casual as he sidles off with a smile.

She rolls her eyes and turns away as he almost runs into a platform only big enough for two dancers near the back wall.

A wedge of limestone's in a locked, attached glass case with the sign, "From Ramses VIII's Sacrificial Altar."

The WEDGE OF LIMESTONE GLOWS but goes unnoticed.

INT. MANNERS HOME - DYLAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dylan glares at an image of himself in his door mirror as he adds shading to a drawing in his sketchbook.

DYLAN

Might be too dangerous for you?

He shakes his head and glances at Wayne's funeral prayer card tucked into the mirror frame: "In Loving Memory of Wayne Arthur Manners, January 15, 2017."

DYLAN

You would never have said that.

His drawing shows Wayne's and his faces superimposed as one.

NICOLE (O.S.)

Who's he talking to? Dylan?

He shoves his sketchbook into a drawer.

NICOLE (O.S.)

Have you filled out that application for U.K.?

DYLAN

I'm working on it, Mom!

The mountain of college brochures on his desk says otherwise.

HARRY (O.S.)

Give him some space.

NICOLE (O.S.)

To do what: let his life go by?  
Like you're doing?

HARRY (O.S.)

Another lecture! I've got a question for you: when's your hair going to be ready? We're running late!

There's a groan of irritation.

NICOLE (O.S.)

Dylan, could you pick up your grandpa?

DYLAN

Sure.

EXT. ARTHUR'S COLONIAL-STYLE HOME/INT. DYLAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Dylan taps on his horn and gazes in the rearview mirror.

Wayne appears, wearing a baseball cap and a shit-eating grin.

DYLAN

I know what you're going to say  
about Rachel.

Wayne vanishes as Arthur leans on the passenger door.

ARTHUR

Rachel must be the girl you  
impressed with your presentation.

Dressed as an iconic archeologist with a bullwhip and fedora,  
Arthur totes a box of books with his name and the title, A  
Switch in Time: a Fictional Memoir.

Dylan presses a button to lower the passenger window.

DYLAN

Who're you trying to impress?

Arthur squats and peers in at his grandson.

ARTHUR

I wore this so the people'll get a  
good show.  
(beat)  
How did yours go?

Dylan reaches over and opens the passenger door.

Arthur gets in and places the box at his feet.

DYLAN

About as well as it will for you  
tonight wearing that.

ARTHUR

"Do not go gentle into that good  
night/Old age should burn and rave  
at close of day."

DYLAN

Is that Drake?

ARTHUR

Sir Francis Drake? No, this poet's  
name should be on the tip of your  
tongue.

DYLAN

So now, I'm guessing, you're  
planning on crashing the dance?

ARTHUR

"Rage, rage, against the dying of  
the light." Maybe I'll take the  
fair Rachel. Dylan Thomas would.  
She asked you to the dance, didn't  
she?

Dylan's stone-faced expression says it all.

ARTHUR

I'm doing this for your brother  
who, by the way, knew that poem I  
recited by heart. Just wait until  
you see Ramses VIII's amulet.

Arthur glances in the passenger window and sees...

HIMSELF WEARING THE AMULET as he de-ages in a steady reverse  
chronological order showing he's 68, 58, 48, 38, 28, and 18.

Arthur tries to make a hip-hop gesture with his hand.

ARTHUR

Yo, yo, what is in the up, my boy?

DYLAN

I don't think this is good for you.

ARTHUR

I know I act like my life's a trip  
down the yellow brick road, but  
since I lost Miriam...

Dylan pats Arthur's shoulder.

ARTHUR

Miriam was the reason I became an  
archeologist. You see, I used to be  
like you.

Dylan looks surprised by that.

ARTHUR

We were in the same college class  
on Egyptology, and I was nervous  
and didn't know what to say to her.

DYLAN

There are other ways to remember  
Grandma instead of--

ARTHUR

I need this, Dylan. And Wayne would want me to do this--on this, his terrible anniversary.

Arthur smiles and pats Dylan's knee as they drive away.

INT. APPLETON MUSEUM - LOBBY - NIGHT

Arthur and Dylan enter the museum lobby where a rocket from one of the Apollo missions looms like a sentry.

Dylan hands the RECEPTIONIST his box of books.

A classy, well-kept Egyptian-American woman, BAHITI (70s), meets them beside the rocket.

ARTHUR

Bahiti, time has been virtuous to you.

BAHITI

Patience is your virtue. You've waited a long time for this.

(to Dylan)

You must be Dylan.

Dylan nods, and she eyes Arthur's bullwhip.

BAHITI

Do you even know how to use that?

ARTHUR

It helped me disarm an assassin in the Forbidden Temple.

BAHITI

It's interesting how, as your writing career has progressed, you've sprinkled non-fiction in or so you'd have us believe.

ARTHUR

Madam, the two become more indistinguishable as time goes by.

BAHITI

Dylan, your grandfather and I have known each other for a long time.

ARTHUR

A lot of sand under the pyramid.

BAHITI  
I wish Miriam could be here.

ARTHUR  
She'd have a lot of stories to  
tell.

Bahiti gives Arthur a look of disapproval.

ARTHUR  
But we're here for the tour.

BAHITI  
You were never very subtle.

ARTHUR  
Or patient if we're being honest.

INT. APPLETON MUSEUM - RAMSES VIII EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Glass cases full of artifacts line the back wall.

Informational murals--professional, museum versions of those  
seen in the high school--hang on the side walls.

Hathor's Full Moon Ritual on the front wall depicts the same  
scene as in the high school but at a much higher quality.

JABARI (early 60s), a distinguished-looking man in a suit,  
enters unnoticed behind Arthur, Dylan, and Bahiti.

Arthur turns from Dylan to stare in wonder at Ramses VIII's  
mummy in a case against the back wall. Beside him is Amunet's  
mummy. Their wrappings reveal organic stains of decay.

Bahiti bows as she approaches Ramses' mummy.

BAHITI  
There lies the great pharaoh  
himself, ready for the Convergence  
at last.

She spots and recognizes Jabari, which startles her.

JABARI  
Great but disgraced thanks to how  
he treated his subjects.

ARTHUR  
Jabari? What have you been doing  
after all these years?

Jabari grins and shakes Arthur's hand but is uncomfortable as Bahiti locks eyes with him.

JABARI

After our great adventure, I found work as a tour guide.

ARTHUR

Remember that terrible sand storm?

BAHITI

I'm sure he remembers more than you could know.

ARTHUR

I remember more and more about our expedition these days. I get flashes of scenes that seem real but others that...

Arthur gets a faraway look that worries Dylan.

ARTHUR

They loaded the servant on a pyre like he was cordwood: kindling for the celebration. As he awaited the flames, he shivered, his two thumbs interlaced with his palms spread above.

BAHITI

The sign of the Phoenix. Your later books sound more realistic and more historically accurate than any scholar could know.

ARTHUR

These days, when I write, I'm transported...

Arthur gazes at the case that holds Ramses VIII's amulet.

Dylan nudges Arthur, and he snaps out of it.

ARTHUR

Can I see my lady?

JABARI

Do you remember when you first laid eyes on the amulet?

ARTHUR

Strangely, I don't.

DYLAN

But you remember everything else.

BAHITI

Your grandfather "borrowed" it when he first made his discovery.

ARTHUR

I gave it back to you--eventually.

Dylan notices his grandfather seems lost. He blinks and FLASH, as in his drawing, a GHOSTLY RAMSES VIII replaces Arthur's real face. He blinks again and sees just Arthur.

DYLAN

Grandpa, the kid in your book is also obsessed with an amulet. He sounds an awful lot like Wayne.

ARTHUR

You actually read my book. But it could be you.

BAHITI

I'd never met this grandson until today. A year ago, you brought the other to New York...

She stops as she receives a scornful look from Arthur.

Dylan adds it all up.

DYLAN

That was right before Wayne went on his rock-climbing trip.

ARTHUR

Okay, I took him to the museum there. We talked Bahiti into bringing the exhibit here. I didn't think you'd be interested.

DYLAN

You never asked. Wayne just said he was going to visit you. When he got back, he wouldn't eat, and he'd stare into space... kind of like you right now.

Arthur drifts beside the amulet in a trance as Bahiti and Dylan stand on either side of him, Jabari a few steps behind.

ARTHUR

Just as beautiful as I remember. Do you mind, my friend?

Bahiti studies Arthur and places her thumb on a scanner beside the case which opens it.

ARTHUR

Only one person's getting in there.

She dons a pair of gloves and hands him some which he slips on. She removes the amulet and places it in his hands.

Arthur's mesmerized which draws everyone's concern.

DYLAN

Grandpa?

BAHITI

Art, how far do you think you can get with it? Arthur Sullivan!

ARTHUR

Apologies. I was daydreaming. I could see the amulet just appear around my neck.

Dylan grows uneasy while Arthur hands the amulet back as if separated from a child.

BAHITI

Don't worry--it won't be able to get to you once it's back in its case.

Bahiti lays the amulet back in its case, closes it, and eyes Jabari who shrugs.

ARTHUR

My friend, it seems I long to relive our adventure.

JABARI

It was quite an adventure. But some things are better left in the past.

Arthur's smile is uncomfortable.

BAHITI

It's almost time. Have you rehearsed your speech, Arthur?

ARTHUR

You know I like to improvise.

INT. APPLETON MUSEUM - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Arthur stands next to Bahiti off to the side of the stage as she strides to the podium microphone.

Dylan's in the front row, hands in constant motion as he turns to watch people trickle in but not his parents and keeps his head down at his father's raised voice.

HARRY (O.S.)

I'm not the reason we're late. Who  
knew hair could take so long to  
comb?

The crowd turns to Dylan's parents, NICOLE (50) and HARRY (53). Nicole is mortified as she hisses into Harry's ear.

NICOLE

Do you enjoy humiliating me in  
public?

Harry and Nicole search for their seats and must sit apart, one in the back, the other on the side.

BAHITI

Thank you all for coming to the  
40th anniversary of the incredible  
discovery of Ramses VIII's tomb.  
The archeologist who unearthed it  
is here and has written a memoir  
about it and about his afterlife as  
an author of fiction. Before I  
bring him up, I'd like to say a few  
words about the mythology  
surrounding Ramses VIII's amulet.

She waves her hand, the lights dim, and a close-up photo of the artifact projects against the wall to her right.

Audience members crane their necks to gaze in wonder at the ivory serpent eating its tail against a gold background with the silver eye of Horus in the middle.

BAHITI

It bears the uroborus symbol,  
representing the ancient Egyptian  
belief that life is an eternal  
cycle. We merely transmigrate from  
one body to another.

Her eyes drift to Arthur to witness how his body seizes up.

He smiles under duress and nods for her to continue.

BAHITI

Arthur's an old friend, but I knew  
Miriam, his late wife, first, and  
we wouldn't be here without her.

Arthur gasps, she gawks at him, and he gives her the OK sign.

BAHITI

She told me her boyfriend at the  
time was about to make an  
incredible discovery, and I laughed  
at her. No one's laughing now.  
Please welcome your hometown hero,  
Arthur Sullivan!

The audience applauds with some chuckles at Arthur's costume  
as he takes Bahiti's hands and steps up to the podium.

ARTHUR

Thank you, thank you. I've had many  
adventures, and my readers have  
allowed me to continue with them.

Arthur's bearing shifts. He alone witnesses how...

A GOLDEN MUMMY LEVITATES and SPREADS its WRAPPINGS.

Arthur's eyes SHINE with a GOLDEN GLOW, his posture becomes  
erect, and his voice BOOMS WITH MAJESTY.

ARTHUR

Amunet! I have come full circle and  
am ready to reclaim my throne.

Nervous laughter breaks the dead silence, and the crowd grows  
animated with concern that crescendoes as Arthur collapses.

Dylan leaps up from his chair as MAN #1 rises.

MAN #1

I'm a doctor.

Dylan assists Man #1 to position a knocked-out Arthur on the  
floor and places Man #1's coat under his head as a pillow.

Bahiti tries to calm Nicole a few feet away while Harry  
stands a safe distance from his wife.

Man #1 checks Arthur's pulse, but Arthur opens his eyes.

MAN #1

Mr. Sullivan, an ambulance is on  
the way.

ARTHUR

That's unnecessary. I just fainted.

Dylan stares at Arthur, seeing him as old and fragile.

ARTHUR

I'm fine... Only hurt from  
embarrassment.

Nicole fetches a glass of water which he downs.

Arthur reluctantly tracks Man #1's pin light.

MAN #1

You seem remarkably lucid and  
responsive.

ARTHUR

See?

NICOLE

You're not okay, Dad.

Arthur eases up, against protests from everyone.

ARTHUR

I was dehydrated. Just get me home.

DYLAN

The ambulance is your ride back.

ARTHUR

Sure: cart me around like some  
fragile relic from the past!

Jabari's on his cell phone as he exits out a side door.

INT. HOSPITAL - ARTHUR'S ROOM - DAY

The IV lines in Arthur's arms make him appear imprisoned.

He perks up when Dylan plods in with heavy steps.

DYLAN

Grandpa?

ARTHUR

Dylan! Out of school already?

DYLAN

I left as early as I could. Maybe  
earlier. What's all the...?

ARTHUR

All this?

Arthur grasps a handful of lines and gives a good shake which causes a plaintive BEEP as an alarmed NURSE scurries in.

Arthur lets go of the lines, the BEEPING stops, and the Nurse scolds him which gets a shrug from her rebellious patient.

The Nurse huffs and leaves the room.

DYLAN

Grandpa, what're you doing? You're--

ARTHUR

Perfectly fine. Which is why the doctor, and his evil accomplice Nurse Fletcher, have me plugged up to all these. They won't even let me up to pee.

Arthur reaches down and pulls out a bedpan which Dylan waves away as Arthur drops it on the floor.

Arthur leans forward and surveys the bathroom. A partially open door reveals the corner of a mirror.

ARTHUR

Dylan, can you do me a favor? Open the bathroom door.

DYLAN

Grandpa, I'm not helping you go to the bathroom if--

ARTHUR

Just open the door!

Dylan jumps at Arthur's gruffness and cracks the door open.

But Arthur insists on Dylan opening it all the way, and he grows transfixed by the mirror in the bathroom.

DYLAN

Grandpa?

ARTHUR

Thanks! I'm fine, Dylan. I just need to rest. Oh, and happy birthday! I may have a surprise for you.

Dylan squints at Arthur.

ARTHUR

Don't worry. I mean, after these wonderful people realize I'm fine and let me go.

The Nurse scowls at Arthur and takes Dylan aside as he exits.

INT. APPLETON MUSEUM - BAHITI'S OFFICE - DAY

Bahiti's office is full of Egyptian antiquities and books, but as crammed as it is, everything is organized.

Dylan rushes in and surprises Bahiti at her desk.

BAHITI

Dylan! How's Arthur doing?

DYLAN

Still at the hospital. And acting very strange.

She stares at him.

DYLAN

More than usual.

BAHITI

Someone like your grandfather doesn't do so well cooped up in a hospital.

Bahiti gestures to the seat before her desk, and Dylan sits.

He clutches the sides of the chair and looks all around.

DYLAN

What can you tell me about Ramses VIII's return? I know the myth, but how... How would it work?

BAHITI

You're a believer now?

DYLAN

Grandpa is. You heard him last night. He sounded as if...

BAHITI

I'm concerned, too. Okay, well, the transmigration window opened last night: three moon phases away from the Convergence.

(MORE)

BAHITI (CONT'D)

You already know, I believe, Ramses VIII will seek out--

DYLAN

The one who found his tomb which is Grandpa. But how will he...?

BAHITI

As long as the transmigration window is open, our ka, our spirits, can readily... how to say it... mix and mingle with all Akh: the spirits of the dead.

DYLAN

Grandpa thinks he can bring Grandma back and grow young again with her.

Off Bahiti's tilted head, Dylan explains.

DYLAN

One nurse heard Grandpa muttering and thought he was asleep but found his eyes wide open.

BAHITI

He sounds like he's still under Ramses' influence.

DYLAN

We're still speaking, um, hypothetically... you know, according to the legend?

BAHITI

If Ramses returns, he will be able to harness the energy of Ra and Hathor: the sun and the moon. This is a power that can influence anyone and harness an army. And with Amunet by his side, he will be unstoppable.

Dylan puffs his cheeks out as he struggles not to laugh.

DYLAN

Unless he spots a wrinkle on his face.

Her glare dares him to laugh which makes him grow serious. He rises to leave but turns around with a hesitant look.

DYLAN

Dumb question, but do mirrors play into the whole Ramses-coming-back deal?

BAHITI

Your sarcasm about his vanity notwithstanding, the legend has it that--

DYLAN

Amunet called to Hathor while holding a mirror. Ramses had a thing for them... which means what makes his return possible... all the magic...

BAHITI

Comes from mirrors and all they touch. According to legend, magic is always with us and makes transmigration possible. Those who believe in it can take the next step to become anew. Those who can't...

Dylan ponders this.

INT. MANNERS HOME - DYLAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dylan stares at the mirror on his door, and Wayne appears again with a grin like he's got a secret.

DYLAN

Magic? Guess I have a thing with mirrors, too. What're you trying to tell me?

At the sound of the door opening, Wayne vanishes as Dylan's mother barges in to give him a jolt.

DYLAN

I'm having a lock installed.

She shakes her head at the unopened college literature.

NICOLE

Is this how you plan on spending the rest of your life?

DYLAN

And you say I'm the dramatic one.

Nicole's horrified at the sight of the unsent birthday card invitations in Dylan's trashcan beside his desk.

NICOLE

No wonder your girlfriend's the only one to show up.

DYLAN

How did Rachel find out?

NICOLE

Never underestimate a girl who knows what she wants.

She grins and points.

NICOLE

You called Rachel your girlfriend!

He avoids eye contact.

The sound of screeching tires makes them bolt from the room.

EXT. MANNERS HOME - NIGHT

Nicole and Dylan join Harry and Rachel who already stand and stare at a fire-red Corvette that's an inch away from a tree.

Nicole fumes when she spots Arthur in the car.

NICOLE

Daddy!

He emerges without a scratch and with a huge smile.

NICOLE

They let you out and even drive yourself from the hospital?

ARTHUR

I'm fine, honey.

(to Dylan)

How do you like your birthday gift?

NICOLE

Have you lost all your marbles?

Arthur gulps and takes Dylan by the elbow to urge him toward the house as Nicole follows.

NICOLE

You can't escape me. I'm your daughter, you know.

Rachel and Harry are left outside to stare at one another.

HARRY  
I apologize for my family.

She hands him a business card which he reads.

HARRY  
Counseling services... Aren't you  
in high school?

RACHEL  
It's from Junior Achievement. I'm  
getting some therapist experience.  
Don't worry--I practiced on my  
father first.

HARRY  
Well, if any family needs you...

RACHEL  
I should probably go.

EXT./INT. MANNERS HOME - DYLAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole pounds on the outside of Dylan's door.

NICOLE  
I'll have you stuck in a nursing  
home before you can say "Jiminy  
Cricket."

Arthur nudges Dylan's desk to the doorknob but is fatigued.

ARTHUR  
Help me!

Dylan shoves the desk to completely block his mother's way.

DYLAN  
I don't disagree with Mom.

ARTHUR  
You'd stick your grandfather in a  
seedy place where the smell of  
ether permeates your pores?

DYLAN  
Start acting like a normal  
grandfather and father and she  
won't. Hey, listen...

NICOLE (O.S.)  
I know what's best for my father.

HARRY (O.S.)  
Why're you always on attack mode?

NICOLE (O.S.)  
I'm so tired of this. Tired of  
fighting all the time.

HARRY (O.S.)  
Maybe we should give it a rest.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
You mean divorce? Is that what I  
think you just said?

Dylan plops facedown on his bed as his PARENTS' VOICES fade.

The FULL MOON peeks through the open curtains.

Arthur sits beside Dylan and prods him to turn around.

DYLAN  
I think it'd be best if I could  
disappear... Be a ghost like Wayne.

ARTHUR  
Don't say things like that. I'd  
give anything to be your age again.

DYLAN  
They'd rather have Wayne here. I'd  
rather have him here, too.

Dylan spots something under Arthur's shirt.

DYLAN  
Is that...?

Arthur grins and removes Ramses' amulet from his neck.

DYLAN  
But how? Are you saying...?

ARTHUR  
It just appeared--

DYLAN  
Around your neck?

DYLAN  
But how did you...?

ARTHUR

You see, fiction has now become  
fact. Which means Miriam can...

Dylan grabs one side of the amulet as, unseen by them, a  
CLOUD spins in the mirror on Dylan's door.

They tug the amulet back and forth several times.

Ramses VIII pokes his HEAD out from the BLACK VOID in the  
center of the SWIRLING CLOUD.

Arthur winces, and Dylan notices and lets go.

Arthur clutches at his chest as he collapses while Dylan  
twitches, as if his body's been electrocuted.

RAMSES VIII's HEAD retreats into the void, and the CLOUD  
swirls away to return the mirror to normal again.

There's a pounding on the door.

NICOLE (O.S.)

Dylan? Dad? Let me in!

The door gives way as the desk gets pushed back.

Dylan feels his face and gazes in the mirror, shocked by the  
lack of a reflection.

He glances down at Dylan on the outside, but on the inside...

At this point, Arthur is now in Dylan's body: ARTHUR/DYLAN.

Arthur/Dylan glances over and sees his own unconscious body  
but doesn't see Dylan who floats above as a ghost.

NOTE: When Arthur/Dylan speaks with DYLAN'S GHOST, we hear  
Arthur's voice. Otherwise, it's Dylan's voice, which is what  
the other characters hear.

The door swings wide enough for Nicole to peek in and get a  
hand against the desk to push it out of the way.

She panics at the sight of Arthur's body on the floor as  
Arthur/Dylan calls 9-1-1 on Dylan's cell phone.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Dylan's voice)

Send an ambulance quick. I've just  
had a heart attack.

Nicole shakes her head in confusion but puts that aside.

EXT. MANNERS HOME - NIGHT

A few NEIGHBORS gawk on the sidewalk as Arthur/Dylan and Harry observe from their porch.

Nicole, alongside EMT #1 and EMT #2 who now carry Arthur's body on a stretcher, heads for the ambulance out front.

Arthur/Dylan watches in bewilderment and turns to Harry.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Why's she going with them?

NICOLE  
We'll meet you at the hospital.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
You and that shell of a body?

NICOLE  
Don't talk that way about your grandfather! He's not dead.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Trust me: what you knew of Arthur has left the building, as they say. But where's Dylan?

She shakes her head like it's too much to process and climbs into the back of the ambulance.

HARRY  
You're in shock. She's in shock.  
(to EMTs)  
Isn't that right?

The EMTs nod, get into the ambulance, and drive off.

Harry makes his way to their Subaru in the driveway but stops to look over his shoulder at Arthur/Dylan who hasn't moved.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Oh, Harry, I think I'll stay here.

The mention of his name by his son surprises Harry.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
I wonder where the amulet...

Arthur/Dylan checks his pockets, back and front.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
I'll just be in Dylan's... my room.

HARRY  
Son, are you okay?

Being called "son" by Harry startles Arthur/Dylan.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
I'm fine... Dad! I think I'll just  
mull over my unopened college  
literature. That's what I, your  
son, do.

HARRY  
Unopened college literature? Mull  
over? Are you sure you're all  
right? You don't sound like  
yourself.

Arthur/Dylan speaks with a dramatically deep voice.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Because my voice has changed.

HARRY  
It changed when you were 13.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Guess I forgot that. I was probably  
on a book t... I mean, I'm a  
teenager, so what'd you expect?

Harry nods and comes to a decision.

HARRY  
I'd better head on over there.  
You'll be okay?

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Bye... Dad!

Harry pretends to go to his car but stops after Arthur/Dylan  
has gone back inside.

He texts Nicole: "HARRY: Staying here. Worried about Dylan."

DYLAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arthur/Dylan rifles through desk drawers and piles of  
unopened college applications.

An object on the ground catches his eye: the uroborus amulet.

He's careful as he crouches down but then grins.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
 (Arthur's voice)  
 I've got the body of a teenager.

He bends all the way and snags the amulet when a LIGHT from the mirror on the door gets his attention.

When he straightens up and faces the mirror, he sees Dylan's Ghost where his own face and body should be: the starry outline of Dylan's features in gray tone.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
 Grandpa?

Arthur/Dylan touches the sides of his face and is perplexed when the IMAGE IN THE MIRROR doesn't follow along.

He sticks out his tongue and makes a speedboat sound.

The IMAGE has not moved.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
 It's me.

Arthur/Dylan does some kind of old-timey Broadway dance moves, but Dylan's Ghost just shakes his head.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
 How long are we going to do this?

Arthur/Dylan stops and gazes in wonder.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
 It's really you.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
 And you're really in my body.

IN THE HALLWAY

Harry stands mystified at what he's heard by the closed door.

He takes out Rachel's business card.

SUPER: RACHEL MEADOWS, COUNSELING SERVICES, CALL DAY OR NIGHT  
 IF YOU NEED A FRIEND, 270-684-7156

Arthur/Dylan slinks away from the mirror and sits on the bed.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
 What're we going to do?

He gazes all about.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Hey, where'd you go?

Arthur/Dylan cannot see the GRAYISH, THREE-DIMENSIONAL BODY of Dylan's Ghost hover over him.

DYLAN'S GHOST

I think you can only see me when you look in the mirror.

Arthur/Dylan rushes over to the mirror. He sees Dylan's Ghost again but can't see his own, or rather Dylan's, reflection.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I've finally lost the ability to tell the difference between reality and fantasy.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Maybe I'll wake up, and Mom'll be yelling at me again.

Dylan's Ghost peers down and through his body.

DYLAN'S GHOST

No, I think this is real. I've never felt so... invisible. Bahiti was being serious when I...

Arthur/Dylan sees a black speck in the mirror.

DYLAN'S GHOST

You look like you've seen a ghost.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Look at you: getting a sense of humor now that you're...

DYLAN'S GHOST

We can... switch back, can't we?

Arthur/Dylan's uncomfortable with that question.

He pokes a finger at the black spot, and for a moment, a force tugs it inside before he can pull it back out.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Weird question, have you seen Ramses' face replace your own recently?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

How could you know that?

DYLAN'S GHOST

I might've seen it in a picture...  
that I drew. Maybe I somehow...

ARTHUR/DYLAN

He's been using me all along. Oh,  
Miriam... That hole's a gateway to  
our favorite pharaoh's dimension.

DYLAN'S GHOST

More like a keyhole, and the key is  
the amulet.

Arthur/Dylan holds the poisonous amulet away from himself.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

We have to hide it.

Arthur/Dylan searches all around for a good hiding spot,  
disgusted by the dirty socks and underwear beneath the bed.

DYLAN'S GHOST

(embarrassed)

I think I know a good hiding place.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Let me guess: under the bed with  
the stinky landmines.

Arthur/Dylan sighs and crawls under the bed as Dylan's Ghost,  
unseen by Arthur/Dylan, follows him.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Grab my underwear in front of you.

Arthur/Dylan pinches his nose and flicks the underwear out.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

It's a pig sty. How can you spend  
so much time in here?

DYLAN'S GHOST

Funny how I can see and maybe even  
smell that more now. But don't  
judge, Grandpa, especially after  
you pry up that board.

Arthur/Dylan traces his fingernails around a board on the  
floor, pries it up, and retrieves a baggy of marijuana.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

So, the dirty laundry was just a  
ruse.

DYLAN'S GHOST

That pair had been there for three years. Sorry, Grandpa.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Just between you and me, your mother was conceived thanks to a baggy like this one.

DYLAN'S GHOST

That's TMI.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

It was the sixties.

Arthur/Dylan places only the amulet in the hole.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Grandpa!

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Okay!

Arthur/Dylan puts the baggy in there, replaces the wooden board, and stands back before the mirror.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I understand your nerves have been frayed lately, but why didn't you say yes when that girl asked you to the dance?

DYLAN'S GHOST

She's been through a lot, herself, and with me about to graduate... There's just so much uncertainty about everything.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Is it about your brother again? Honestly, Dylan, I just don't--

DYLAN'S GHOST

Yes, it's about Wayne. Everything's about Wayne. Have you been to his room? Everything's still there: every ribbon, every trophy he ever won. Do you see any in here? All you see is a bunch of clutter.

Arthur/Dylan's face, which is Dylan's, looks oddly like someone with experience and wisdom.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I see. Your brother was gifted.

DYLAN'S GHOST

More than gifted. Everything came easily for him. And people loved Wayne. I loved him, too... love him. And don't get me wrong, it's not about jealousy.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You're loved, too. And... gifted, in your own way.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Thanks a lot. Look, there's something I've never told anyone.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You can tell me.

Dylan's Ghost blinks back SILVERY, PHOSPHORESCENT TEARS.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Wayne spent his 18 years accomplishing so much. And then it was all gone. Me, I'm such a failure...

Arthur/Dylan reaches out to hug Dylan's Ghost but just bumps into the mirror.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Do you know what's special about you?

Dylan's Ghost's eager to hear, but Arthur/Dylan's hesitant.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You're a great listener.

DYLAN'S GHOST

That's all you can say about me? I'm a great listener?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

And when you talk, you... say words. I mean, you have such... incredible insights.

Dylan's Ghost smiles as Arthur/Dylan hides his doubt.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Really?

Dylan's Ghost's smile fades.

DYLAN'S GHOST

I was supposed to go on that hiking  
and climbing trip with Wayne.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Why didn't you?

DYLAN'S GHOST

I'm afraid of heights, and since  
I'm the one who's supposed to be  
accident-prone... Maybe Wayne  
would've been more careful if I'd  
gone along with him.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

But anyone can have an accident.

DYLAN'S GHOST

But I keep thinking there's  
something I'm missing. Him just  
falling like that doesn't seem...  
hell, it doesn't feel right.

They hear Harry outside Dylan's door on his phone.

HARRY (O.S.)

It's like he's talking to his late  
grandfather.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Your father's talking to that girl  
of yours.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Now she'll really think I'm crazy.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You do like her.

DYLAN'S GHOST

So, what's the plan?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

It looks like I'm going back to  
high school.

DYLAN'S GHOST

I mean about us.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Something'll come up. At least, it  
always does in my stories.

DYLAN'S GHOST

And what should I do? Hang out here  
and haunt the place?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

That's exactly what you should do.  
You need to guard that amulet.  
Remember, Ramses VIII has a fire in  
his mummified loins to come back  
and reclaim his kingdom.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Hey, wait: do you think Bahiti  
might know--

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Shhh! Your mother's back.

Arthur/Dylan opens the door a crack.

LIVING ROOM

Nicole returns from the kitchen with two beers.

NICOLE

This may be the last time I do  
this.

Harry grunts as she hands him a bottle and drinks from hers.

NICOLE

How's Dylan?

He eases into the recliner. She sinks into the couch.

HARRY

Recovering. He should obviously  
stay home from school tomorrow and  
so should you.

She just stares at him.

HARRY

You just lost your father. We  
should all stay home.

She looks as if she might cry but steels herself.

NICOLE

No can do.

## DYLAN'S ROOM

Arthur/Dylan cups a hand around his ear.

NICOLE (O.S.)

You can stay home. Assuming you're still laid off.

DYLAN'S GHOST

What? He never told me that.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

This family and its secrets...  
You're right about Bahiti. I have to talk to her tomorrow.

## LIVING ROOM

Nicole sips her beer as Harry chugs his to her annoyance.

NICOLE

Wow! Drink it like water, why don't you?

He waves a dismissive hand.

NICOLE

I'm meeting with the funeral director tomorrow.

HARRY

Your father never had, what do they call it...?

NICOLE

A funeral directive. No. Not exactly.

## DYLAN'S ROOM

Arthur/Dylan is aghast.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I told her my wishes. About a month ago, actually.

Arthur/Dylan moves to open the door as Dylan's Ghost panics.

DYLAN'S GHOST

What're you doing?

HALLWAY THEN LIVING ROOM

Arthur/Dylan marches into the living room.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
 (Dylan's voice)  
 You know I want a wake in your  
 house! In this house!

Nicole and Harry stare in disbelief and drain their beers.

On the blank TV screen, Dylan's Ghost joins his parents in their incredulity, but only Arthur/Dylan can see or hear him.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
 You can't do that.

Arthur/Dylan turns to the GLOWING IMAGE Nicole and Harry also strain to see but just shrug at each other.

NICOLE  
 You're right about one thing: this  
 one's staying home tomorrow.

DYLAN'S ROOM

Arthur/Dylan tosses and turns in bed and faces the mirror where Dylan's Ghost studies him.

Arthur/Dylan's hand shields the GLOW from Dylan's Ghost.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
 (Arthur's voice)  
 You're the worst night light in the  
 history of night lights. I used to  
 have one when I was a kid that--

DYLAN'S GHOST  
 I'll go away. Hmm, can I do that?  
 There's so much I still don't know  
 about being a ghost.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
 Yeah, well, go explore somewhere in  
 that little black hole.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
 Just turn away from the mirror.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
 As long as I know you're there...

DYLAN'S GHOST

I was thinking... If we switch back and you become a ghost, does that mean--?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

One ghostly footprint in front of the other, okay, Dylan?

DYLAN'S GHOST

Good night... other Dylan.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You mean, Grandpa. I'll always be your grandpa.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Okay, Grandpa. Good night.

Arthur/Dylan pulls the sheet over his head but pops his head out, and the GLOW'S still there.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Good night, my grandson.

Arthur/Dylan ducks back under the covers, and Dylan's Ghost retreats into the mirror.

The BLACK SPECK in the mirror twitches and expands: a feeble CLOUD SWIRL wants to start up.

The BLACK SPECK now resembles FOUR ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COLUMNS stacked on each other.

The four columns separate into four corners as RAMSES VIII'S SPECTRAL FACE emerges--his EYES GLOW GOLD with hunger.

INT. MANNERS KITCHEN - DAY

Nicole at the table's head and Harry and Arthur/Dylan side by side eat breakfast: burnt scrambled eggs and singed bacon.

Nicole stabs her eggs and tosses them into her mouth as Harry taps his plate and looks side-eyed at his cell phone.

Arthur/Dylan cranes his neck to see the text: "RACHEL: Communicating with dissociative patients."

Arthur/Dylan rolls his eyes.

"RACHEL: Dim the lights to eliminate overstimulation, lower your voice, and touch the person's hand."

Harry gets up and dims the kitchen lights.

NICOLE  
Are you feeling okay?

HARRY  
We need a better atmosphere for...

Harry nods his head at a bemused Arthur/Dylan.

He taps Arthur/Dylan's hand and lowers his voice.

HARRY  
How are you, Dylan?

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
(Dylan's voice)  
This is absurd! Harry, you're much better at analyzing computer systems than people. They'd better bring you back soon for all our sakes.

NICOLE  
How did you know...? Why're you talking like...?

Harry pats her hand and shushes her.

She's ready to pounce, but he mouths, "Dylan's not himself."

She huffs.

NICOLE  
I have to get over to the funeral home.

She snatches her purse and strides out but leans back in.

NICOLE  
Dylan, stay home. Get some rest. Momma's orders.

With her completely gone, Arthur/Dylan pops up and checks the cabinet drawers next to the sink.

HARRY  
Looking for something?

Arthur/Dylan turns to Harry who holds out two keys for Dylan's jalopy and Dylan's birthday present, the Corvette.

Harry slips them in his pocket.

HARRY

I actually agree with your mother.

DYLAN'S GHOST'S FACE looms large on the refrigerator.

DYLAN'S GHOST

You have to go see Bahiti.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Arthur's voice)

I'm working on it.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Make a deal.

HARRY

Who're you talking to?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Dylan's voice)

I know you're worried about me, but Dad, I think I'll feel a lot better at school. It'll take my mind off things.

HARRY

But you hate school.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Tell you what: you could drive me. Make sure I get there safely and all.

DYLAN'S GHOST

At least it gets you out of the house.

Arthur/Dylan at the refrigerator gestures to Dylan's room.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Don't worry. I'll be like one of those British guards. I won't leave my post.

Harry's at a loss, and Arthur/Dylan pretends to use the reflection in the refrigerator to comb his hair.

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dylan's Ghost hovers in one place and faces the bed as stiff as possible like a British guard.

The CLOUD SWIRLS from behind in the mirror with an EGYPTIAN COLUMN in each corner.

DYLAN'S GHOST

This is dumb. What's the point of being a ghost if you can't--?

WAYNE'S GHOST (O.S.)

Float wherever you want to?

Dylan's Ghost whirls around to see his brother before him.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Wayne? Is it really you this time?

WAYNE'S GHOST

I'm as real as you are.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Well, that's debatable. So all those times I pretended to see you...?

WAYNE'S GHOST

Let me put it this way: any time you looked in the mirror, I could commune with you.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Commune?

WAYNE'S GHOST

Dylan, I've seen your loneliness and the imperfections of those red bumps on your greasy face.

Dylan's Ghost drifts before the mirror but sees nothing.

DYLAN'S GHOST

My zits? But why can't I see them now? I can't even see--

WAYNE'S GHOST

You don't have them. You don't have anything from your life-force because someone else possesses what belongs to you.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Grandpa.

WAYNE'S GHOST

What're you waiting for?

DYLAN'S GHOST

But he said I must stay here and--

WAYNE'S GHOST

Isn't that what you did when I went climbing? The weak become too timid to seize what belongs to them.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Why do you sound so different?

WAYNE'S GHOST

It should've been you.

DYLAN'S GHOST

How could you say that?

WAYNE'S GHOST

It's what you've been thinking. And thinking is all you do while other people... Think about it: Grandpa's in control of your life now. He's in a teenaged...

Dylan's Ghost tries the door first but zooms up and out.

DYLAN'S GHOST (O.S.)

There's no telling what Grandpa's doing with my body!

EXT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Arthur/Dylan scratches his butt and appreciates the firmness.

Unsettled, Harry watches from his car.

HARRY

Are you okay? Don't forget your books.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Dylan's voice)

Oh, yeah.

Arthur/Dylan opens the door, grabs them, and shuts it.

HARRY

It's funny. You look like you did when I dropped you off for your first day here.

FLASHBACK - SAME PLACE

A 14-year-old Dylan climbs out of Harry's newer-looking car. His shirt's inside-out, and he trips on his shoelaces. Harry leans so he can be seen from the passenger side window.

HARRY

Dylan?

Dylan rubs his eyes and yawns.

HARRY

The school's entrance is in the other direction.

Dylan spins around and weaves toward a bad first day.

END FLASHBACK

Harry sighs and watches Arthur/Dylan in concern.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

In many ways, this is my first day all over again.

HARRY

I can take you home if you want.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

No, I'm fine.

HARRY

Call if you need anything.

Arthur/Dylan taps the top of the car and waves, and the Subaru drives off.

Arthur/Dylan lays his books down and prepares to head out of the lot on foot when a voice stops him.

RACHEL (O.S.)

You need some help?

Rachel stoops to pick up a book from the pavement.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Really, you don't have to.

She hands him the book as he scans the parking lot exit.

RACHEL

Did you leave something in your  
father's car?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

The museum's only a few blocks from  
here, isn't it?

RACHEL

More like a few miles.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

But walkable? Especially if you've  
got a young, healthy body?

She taps his hand and lowers her voice.

RACHEL

We're about to be late for first  
period.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

What do we have for that class  
again? Do we have classes together  
for the rest of the day?

She sighs, takes his hand, and leads him toward the school.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE: FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

-- In the locker room, Arthur/Dylan is uneasy as the other  
students get P.E. clothes from their lockers while he fidgets  
in his polo shirt and jeans.

-- COACH hands him an Appleton High t-shirt and shorts, both  
too big for him.

-- Students fast-walk their laps on the soccer field.

-- Arthur/Dylan joins them and takes off as if it's a race.  
He blows past a group of students and looks back to rub in  
he's winning but trips when his baggy shorts come down.

-- BIG JOCK doesn't see Arthur/Dylan on the ground and gets  
tripped up by him. Big Jock is pissed, so Arthur/Dylan hops  
up and sprints away as he keeps one hand on the waistband of  
his baggy shorts.

-- Everyone files back into the locker room, with  
Arthur/Dylan standing out as a sweaty mess.

-- In the shower, a naked Arthur/Dylan tries to take a turn but gets elbowed away again and again by the other students. It finally seems like he'll get a turn, but Big Jock stiff-arms him so he lands on his exposed tush.

-- Arthur/Dylan enters math class late, a disheveled, miserable mess. MS. DARCY presses him to solve a pre-calculus problem on the board before everyone, but he stares at them, unable to do it.

-- Big Jock solves the problem instead as Arthur/Dylan argues (no sound) with Ms. Darcy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANNERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry trudges through the front door, overcome with emotion.

He eyes a picture on the wall: him and Nicole as newlyweds.

HARRY

Who are those people? Where did  
they go?

A THUD comes from Dylan's room, and Harry rushes toward it.

INT. MANNERS HOME - OUTSIDE/INSIDE DYLAN'S ROOM - DAY

Harry's outside the door to Dylan's room.

HARRY

Dylan? Is that you? Did you come  
back home?

What sounds like a flutter of papers comes from the room.

Harry cracks open the door and pads inside.

Unopened college literature swirls everywhere which startles Harry who runs for the door that slams shut.

He jiggles the doorknob but can't open it.

He flops down and rolls beneath the bed.

The mailers follow him as he braces until a BRIGHT GOLDEN LIGHT emits from the edges of a wooden floorboard.

He lifts the floorboard and removes the baggy of marijuana, disappointed by what he sees.

The shiny amulet snatches his focus.

He emerges, stands by the mirror, and slips on the amulet.

Ramses VIII's reflection stares back.

LIGHT, from the CENTER OF A CLOUD SWIRL, strikes Harry in the middle of his chest.

His arms and legs flail out as he levitates for a moment, drops to the ground, and rises as Ramses VIII.

Now, Harry is RAMSES/HARRY and speaks with Ramses' voice.

He raises his arms in triumph and cackles but stops...

Stares in shock at the mirror...

Locates his face and traces bags under his eyes to find...

an unsightly wrinkle...

That can't be... me?

He takes a step back, and his eyes go wide--

He grabs his love handles and--

SCREAMS!

INT. MR. WINTHROP'S HISTORY CLASS - DAY

Mr. Winthrop prepares his lesson as students file in.

Dylan's Ghost floats in, unseen, as well.

Mr. Winthrop projects a side-by-side image of Richard Nixon and John F. Kennedy on the front screen and organizes papers.

Arthur/Dylan dashes toward a seat in the back as Rachel follows with a look of concern.

Big Jock looms over Arthur/Dylan.

BIG JOCK

You got your wires crossed today?

Rachel imposes herself between the two.

RACHEL

He's sorry.

She nudges Arthur/Dylan toward their usual seats: front and center, next to each other.

RACHEL

I thought we agreed you'd follow my lead since you're not well.

The other students lean forward. Rachel smiles, and Arthur/Dylan does too at her insistence as they sit down.

The tardy bell rings.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Dylan's voice)

Why don't you try lowering your voice and patting my hand since that works so well?

RACHEL

Someone's having a bad day.

She observes his shabby condition.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I was a gentleman and let all the girly-boys go first in the shower.

He twists around and frowns at Big Jock.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

And math class? Someone's found a new way to torture people.

She stares in wonder at him.

Dylan's Ghost's unseen and unheard by everyone except Arthur/Dylan above his desk's reflective top and swirls from side to side.

In frustration, he makes his history book levitate a few inches and slam down onto the desk.

Rachel frowns, and Dylan's Ghost glares at him from the desk.

DYLAN'S GHOST

What're you doing?

Mr. Winthrop hovers beside Arthur/Dylan's desk.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Is there anything I can do for you?

MR. WINTHROP

Do I have your permission to start class?

Arthur/Dylan nods as the others laugh.

INT. MR. WINTHROP'S HISTORY CLASS - MOMENTS LATER

In the middle of his lecture, Mr. Winthrop leans on a podium with a copy of the U.S. Presidential Seal on the front.

Phillip and Cedric have their heads on their desks.

Guillermo readies a paper airplane for the moment Mr. Winthrop has his guard down.

Arthur/Dylan gives his full attention but with a sneer.

MR. WINTHROP

And, furthermore, if the debate hadn't been televised, Nixon would've won, and we'd be a better country today.

BIG JOCK

That's your biased opinion.

MR. WINTHROP

Why, you...! It's a credible historical theory.

Rachel pokes Arthur/Dylan in the arm and gestures for him to not do what he seems ready to do.

Arthur/Dylan nods toward Mr. Winthrop's desk where there's a thick manuscript with the title "If Nixon Won the First Time" on the front page with Conrad Winthrop below.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

My friend's right. Just imagine a world where America didn't put the first man on the Moon.

MR. WINTHROP

We might've done so with Nixon.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Only a political hack would entertain such a fruity idea.

Several students gasp along with a few nervous titters.

Rachel remains frozen as if she's forgotten how to breathe.

Guillermo lets his paper airplane fly, and Mr. Winthrop catches and crumples it.

MR. WINTHROP

Someone ate his Wheaties this morning. Perhaps you'd like to stand up here and tell us what you know about U.S. history?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I'm not a teacher.

MR. WINTHROP

Finally, some sense has come out of you. As I was saying, speculation about historical events can help us tease out political theories so we can come to a better understanding of causal impact.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I can tell you about causal impact.

Rachel slouches as if she wants to disappear into the ground.

Cedric and Phillip wake up and stare in wonder.

MR. WINTHROP

I thought we agreed you're not a teacher.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Without a President Kennedy, there'd be no Peace Corps, and I never would've found a sense of purpose without that organization. It instilled in me a sense of adventure which led me to archeology, but more importantly, it led me to my wife.

Absolute stillness reigns until nervous laughter spreads.

Arthur/Dylan peers into his reflective desktop, at Dylan's Ghost in a state of meltdown.

DYLAN'S GHOST

What're you doing with my life?

Mr. Winthrop displays concern about his student.

MR. WINTHROP

While we all might find this mildly entertaining, Dylan, the question is, who do you think you are, and how have you come to replace the student who, aside from a snide presentation, sits in my class daily with never a word except to ask to go to the bathroom?

RACHEL

Can he, sir?

DYLAN'S GHOST

You and I need to talk. And I mean now!

MR. WINTHROP

Can he what, Ms. Rachel?

Arthur/Dylan sighs.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Go to the bathroom.

MR. WINTHROP

You've found your own tongue again! Please, take all the time you need, and when you're done, march yourself down to the counseling office.

INT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL - BOYS' BATHROOM - DAY

Arthur/Dylan splashes water on his face at the sink. Dylan's Ghost stares back in the mirror in disappointment.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Arthur's voice)

What? You didn't expect me to start acting like you just because I look like you. You're not even supposed to be here.

DYLAN'S GHOST

I couldn't sit back and let you ruin my life.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You could've given me your locker combination.

DYLAN'S GHOST

If you'd just shut up and let the teachers teach their lessons...

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I've made a living with my words.

DYLAN'S GHOST

It's not who I am. Have you ever taken the trouble to find that out?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

When you put it like that...

DYLAN'S GHOST

You have to go see Bahiti.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I'd love to, believe me, but that girlfriend of yours won't let me out of her sight. She thinks I suffer from a dissociative personality.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Find a way to ditch her!

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Okay. But you need to find your way back to your room before it's too late.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Grandpa, I saw Wayne.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

What're you saying?

DYLAN'S GHOST

Well, he looked like I do now, but it was him.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

What?! Ramses VIII will do anything to come back. We talked about this.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Oh, no! You've got to be kidding me!

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I'm sorry, Dylan, but you have to go. Now!

## OUTSIDE BOYS' BATHROOM - DAY

Arthur/Dylan emerges from the bathroom and prepares to make a sprint for the exit sign.

But Rachel smiles and points to the counseling office.

Dylan's Ghost drifts unseen toward the exit.

## COUNSELING OFFICE - DAY

The room has all kinds of posters that celebrate the virtues of being a college student.

A plaque says, "Keep climbing no matter what you step in."

A giant poster behind the counselor's desk lists the top 20 students who scored the highest on the state test.

MS. CUSHING, a thick-set woman with kind eyes that pierce the souls of wayward students, leans forward to glean Arthur/Dylan's intentions.

MS. CUSHING

What brings you here today, Dylan?

Arthur/Dylan squirms in his seat in front of her desk.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Dylan's voice)

Do you really want to know?

Ms. Cushing awaits his answer with cruel silence.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I'm here because people won't accept me for who I am.

MS. CUSHING

Are you having an identity crisis?

Arthur/Dylan surveys the school propaganda and realizes...

ARTHUR/DYLAN

It's all the pressure this school puts on us... On me....

Ms. Cushing nods, but the rest of her face and body are at odds with that sentiment.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I'm guessing I was nowhere near to getting on that list behind you.

MS. CUSHING

Not even close. But your brother  
was at the top.

Arthur/Dylan comes to a full realization, and he reads the  
name plate on Ms. Cushing's desk.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Thank you, Ms. Cushing.

She's caught off-guard.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Our little visit has been...  
educational.

She stares into space as he dashes out of her office.

INT. MANNERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ramses/Harry fidgets in the recliner, finds the side lever,  
tugs on it, and the foot rest pops out to his surprise.

He leans back, at ease, but reverts to a look of depression.

RAMSES/HARRY

Is this how a pharaoh lives in this  
age?

Just as he drifts off to sleep, the insistent knock on the  
front door rouses him to his feet.

NICOLE (O.S.)

(sarcastic)

Open up, my king!

Annoyed and then curious Ramses/Harry opens the door.

NICOLE

Thanks, your highness!

He continues to gawk at her with inspiration as she brushes  
him aside and heads toward the kitchen but whips around.

NICOLE

Are you okay? You didn't take one  
of your magic pills, did you? Don't  
even think about it.

She shakes her head at him and sashays into the kitchen.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
You want a beer? Maybe that'll help  
you chill out.

She returns with her beer and another which she hands to him.  
He eyes the bottle with suspicion.

RAMSES/HARRY  
Taste it for me.

NICOLE  
Funny!

She flops on the couch and takes a swig from her beer which  
he studies with great interest.

He tries a sip from his and liking it, takes a giant swallow.

RAMSES/HARRY  
This is sufficient.

He belches, and she laughs.

NICOLE  
I don't feel like dealing with your  
weirdness.

She eyes the remote on an arm of his recliner.

NICOLE  
Turn on the TV or pass the remote.

He picks it up and studies it, but she marches over and  
plucks it from his hands, and he glares at her.

RAMSES/HARRY  
This is how you treat your god?

Her big belly laugh takes her some time to contain before she  
turns on the TV which rivets Ramses/Harry.

He takes a few more swigs as the images entrance him: an  
infomercial shows the before and after of a middle-aged man  
who goes from flabby to fabulous.

She switches the channel to his great consternation.

NICOLE  
What? Are you the same Harry  
Manners I left here this morning?

He gives a command with a nod to the remote she holds.

NICOLE

Fine! Watch your middle-aged crisis video while you chug your beers!

She changes the channel back and thrusts her beer into one of his hands and the remote in his other.

He twists to match the TV exercise instructor, and she verges on hysterics.

Her eyes meet his as she passes by on the way to her bedroom, and she stops, held by his HYPNOTIC STARE.

RAMSES/HARRY

Amunet, my queen. Together, we must reclaim our kingdom.

Dylan's Ghost floats in as his parents passionately embrace.

They thrash about before Nicole flings Ramses/Harry onto his recliner and digs her tongue into his mouth.

Dylan's Ghost is like a gawker at the site of a car accident.

INT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Arthur/Dylan carries his full food tray in a packed lunchroom and plops down at an empty table.

Rachel's hand on his shoulder almost makes him drop his tray.

RACHEL

You always sit with your friends.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Dylan's voice)

Dylan has... I have friends?

RACHEL

Of course you do.

She gestures for him to follow her which he does.

Guillermo, Cedric, and Phillip sit in the corner, stare at Arthur/Dylan, and give off a dubious vibe.

Arthur/Dylan, hesitant, sits across from Guillermo. He waves and smiles at Guillermo who glares as if he's on to him.

GUILLERMO

You okay, bro?

PHILLIP  
You don't look like yourself.

CEDRIC  
Are any of us ever like ourselves?

Arthur/Dylan's puzzled as he eats with all eyes on him.

RACHEL  
We have Mr. Winthrop's class before lunch, remember?

GUILLERMO  
That explains everything. Hey, you finish that new drawing?

Arthur/Dylan points to himself and appeals to Rachel.

RACHEL  
Don't be so modest. You're a great artist.

CEDRIC  
We often hide inside our shells.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Are these guys for real?

PHILLIP  
Nothing is real.

Rachel removes a notebook from between two textbooks and flips it open to the last page that's been written in.

It's a charcoal-style drawing, done in pencil, of a scene from the daymare Dylan envisioned at the beginning: his brother's eyes two desperate, ashen saucers that pierce through the flat surface of the paper.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Wow! This is amazing!

CEDRIC  
But sad.

PHILLIP  
You act like you've never seen it before.

RACHEL  
Of course it's amazing. I keep telling him he's talented.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Didn't he tell me he drew...? And now this picture, so he thinks...?

Guillermo's confusion verges on annoyance.

GUILLERMO

Bro, did you apply to that art school you were talking about?

RACHEL

I applied for him.  
(to Arthur/Dylan)  
I mean, I filled out your application.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Art school? Nicole would never let him... I mean, my mother would never let me go there.

PHILLIP

Been near a strange, podlike plant recently?

Arthur/Dylan looks at these three guys and grows feverish...

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE: ARTHUR/DYLAN'S FEVER DREAM

-- Guillermo stares at him as he flicks his nose ring, the sound like a bell that tolls.

-- Cedric scratches a plump pimple on his cheek. He continues to scratch, the sound like sandpaper, until the zit bursts.

-- Phillip's eyes widen and do not blink as a pinwheel, from a cartoon, spins in both.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Rachel taps Arthur/Dylan's hand as he jumps out of his seat to her startled expression.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Sorry, bro... and gang... Need to go to the bathroom. Like they say, when you gotta go, you gotta go.

He waves at them, backs away, and speeds out of the cafeteria with Rachel close behind.

CAFETERIA HALLWAY - DAY

Rachel jumps in front of Arthur/Dylan, and he groans.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
What do you want?

It's like he's slapped her.

RACHEL  
I know you're stressed, but...

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
What?

RACHEL  
Well, you don't have to be rude.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Oh yeah? You seem to think you can practice psychiatry out of a lemonade stand.

RACHEL  
Do you want me to leave you alone?

Arthur/Dylan nods.

Rachel bursts into tears and makes a beeline to the bathroom.

INT. APPLETON MUSEUM - BAHITI'S OFFICE - DAY

Bahiti looks up from a museum inventory form.

BAHITI  
Dylan! I'm terribly sorry for your loss. It's hard to believe he's gone.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
(Dylan's voice)  
You don't know the half of it. Do you mind?

He nods to the chair.

BAHITI  
Of course. But shouldn't you be in school now?

He shuts her door and sits.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
It's me--Arthur.

INT. MANNERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dylan's Ghost hovers nearby where Ramses/Harry and Nicole stand and stare into each other's eyes.

NICOLE  
Oh, my king.

RAMSES/HARRY  
Pharaoh! Your pharaoh.

She delights in this as part of her is still Nicole.

NICOLE  
Whatever you say, my pharaoh. It's been so long since we've really looked at each other.

RAMSES/HARRY  
Centuries, my love. Let's reclaim Hathor's and Ra's bountiful blessings.

NICOLE  
I didn't drink very much beer, but for some reason, you are extremely hot to me right now.

She slips more and more under his spell until...

AMUNET'S MUMMY appears and ENTANGLES Nicole in her WRAPPINGS.

AMUNET/NICOLE grows faint, and Ramses/Harry seizes her and carries her toward their bedroom. Amunet's voice is dominant.

AMUNET/NICOLE  
Take me, my pharaoh.

RAMSES/HARRY  
Yes, my queen.

He hurries with her into the bedroom as Dylan's Ghost watches in disbelief and horror.

INT. APPLETON MUSEUM - BAHITI'S OFFICE - DAY

Startled, Bahiti shifts and the book in her lap drops.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Dylan's voice)

Ask me anything I should know from  
our shared past.

BAHITI

Who was Miriam's favorite poet?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Dylan Thomas, of course. But that  
one was easy.

Arthur/Dylan pauses and realizes something.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

My memory about our time together  
is starting to improve. I  
definitely remember something about  
when the three of us last saw each  
other. Ask me about that.

This takes Bahiti by surprise and seems a forbidden topic,  
but she eventually smiles and nods.

BAHITI

All right. If that's what you want,  
and if you're really Arthur...

ARTHUR/DYLAN

It's what Miriam would want.

BAHITI

Very well then. What did Miriam ask  
me? It was the last thing she ever  
said to me.

This has struck a nerve with her and also Arthur/Dylan.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Very well then. "Did you get what  
you wanted?" She asked you that  
when I came back from the restroom  
to our table at Morton's  
Steakhouse. I never knew what she  
meant by that.

BAHITI

But how...? How could it be?

With the transmigration spell broken between them, now in  
scenes with Bahiti, it's Arthur's voice talking.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Dylan and I were wrestling over the amulet. That's when I had my heart attack, and while I got his body, he... became a ghost.

BAHITI

That's not how it was supposed to...

ARTHUR/DYLAN

How what was supposed to go?

BAHITI

What I was referring to was the mythology of my ancestors.

She comes to a decision and grabs a book from the bookshelves beside her desk.

She scans the table of contents and flips to a specific page.

BAHITI

Ah, yes. Here we are.

She shows him an image on the page: a Djed pillar symbol of four ancient Egyptian building columns stacked on each other.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I've seen this before and not just at the excavation site.

FLASHBACK - INT. MANNERS HOME - DYLAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Arthur/Dylan awakes from a LIGHT in the mirror.

He gets up and peers closely at where the black speck has been and glimpses a symbol: four ancient Egyptian building columns stacked on one another.

END FLASHBACK

Arthur/Dylan returns the book to her.

BAHITI

The symbol is a Djed column which signifies the interplay of life energies believed by my ancestors to unlock the doors to rebirth and regeneration.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Interplay of life energies... As in plural?

BAHITI

If we follow the reasoning of this myth, once a doorway opens, it allows for multiple transferences of these life energies.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

What do you believe?

BAHITI

Not what but who. I believe in you.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

That's a start. But now what? Is this curse reversible?

BAHITI

It's not a curse--more like the inevitability of a vow, by Amunet. Do you remember the Sanskrit written just above Ramses VIII's sarcophagus?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Something about needing to meet, with unstoppable force, the transmigration host... to shatter the bond.

BAHITI

Meaning the host, or target, of Ramses VIII would need to be killed.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

That can't be me or Dylan because we interrupted the plan: got caught in the middle and switched places with each other. Maybe the great pharaoh hasn't been able to cross over yet.

He rushes to the doorway.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I have to get back to Dylan's house as soon as possible. Can you drive us there?

EXT. MANNERS HOME - DAY

Arthur/Dylan and Bahiti exit her Lincoln Continental.

He glances back at her, in his nervousness, proceeds to the door, and knocks.

SCREAMS from somewhere inside overpower an INFOMERCIAL.

He grabs a rock in front of a bush and slams it into the glass window at the top of the door.

He does it a couple more times before it shatters.

He unlocks the door, and they hurry...

INSIDE

He clicks the power button on the remote to turn off the TV, and the sounds now clearly come from a bedroom down the hall:

-- MOANS...

-- Bahiti turns to an embarrassed Arthur/Dylan who smiles.

-- GROANS...

-- His smile fades a little.

-- GRUNTS...

-- He finally goes green.

Dylan's Ghost is unseen above Arthur/Dylan's shoulder.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Thank God you're here! I was about to go bonkers.

Bahiti notices Arthur/Dylan focuses on something in the air.

BAHITI

He's here, isn't he? The boy who's now a ghost?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Yeah. So, I'm guessing Ramses VIII's now in Harry?

DYLAN'S GHOST

You got it.

Arthur/Dylan translates Dylan's Ghost's answer with a nod.

She's more disappointed than shocked.

BAHITI

And, from the sound of it, the boy's mother's been taken over by Amunet.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Is there any way to reverse all of this? It's not permanent until--

BAHITI

The Convergence.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Which happens tomorrow night.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Do you guys hear yourselves?

BAHITI

When the sacrifice of a beloved must be done during a Rejuvenation Ceremony.

DYLAN'S GHOST

You sound like you're just listing ingredients.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Okay, Dylan. So obviously we have to stop it.

BAHITI

It must be followed through for any chance we might have of reversing the change that happened to you and the boy.

Dylan's Ghost whisks around to stare in her eyes; though she can't see him, she shivers.

DYLAN'S GHOST

The boy's got a name, you know! And so does the meal you're going to serve up!

Arthur/Dylan is outraged as he connects the dots.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

But based on what you told me earlier, that would mean killing Harry. Is that what you're suggesting?

DYLAN'S GHOST

Finally, you get it! That's my father you're talking about.

She's reluctant to answer.

BAHITI

Of course not. But maybe we're being too literal with the translation.

DYLAN'S GHOST

And we're back to listing delicious ingredients again. Pepperoni, sausage, melted mozzarella cheese...

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Enough, Dylan! Why're you so obsessed with food?

DYLAN'S GHOST

I don't even have a stomach, but I miss eating so much. It's like when you're missing a limb... what's it called?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Phantom pain... Anyway, perhaps we can get Nicole away from Harry. With the two separated, maybe the ceremony can't happen here.

SCREAMS issue from the bedroom with joyful abandon.

BAHITI

That scenario sounds unlikely.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Whatever happens, I'm scarred for life.

BAHITI

At any event, it won't happen here. It'll happen in a festive place that properly celebrates Ramses VIII.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

The high school dance.

DYLAN'S GHOST

We're talking a whole new dish--how about creamy, cheesy pasta? Yum!

Arthur/Dylan looks near to where Dylan's ghost is and glares.

BAHITI

I'll do some research and see what  
I can find out at the museum.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Bahiti, can you be there at the  
dance?

BAHITI

You can count on it.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Meanwhile, we're stuck here.

The BED POUNDS the WALL with a steady rhythm that's quite  
impressive. Dylan's Ghost grows even paler.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

What're you talking about? You can  
float away anytime you like.

Dylan's Ghost speaks like Hamlet giving a soliloquy.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Yet I can't. That's irony my  
English teacher would appreciate.  
It's funny, but since I've been a  
ghost, unable to affect anything,  
it's made me more determined to do  
something. Otherwise, Mom and Dad  
are doomed.

INT. MANNERS HOME - DYLAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Arthur/Dylan presses a pillow over his head as  
ORGASMIC SHRIEKS continue until they finally stop.

He's tentative about it but eventually removes the pillow and  
sits up where Dylan's Ghost blinks at him from the mirror.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Finally, some peace.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

For now.

DYLAN'S GHOST

What're we going to do?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You heard Bahiti.

DYLAN'S GHOST

There has to be another way.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

An "unstoppable force" must meet or overwhelm the transmigration host...

DYLAN'S GHOST

In your book, someone in love is sacrificed. It seals the deal.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

That's why the male servant's wife had to be removed from the equation. If she had been present, maybe it would've cancelled the spell. So, we should make sure someone is there to counter the sacrifice for Ramses.

DYLAN'S GHOST

At the dance? What're you getting at?

Inspiration flashes across Arthur/Dylan's face.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Oh, no!

ARTHUR/DYLAN

One good thing to come from this is you and I understand each other better. We need to make sure Rachel is there.

DYLAN'S GHOST

We don't understand each other at all. She can't be there. No one should be there! With a crazy, demonic pharaoh unleashed on high school students? Why're you and Bahiti so sure Ramses will go there?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Sorry. If I'd known, I wouldn't have--

DYLAN'S GHOST

The sacrificial altar... All of this is crazy! We're just guessing at next steps.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

But Dylan, that's what living life  
is all about.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Oh, boy... Rachel won't want to go.

DYLAN'S GHOST

What did you do?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

She wouldn't leave me alone. It was  
like being followed by my shadow.

DYLAN'S GHOST

I know something about how that  
feels.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I'll need your help getting her  
there.

DYLAN'S GHOST

I'm just a ghost now.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You know her better than me. You'll  
know what to say.

DYLAN'S GHOST

One good thing is, at least the  
barnyard animals are quiet.

The BARNYARD ANIMAL NOISES resume with increased intensity.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Too soon.

INT. MANNERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ramses/Harry and Amunet/Nicole do various yoga poses naked in  
front of the TV which plays a YOGA INFOMERCIAL.

Dylan's Ghost hovers, frozen above them but comes to a firm  
decision as he takes a deep breath.

DYLAN'S GHOST

I am a ghost. I can go anywhere in  
this world. I am a ghost...

Dylan's Ghost zips away from this hard-to-watch scene while  
Arthur/Dylan covers his eyes.

He tiptoes past them to the front door but reverses course and tiptoes past them again on the way to the kitchen.

He reemerges with a bagel and again tiptoes past them only to pause at the door.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Good talk.

An ignored Arthur/Dylan spies Harry's pants on the couch.

He slips by and reaches in Ramses/Harry's pants pocket and fishes out the keys to the Corvette.

Ramses/Harry's crack's exposed for the downward dog pose.

Arthur/Dylan shields his eyes and dashes out the door.

EXT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Arthur/Dylan thunders into the parking lot in the Corvette and gets the attention of many of the students.

He does a donut before he maneuvers into a tight spot between two other vehicles.

He emerges from the car to applause and takes a bow.

Dylan's Ghost hovers nearby.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Take it easy, showboat!

ARTHUR/DYLAN

It was easy when you've got your young eagle eyes.

Rachel isn't impressed.

Arthur/Dylan makes his way toward her, but she strides away.

He jogs to catch up with her.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Dylan's voice)

Wait a minute, Rachel.

RACHEL

I didn't bring my lemonade stand with me.

DYLAN'S GHOST

We didn't sell lemonade, but we did  
raise money for gun violence  
victims.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

What?

The students file into the school entrance.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Tell her about that. Tell her how--

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Remember that day... You and I  
raised money to buy guns...?

RACHEL

Are you talking about our  
fundraiser after that shooting?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Right. We sent one family to  
Disneyland.

RACHEL

Disneyland?

DYLAN'S GHOST

What're you doing?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Improvising.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Well, don't. Remember, you're me!

RACHEL

What's happening? Are you making  
things up?

She turns away, but Arthur/Dylan hops out in front of her.

RACHEL

I've got no time for this.

She moves to push him away, but he steps aside, and she  
marches into school.

He follows her from a safe distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

## MONTAGE

-- Arthur/Dylan sits beside Rachel in math class. He tries to talk to her, but she ignores him as Ms. Darcy wheels around to catch the talker who stops in time.

-- Ms. Darcy resumes her lesson, and Arthur/Dylan again tries to speak to Rachel who this time raises her hand to get the talker in trouble with Ms. Darcy. She makes him move to the corner by himself.

-- As everyone files into Mr. Winthrop's class, Rachel grabs Big Jock's seat who at first contests this but after her withering stare, slinks over to sit next to Arthur/Dylan.

-- Big Jock pats Arthur/Dylan on the back in a friendly gesture that, nonetheless, almost knocks him to the floor.

-- In the hallway, Arthur/Dylan leaps in front of Rachel, but she spins out of reach and ducks as someone flings open their locker door which smacks him in the forehead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOYS' BATHROOM - DAY

Arthur/Dylan stands at the sink before the mirror and splashes water on his face.

Dylan's Ghost shakes his head from inside the mirror.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
(Arthur's voice)  
Don't say a word!

DYLAN'S GHOST  
That's the problem. You won't let me speak for myself. Maybe you want to stay in my body forever.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Of course not! I have to admit I loved the idea of being young again, but being a teenager, I've found out... well, it sucks!

DYLAN'S GHOST  
Then let me do the talking during lunch.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Now you're ready to put on the moves?

DYLAN'S GHOST

They wouldn't be moves. And besides, maybe taking a step outside of my body's what I've been needing.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Speaking of moves, why do we keep dancing around this subject? Why don't you just jump back into your skin?

DYLAN'S GHOST

Grandpa, if I do that, I'm not sure if...

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Go on, spit it out.

DYLAN'S GHOST

I don't know where you'd go. When we first switched, I tried to... you know, enter your body, but I felt a cold sensation like...

Arthur/Dylan steers them away from the macabre with humor.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Fine. Want me to be your puppet?

Someone flushes a toilet.

Arthur/Dylan moves his arms and legs as if he's a puppet.

STARTLED STUDENT emerges from a bathroom stall and stares at the show before him.

Arthur/Dylan realizes he's being watched and turns around.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Dylan's voice)

What? You've never seen an old man trapped in a teenager's body before?

Startled Student scrambles out the door.

Arthur/Dylan faces an exasperated Dylan's Ghost and mimics a puppet that raises one hand and then the other.

CAFETERIA - DAY

As he waits behind other students to get food for lunch, Arthur/Dylan spots Rachel a few people ahead of him.

He jumps the line to the annoyance of the students.

RACHEL

What do you want? The Dylan I know isn't rude.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

He isn't. I mean, I'm not, but I just need--

DYLAN'S GHOST

Remember...?

She gets a slice of pizza from a CAFETERIA WORKER and pays.

Arthur/Dylan reaches in his pocket but realizes he has no money, so she pays for him with a roll of her eyes.

They head toward the tables with their trays.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Thanks.

RACHEL

Are you going to follow me?

DYLAN'S GHOST

Do the sad puppy face. She's a sucker for it.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Do the sad...?

He relents and does his best sad puppy face.

RACHEL

Fine.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Let's sit away from my friends.

Arthur/Dylan gestures to a table where no one is seated.

Dylan's friends look on from across the room.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Please. So I can explain.

She gives in, and they take a seat across from each other.

They eat in silence for an awkward moment.

RACHEL

So?

Arthur/Dylan glances over his shoulder.

DYLAN'S GHOST

I'm down here.

Arthur/Dylan looks at his glass of water to find Dylan's Ghost in the reflection.

DYLAN'S GHOST

But keep your eyes on Rachel.

Arthur/Dylan looks in Rachel's eyes: another awkward moment.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Tell her about when we used to be  
in summer plays together.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You used to be--

DYLAN'S GHOST

As if you're me!

Dylan's Ghost stares up from the glass of water, one eye in an ice cube.

When Arthur/Dylan looks back up, Rachel waits with a certain amount of impatience.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

We used to be in plays together.

She nods, sees Arthur/Dylan take cues from something over his shoulder, and gets a bewildered look.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

In "My Fair Lady," my awful cockney  
accent made you laugh.  
(imitating the accent)  
Hello there, govner!

RACHEL

That helped when my parents were  
getting a divorce.

He takes cues from his glass of water.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You inspired me to get involved in the theater.

RACHEL

Is that why you've been acting so strangely? You're afraid we'd be like my parents? Like, maybe, yours...?

He leans to the left as if to place his ear in a better position to hear something.

RACHEL

Are you okay? You look like you're about to fall out of your chair.

He frowns at his glass before he beams a sheepish smile.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

We never know what tomorrow may bring, and I was scared to try anything, especially after what happened to Wayne.

He reaches his hand across the table, but she keeps hers beside her plate.

RACHEL

Don't say you want me to go to the dance now.

He can't look away and gives a reluctant nod.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Please, it would mean so much...

RACHEL

I'm sorry. I've made other plans now.

He makes a hand gesture and looks off to the side, as if telling someone to calm down.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Wow! I just remembered. In my last book, there's a Rachel.

RACHEL

Your book?

He gazes into his glass.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Yes, she offers herself up which gives the hero enough time.

RACHEL

What're you talking about? Why do you keep looking down at your water?

Arthur/Dylan nods to himself and takes a breath before he launches into his speech.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Rachel, it's important that you come to the dance tonight. The fate of the world, or at least your high school, may be in your hands. I'll explain.

Dylan's Ghost looks on in the agony of his defeat.

SUPER: MOMENTS LATER...

ARTHUR/DYLAN

We'll figure out the rest when we get there, but somehow Dylan and I must switch again and send the pharaoh back to his sarcophagus.

Rachel's mouth's open and has been for the last few minutes.

Arthur/Dylan waves a hand in front of her face.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Rachel? You still there?

She jumps up and, in a daze, marches toward the exit.

She glares at him once she's at the door.

RACHEL

I don't know what's happened to you, Dylan, but you'd better see a shrink more qualified than me.

She spins around, smacks the door open, and runs out.

Arthur/Dylan stares into his glass at a dejected Dylan.

DYLAN'S GHOST

She's not wrong, you know.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
 (Arthur's voice)  
 At least we know we can still rely  
 on Bahiti.

EXT. MANNERS HOME - DAY

An Amazon delivery van pulls up beside the house as Arthur/Dylan parks behind.

Dylan's Ghost's voice stops him before he can get out.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
 Wait! Did Ramses order something?

AMAZON COURIER #1 and AMAZON COURIER #2 drag a giant box from their vehicle and carry it toward Dylan's front door.

They drop it on the front stoop and turn to leave, but the door opens to reveal Ramses/Harry in a silken smoking robe.

RAMSES/HARRY  
 Welcome, my people!

The Amazon Couriers turn around and freeze at the sight of Ramses/Harry's GOLDEN EYES.

They go inside and carry the box with them and shut the door.

Arthur/Dylan exits the Corvette and tiptoes toward the house.

Dylan's Ghost gazes at the quiet neighborhood.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
 Where're the neighbors?

Arthur/Dylan motions to a bush before the front window and takes cover in it as Dylan's Ghost follows.

He pokes his head out and peers into the window to see...

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE: RAMSES' HOUSE PARTY

-- Ramses/Harry and Amunet/Nicole in smoking jackets. Also about a dozen people in the living room:

-- Amazon Couriers, MAILMAN, LOCAL PARISH PRIEST, PIZZA DELIVERY GUY, and the NOSEY NEIGHBORS from before.

-- At Amunet/Nicole's behest, the Mailman brings Ramses/Harry a drink, a FEMALE NOSEY NEIGHBOR massages his shoulders, the Local Parish Priest does pratfalls non-stop, and the Pizza Delivery Guy dances like a rooster with its head cut off.

-- From the giant box, the Amazon Couriers pull out party favors and other items of dubious use or need: fidget spinners, squishy toys, stress balls, etc.

-- Pizza Delivery Guy shows Ramses/Harry a dance on his phone: a Tiktok video. Amunet/Nicole first models the dance, and Ramses/Harry follows her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANNERS HOME - DAY

Arthur/Dylan takes out Dylan's cell phone which unlocks, of course, because of facial recognition. He calls Bahiti.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

It's Arthur. I'm home, at Dylan's home, and it's worse than we thought.

BAHITI (V.O.)

Is he killing anyone?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

No, he's having a party... without me.

Silence on the other end.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You still there?

BAHITI (V.O.)

He's got them under control?

Arthur/Dylan peers inside at the Mailman dancing very badly.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Not really, or at least you'd think he could make these people dance better.

Bahiti's silent again.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Hello?

BAHITI (V.O.)  
Ramses has begun the feast prior to  
the Rejuvenation Ceremony.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Should I try to break up the party?

Arthur/Dylan has kept his head in the window too long where  
Ramses/Harry can clearly see him.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
You know what, he doesn't seem to  
notice me or doesn't care.

BAHITI (V.O.)  
You're merely an annoyance to him:  
an anomaly of the transmigration  
process he'd rather not  
acknowledge.

Arthur/Dylan sighs and puts his phone back in his pocket.

Dylan's Ghost watches his mother do the limbo under a broom  
handle the Amazon Couriers hold up.

She emerges with a victorious grin and upraised hands.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
This cannot be happening.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
But it is, and there's nothing we  
can do about it if Rachel doesn't  
come to the dance.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
But she'll come if... I just  
figured out what her plans are for  
tonight.

Arthur/Dylan senses Dylan's Ghost has gone.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Wait! Where're you going? What's  
our plan?

Dylan's Ghost zooms nearby Arthur/Dylan.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
I'll meet you in front of the gym.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Now, where's that?

Dylan's Ghost is gone for sure, leaving Arthur/Dylan with a troubled look on his face.

EXT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Ms. Darcy stands guard and holds her clipboard like it's the Ten Commandments tablets.

She sees Arthur/Dylan and gives him a hostile look that lets him know Dylan is not one of her favorites.

PARENT #1 sits at a table with a roll of tickets and a metal box to collect ticket money.

Music pumps from inside as early bird revelers swing, sway, and do the pelvic thrust with a partner--some without.

Ms. Darcy pokes her head inside to yell at a HANDSY COUPLE and gestures to Mr. Winthrop to come talk to her.

Ms. Darcy returns to her post with a smug smile as the music now sounds lower and tamer.

MALE STUDENT #1 and FEMALE STUDENT #1 hold hands and saunter toward the entrance.

Arthur/Dylan glances all around and even up in the sky which gets some strange looks.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Dylan?

Male Student #1 stares at Arthur/Dylan.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Dylan, this isn't funny. Speak up!  
At least say boo!

Arthur/Dylan laughs at his joke.

Male Student #1 elbows Female Student #1 in the ribs.

MALE STUDENT #1

Way to go! I like the new psycho  
Dylan.

Arthur/Dylan lurches toward him with a menacing expression.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Now that he can appear anywhere,  
he'll be lurking in the shadows.

Male Student #1's steps back and clings to his date.

MS. DARCY  
 Stop harassing people, Dylan.  
 Either get in line with your ID or  
 leave.

Arthur/Dylan grows panicked and searches for a student ID.  
 He shrugs at a leering Ms. Darcy and steps back.  
 The couple glare at Arthur/Dylan and step before Ms. Darcy.  
 Female Student #1 holds up her ID and receives a nod.  
 Male Student #1 stares in concern and searches his pockets.  
 She shakes her head and blocks the doorway.

FEMALE STUDENT #1  
 Come on, Ms. Darcy. Be the best  
 teacher in the world!

MS. DARCY  
 I am, thank you very much, but your  
 boyfriend's not getting in without  
 a student ID.

MALE STUDENT #1  
 But we already paid!

Male Student #1 gets a revelation and takes out his cell  
 phone that's in a leather case.  
 He pulls out his student ID from a pocket and flashes it.

MALE STUDENT #1  
 (to Ms. Darcy)  
 Now who's the best?

Ms. Darcy half-smiles, half-grimaces as she lets them in.  
 She glares like a bulldog at Arthur/Dylan.  
 A large group of people swarms closer to the entrance.  
 In a 1970s disco suit, Ramses/Harry leads the mob.

Amunet/Nicole's in a gold dress that makes her resemble  
 jewelry. Several look familiar: everyone, Amazon Couriers,  
 etc., from the house party.

Ms. Darcy positions herself to block them.

MS. DARCY  
 IDs, please. A driver's license  
 will do. As long as your name  
 matches our registry of parents...

Ramses/Harry smiles, peers into her eyes, and Ms. Darcy's  
 bulldog expression relaxes into a pussycat smile.

Ms. Darcy flutters her eyelashes at Ramses/Harry.

MS. DARCY  
 You, sir, are welcome anywhere.

RAMSES/HARRY  
 And my guests?

Ms. Darcy pouts.

MS. DARCY  
 Do you have to bring them along? It  
 would be so much nicer if it were  
 just the two of us.

Arthur/Dylan makes the gag-me gesture.

Ramses/Harry pinches Ms. Darcy's cheek.

RAMSES/HARRY  
 As much as I'd love that, I have  
 other responsibilities.

Again, she pouts as Ramses/Harry marches his entourage into  
 the gym, followed by a smitten Ms. Darcy who stumbles behind.

Arthur/Dylan looks around once more and follows them inside.

EXT./INT. RACHEL'S HOME - NIGHT

Dylan's Ghost whooshes by a window and comes back to peer at  
 Rachel having dinner with her father, OWEN (40s).

She lights a candle on the table and shuttles over to the  
 stove to pick up a tray of pasta.

She gives her father a peck on the cheek and sets the food  
 down before him.

Dylan's Ghost floats inside and hovers by the table.

Owen's a pleasant man with the look of a patient saint. He  
 blushes at all the attention Rachel gives him.

She puts a cloth napkin in his lap.

OWEN

That's smart of you, honey. Your pasta looks so delicious, I'm liable to get more food on me than in my mouth.

RACHEL

Made my special recipe just for you.

OWEN

You do spoil me!

Dylan's Ghost eyes the food and rubs his transparent stomach.

OWEN

Isn't there a dance at your school tonight?

She busies herself with spooning pasta onto his plate and adding a layer of parmesan cheese.

OWEN

He didn't ask you, did he?

She avoids his penetrating gaze and darts over to the refrigerator where she pulls things out.

RACHEL

I knew I forgot something. Looks like I didn't make salad for us.

OWEN

You asked him, but he said no?

She drops a couple of items on the floor and looks ready to burst into tears.

Dylan's Ghost holds his ghostly arms out in a futile gesture like he wants to hold her tight.

Owen rushes over and takes her in his arms.

She tries to stoop to pick up her dropped items.

He urges her to sit down which she finally does as he picks them up and puts them in the refrigerator.

He sits back across from her.

Dylan's Ghost struggles with his helplessness: his inability to have any effect on the material world.

RACHEL

He's still a fragile vessel. Just like you are--my boys, you're both so fragile...

OWEN

Your mother didn't just leave me-- she left us. And you've been such a brave girl, shouldering all this when it should be me.

It's as if lightning has struck Dylan's Ghost with an idea.

He flies into the living room as Rachel and Owen continue to talk in the background.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dylan's Ghost scans the rack of CDs next to a media player.

He is delighted when he sees Lady Antebellum's "Need You Now" CD, and he endeavors to make it fall to the floor.

He waves his hands, blows, and zips through the rack and out the wall before coming back.

The CD remains solidly in place in its slanted-up slot.

He is at the end of his wits--so depressed and staring with such longing to be part of the physical world again.

He swats at the CD, not expecting anything to happen, but it drops, CRACK, onto the wooden floor.

Rachel comes running into the room, sees "Need You Now" on the ground, and turns to her father.

OWEN

That's the song I was playing after-

-

RACHEL

Mom walked out the door!

She gets the chills, as if Dylan's Ghost's proximity gives her goose bumps.

She runs to Owen and gives him a big hug.

RACHEL

There's only one other person besides you and I who knows that.

Owen is pleased but puzzled by her cheerfulness.

RACHEL

It's Dylan. He's waiting for me.

Dylan's Ghost does a victory swoop around the room.

OWEN

At the dance? But I thought he  
didn't want to go.

She studies the CD rack and looks about the area around it.

RACHEL

All I know is that CD was firmly in  
that rack, and it's now on the  
ground.

She shakes her head at entertaining such craziness but grabs  
her purse on the couch.

Heading to the door, she realizes something and spins around.

RACHEL

I love you, Dad! I'll explain  
everything. And... I'll be back--as  
early as I can.

She blows him a kiss.

She dashes out with Dylan's Ghost following her.

Owen is mystified but happy for her.

INT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Arthur/Dylan stands at a safe distance by the entrance.

Music plays at a low volume: some safe, old 1950s song.

A few couples dance, careful to keep their distance from one  
another as they move like stick figures.

Others stand to the side by a punch bowl and finger foods.

The banner, "The Transmigration of Our Lives," hangs in the  
back above a depiction of Hathor's Ritual.

Moon beams of gold fabric stretch out on either side.

Silver and gold stars line the tops of surrounding walls.

Hathor on one side and Ra on the other stare out from their colorful mythological story murals.

Papier-mâchés stare out along the sides, two on each:

- APEP, Enemy of Light and his cobra snake head.
- BENNU, the Bird of Fire and his long beak.
- GRIFFIN, Beast of War's eagle head.
- and AMMIT, Devourer of the Dead with his crocodile head.

The small king and queen dance stage is below the banner.

Ramses/Harry approaches hand-in-hand with Amunet/Nicole as the attached glass case with the LIMESTONE WEDGE from Ramses' sacrificial altar GLOWS.

DJ MAGIC, an older, former student, stands off to the side on a raised platform wearing a sparkly crown.

DJ MAGIC

Okay, Appleton High boys and girls,  
show your love for one another--but  
in a, you know, respectful sort of  
way. Your teachers have to select  
your king and queen by the end of  
the night.

He pushes a button to play a saccharine-sweet love song.

Ramses/Harry strides up to the DJ who's at first startled but is cool with everything after they make eye contact.

DJ Magic hands Ramses/Harry his mic and crown.

RAMSES/HARRY

Good evening, my people.

Ramses/Harry puts his arm around DJ Magic.

RAMSES/HARRY

Can we stop the song?

DJ Magic goes over and stops it.

FEMALE STUDENT #2

Is that Dylan's dad?

MALE STUDENT #2

Get off the stage, old man!

Ramses/Harry takes that as a challenge.

RAMSES/HARRY

Does this seem like a party yet to you?

The students mumble that, no, it's pretty lame.

Ramses/Harry's EYES GLOW GOLD in tandem with the LIMESTONE WEDGE as he clasps the mic as if it's a magical staff.

RAMSES/HARRY

It's time for you to show your appreciation.

AMUNET/NICOLE

Your pharaoh has returned, so bow down and...

Amunet roots around in Nicole's head for the correct word.

AMUNET/NICOLE

Boogie!

At first dubious, Ramses/Harry dons the cheap, artificial crown with a flourish.

He nods at DJ Magic who selects a naughty dance song.

Ramses/Harry and Amunet/Nicole show them how it's done with some outrageous dance moves before they take their place on the king and queen dance stage.

Guillermo, Cedric, and Phillip emerge from out of nowhere and converge upon Arthur/Dylan.

PHILLIP

Hey, "Dylan!"

Dylan's Ghost floats in above Arthur/Dylan and waves at Phillip, having some fun because he can't see him.

Arthur/Dylan squints at the trio and finally remembers them.

PHILLIP

I always knew you were an imposter.

CEDRIC

We all are, when you think about it.

GUILLERMO

But who likes to think about it?  
Actually, Dylan, or should I say  
Arthur, our suspicions led us to  
your grandson's house where we saw  
the most bizarre house party ever.

Guillermo plays a video on his phone: Ramses/Harry points to  
Mailman, Pizza Delivery Guy, and Amazon Courier #1 who play  
farm animals: cow, duck, and pig.

PHILLIP

Also, my homie, Todd, said he heard  
you having a strange conversation  
in the bathroom. Something about  
human puppetry?

Arthur/Dylan shrugs: *you've got me!*

Dylan's Ghost strokes his chin: *impressed.*

The whole place has ratcheted up the party level: students,  
parents, and teachers dance like they're possessed.

They bow toward Ramses/Harry while they wiggle their butts in  
line-dance formation.

GOLDEN RAYS radiate and spin from Ramses/Harry's eyes like  
they're ANCIENT EGYPTIAN DISCO BALLS.

On the dance floor, Ms. Darcy wags her butt at Ramses/Harry.

Even with Ramses/Harry's glamour of him, Mr. Winthrop stands  
beside Ms. Darcy and seems left out.

GUILLERMO

He's got them all under a spell.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

It's his golden eyes. Don't look at  
them!

Something dawns on Arthur/Dylan.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I've been staring at him this whole  
time, but...

DYLAN'S GHOST

You were touched by his  
transmigration portal, and I'm a  
ghost, so...

Arthur/Dylan startles at his grandson's voice.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Dylan, you're back! Were you successful?

Guillermo, Phillip, and Cedric peer out in the direction Arthur/Dylan's looking in like they're in the Twilight Zone.

DYLAN'S GHOST

I thought I was. Check my phone.

Arthur/Dylan pulls out Dylan's cell phone, glances at it, shakes his head, and puts it back in his pocket.

Dylan's three friends struggle with all their might to not look in Ramses/Harry's golden eyes.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Maybe you should give my friends something to do...

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Right! Hey, guys, can you go outside and look for Rachel?

Phillip grunts in disgust.

PHILLIP

You just don't want us to have fun!

CEDRIC

I sometimes think we're not meant to have fun--like we've been cursed.

Guillermo shakes his head and nods at Arthur/Dylan.

GUILLERMO

Come on, fellas! We've got an important mission.

Cedric and Phillip follow Guillermo with reluctance.

Arthur/Dylan laughs for a moment but notices...

Bahiti, in a hood, pads into the gym and pushes an oblong object on wheels with a blanket draped over it.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Is that...?

DYLAN'S GHOST

It's her. Bahiti.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

What's she up to?

DYLAN'S GHOST

No good, obviously. Unless that's her funky dance outfit and there's a mirror ball under that blanket.

Jabari edges inside on the heels of Bahiti but keeping enough distance so as to go unseen.

Arthur/Dylan darts toward Bahiti, but Dylan's Ghost's voice halts his progress.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Wait! Let's see what she's going to do first.

Ramses/Harry and Amunet/Nicole stand on the king and queen dance stage. He waves at DJ Magic who stops the music.

RAMSES/HARRY

Greetings again from your ever-loving pharaoh.

Several from the crowd holler, "We love you!"

RAMSES/HARRY

Please, you're too kind.

DYLAN'S GHOST

How can that be? It's as if what he's saying--

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Has been ripped from or ripped off of my book.

RAMSES/HARRY

I've been away for a few millennia. But I'm back, in this... how should I say it?

Ramses/Harry grabs his love handles and touches the wrinkles on his face.

AMUNET/NICOLE

By Ra's light, I know you're inside there, my pharaoh. You'll always be my widdle pharaoh.

Several in the crowd go "AHH!"

Ramses/Harry grabs Amunet/Nicole and dips her as they make out in front of everyone to hoots of encouragement.

They come up for air to the sound of ecstatic applause.

RAMSES/HARRY

How do you say...? Shall we...?

MALE STUDENT #1

Get lit!

RAMSES/HARRY

Even better: let's get moonlit!

With a wave of Ramses/Harry's hand, the curtains along the side wall whisk open to reveal a FULL MOON.

Some of Ramses/Harry's wrinkles vanish, and as if he can feel this, he raises his hands in triumph.

RAMSES/HARRY

The Convergence is nigh!

AMUNET/NICOLE

Dance, you loyal subjects! One lucky couple will soon be announced.

Ramses/Harry nods at DJ Magic who cranks up a rocking tune.

The papier-mâché dance:

-- Apep sticks out his forked tongue and sways his hooded snake head.

-- Bennu clacks his long beak.

-- Griffin flaps his eagle wings.

-- Ammit wags his crocodile head and clamps his jaws.

Arthur/Dylan and Dylan's Ghost watch in disbelief until Dylan's Ghost notices something else.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Look! Bahiti brought a mirror.

Bahiti stands before an oblong mirror off to the side where she's far enough not to be noticed yet by Ramses/Harry. She has her hands upraised as she chants something.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

(Arthur's voice)

I can't believe I've been so blind.

(MORE)

ARTHUR/DYLAN (CONT'D)

She's a priestess, practicing the dark arts.

Jabari takes a few steps to stand beside Arthur/Dylan who knows it's Arthur, so that's the voice he hears.

JABARI

Those ancient rituals are best left where we found them.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Jabari? Where did you come from? You knew that about her, and you know it's really me? Are you even a tour guide?

JABARI

I'm not at liberty to say.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

You're with... You're some kind of secret agent, aren't you?

JABARI

Just know I've had my eyes on Bahiti for years and knew she'd seize this opportunity.

A buzz comes from Arthur/Dylan's pocket, but he's oblivious.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Grandpa, my phone!

Arthur/Dylan retrieves the cell phone and sees this text: "RACHEL: I'm outside. What's happening in there?"

Arthur/Dylan turns to Jabari, but he's gone.

OUTSIDE GYM - NIGHT

Rachel stands off to the side of the entrance as Arthur/Dylan and Dylan's Ghost approach her.

ARTHUR/DYLAN (ARTHUR'S VOICE)

You're here!

RACHEL

Call me crazy, but I believe you. And wow: you don't sound like Dylan anymore!

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Now that you know... Look at how persuasive I was! I missed my calling. I could've sold vacuum cleaners, coast to coast.

DYLAN'S GHOST

It was me, Grandpa.

Arthur/Dylan looks in the vicinity of his grandson's voice.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

But how?

She gazes up in delight.

RACHEL

He knows me like no one else does.  
Is he there above you now?

Dylan's Ghost drifts to her side with longing in his eyes.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

He's right beside you.

She senses a cold patch and shivers in delight.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Sorry, Rach. Sorry I tried to push you and everyone away.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

He apologizes for everything.

RACHEL

I knew, strangely enough, that wasn't the real you. I mean, before you, you know, weren't you.

Guillermo sticks his head out of a nearby bush that has a strange cloud of smoke wafting above it.

GUILLERMO

Can we go ahead and storm the castle already? You know, before an ancient pharaoh reclaims his kingdom and takes over the world?

CEDRIC

When you put it that way, it's kind of scary--and depressing.

PHILLIP

I've always known this day would come.

Arthur/Dylan turns to Rachel who shrugs.

INT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Jabari approaches Bahiti with his gun drawn, but she's not surprised or afraid.

JABARI

Put your hands up, Bahiti, and stop fooling with an evil you can't control.

BAHITI

I will not, and I'd say I have complete control. You were such a good little Boy Scout to help that idiot find the pyramid thanks to my instructions.

JABARI

I would never have done that if I'd known your treacherous scheme. So, come on, the game is over. I've got a pair of handcuffs just your size.

She laughs and flicks a liquid into his eyes from a flask held under her sleeve.

He fires his pistol, but it's aimed at the ceiling as the bullet whizzes up harmlessly.

He stares at his weapon and freaks out. He tosses it on the ground and runs away.

EXT./INT. APPLETON HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Jabari runs out as Rachel, Arthur/Dylan, Guillermo, Phillip, Cedric, and Dylan's Ghost watch and wonder what's going on.

JABARI

There's a demon! A monster that can attach itself to anything!

He scratches at his shirt, rolls on the ground, and gets up and runs off to leave them bewildered.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I hate to be the one to say it, but  
we have to go back inside. My  
family's in there.

They go where Arthur/Dylan and Dylan's Ghost were before.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Remember, whatever you do, don't  
look Harry in the eye.

An obnoxious and obscene dance song booms as the party  
revelers seem programmed to dance a devilish choreography.

Male Student #1, though, goes off-script to mess with Bennu:  
fake-punches his bird head, and Bennu snaps his long beak  
which leaves a gash in the dancer's forehead.

Those around him come out of their trances for a moment, out  
of concern, but Male Student #1 tears a strip of fabric from  
his shirt and wraps it around his head like a head band.

Male Student #1 bows to Bennu who is appeased, and those  
around them resume their dancing.

Rachel struggles to process what she sees.

RACHEL

I helped put that mythological bird  
together.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Avert your eyes!

Arthur/Dylan shields her eyes and steers her away as Phillip  
looks at Bennu and at RAMSES/HARRY'S GOLDEN DISCO BALL EYES.

Phillip marches like a zombie as Cedric reaches for him, but  
Guillermo pulls him back as Cedric is devastated.

CEDRIC

He's a pod person.

Ramses/Harry raises his hands on the king and queen dance  
stage, and DJ Magic stops the music.

RAMSES/HARRY

The Convergence is nigh. Hathor's  
magnificence will soon wash over  
the world.

AMUNET/NICOLE

And your pharaoh will take his  
place in the constellations.

A few feet from the king and queen stage, Bahiti aims her oblong mirror at Nicole.

BAHITI

And I will now take my place.

Amunet/Nicole whips her head toward Bahiti and hisses.

Ramses/Harry faces Bahiti in annoyance and fury.

RAMSES/HARRY

Who evades the eye of Ra?

BAHITI

Your true love, my great and amazing and wonderful pharaoh. Not that... skank and hussy.

AMUNET/NICOLE

Skank? Hussy?

Cedric looks on in confusion and turns to Guillermo.

GUILLERMO

That witchy lady wants to trade places with Dylan's mom and be what's-her-name.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Amunet.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Another body switch? Come on-- enough's enough.

Amunet/Nicole now understands Bahiti.

AMUNET/NICOLE

Why, you infinitesimal maggot!

Bahiti raises her hands and mumbles something, and as before, a CLOUD SWIRLS in the mirror.

Amunet/Nicole trembles under duress as she fights an invisible force while Ramses/Harry is taken by surprise.

A LIGHT SPHERE gathers in the CLOUD, but Ramses/Harry concentrates on the mirror and holds back the BEAM.

He waves his hands, and the MIRROR SHATTERS.

Bahiti kneels amidst the mirror shards with her head down.

BAHITI

My pharaoh, my lord of everything  
between Ra and Hathor, it is I, the  
bringer of your essence. I made it  
all possible.

Arthur/Dylan grows pale.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

What is she saying? That I... But I  
made...

DYLAN'S GHOST

It's okay, Grandpa. We love you for  
who you are.

Arthur/Dylan and Dylan's Ghost share a moment.

Ramses/Harry grins as something inside him grows outward.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Hey, can you guys see this?

ARTHUR/DYLAN

See what, Dylan?

CEDRIC

The final decline of Western  
Civilization?

DYLAN'S GHOST

Ramses' mummy...

Dylan's Ghost stares at Ramses VIII's MUMMY figure as it  
imposes itself within Harry's body.

RAMSES/HARRY

(to Bahiti)

What is your name, my loyal  
servant?

BAHITI

Bahiti, my pharaoh whom I long to  
be beside.

Amunet/Nicole glares at Ramses/Harry.

Dylan's Ghost watches Ramses/Harry's MUMMY WRAPPINGS uncoil.

They stretch out like TENDRILS that hover around all those on  
the dance floor which freezes them.

RAMSES/HARRY  
Bahiti, your adoration is honorable  
and your love...

Ramses/Harry gages Amunet/Nicole's jealous expression.

RAMSES/HARRY  
Shall be rewarded.

Bahiti rises and extends her arms.

Ramses/Harry slings a MUMMY WRAPPING around Bahiti whose eyes  
open wide in alarm.

RAMSES/HARRY  
You are the lucky one who will  
ensure your god's permanent  
transmigration.

Amunet/Nicole grows animated by her relief and excitement.

BAHITI  
But, but I deserve to be...

Ramses/Harry tightens the MUMMY WRAPPING around Bahiti.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Dylan, hurry! You can sever the  
mummy wrapping.

Dylan's Ghost watches in paralysis and confusion as  
Ramses/Harry tugs Bahiti in the air.

WAYNE'S GHOST (O.S.)  
Grandpa's right. You can't let  
Ramses do his thing.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
Wayne? Is that you?

Dylan's Ghost steels himself and zooms through and severs the  
mummy wrapping.

That flings Bahiti toward Arthur/Dylan and the others.

She rolls a good distance and lands at his feet.

Guillermo, Cedric, and Rachel stare in disbelief.

Arthur/Dylan shakes his head at her.

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
So, is this what you wanted?

BAHITI

You were so easy to manipulate from the start. Your better half, though, was much more difficult.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

I thought I wanted what everyone wants: to do something great that will never be forgotten.

He gazes up at where he thinks Dylan's Ghost might be.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

But I had everything all along.

Dylan's Ghost nods not far from where Arthur/Dylan stares.

Amunet/Nicole crouches over Bahiti, ready to snatch her up.

RAMSES/HARRY

One moment, my queen: my one and only love. It seems we have an uninvited guest.

Ramses/Harry fixes his gaze upon Dylan's Ghost above Rachel as the others, in panic, shield their eyes.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Cute little stunt you pulled to get me out of the house.

RAMSES/HARRY

It worked, didn't it? I'll tell you what's even cuter: you've got a crush. In fact, some people might say you're in love.

Amunet/Nicole and then everyone focus on Rachel.

DYLAN'S GHOST

No!

Ramses/Harry flings a MUMMY WRAPPING at Rachel.

It coils around her.

He tugs her to the king and queen stage too quick this time for Dylan's Ghost to react.

Next to Ramses/Harry, Rachel struggles to move but is bound by an invisible force.

Amunet/Nicole positions the king and queen bench in the center of the stage.

RAMSES/HARRY  
Hathor, shine as bright as Ra on  
this Convergence.

The MOON GLOWS brighter than ever to cast everyone in a  
STRANGE MOONLIGHT that's a blue-gray version of the sun.

Rachel cries out in terror.

Dylan's Ghost WHOOSHES beside her, but his hands go right  
through her while she shivers.

RACHEL  
Dylan, help me!

Ramses/Harry gazes at Dylan's Ghost and enjoys every moment.

RAMSES/HARRY  
You're going to have to come get  
her, and that's not the way.

Ramses/Harry raises his hands.

The king and queen stage breaks free to float by the ceiling.

The MOON BURNS BRIGHT through the windows across the way.

RAMSES/HARRY  
What's the matter, Dylan? Afraid  
you'll fall like your brother did?

Dylan's Ghost's jaw drops as he faces Arthur/Dylan.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
Grandpa, were you able to touch  
Ramses' amulet when you went to New  
York?

ARTHUR/DYLAN  
Yes, but why are you--

DYLAN'S GHOST  
Was Wayne able to touch it?

Arthur/Dylan gets what Dylan's Ghost means, turns pale, and  
flushes with anger in an instant.

DYLAN'S GHOST  
Grandpa?

Arthur/Dylan pinpoints where Dylan's Ghost is and smiles.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

Ramses' curse on our family must  
end now. I'm ready. It's your body,  
Dylan... your life.

DYLAN'S GHOST

But what about yours?

Arthur/Dylan reaches out to almost where Dylan's Ghost's  
shoulders are. He's close but off by a little.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

This is the only way.

Dylan's Ghost freezes but is beside himself with joy when he  
sees WAYNE'S GHOST, the real one, hovers to the right.

DYLAN'S GHOST

Is it you this time? Bahiti said...  
Those who believe in transmigration  
can move on, but those who can't...

WAYNE'S GHOST

You've got this, champ.

Dylan's Ghost sighs and lines himself up so Arthur/Dylan's  
hands are at his shoulders.

ARTHUR/DYLAN

It's okay, Dylan.

Dylan's Ghost dives into his body, which looks like it's in  
the middle of a seizure.

The body, Dylan's body, stops shaking.

Dylan pats his chest and feels his face--*it worked!*

He grows pale at a realization and searches for... *Grandpa?*

He shudders at the implications and peers up at the king and  
queen stage: impossibly high.

Ramses/Harry looks down at him with glee.

RAMSES/HARRY

Too high for you?

Dylan gathers his confidence and turns to his friends.

DYLAN

Guys, you gotta get me up there.

Guillermo points to the tall ladder in the corner. He gestures to Cedric, and they rush to grab it.

The party revelers remain frozen by the MUMMY WRAPPINGS, Phillip among them.

Griffin and Ammit move to intercept Dylan's friends on the side where they grab the ladder.

Ammit rumbles toward them on her hippopotamus hind legs and snaps her crocodile jaws as she lunges for them.

Guillermo and Cedric use the ladder like a battering ram, aiming straight for Ammit's mouth...

They miss!

Ammit prepares to lunge again, but the duo swing the ladder and swipe her away from them.

Griffin flaps his eagle wings and snaps his eagle beak at Cedric to graze his arm.

The three ram the ladder into Griffin to deflect him.

CEDRIC

Shit!

GUILLERMO

That's one hell of a paper cut!

Guillermo tears a strip of cloth from his shirt and ties it around the wound on Cedric's arm.

CEDRIC

Hurry!

The duo run with the ladder before Ammit can smash into them.

Harry lifts his hands on the king and queen stage, and a SINGLE, FOCUSED MOONBEAM slants through the windows, strikes the bench, and sets it ablaze.

Rachel screams at GHOSTLY FLAMES that are quite real with a SEARING HEAT.

Cedric and Guillermo are below, almost in position to put up the ladder, but Griffin stands in their way.

He raises up on his lion body and snaps his beak non-stop.

Ammit thunders on her hippo feet in behind to sandwich them.

Dylan runs around to the side.

DYLAN

I'm the one you want! Over here!

Ammit and Griffin chase after Dylan who leads them away as his two friends set up the ladder.

Dylan seems cornered at the food tables but spots the flaming fuel cans underneath the trays of meat.

Ammit snaps her crocodile jaws while Griffin clacks his beak.

Dylan grabs a pair of flaming fuel cans and hurls one at Griffin who bursts into flames with an eagle's cry and tosses the other at Ammit but misses.

Dylan slips and falls as Ammit creeps closer, her crocodile jaws about to chomp him in half.

He rolls away, grabs another flaming fuel can, and feeds it into Ammit's mouth.

Ammit shrieks as her head EXPLODES like a FIREBOMB.

GUILLERMO

Come on, Dylan!

Guillermo and Cedric get Bennu to chase after them.

The ladder, leaned against the side wall with the top not far from the king and queen stage, awaits Dylan who takes a deep breath, runs, and leaps onto it.

Rachel trembles on the king and queen stage, exhausted from her attempts to escape from the invisible MUMMY WRAPPING.

Ramses/Harry runs a finger along her cheek and nods at Amunet/Nicole who, in eagerness, picks up Rachel and carries her toward the king and queen bench, now a MOON-FIRE PYRE.

Apep hisses from below the ladder, and Dylan looks down at the giant cobra and freezes in fear.

Apep lashes out with his hooded head, but Dylan dodges it and scrambles up as fast as he can.

ABOVE

Amunet/Nicole carries Rachel's body to the MOON-FIRE PYRE. Rachel can only budge her arms and legs as she screams.

BELOW

Dylan kicks Apep's head and scrambles higher and THUMPS the cobra again with his feet but this time gets nicked by a very real, very sharp fang.

Dylan clings in frustration and fury to a rung with both hands and boots Apep with both feet square in the head.

Apep plummets with a HISS.

Dylan grows pale and weak from the mythological snake's venom as he holds on a few feet from the top.

He musters all his strength to pull himself up and leaps.

He's short when a gust of wind surges him the few more inches forward to land on the stage more than 20 feet in the air.

He glances over to the general location of his brother.

DYLAN

Thanks, Wayne!

Wayne's Ghost gives a thumbs-up.

Amunet/Nicole carries Rachel's body to the MOON-FIRE PYRE.

Dylan weaves and stumbles, his vision blurry from the venom that's clear enough, anyway, for him to nearly puke.

He glimpses the far away ground.

Ramses/Harry's surprised to see Dylan.

Amunet/Nicole, oblivious to Dylan, beams at Ramses/Harry.

AMUNET/NICOLE

We've come full circle, my pharaoh.

RAMSES/HARRY

There's nothing you can do to stop this, boy. Your family's of no consequence to the greater cosmos.

DYLAN

That's why you're going back into the ground where you belong!

Dylan takes a deep breath and rams into Amunet/Nicole.

She drops Rachel.

Rachel looks up at Dylan with wide-opened eyes.

RACHEL

You're here. And it's really you.

DYLAN

And I really love you.

Ramses/Harry stands flatfooted while Dylan bends down and kisses Rachel who won't let him disengage his lips.

Ramses/Harry grins when nothing happens.

But MOONLIGHT streams in a HALO that surrounds the lovebirds.

As they finally separate, the HALO bursts into pockets of brief STAR CLUSTERS that illuminate the ceiling.

Ramses/Harry grasps both sides of his head as he howls.

His GHOSTLY MUMMY FORM shoots out of Harry's body.

Amunet/Nicole despairs as her GHOSTLY MUMMY FORM unspools.

Their MUMMY FORMS WHIRL around the gym as the lights flicker off and on.

A BOOM signals a MOON-BURST GLOW that winks out of existence.

Nicole and Harry collapse into each other's arms.

Dylan runs to them as the king and queen stage plunges to the ground and pushes him onto his parents.

They're stunned but okay.

Rachel smiles and waves which makes Dylan blush.

The normal house lights return to show the crowd free of mummy wrappings and able to move again.

Disbelief leaves many to stumble around and seek answers.

Dylan spots Bahiti. She skulks around in search of the uroborus amulet which Jabari clasps a few feet from her.

Jabari dashes out.

Bahiti turns to pursue him but falls flat on her face.

Guillermo puts his foot back down, grins, and gives a thumbs-up to Dylan.

By the DJ stand, Ms. Darcy's at first stunned to see she's fallen into Mr. Winthrop's arms.

The awkwardness passes, and they're both just fine with holding on to one another.

Phillip's off to the side of the ladder in a strange entanglement of his own: Bennu lies on top of him.

Shrieking like a girl, he shoves the papier-mâché figure off.

PHILLIP

You stay down! Bad bird! Bad mythological bird!

Bennu, now a lifeless arts and crafts project, has a blank expression, its long beak a benign shape of molded paper.

Harry and Nicole brush off their clothes, reorient themselves, and regard each other with a sly expression.

HARRY

Did we...?

NICOLE

Have we been...?

He takes her hand. She looks him up and down and grins.

NICOLE

Have you lost weight? You look... better.

HARRY

I feel better. I know I've seemed like a putz, but while, well, putzing around the house I came up with a streamlined business plan. I'm going to march back into the office and show that boss of mine he was a fool to let me go.

NICOLE

And me... I know I've been difficult and tried to cover over how I felt about Wayne and now my father...

He nods and opens his arms in encouragement.

She accepts his embrace and cries, her shoulders shaking as her grief is released.

Dylan blinks at his parents and rubs his eyes.

DYLAN  
You two seem okay, but what  
about...

Dylan searches all around and above him.

DYLAN  
Grandpa?

ARTHUR'S GHOST (O.S.)  
I'm over here. Over here.

Dylan follows the sound of Arthur's voice which leads him to  
the shards of glass from Bahiti's mirror.

He crouches to see ARTHUR'S GHOST in the BIGGEST SHARD.

DYLAN  
Grandpa?

ARTHUR'S GHOST  
Dylan? You look like you've just  
seen a ghost.

Dylan laughs but then starts to cry.

DYLAN  
But that means you're...

ARTHUR'S GHOST  
Hey, hey, dry those tears. We can't  
have them. Not when you've brought  
me a present.

Dylan half-cries/half-laughs.

ARTHUR'S GHOST  
Kid, though, I mean it--you did  
give me a present. These last few  
days have been the best adventure a  
grandfather could ever hope for.

DYLAN  
You know, it was pretty great--now  
that we can look back on it.

ARTHUR'S GHOST  
And you were brave--oh, my Ra,  
Hathor, and everything in between,  
you were amazing!

DYLAN  
I was, wasn't I? But what about  
you?

ARTHUR'S GHOST

Me? I'll be fine. But don't expect me to hang around. See--that means I'll be all right.

DYLAN

Where's Wayne? He was just here. Did you see him?

ARTHUR'S GHOST

Dylan, he's okay, just like I am. You shouldn't expect him to hang around, either.

DYLAN

But I've got so much to say to him.

ARTHUR'S GHOST

Stop wasting time talking to dead people. That Rachel girl's a keeper.

Rachel smiles and waves from across the way.

ARTHUR'S GHOST

Why didn't you ever tell me you were a great artist?

DYLAN

I tried to tell you I've been drawing these... these horrible pictures.

ARTHUR'S GHOST

Do you blame yourself? Is that it? Just because you drew me and your brother facing our worst days?

DYLAN

But they did happen.

ARTHUR'S GHOST

Dylan, my grandson, you're a perceptive artist. Don't be afraid to share your gift. Rachel wasn't: she sent in your art school application.

DYLAN

I can't believe she did that.

## ARTHUR'S GHOST

You're special. It's okay to be a little quirky--like your grandfather. Bye, my grandson. I hope to not see you again in a very long time. I'm coming, Miriam!

Arthur's Ghost disappears in the MIRROR SHARD.

## ARTHUR'S GHOST (O.S.)

And don't forget to make my daughter respect my last wishes: all of them! Miriam, my one true treasure! I've found you again.

INT. MANNERS HOME - DYLAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dylan's room has been straightened and cleaned to the point where it's almost unrecognizable. He messes it up again as he paws through a stack of mail.

His doorknob turns but stops, followed by a knock.

## DYLAN

Come in!

The door opens, and Nicole frets as Dylan continues to rummage through a desk drawer.

## NICOLE

Dylan, honey, I just cleaned your room. For the last time, by the way.

He holds a gigantic stack of papers that slip through his hands and scatter all over the ground.

She shakes her head but is more focused on something she's got behind her back.

## DYLAN

I thought maybe it would've...

She holds out an unopened envelope: "The Art Institute."

His eyes get big.

## NICOLE

I figured this might be important to you, especially after my chat with Rachel.

He grabs the mail and stops and looks at her.

NICOLE  
You want me to leave?

She turns to go but stops when he speaks up.

DYLAN  
No more secrets. No more hiding.

She nods as he rips the envelope open.

His jaw drops as he reads the letter.

NICOLE  
That's okay, honey. You'll get the next--

DYLAN  
They've accepted me! And they're giving me a full ride!

She hugs him and won't let go.

NICOLE  
I'm so proud of you!

DYLAN  
Mom? Hey, Mom?

She finally releases him.

NICOLE  
I've always wanted you to do well-- believed you could do well. Even though I sometimes--

DYLAN  
I know, Mom. I know.

She takes a moment to make sure she gets this right.

NICOLE  
Honey, I looked at some of your drawings, many of which were of Wayne and of the accident he had. It was an accident, you do realize?

He fights back the tears and shakes his head.

DYLAN  
No, I'm not going to cry. I understand how I had it all wrong.

NICOLE  
What do you mean?

DYLAN

He died doing what he loved, and he taught me to go for it. I mean, pursue my dreams. It's just that mine are different.

She beams with the joy of a proud mother.

NICOLE

You're joining the party, aren't you?

DYLAN

How could I say no?

INT. MANNERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Arthur's dressed like before, as a famous pop culture archeologist, hat and all, in his casket in the middle of the room. His waxen expression suggests he knows a secret punchline with his bullwhip clasped to his chest.

Everyone from their journey surrounds Arthur, even the Amazon Delivery People, jammed together in a crowd that spills out the front door, fills the kitchen, and runs into the hallway.

Nicole leads Dylan through the crowded hallway to the blaring sound of 1960s rock music.

NICOLE

Now do you understand why I didn't want to go through with this?

Dylan nods and sighs.

NICOLE

Just wait... There's more.

They wade through the crowd as Nicole tells Dylan the "there's more" part and finally make it to where they're in front of the casket.

Nicole raises her hand, and DJ Magic shuts the music off.

She gives Dylan a sheet of paper as everyone watches.

Big Jock, who towers over the crowd, looms by the front door.

BIG JOCK

Come on, Dylan! You've got this!

Guillermo, Cedric, and Phillip all give a thumbs-up to the right and at the foot of the casket.

Rachel stands at the head. Her warm smile and nod make Dylan relax as he takes a deep breath.

SUPER: MOMENTS LATER...

DYLAN

"Do not go gentle into that good night/Rage, rage, against the dying of the light."

Everyone applauds.

Nicole puts her arm around him as Harry beams by her side.

DYLAN

Grandpa raged until the very end.

WAKE ATTENDEE

Yeah! Way to go, Arthur!

DYLAN

And this is what he wanted for his funeral: for everyone, even strangers, to celebrate his passing. And, by the way, each person will get their turn--he wanted those attending to say one thing that brings them joy in life.

Harry and Nicole hold each other like they're newlyweds.

DYLAN

And mine would have to be my family. Grandpa Arthur, of course, who taught me how to be myself again. But I'd like to pay tribute to my brother, in particular.

The crowd applauds and responds with "AHs."

DYLAN

Wayne was the greatest brother ever. He could do anything. One time, he and I were...

Wayne's Ghost and Arthur's Ghost appear above the casket.

Dylan stops and gazes in the general area of Wayne's Ghost and Arthur's Ghost. He has a look of wonder.

RACHEL

What is it, Dylan?

He takes her hand and grins.

DYLAN  
Nothing. Nothing at all.

He resumes his tale, and Arthur's Ghost nods.

ARTHUR'S GHOST  
Looks like he'll be just fine.

Wayne's Ghost beams a smile at his brother as they and we...

FADE OUT.

**THE END**