



Scripts.com

# Rose Red

By Unknown

I deliver perfection...|and don't brag about it! :D  
What the hell were you thinking,|taking her that way?  
- Annie wanted...|- What's this "Annie wanted"?  
- Annie can't talk or think.|- She can! If you looked, you'd know.  
Please! She's all right.|Can't you just stop it?  
What? You know she's all right?|What if the damn dog was rabid?  
- It wasn't. Mrs. Stanton told me.|- And you believe her? Just like that?  
That woman's an idiot! A careless|idiot. Anyone can say anything, Sissy.  
Maybe someday you'll learn that.  
I saw the dog tag.|Why do you treat me like a fool?  
Stop it, can't you? Both of you.|She'll hear. Do you wanna upset her?  
Come on, honey. Give me a break.|You might as well... .  
Come on, guys!  
Wait up!  
I figured you could use something|stronger. I know I could.  
Down the hatch, come on.  
It's quick, isn't it? What they do.|And it doesn't hurt them?  
It's quick, it doesn't hurt.|They just go to sleep.  
Come on, drink your drink.  
You and I know Buddy never bit anybody|before in his life. It was her.  
He sensed something in her.  
Annie, please open the door.  
Annie, open this door now!  
Drink, you'll feel better.  
There's something wrong with her.|I don't just mean that she's autistic.  
Please open the door!  
Turn the music down!|Somebody'll call the damn cops!  
There's something about her|that's wrong.  
And Buddy sensed it.  
Dogs know. Oh, you bet.  
Did you hear that?  
Music. Someone has it|really cranked out there.  
- What the hell...?|- It's an earthquake!  
It's not coming from the ground.  
Come on! Run! Run!  
Come on! Come on!  
- Please open the door!|- Now, Annie!  
Come on, hurry! Hurry!  
- What's happening?|- I don't know!  
Annie, let us in! Annie!  
Annie, please, open the door!  
Kill it, Sissy!|Just what the hell are you doing?  
What the hell...?  
Sister, look at this.

Sister, I got baby.

Yes, I know.

Annie...

...what have you done?

That concludes this year's course in|the psychology of the unseen world.

I'd like to leave you|with three thoughts if I may.

First, the investigation of psychic|phenomena is an honorable pursuit...

...in spite of|its tattered reputation.

The second is that reality|is not always quantifiable.

Our inability to count, weigh, sort|or photograph some things...

...does not mean those things|are nonexistent.

Third and most important...

...next week's exam will not|be graded on the curve.

Seriously, I thank you all|for your attention...

...and to remind you of what|someone famous once said:

"The truth is out there."|Enjoy your summer.

Professor Reardon, a question, please.

Question.

Your question?

Rumor says you're investigating|Rose Red, the Rimbauer mansion...

...a psychic field trip.|Is that true?

- You are...?|- Kevin Bollinger, class of '03.

I don't recognize you. Is it|because the group is large...

...or is this your first visit|to our happy family?

- I'm a reporter for our newspaper.|- Oh, my sympathies, Mr. Bollinger.

Is it true and if so, do you plan|on using departmental funds...

...or college general funds|to finance your latest spook hunt?

As any regular attendee|of these classes will tell you...

...I am extremely interested in|Rose Red. Talk about it all the time.

Have a picture of it on my office|wall. And one of Ellen Rimbauer.

But as Professor Miller can tell you,|I've filed no request for funds...

...to underwrite|what you term a "spook hunt".

If you feel like asking him|to confirm that, he's up there.

A question, Mr. Bollinger.|Did Professor Miller suggest...

...you stop by my class for your|question instead of my office...

...like a normal reporter?

Never mind. Let's consider|the issue closed, shall we?

- You never answered my question...|- Thank you.

Exam next Tuesday at 2:00.|I'll see you then.

If I embarrassed you,|Professor Reardon, I am sorry.

Don't believe it, Mr. Bollinger.

Carl Miller wound you up. It was|his intention that I be embarrassed.

I am not.

Even if you're not using college funds|for your expedition...

...won't you be using expensive|psychology department equipment?

Haven't you entered into an agreement|with Steven Rimbauer...?

Good afternoon, Mr. Bollinger.

- Hi, Professor Reardon.|- Hello.

- Joyce, we have to discuss this.|- I think not.

You'll have to discuss it|sooner or later.

The department's patience with your|shenanigans has grown quite short.

"Spooks. Somebody call..."

Professor? Can we discuss...?

My office hours are clearly posted. |Can't you read?

Sorry.

- Oh, wait. Miss Spruce, isn't it?|- Cathy Spruce, that's right.

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bite. |Office hours are at 2. Try me then?

Yes, Miss Reardon.

Out.

Out.

Far out.

- Waterman residence.|- Mr. Waterman. Joyce Reardon.

Oh, hello, Miss Reardon. |I've been meaning to call, but...

-Joyce, please. |- I've been busy.

I'm finalizing my list of participants|for my Rose Red field trip.

I'd like you in. |Have you thought about it?

Rose Red is a dangerous place|for psychic experiments.

Joyce. As I'm sure you must be aware.

With all due respect, |Rose Red is a dead cell.

I'm sure it is. |If you're not psychic.

I'm sorry you feel that way. |I'll let you go...

...and move on to|the next name on my list.

I doubt there are many. |Not post-cognates of my caliber.

You might be surprised. |Good afternoon.

Wait, wait, wait, wait. |I didn't say no, did I?

-Didn't you? |- No. But 5,000 is a trifle low.

If you offered a bit more, |say 7,500, for instance?

-Mr. Waterman... |- Emery, please.

And a generous one since there've been|no phenomena in Rose Red for years.

Since they stopped the tours|and took away the fresh meat.

Forgive me, |but I find that ridiculous.

The funding for this is|coming out of my pocket.

And 5000 is all I can afford. So, |what do you say, Emery? In or out?

I'm in. But if you want a videotaped|debriefing afterward, I get extra.

Fine. Memorial Day weekend. |Mark your calendar.

You send me a check, Joyce, |and I will. Good day.

Putz.

Poisoned?

Guess not.

Emery.

Emery.

Hey, whoever you are...

...save the warnings for someone|who's not broke. Okay?

Emery! Emery!

Emery!

Here you are. There's some|more bags out in the car.

They're going out of business at|Griffin's. Everything's 25% off.

That's too much cream. You'll get fat.

- "Er."|- Beg your pardon?

Fatter. I'm already fat.

Cream clogs up your arteries.|A little's okay, but that's too much.

Get my things out of the car.|I made a killing.

- I was doing the bills just now.|- What about the bills?

They're past due.|The credit cards...

I'm very careful with the credit|cards. I'm a very wise shopper.

I'll get your stuff.

Isn't this the best bear? I'll put|him on my bed with Hester and Fester.

- What rhymes with Hester and Fester?|- Pester.

The woman who wants to investigate|Rose Red called again.

See? Something always turns up.|God provides.

- Rose Red is dangerous.|- Take precautions and you'll be fine.

Were you able to get her up to 75?

- No, she's financing the expedition.|- So she told you and you believed her.

- Wanna call her back? I've the number.|- No. A deal's a deal.

One sensible thing your father said.

Did you tell her it'd be extra|for interviews? EKGs?

- Yes.|- And no x-rays. They give you cancer.

Run and get my bags.|Then you can have your pie.

Office hours are over.|Come back tomorrow! I said office...

Extra credit, Miss Reardon?|I'll do anything.

Look great in a French maid's outfit.

- Come in, you idiot. Close the door.|- All right.

Teach, you are looking good today.

- How are you doing?|- I won't lie. It's been a tough day.

But I have a very important call|to make, so... .

This is the Wheaton girl?|The one you want?

Her sister. If you keep quiet, you can|stay. If not, then go. Get out now.

That's tough talk considering|it's my homestead you wanna explore.

But I'll be good, I swear.|I won't do that. Sorry.

- Hello? Miss Reardon?|- Yes. How are you?

I'm fine, but it's hard to keep|people away from the phone here.

- I'm on my break. Let's make it fast.|- I could call you later.  
No, I don't think so. I still live|at home to be near Annie...  
...and my father knows who you are|and what you want. He doesn't approve.  
Are you saying Annie won't take part?  
I'm saying that if I bring Annie|to Rose Red...  
...chances are that|I could never go home again.  
That's fine, but Annie shouldn 't go|without someone who understands her.  
And your parents don't.  
My mother is scared to death of her.  
And my father... .|Well, I think my father hates her.  
What can I do?  
There's a school just outside|of Tacoma for people like Annie.  
No, there is no one like Annie,|I don't think, but... .  
It's a place for autistic teenagers.|A good place.  
I might as well cut to the chase.|5,000 isn't gonna be enough.  
- For 10, I could make it happen.|- 10,000? Done.  
I'll bring the check to you myself|this afternoon. Where do you work?  
No, you need to slow down.|I just need to think about this.  
My time is short, Miss Wheaton.  
Please, call me Sister.|Everyone does.  
Mr. Rimbauer has agreed to open Rose|Red over the Memorial Day weekend.  
I need to know|if I can count on Annie.  
I'm having an orientation|Monday night...  
...for the participants here|at the university.  
It would be great|if Annie could join us.  
If Annie goes to Rose Red, I go too.  
That's fine, of course. When can|I know, Miss Wheaton? Sister?  
I might be able to scrape up|as much as \$12,000...  
...if you can make a solid commitment|to the expedition right now.  
I can't do that.|Goodbye, Miss Reardon.  
- When will I hear from you?|- I'll be in touch.  
-Wait, the orientation Monday night? |- I don't know.  
I don't think so.  
\$ 10,000? \$ 12,000? I'm thinking|I sold the old family homestead cheap.  
You didn't sell it, you're renting it.|For a single weekend.  
- I've gotta have Annie Wheaton.|- Why?  
I've got a good group but they're|candles. Annie is a searchlight.  
If anyone can wake up Rose Red,|it's her.  
Waking up Rose Red is not a good idea.  
I want Annie. I want Annie Wheaton.  
- Hello, dear.|- Hey, Mom. Hi, Dad.  
Long day? You look tired.|I'll microwave you a TV dinner.  
No, it's okay. I had something|to eat at the restaurant.  
Is Annie okay?

- Annie's fine.|- Wearing out her ears again.  
And ours. If not "A Summer Place,"|then "Pennsylvania 6-9000."  
Same two over and over,|all afternoon.  
- Guess she just likes it.|- I know. I just can't figure out why.  
Thank God for small favors.  
Annie. Annie. Come home.  
We're waiting, Annie. We're waiting.  
Please come home, Annie. |We're waiting.  
Despite what some people may think,|psychic powers...  
...telepathy, telekinesis,|precognition, all the rest...  
...have no moral gradient. |They are neither good nor bad.  
Houses are different.  
Shirley Jackson was right. |Some houses are born bad.  
Houses like this one.  
Houses like Rose Red.  
I knew it was big, |but that's enormous!  
Well, fortunately for us, |an enormous dead cell.  
There've been no overt manifestations |in Rose Red since 1995 or so.  
Some houses have their own inner life |which may or may not be conscious.  
If there was once consciousness in |Rose Red, it manifested itself early.  
Seattle 100 years ago was a different |world. More so than we can imagine.  
Survival was an actual issue, |not a TV show.  
Fortunes were made |by bandits in tall hats.  
You could get out of the way |or you could get run down.  
In the year 1906, |you were on your own.  
Rose Red was built |by John P. Rimbauer...  
... on Spring Street in Seattle...  
...as a wedding present to his wife.  
He was founder of Omicron Oil Company, |until 1950, the biggest in America.  
The trouble with Rose Red started |even before there was a house.  
Construction crews worked |24 hours, 7 days a week.  
But that wasn 't the problem.  
Even before there was a house there...  
... that ground seemed |to make people mad.  
I mean, literally mad.  
He made no effort to get away.  
Just dropped his gun |and went to a Seattle saloon.  
This is where the police found him.  
The teamster's name was Harry Corbin.  
He claimed he remembered nothing |from breakfast...  
...till he woke up in jail |with a knot behind his ear.  
The judge and jury didn't believe him. |He got 25 years.  
I think Harry Corbin may have been |Rose Red's first victim.  
First male victim.

There's a difference between the way|Rose Red treats the ladies and men.  
- What do you mean exactly?|- In time, Nick. All in good time.  
John Rimbauer and Ellen Gilchrist|were married on November 12, 1907.  
He was 40, she was 20.  
By the day they wed, Rose Red had been|under construction for a year...  
... and already there had been three|deaths, as well as the first foreman.  
Take it up!  
One man was decapitated|by a sheet of falling glass.  
One fell from a scaffold|and broke his neck. The third...  
... choked to death|on a piece of apple.  
This is the way Rose Red looked|when it was completed in 1909.  
In case your memory needs refreshing,|this is the way it looks today.  
It's as if it metastasized.  
- It has how many rooms?|- I don't think anyone knows.  
You can count 74 on Monday, come|back Friday and come up with 87 or 97.  
- That's impossible.|- That's Rose Red, sweetheart.  
How many people have disappeared?|There must be an accurate account.  
Twenty-three since|the First World War.  
I find that impossible to believe.  
Of course you do. Anyone would.|But it's true.  
Five men and 18 women.  
Rose Red has always been|particularly fond of the ladies.  
We are speaking of a house|which is dormant.  
It better be because \$5000|isn't enough if it isn't.  
- When was the last disappearance?|- 1972, 30 years ago.  
There've been no observable|phenomena since...  
- Who was it, the last one?|- We've got a lot of ground to cover...  
A woman on the Historical Society's|annual tour. She was with the group.  
It wasn 't until the tour was over that|they realized she wasn't with them.  
What's that?  
They didn 't find her|but they did find her purse.  
- Finished?|- Yeah.  
Thank you.|The lady's name was Liza Albert.  
Since then the house has been closed.  
With no psychic energy to feed on,|it's fallen into a sleep.  
- Then a coma. And now... .|- It's a dead cell.  
- Exactly.|- I wouldn't bet on that if I were you.  
It wasn't finished by the time they|married, but they were in no hurry.  
They passed the time with|a leisurely honeymoon for a year.  
They circled the globe on liners|like this one. The "Ocean Star".  
John Rimbauer's favorite part|of the grand tour was Africa.  
Ellen didn't enjoy it quite as much.|In fact, she nearly died.  
- Was it malaria?|- Probably not.  
In her diary she called it|"an unmentionable disease..."

...carried by men|and suffered by women."  
Doesn't exactly look prostrate|with worry, does he?  
Ellen recovered, and when they|took up residence in Rose Red...  
...she was pregnant.  
January 1909, that would have been.|John thought the house was finished.  
The Rimbauers! They're here!  
How beautiful you are, Rose Red.  
What he didn 't know is that|the house would never be done.  
Not in his lifetime, not in hers.  
What makes Rose Red one of the world's|most fascinating psychic  
artifacts...  
...is that the house continued to grow|until its death in 1995 or '96.  
Until 1950, changes were made|according to the will of Ellen.  
And her will, ladies and gentlemen,|was iron.  
After 1950... .  
After 1950, Rose Red grew on its own.  
In the fall of 1909,|Ellen Rimbauer gave birth to a son.  
- Grampy.|- Your grandfather, really?  
Yeah, I'm afraid so.  
In her diary she wrote, "I have called|him Adam, for he is the first."  
Sukeena, who came from Africa, |saw her through the difficult labor.  
Ellen never refers|to Sukeena as her servant.  
First, she calls her "my friend".|And later, "my sister".  
When she gave birth to a daughter|with a withered arm...  
... she blamed her sickness|and John 's sexual appetites.  
Although she wrote,|"In my mind, they are one".  
To which she added, "Damn all men".  
Their daughter was born|in April of 1911.  
And April was what they called her.  
After her daughter's birth, |Ellen became convinced...  
... that her fever, which recurred|periodically, would kill her young.  
That made her easy game|for Madame Stravinski.  
If you have anything to say to us...  
...you may use my body to speak.  
Give us a sign.  
Show us a sign.  
Not even Sukeena could convince her|that she was a fraud.  
Beloved spirits, we invite you|to commune with us.  
Show us a sign.  
Fraud or not, Madame Stravinski...  
... known to police in San Francisco|and Los Angeles as Cora Frye...  
... changed Ellen Rimbauer's life|one night in August of 1914.  
Sukeena!  
You must build.

What did she tell her?

She said she wouldn't die|until the house was finished.

And Madame S. Told her it isn't|finished until you say it's finished.  
Until you say.

Ellen took it seriously.|Probably she was right to.

She never had another attack|of her African fever.

- Probably psychosomatic.|- Probably PMS, right, Em?

I wouldn't be surprised.

A new wing started going up|the next week.

What did her husband say?

She gave him a son in 1909, a daughter|in 1911. The son was fine and well.

It was the son John Rimbauer cared|about. Ellen could do as she liked.

- Would you agree?|- Yes. Besides...

... he had affairs of his own|to tend to.

Ellen made additions to the house|until her disappearance in 1950.

Over 40 years|of well-financed eccentricity.

She hired contractors and architects|to build unconventional stuff.

Such as?

The so-called Tower Folly was|completed in 1921.

John Rimbauer jumped|from it two years later.

Was it suicide? Or did he run into|something he couldn't deal with?

The certificate said,|"accidental death".

The gossip said suicide or ghosts.

In any case, during its active years,|and they were very active...

...women in Rose Red tended|to turn up missing.

And men tended to turn up dead.

- The bad days are over.|- Oh, yes. Yes, indeed.

- Are you sure?|- Positive.

Then what exactly do you want|from us, Miss Reardon?

First, let's all get on|a first-name basis, shall we?

That'll make things less difficult.|This can be a difficult field.

People don't understand our goals|or refuse to credit our findings.

Some people are actively cruel.

And... .

- Research goals?|- Yes, yes, yes, yes.

My research goals specify|measurable, psychic phenomena.

Hard data. Telemetry readouts and|anomalous energy levels, primarily.

I want readouts that even the most|stupid, sarcastic, obtuse member...

...of this scientific department|will have to accept.

If I get a little crazy on the subject|sometimes, please forgive me.

I've put in a lot of long days.

If Rose Red is a dead cell, how much|proof can you expect to find?

If you apply electricity|to the leg of a dead frog...

...the muscles contract|hours after it has died.

You people are my psychic|equivalent of electricity.  
My goal is modest. A single twitch.  
One single twitch.  
If I get it, my reputation will be|secure for the rest of my life.  
More importantly, we can help|legitimize a branch of psychology...  
...which has been treated|poorly for too long.  
Why are you here, Mr. Rimbauer?|What are your special talents?  
Protecting family interests.|I promised the professor one shot...  
...then the developers await.|Tech-Star condos.  
You're tearing it down?|It's part of history.  
- History don't pay rent and I'm broke.|- Hardly a noble motive.  
Are we the team? The whole team?  
- She hopes not.|- Beg pardon?  
I was hoping for one more|but that's starting to look iffy.  
If I have to make do with you five,|then I'll count myself lucky.  
I'll see you this Friday at 2 p.m.  
I'm sure it'll be|a Memorial Day to remember.  
Now if you could all|please come and join me.  
I'd like to close with a circle.  
- This went out with high-button shoes.|- Anything you'd like to focus on?  
- Goodwill, good thoughts, each other.|- That's lovely.  
Say cheese.  
- Vic? Are you okay?|- Fine.  
I'm just gonna go make some room.  
He looks gray about the gills.  
No, no, no. Well, maybe|half a glass but no more.  
Just a minute, please.  
The Huskies were surprised|by the blitz.  
The linebacker drops into the flank, |then rushes the quarterback.  
Nobody on the left side|sees him coming.  
Hello. I'd like to speak|with Rachel, please.  
- Who's this?|-May I speak with Rachel?  
Is it the crazy lady from the college?|How you doing, crazy lady?  
Is that for me?  
My business is with|your older daughter...  
No, see, you got it wrong.|You have no business here.  
Not with Sissy, not with Annie,|not with any of us.  
Don't ever call here again, got it?  
Daddy, that was my call.  
- That was just some crazy lady.|- No, you've no right...  
Yeah, I do. While you|live and eat here, I do.  
Stop it, both of you.  
I know what the crazy lady wants.  
I know you talked to her|behind my back.

Let me tell you this. Annie's not going anywhere near Rose Red.  
- Mama?|- She doesn't say. I say.  
Mama, won't you help me once?|Just this once, won't you speak up?  
I've told you, I won't take sides|between you and your father.  
Mama, what about Annie's side?|The Gatt School...  
What planet are you on?|The Gatt School with \$5000?  
Professor Reardon has promised 12!  
I knew she was crazy, now you?|20 grand's what it would take. A year.  
Rose Red is famous. If something|happens, it'll be worth a fortune.  
Oh, yeah, sure. I can just|see her on "Geraldo".  
"I'm Annie Wheaton. I'll tell folks|about a haunted house."  
- Stop it! Don't mock her.|- I'm saving her.  
From crazy lady one and crazy lady two.|Now that is it.  
This case is closed. I don't|wanna hear anymore about it.  
Stop it, Annie! Stop it!  
Make her stop!  
What do you think, Dad?  
What do you think Annie wants?  
Stop it, Annie!  
George!  
Make her stop!|For God's sake, George!  
Please, make her stop!  
- We thought you were lost.|- No. Just misplaced.  
- May I propose a toast?|- Sure.  
To Rose Red.  
Rose Red.  
Joyce, she's looking,|still hoping for one more.  
Six. Six is the number.  
A girl, a teenager.  
And I think our dear professor|will be in luck.  
Is that something you see?  
What's your special trick, Pam?  
I'm what psychic journals|call a touch-know.  
It doesn't always work but sometimes|when I handle things...  
...I see stuff or get feelings.  
Of course, a lot of times|there's nothing.  
What about you, Vic?  
Two people, mid-20s.  
She's in a blue dress.|He's in jeans.  
He's blond, over-golded.  
He's got a case of Roman hands|and Russian fingers.  
What in the world are you talking...?  
Let's go outside. You wanna?  
- Sure.|- All right.

-Trs chic, n'est-ce pas? |- You're precognitive!  
I can tell a hawk from a handsaw|when the wind's in the northwest.  
- What about you, Cathy?|- I'm an automatic writer.  
- A Ouija board.|- Yes, but I don't like Ouija boards.  
The channel's too wide and sometimes|what comes through is unpleasant.  
This is better. Sometimes it's precog,|sometimes it's astral.  
Mostly it's just people to people.  
Someone concentrate hard. You, Pam.  
Oh, okay, let's see.  
I guess it's not working.  
Steve?  
What about you, St...? Nick.  
He calls her Dee.|Now why does he do that, I wonder?  
Nick?  
I do a little of this,|a little of that.  
Sometimes I get lucky|and things turn out okay.  
What about our new friend, Emery?|What about him?  
Your friend, not mine.  
Yeah, I think Emery is chiefly|post-cognitive. He sees the past.  
Not the most comfortable of talents.  
Here's to good thoughts, goodwill.  
Good thoughts, goodwill.  
Who are you?  
Why are you here?|Where are you from?  
When are you from?  
Is it Rose Red?  
Read my lips.  
Save the warnings for someone|who's not broke. Okay?  
I remember that day.  
She was happy, wasn't she?  
- We all were.|- Oh, man, would you look at this?  
Guess those were the days, huh?|Ignorance is bliss.  
Daddy, what Annie is,|isn't anyone's fault.  
Not hers, not mine, not yours.  
I know. But you're too busy thinking|about what you want for her...  
...to think about what she can do.  
Remember when|the Stantons' dog bit her?  
How the stones came down?|Or what she did to those pipes?  
After tonight, how can you have|any doubts about what she wants?  
Sweetheart, taking Annie into|a genuinely haunted house?  
That's like using a lighter|to see how full your gas tank is.  
It's a chance. That's what you don't|get. A chance for her to get out...  
And for you to get out from under.  
I just want what's best for Annie.

I know, Sissy, but you don't know|what that is.  
Believe me.  
Come, Annie. Come.  
Shame you can't do the same|with the other 40,000 or so.  
People read it today and line|litter boxes with it tomorrow.  
They'll remember.  
Some will take it out next time|the university bond issue comes up.  
A photo like this could put a hundred|worthwhile programs to beggary.  
But what do you care?  
Do you have a point?|Get to it. I have a lot to do.  
Crystals to polish? Ouijas to wax?  
You put Bollinger up to this,|didn't you?  
You told him where to go|and when to point his camera.  
Your paranoia's showing.  
That's a nasty little cut.  
Listen, I'm afraid I have a bit|of bad news for you, old girl.  
I am not old, not yet anyway.  
And I am certainly not your girl.|What are you talking about?  
Executive committee's been|in session regarding tenure.  
What? Why? No one's up for tenure.|The only thing they could...  
You really are a bastard.  
They voted five to two to revoke|your tenure. We tried to contact you.  
You'll find a message.|I thought the spirits would tell you.  
The general consensus is,|it's time to stop the silliness.  
- I'll fight you every step of the way.|- Of course, and you'll lose.  
Your days of haunting the Wimser|Psychology Department...  
...aren't over, but numbered.  
- When I come back with proof, you...|- The rallying cry of crackpots...  
...and deluded religionists since|the Stone Age: "The proof's out there."  
This is sad. You were respected|in the field of child psychology...  
...but then you got bitten|by the virus!  
It's a legitimate field|of psychological...  
It's crap, sleaze, a spit|in the eye of rational thought.  
Rose Red will be your last|goose chase as a faculty member.  
You're an idiot and you're blind.  
What if you found proof?  
Photographs, audio recordings|of clanking chains, telemetry.  
What good would it do? Have you|even considered such thoughts?  
I feel remarkably well today, Carl,|in spite of all your crap.  
And this, this is the world|we live in...  
...and experience with our senses.|Skin, smooth and rational.  
Where every cause has an effect and|can be predicted with data at hand.  
There's a world under that world.  
Blood, under the skin. Rationalistic|asses like you don't see it.

It's liquid instead of solid. | Hot instead of just warm.  
It is a world full of mystery.  
You don't like it, do you? No.  
Don't give me your bull | about bond issues.  
You're afraid of what's | under the skin.  
But I'm not. Do you hear me, Carl? | I'm not.  
- Lf you've given me something... | - That's what it comes down to.  
You're afraid to catch something. | Get out.  
Go to the infirmary | and get an AIDS test.  
When the semester's over, | you're done.  
You're finished teaching. | You're crazy! You're insane!  
Good day, old boy.  
What are you looking at?! | Look at it somewhere else!  
We did it, didn't we? | We really nailed her.  
What's on your face?  
Never mind. Never mind.  
We have a lot to talk about, | young man.  
The story's not over?  
It's just beginning. | It's just beginning.  
From the Department of Questions | Better Not Answered:  
If a tree falls in the forest and | no one hears it, does it make noise?  
Who cuts the barber's hair?  
Who leaves money under | the tooth fairy's pillow?  
How come no one realizes Clark Kent...  
...is just Superman wearing glasses?  
If I didn't own Rose Red, | would I be in bed with you right now?  
Hello.  
- How was your day, dear? | - Give it back.  
How was your day? Or should I just | roll over and make myself small?  
They revoked my tenure. Carl Miller | dropped by to give me the news.  
- Wait, can they do that? | - Maybe, probably.  
Bollinger made us look like the Stupid | family, with me as head Stupid.  
Wanna turn off your light?  
Well, you know, you're pretty | damn calm about it.  
I heard from Sister. | She accepted the 12,000 I offered.  
When I come back from Rose Red | with hard data...  
...there'll be four dozen | schools willing to hire me.  
First, I'll write a book. | It's gonna sell 80 gazillion copies.  
You once said that | the only certainty...  
...with the paranormal | is nothing's certain.  
What if nothing happens | after three days?  
But it will. | Annie Wheaton is my guarantee.  
She's, oh... .  
Let's just say she's one of a kind.

Rose Red isn't a true dead cell. |Annie will wake it up.  
If you let it stand for six |months, the possibilities...  
No. No. It's coming down in July |and I can't wait.  
I cannot wait.  
How can you hate it so much?  
- It eats my relatives! | - Sorry.  
Did you miss that in your research?  
It's just that it means a lot to me.  
Yeah, too much, maybe.  
You're gonna need some downtime when |this is over. Some serious R and R.  
- You have the cell phone. | - Right here.  
- And you got plenty of film. | - Of course I have plenty of film.  
I don't know if this is a good idea.  
Don't tell me you're afraid.  
No, of course I'm not afraid. |It's just big.  
What if I get lost?  
You're about to step out in the real |world for a couple of weeks.  
That's where you'll get lost.  
Nail this story, you can |write your own ticket.  
I thought that's what you wanted.  
Why don't you come with me?  
I do have a few things to do like |run my department, oversee finals.  
Call when you get pictures |and I or my wife will come.  
She can't stand Reardon either.  
If they catch me, they'll tear |me apart. You know that.  
There's no reason why they should |if you're reasonably careful.  
I guess.  
Don't forget this.  
Try and get a good picture |of them being psychic.  
- Professor, I don't think... | - Stiff upper.  
Professor Miller.  
You're a step away from stardom, |dear boy! Just get the pictures!  
Solarium, kitchen, tool shed...  
...back door, front door.  
Oh, I thought this house was empty.  
You would be Mr. Bollinger, |I believe. The reporter.  
I'm Bollinger, but how did you know?  
Come in, sir. You're expected.  
Ma'am? Where are you?  
This way, sir.  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Ma'am, I seem to have lost you.  
Ma'am?

Is anybody here?

Ma'am?

Screw this.

Very funny, but I wanna leave,|all right?

Let me out!

I could use a little help in here!|I'm in the greenhouse!

Let me out!

Let me out of here! Let me out!

I'm out of here. Come on.

Get a grip, Bollinger.

Hello? Who is this?

Bollinger? Bollinger, is that you?

Hello?

They'll be here. Come on.

Wait! Don't make me chase you, Emmy.

- Mom, I'm okay.|- Oh, yes, you're always okay.

Listen to me. If there's anything|you can't handle...

...anything beyond teleismic|manifestations, call and I'll get you.

- I will. I have to go.|- Call anyway so I know you're fine.

- I will. I always do. They're waiting.|- Well, let them wait!

They won't do much without you.|Now turn around.

- Mom...|- Turn around!

And stay away from that blond girl.|She looks like a tramp.

Now give Mommy a kiss.

Oh, you're all over lipstick.|Fix yourself.

I see new frontiers...

...in abnormal psychology|before us. How exciting.

Especially if you move your bowels!

The day before camp must have|been busy at the Watermans'.

Shut up.

Off to the house|on Haunted Hill, I see?

And with about \$ 100,000 worth|of department equipment, I'd guess.

I've got all the proper paperwork|signed in all the proper places.

Signed by Rogers.

When I was on vacation,|he acted for me. Clever of you.

- Do you have a point?|- I'm being pleasant.

- Lf you'll excuse us, we're in a hurry.|- Yes, of course.

Places to go. Ghosts to bust.|Isn't that right, Mr. Rimbauer?

More or less.

Yes. Well, do try and keep|the equipment in one piece.

Good luck.

"The Spirits have done it all|in one night."

Scrooge says it when|he wakes up changed.

That's what Miller made me think of.|Scrooge on Christmas.

I don't trust him.  
Hello, are you the group?  
The Rose Red group?|Yes. I'm Pam Asbury.  
- This is Cathy Kramer.|- Hi.  
- Victor Kandinsky.|- Vic. Just Vic.  
Nick Hardaway.  
And Emery Waterman.  
And you must be... .  
Oh, I'm Sissy Wheaton.|And this is Annie.  
I was sure we were gonna miss you.|Traffic was horrible.  
- We're glad you didn't.|- Sister, or do you prefer Rachel?  
Oh, either is fine.  
Oh, stop it, Annie. Just quit it.  
Good God, she's retarded.  
If you keep your evaluation|of Miss Wheaton to yourself...  
...we won't ask questions...  
...about your relationship with|your mother. Chin, chin.  
Folks, I think we're ready.  
You've reached Carl Miller.  
Please leave a message|after the tone.  
Bollinger, I told you to keep|the phone with you.  
All right, they've left the campus.  
They'll be there in 40 minutes|so be ready.  
And call me back.  
There she is.  
It seems to be looking at us.  
It is, Cathy. It is.  
Steve.  
Mommy? Where are you?  
Mommy? I'm scared.  
Where are you, Mommy?  
Steve.  
Steve, you okay?  
Yeah, sure. Fine.  
You wanna know a secret?  
I've never done anything like this|before and I'm scared to death.  
Be not afraid. Only believe.  
We're lucky. The electronic|stuff was delivered earlier.  
- What are these?|- House plans, probably as useful...  
...as a 14th-century map of Africa.|And here, a coil of rope.  
How you doing, sweetie?|You okay?  
Mommy, I'm scared.  
Come, Stevie.  
What is it? What can you hear?

- Steve?|- It knows we're here.  
It wants us here.  
God help us, it wants us here.  
Come in.  
Houses are alive.  
This is something we know.  
News from our nerve endings.  
If we're quiet...  
... if we listen...  
... we can hear houses breathe.  
Sometimes in the depth of night, |we hear them groan.  
It's as if they're having bad dreams.  
A good house cradles and comforts.  
A bad one fills us with|instinctive unease.  
Bad houses hate our warmth, |our humanness.  
That blind hate of our humanity|is what we mean by the word "haunted".  
Steve? Are you all right?  
Yeah.  
It stopped.  
I heard it too. But it stopped.  
What did you hear?  
There were words. It wasn't clear.|Did any of you... .  
I might have heard something.|It may have been my imagination.  
- What was it?|- I don't know. I'm not psychic.  
You tested me yourself,|so there's no real...  
What? What are you looking at?  
Nothing.  
Pam.  
Can you come here?  
Well, we might as well get started.  
Will you...?  
All right.  
Emers, old boy, give us a hand.|It seems to be the butler's day off.  
- Don't call me that.|- Come on.  
For \$5000 you can carry|a couple boxes.  
I am not being paid for my services|as a porter.  
Pam, you all right?  
Hey, I thought this house was empty.  
You would be Mr. Bollinger, I believe. |The reporter.  
I'm Bollinger, but how did you know?  
Come in, sir. You were expected.  
This way.  
Come in, sir. You were expected.  
This way.

How old were you when you got|lost in there? Eight? Nine?  
- What?|- The room with colored light.  
The smell of sawdust.  
What happened? What did you see?  
What? What frightened you?  
I don't know what|you're talking about.  
You know, don't you?  
But you're not saying.  
What is it?  
- It's cold. Cold metal, that's all.|- No, but you spoke.  
There was something there,|but it's gone.  
I didn't like the way it felt.  
The caretaker left it after he|let in the equipment guys.  
- He'll miss it.|- Not after summer.  
In September there won't be|a gate to open.  
There's a flashlight for everyone.Keep it on you at all times.  
The power's usually fine.  
If it goes out, I don't suppose|the fuse box does much good?  
Nope, neither does calling|Puget Sound Energy.  
- And your equipment?|- Lf the power goes, it uses batteries.  
We better get started.  
Where's Annie?  
She's wonderful.  
Friday afternoon, 3:17 p.m.  
We've experienced our first paranormal|phenomenon: a phantom draft.  
I insist that you don't go|exploring on your own.  
The geography can seem unstable.  
Let's double up on sleeping|arrangements. I'll share with Cathy.  
The three of us could go in.  
I'll sleep with Emery. We'll raid the fridge.  
No, the bedrooms are safe. Just don't wander off.  
- I think you'll find this interesting.|- Wow.  
You could make Thanksgiving dinner|for a hundred people here.  
- Maybe after the place was fumigated.|- You're such a charmer.  
Was I talking to you?  
Ellen Rimbauer called this|the Health Room.  
We call it a solarium.  
A railroad executive, George Meader,|drinking buddy...  
...of John Rimbauer, died in here|just after the end of WWI.  
According to a doctor, |he was stung by a bee.  
He died of an extreme|allergic reaction.  
As I told you, in Rose Red's heyday,|men didn't fair well here.  
That's not very reassuring.  
Nothing to worry about. Just use|the buddy system in the house.

- Now...|- Whoa.

What?

What's this?

- The caretaker leave that too?|- Doubt it.

- Well, then who?|- Press redial and see who answers.

You've reached Professor Miller|of the Psychology department.

I'm unable to answer the phone. Leave|a message. But remember Shakespeare:

- Who is it?|-Brevity is the soul of wit.

This is Joyce Reardon's friend,|Steven Rimbauer.

We found your property in Rose Red.

I'm sure you didn't drop it, since|we just saw you. But I know who did.

The guy who wrote the story.|Trespassing isn't serious.

Abetting a trespasser is less serious,|but your dignity will take a hit.

Guess who will be on next week's|newspaper cover?

- You have a nice day.|- Bravo, Steve, bravo.

- You can't be certain that's his phone.|- Of course it is.

I bet one of the numbers in memory|is that son of a bitch Bollinger.

If the reporter had the phone,|where is he?

Maybe the house ate him.|Isn't that what it's supposed to do?

Something that he doesn't believe in|frightened him, and he ran off.

- Perhaps he's still in the house.|- Then we'll find him.

- Come on, folks...|- You sure we shouldn't notify somebody?

Why should we? If he's here,|he's trespassing, like Steve said.

If we call the cops, we'll|have half a dozen police...

...roiling up the atmosphere,|and he'll win!

That pig Miller will win,|and I can't have it.

Okay? I just won't. I can't.

It's okay. He doesn't get to win.

And if we find Bollinger,|we spank him and send him on his way.

- Sounds good to me.|- Yeah, me too.

On with the show?

On with the show.

It's a pity no one kept up|those vines.

There hasn't been a groundskeeper|since Omicron Oil fell off the board.

We're in the kitchen because...

...Joyce wants to tell you|about my great-aunt April.

- Go on.|- Are you sure?

Sure. That's what we're here for.|Besides, it was before my time.

April was 6 when she disappeared. Her|brother Adam was in boarding school.

- Boarding school at 8?|- It was Rimbauer's idea.

Ellen ranted and raved. But John|put his foot down and kept it down.

He didn't trust Rose Red even then.|This was the last place...

...April was ever seen.

Sukeena stepped into the pantry|over there...

...for what she swore was no more than|30 seconds. When she came out... .  
April?  
April, honey, where are you?  
April?  
Fifty men searched the house|and grounds. They found nothing.  
Not so much as a lock of hair|or a thread from her dress.  
Great-Grandfather, convinced of|Sukeena's guilt, took her downtown.  
Ellen objected in the strongest terms, |but John declined to listen.  
- She's innocent!|- Ellen, stop it!  
Please, John! Sukeena!  
She was taken to a room and questioned|for 50 hours. No sleep, no food...  
...no bathroom breaks, no mercy.  
I don't know.  
She was gone.  
I don't know.  
She convinced them she didn't know|about April's disappearance, but...  
...it cost her three teeth,|a broken nose and a broken wrist.  
Eventually, Ellen's maid was allowed|to return home again.  
I mean, the only home she had left.  
When do we go upstairs? I hear|that's where the weird stuff is.  
No time like the present.  
Come on, everybody.  
I didn't notice that one before.  
Neither did I.  
Could you try to remember who's|running this expedition?  
- Sure.|- Thanks.  
Come here, please.  
Tie your rope to that pole.|It'll help us find our way back.  
Couldn't we just go and get the plans?  
- The plans don't always mean a lot.|- It's a safety measure.  
So follow me, and prepare|to be amazed.  
Ellen called this the|Perspective Hallway.  
Her first major addition.|And no architect designed it.  
She made it up herself?|Way to go, Ellen.  
But she didn't.  
Then who?  
Sukeena.  
- Her maid?|- Her companion.  
It's so wild, like something|in a fun house.  
Oh, it's making my stomach turn.  
I guess they're pieces|built in perspective.  
Camouflaging the doors|was Great-Gram's idea.  
She didn't want them to spoil|the illusion.  
Bollinger! Hey, Bollinger,|are you in there?

Whoa!

Annie, no!

No!

You be quiet!

You wanted this place to wake up. | I'd say you've been successful.

Does she ever get assertive, or does | she always waffle like that?

She doesn't talk much, but | what she says, she means.

- I'll say. | - In the mid-60s...

...a team of scientists spent | some time investigating Rose Red...

...and heard the house scream.

They recorded them, although | they don't sound impressive.

- And what did they conclude? | - That it was underground water.

Perhaps amplified by the water pipes | under this part of Seattle.

Underground water?

People facing these phenomena | tend to protect their belief systems.

This hallway was the last place | Ellen Rimbauer was ever seen.

They moved in on January 15th, 1909.

Each January 15th, Ellen wore the same | dress she wore when they arrived.

Ellen threw a party every January 15th | and everybody showed up.

Politicians, hoodlums, | sports players, stars.

When the actress disappeared, | the parties stopped.

Finish telling us about | old Mrs. Rimbauer.

She disappeared on January 15th, 1950. | She was 70.

A maid wished her good evening...

... and she swept by as if | she didn 't even hear.

And that was the last | anyone ever saw of her.

Come on, lots more to see.

This is the gymnasium.

The exercise equipment is out-of-date.

This room demands a particular | form of exercise.

- What...? How...? | - It's the mirror library.

It's not in the plans. | I remember seeing it as a boy.

They're not in the plans? | How can it not be in the plans?

Here's a camera.

Not good. Not good at all. | "The property of Kevin Bollinger."

- Mr. Bollinger, are you here? | - What's wrong?

I said this might happen. | Just use your flashlights.

- We should go back downstairs. | - Nonsense.

Oh, my...! Look.

Steve, roll tape, roll tape!

Annie.

Annie, no.

Annie, don't touch it.

Annie, no!

Annie, come home.

Come with me.

Stop her! Somebody's got to stop her!

Are you okay?

- How did you know to do that?|- I don't know, I just did it.

- Take it, I don't want it.|- Here, give it to me.

Try and get some good|pictures of them being psychic.

What's that supposed to mean?

It's someone talking to Bollinger.

- I bet I know who.|- Is he alive? Can you tell?

He was when he dropped this camera,|I don't know.

We ought to get out of here.

Okay, folks, let's head back|downstairs. Break time.

Thank God.

Wait.

It's not the same.

- The hallway.|- No, nonsense.

He's right. We're not going|the way we came.

- What in heaven's name is that?|- What's going on?

The building started again. |You wanted to wake the place up.

Now you got what you wanted.

- Who's building, and what?|- I don't know.

You're lying.

No, I'm not lying.

Is it too hard to remember?|Or too frightening to remember?

It's gone. It stopped.

I suggest we go downstairs|before it starts again.

Annie, I need your help.

Now put your hand here,|and push from here.

Annie, what are you doing?

- Nick.|- Not now, Joyce.

Annie!

That wasn't funny.

Okay, I know another way down. |There might be something worth seeing.

- Are you sure you know the way?|- Yes.

Oh, my God.

- "Oh, my God" is right.|- More camouflaged doors, Stevie?

Gram wasn't above using a trick twice. |This was a joke...

...on her husband's business life.|- Did he get it?

I doubt it. I don't even|really get it.

Here's the door right here.

Just press right there.

This house has everything but chow.

Joyce, it's this way.

Oh, of course, I knew that.  
Better, Emery?  
Than nothing, I guess. | Too much mayo in the crabmeat.  
What do you want?  
Bare-breasted nymphs offering | delicacies from a silver platter?  
Stop it. Stop harassing me.  
Ever learn the difference | between joking and harassing?  
I learned plenty in high school, | from guys like him, and you.  
Come on, give it a rest.  
Emery, I may have something better | for you in a while.  
Tell us about the actress, Joyce. | I'm a sucker for celebrities.  
Well, that's her, on Ellen's | wall of fame.  
Deanna Petrie...  
...was a fairly big star in the '40s.  
Musical comedies mostly.  
She could dance...  
... sing a little...  
... and she was sexy as hell.  
She was one of Ellen's favorite guests | at her January 15th parties.  
In 1946 she showed up in what Hedda | Hopper called "The Cocktail Dress".  
She was wearing it when | she disappeared.  
She spent the night here, | in the billiard room...  
...wowing guests with her many...  
...talents.  
She left behind a single earring.  
A maid found it, but there was | no girl to go with it.  
Deanna's disappearance made | Rose Red's reputation.  
And now, Annie, if you've | finished eating...  
...I have something to show you.  
It's nice.  
You'll like it. I promise.  
It's okay.  
Go up, Annie. Go up and see | what you find.  
- It's not dangerous is it? | - No, not a bit. Go on, Annie.  
You okay, son?  
Yeah. Sure, I'm fine.  
Annie?  
What in the world is it?  
Whatever it is, she likes it.  
Cathy, you were right. Revelation 12.  
Oh, yeah.  
No corporal presence in six centuries.  
No psychic pulse.  
Emery, are you thinking of | dressing for dinner?

You tell me. Read my mind.

Annie, Glenn Miller.

That doesn't work. I tried it|while I was setting up.

Sorry, Annie.

- Joyce?|- It's all right.

Got three loaded for Reardon.|Large, with two six-packs of soda.

Thank you. I told you there'd be|something you'd like better.

Loaded. Excellent.

Miss Asbury?

May I?

Okay.

- Do this often?|- Every chance we get. How much?

- This is some place. Is it haunted?|- Yeah...

...by ghosts of delivery men who asked|stupid questions and never escaped.

This is unbelievable.|What are you doing to me?

She's terrific.

I wouldn't think you'd need a|telemetry readout to count heads.

Not human ones, certainly.

- I'm real worried about Mr. Bollinger.|- Don't bother, he'll show up.

I wish I was as sure of that as|you are. Where's Vic?

Right here. Anyone care to dance?

Well, not me, I'm pooped.

Where have you been?

I lost my book.

It's story time. We've heard the one|about the actress...

...tell us about Rimbauer's|partner, Mr. Posey.

- Remember that sance I spoke about?|- Starring the gypsy psychic Cora Frye?

Yes. That was 1914...

...and the war was heating up|the economy.

Omicron Oil was in clover.|Money was rolling in...

...and John Rimbauer was|tired of sharing.

In October of that year, he gave|Douglas Posey the bum's rush.

According to family legend,|Uncle Posey had a taste for cowboys.

He liked chaps in chaps?

- Was he into roping or branding?|- Probably a little bit of both.

Rimbauer bought him out at|distressed sale prices.

He was told never to come back,|but he did, once.

That was in 1915. John was in Europe,|and Adam and April were home with Mom.

Granddad never forgot Posey|tossing him that Tom Mix hat of his.

He wanted it and threw a tantrum|when his mother tried to take it.

And he never forgot April|catching the rose.

Why did Posey wait a year to do it?|And why here? Any ideas?

I don't have any answers.

After the suicide, John and Ellen kept Adam away as much as possible.

He was at boarding school when his sister disappeared.

He knew that something was wrong here, even then.

The male descendants have mostly stayed away.

I was here only a few times. I got off on my own once. I was 8.

Your father...

He hated this place. He was afraid. My mother brought me.

I forgot till today. I blocked it out, I guess.

Nick reminded me. She probably couldn't find a babysitter.

-What was she looking for? -Loot. I think she was drunk.

That's my memory of it, but she so often was in those days.

I know she and Dad were broke.

After we lost the oil company, it's been a family disease.

Broke-itis.

And while your mother was treasure hunting, you got lost.

Yeah. It was no big deal, but...

You were upstairs before you realized how lost you were.

One floor above the mirror library. Or was it three floors, or 10?

When this place gets going and feels lively...

...when it has energy to use...

...it can make itself as big as it wants.

But you got to the top...

...and that's where... .

Oh, my God!

What is it? Do you know?

It's a cluster manifestation with elements like an earthquake.

It's the house! It's coming alive!

How many are there? Can you tell?

Damn this thing!

I'm not so sure that there is anyone here!

I know that sounds crazy, but...!

Be gone!

Oh, Annie, don't touch it.

- Go. -Annie.

Go ahead.

Go.

Annie, come.

I'd advise none of you to go wandering tonight.

- You'd agree, wouldn't you, Steve? - As a matter of fact, I would.

If we're quiet...

...if we listen...

...we can hear houses breathe.

Sometimes, in the depth of the night...

...you can hear them groan as if|they were having bad dreams.  
Can I ask you something?  
Of course, Emery.  
Will you come to bed with me?  
Look, isn't that your mom?  
That's not my mother.  
That's just an old...|Pam?  
- Pam, what are you doing?|- Say cheese. Say cheese, Emmy!  
Oh, man!  
Five grand wasn't enough, Ma,|not at all.  
Twenty wouldn't have been enough.  
Wanna get it on?  
We've got all night, Emery.  
- We've got forever.|- You're not there. Not there!  
But I am. I'm your girl.  
I'm your dream girl.  
Not there, not there,|not there, not there.  
Say cheese!  
- Who is it?|- Cathy.  
Come on, hurry up.  
What is it?  
Steve found something amazing.|It explains so much.  
Explains what?|What are you talking about?  
Annie...  
...turn your record player off,|Dad'll be pissed.  
What is it?  
Did you open that?  
If you opened it, close it.  
I can't sleep with the door open.  
I'm afraid of the bogeyman.|Aren't you?  
No "ogeyman".  
No bogeyman?  
"Ogey" lady.  
Bogey lady?  
- Night-night.|- You are gonna get it now.  
Sorry, your call can't be completed.|Pay your bill and kiss my ass.  
No luck?  
My mom will go crazy. It's not a long|trip for her, even at the best times.  
Sorry about that.  
Yeah, well, I'm thinking about getting|out of here before she shows up.  
I get tired of her, you know,|showing up.  
Also, Rimbauer gets on my nerves.|Joyce too.  
"On our left, the ghosts of|April Rimbauer and Douglas Posey.  
Don't worry, they're perfectly|harmless."

And you know what? Under that|phony tour-guide shtick...  
...she's as crazy as the Red Queen.|"Off with their heads."  
And that creepy kid with that|creepy doll.  
She's nuts too.  
Rimbauer's just smart-ass "du jour".  
Well, what's this,|your shrink routine?  
Just get it off your chest.  
A dead cell, isn't that|what Joyce called it?  
Wanna know about dead? I had a dead|movie star in bed last night.  
- Deanna Petrie?|- Didn't last long, but it was a very...  
...physical manifestation. I'm|getting tired of Rose Red's tricks.  
Joyce wants some of her 5000 back,|I'll see her in court.  
If my mom doesn't hear from me soon,|she's really gonna go nuclear.  
I will not try my call again later!  
Good morning, Annie.  
All right then.  
- Good morning, Steve.|- Good morning.  
- Is that Annie?|- Annie it is.  
Would you like some eggs?|It'd be a pleasure.  
No, thanks.  
- Seen Joyce?|- She's fiddling with her equipment...  
...Looking as if she last got a good|sleep circa 1972. I'd tread carefully.  
- She's crabby, huh?|- Very. Video's cloudy, audio garbled...  
...no recorded telemetry of any use.  
- What's that?|- That's the wine cellar.  
Isn't it marvelous?|The door was open when I came down.  
- Haven't you seen it before?|- No.  
Rose Red hasn't just woken up...  
...it's "House & Garden's"|version of Frankenstein's monster.  
- That's ridiculous.|- Is it?  
Listen.  
- You heard much of that?|- Enough to worry me.  
Bollinger's persistent|nonappearance worries me too.  
You would think,|if he was still here and alive...  
...we'd run into him, wouldn't you?|- I don't know.  
The longer we go without|reporting his disappearance...  
...the more peculiar our position is|if he turns up dead, or not at all.  
Dom Perignon, 1949. A very good year.  
In my experience, they're all|good years.  
What goes better with eggs|than champagne?  
Pull the cork, Steve.  
- Will you wet your whistle?|- It's a little early for me.  
- Cheers.|- Cheers.  
You know, this place|is feeding off us.

And although I'm sure|it finds us all...  
...rather tasty, its primary sources|of nourishment are Annie and you.  
- I don't have a telepathic bone in me.|- I don't know what you were before...  
...and the house almost ate you,|but now you're a psychic transmitter...  
...operating on Rose Red's wavelength. |It almost had you. It wants you back.  
It wants Annie too.  
- You're crazy.|- Crazy?  
Maybe. But I vouch|that Joyce is crazier...  
...and she means to have proof|even if someone has to die.  
- You're wrong.|- Really?  
Let's ask Mr. Bollinger,|if we meet him again.  
- What are you doing?|- Making sure Miller sent Bollinger.  
- Lf he did, I'll report him missing.|- Joyce won't like that.  
According to you, she's|not very happy anyway.  
Hey, professor,|what you doing here?  
Minding my business, as I|hope you will yours.  
Who locked this door?  
I imagine you locked it yourself,|professor. It being your office.  
You must have the number,|it's your cell phone.  
- Will you talk to him if he calls?|- I'd be delighted.  
Thanks.  
Guess who 's on the cover|of next week's paper?  
You have a nice day.  
- Damn you!|-Received at 8:42 a.m.  
This is Steve again. I need|to talk to you about Kevin Bollinger.  
He slit his wrists and wrote your|name in his blood before he died.  
Joyce suggests you come|before we call the cops.  
Maybe we can|minimize this scandal, but...  
... it's imperative you come|the second you get this.  
End of message. |You have no more new messages.  
Have a nice day, professor.  
Morning, Annie.  
Good morning, Annie.  
Good morning, Annie.  
Good morning, Annie.  
Good "orning".  
Steve. Good morning, Steve.  
Good "orning", Steve.  
Right.  
Knock yourself out.  
That's pretty good.  
She can also bend spoons, turn on|lights, and set off car alarms.

- I got babies.|- Yes, very nice babies.  
I got Adam. I got April.  
She never talks to strangers. |I'm impressed.  
In fact, I'm stunned.  
Well, I've never heard Glenn Miller|playing out of a flower before.  
You're Rachel. |That's right, isn't it?  
Yeah. Most people call me|Sister or Sissy, for short.  
I think I prefer Rachel.  
So, this is a very big deal|for Joyce, right?  
Yes, because of the|disappearances, Rose Red...  
...is a white whale in the field of|psychic research.  
Now that Miller got her tenure|revoked, it's more important.  
If Joyce gets proof of paranormal|activity, she's okay. If not... .  
I had no idea things were|so dire for her.  
She's paying me a lot of money. |Paying Annie, I should say.  
- I wonder if she can afford it.|- I wonder too.  
You really don't know? I thought|you two were closer than that.  
In some ways, in others, |we're not in the same neighborhood.  
Tell me about her.  
She's 15. She's autistic.  
She loves "A Summer Place". |She loves big bands.  
She's also telepathic and|psychokinetic.  
Which are probably the|least important things about her.  
- Can I show you something?|- Sure.  
Everything was dead at this end|of the room yesterday.  
We all feel the house|coming to life.  
Maybe, but the house didn't|do this, Annie did.  
It's the other side of what she is. |It's not all...  
...frozen pipes and falling stones.  
When I look at her, |I don't see ruin. I see roses.  
When Annie was 5, a dog bit her.  
Annie, make him go away!  
Annie, make him stop!  
Oh, Annie, make him go away!  
What happened? Oh, my God.  
He bit her. Your dog bit my sister!  
Oh, my God. |Buddy, get back in the house!  
I'm so sorry. He's never done this|before. He's never bitten anyone.  
It'll be all right, you'll see. |It'll be just fine.  
Sister, look at this.  
Sister, I got baby.  
Hey. Go on, now.  
Stones from the sky just fell on the|house. Nowhere else on the street.  
The dog that hurt her|had been destroyed, but Annie...

Annie didn't understand that.

- Stop it.|- Answer me! Are you proud of this?

- Stop it!|- No, I'm not going to!

How could you be so stupid?

How could you let a reporter|get Annie's drawings?

Annie came in while I was|arguing with my father and...

... well...

... I guess you could say|she lodged a protest.

She froze all|the water in the house.

She's a big-time telekinetic,|and that's all Joyce cares about.

- Joyce is...|- No!

No. L... Thank you.

I do understand. I mean...

...I think even Annie understands|why we're here, in her own way.

But for me...

...the important thing about Annie,|all that's important about Annie...

...is that she responds|to love with love.

Isn't there a place for|the Annies of the world?

It'd be nice to think so, but the|world isn't always fair, that's all.

I know it.

For the lamb shall lead and feed them|unto the living fountains of waters.

We must drink from the grape...

...and not the grain.

Maybe later.

You sure?

Could we...?

What's she thinking? Any idea at all?

Not the slightest.

Miss Asbury, you look|lovely this morning.

If only I'd have known,|I would've dressed for the occasion.

What's wrong, sweetheart?

- Miss Asbury? Pam?|- It's not much farther.

Who are you?

- I might ask you the same thing.|- Patricia Waterman, Emery's mom.

Professor Carl Miller.

Nice to meet you.|Are you going in?

- I'm afraid so.|- Good. I've come to get my boy.

Get the gate, would you?

Come on! Put your back into it!

- What is it you found?|- Something amazing. It explains a lot.

- We should tell the others.|- We will.

But I wanted to show you first.

Daffy bitch!

Em? Emery!

What's wrong with you?|Look what you've done!  
Emery! Come back!  
Emery!  
Woman! Can we exchange|insurance information?  
Where are you?  
Emers!  
Emery!  
Not there, not there, not there.  
Emery!  
Emery!  
Emery, what's wrong?  
Stop running! Let me help!  
Pam?  
Pam?  
Woman!  
Where are you?  
Pam?  
Be not afraid, only believe.  
Be not afraid, only believe.  
Emery! Emery!  
Oh, my God. It is her.  
Woman! Where are you?  
Emery!  
Emers!  
Is that you?  
Emery!  
Only believe. Only believe.  
I don't believe it.  
I don't believe.  
I don't believe.  
No!  
- Emery!|- Help me, Mommy, I'm so scared.  
- Emers.|- Help me, Mommy!  
Mrs. Waterman?  
Where are you?  
Someone help me. She's alive.  
Not there. Not there. Not there.  
I don't want to go! Open the window!|Open the window and let me in!  
Emery!  
I'm having a heart attack!  
- Call 911.|- Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.  
Not there. Not there. Not there.  
Emery. Look at me. Please!|Look at me!  
For God's sake, open the window.

Not there. Not Mommy. Not Vic. | Not the actress. Not anyone.

Not there. Not there.

In my hair, foul or fair. | Don't you dare. No one there.

Peach or pear. No one there. | In my hair, foul or fair.

- Don't you dare. No one there! | - What's going on?

- No one there. Foul or fair! | - Vic!

He came to you for help and you | turned your back on him.

What the hell is going on?

Sir? Pardon me, sir.

- Yes? | - Are you here for Mr. Bollinger?

- Is he here? | - Oh, yes...

...waiting for you | in the solarium, sir.

If you're Professor Miller, that is.

- He's all right? Not hurt, or... | - I believe he's impatient to go home...

...but otherwise he seems quite well.

It's Rimbauer.

What is going on?

I'm sure I cannot say, sir.

Ms. Reardon's party seems | rather rambunctious.

Does it indeed?

Take me to Bollinger.

Right away, sir.

How did I get up here?

Ma'am, will you slow down a bit?

Where are you going?

Hello?

Ma'am?

Where are you?

What the hell?

A house is a place of shelter.

It's the body we put on | over our bodies.

As our bodies grow old, | so do our houses.

As our bodies may sicken, | so do our houses sicken.

And what of madness?

If mad people live within, | doesn't this creep into the rooms...

... and walls and corridors? | The very boards?

Don't we sometimes sense | that madness reaching out to us?

Isn't that a large part | of what we mean when we say...

... a place is unquiet, | festered up with spirits?

We say haunted...

... but we mean the house | has gone insane.

Somebody help me! I'm lost!

Somebody help me!

Oh, for chrissake.

Somebody help me!  
Where the hell did I come from?  
Your mommy was right. | I'm a tramp.  
Somebody help me!  
Help me!  
Where is everyone?  
- What's going on? | - I think Vic's dead, I'm not sure.  
What's going on?  
- He says Vic is dead. | - Ridiculous! How can he be dead?  
- Joyce, get real. I think Vic is dead. | - Thank God!  
You.  
You don't understand, my mother's | here. Or the house is imitating her.  
At first I thought so, but now... .  
And I got lost. | I've seen things you wouldn't believe!  
Not now, Emery!  
We shouldn't be here!  
A bubble's forming, | a kind of psychic bubble.  
Why would your mother be here?  
She worries about me. | I do too. About all of us.  
I saw Pam. I think she's dead.  
- Where's Annie? | - I don't...  
It's stuck again.  
- It's not just stuck! | - Of course it isn't.  
This is ridiculous!  
Emery, come here. | Is that your mother's car?  
Yeah, Mommy's little scootabout.  
- What? | - Mommy's little scootabout.  
Mommy's little scootabout. | That's what she calls it.  
We scoot about for ice cream, | to the movies... Stop looking at me.  
Mama's little scootabout | is blocking another car.  
- Is anyone in it? | - I can't tell.  
- I'll check the kitchen door. | - I'll go with you.  
Not now, Dee.  
Annie, are you out there?  
Steve, come look at this.  
It's coming to life, isn't it?  
I think he's somewhere right outside | there. I didn't exactly see.  
Oh, my God.  
God, no!  
Open in the name of Jesus! | Open in the name of God!  
- Where's Pam? | - Emery said she's dead.  
She was in Ellen Rimbauer's room. | She said bad things to me.  
I'm not sure, but people | like that are usually dead.  
It will kill us all if we're not | careful. We were wrong to come.

That is a cowardly|and mistaken thing to say.  
Vic's dead, Pam's probably dead,|and we can't get out.  
You need a reality check, lady.  
- Joyce...|- Leave me alone!  
Annie, where are you?|Annie, are you...? Oh, God!  
Annie, don't move!  
We've already established|that doesn't work!  
You were saying?|See? Just stuck, no big deal.  
Mom, where are you?  
- Is she okay?|- I don't know.  
Get a lemon in the kitchen. If there's|no lemon, bring vinegar. Hurry!  
What about the windows? You were|pounding on them with your fists.  
You don't think that|the glass was stuck too?  
You be careful now.  
Mom?  
Mama!  
Who's there?  
Oh, I shouldn't be doing this.|I shouldn't be doing this.  
I shouldn't be doing this.|I shouldn't be doing this.  
Screw it, I'm not doing this.  
If there's someone there,|stop fooling around!  
Who's there?  
If you need help, I'll help you!|But if you only want to play games... .  
- You stay away from me!|- Professor! Wait!  
- Professor, wait!|- Stay away!  
Professor?  
Look at me. Please, look at me.  
You're no good to anyone, bub.  
I've got an idea.|Why don't you go hang yourself?  
You could do it in the parlor.  
Just like Posey,|a ring around the rosy...  
...and not by the hair|of your chinny chin chin.  
Help me!  
Stay away!  
- Is she awake?|- No, but her breathing's regular.  
- Get Joyce.|- Can't I stay?  
Get Joyce! She's a lot closer|to a doctor than either of us. Go!  
- I saw Vic.|- You can't have, Vic is...  
I know. Vic was just another Rose Red|mind-movie like Pam and Deanna.  
- I also saw Miller, and he was real.|- Professor Miller?  
None other. But the dean|wouldn't recognize him.  
He's out there running around|like a madman!  
- You're lying.|- No, he's not.  
No, I'm not. My mother's|somewhere behind the house.

But I can't get there, not now.

- All right, calm down.|- Don't tell me that!

You don't know what I've seen,|so don't!

- I'll call 911.|- I doubt it.

We all need to take a step back. |Take a deep breath.

Annie's had an accident.

- She's unconscious. Would you come?|- Where is she?

- It's working. Who shall I call?|- The cops.

- An ambulance.|- No one! Not yet.

To hell with you, Joyce. |I'm getting out of here!

Honey, are you okay? |Can you hear me?

Emery.

You're not there, you're dead. |Both of you are dead.

- No, we're not.|- We're not dead.

That's the beauty of it.

Life could be different for you here. |It could be better.

It would be nice, really nice.

I'll pass. |Rose Red is like the Roach Motel.

They check in, but they don't |check out. Not there!

I'm hard up, girls, |but not quite that hard up.

Annie, what is it?

We seldom have company |at Rose Red these days.

I insist you stay a little longer.

Look what it did to me. |We have to get out of here.

I'm afraid it's too late for that.

- Here, Annie.|- Annie, no.

Annie, be still and let her help you. |It's okay.

Sorry. There you go.

You okay, honey? |Think you can stand up? Let's try it.

There we go. Great.

Yeah, it's okay.

Annie, look.

I know the song, |and I know the feeling.

To be safe. To be free to dream...

...and to have all the time |in the world to enjoy it.

Later on, I'll let you play with it |all you want. I promise.

Look at me, look at me.

If you ever want to play with that |dollhouse, look at me right now.

Are you holding the doors |and the windows closed?

Don't give me that blank stare, |you understand me perfectly well.

We understand each other.

Are you?

It's what the house wants you to do...

...and you just go right on doing it.

Soon, I'll take that dollhouse down...  
...and you can play with it|all you want.  
In fact, we'll play|with it together...  
...and we'll take all the time|we want.  
Get off him! Get off him!  
Get off him!  
Hey, off him!  
- It won't work.|- So, Sherlock, got any ideas?  
No, you?  
No! This place has always wanted me.|I should've stayed away.  
- Why didn't you?|- Dee.  
I have to look after her so she|doesn't end up into the big nowhere.  
Here they come again.  
Get off of him!  
Get off him!  
Get off of him!  
I think the power went out|15 minutes ago.  
I doubt it'll be on again tonight.  
Don't you want to know about Bollinger|or Mrs. Waterman or Miller?  
Aren't you curious at all?  
What about them? Any sign?  
No, none.  
I think I knew that, actually.  
So, what is there|to be curious about?  
We're all in the billiard room.|We need to talk.  
Pam is also missing, and if Emery says|she's dead, we have to believe him.  
About Vic, of course,|there's no question.  
Joyce, do you understand|what I'm telling you?  
Of course.  
But since there isn't anything|I can do about any of these people...  
...I'll continue with my observations.  
I am a scientist, you know.|Or did you forget that?  
No. No, I didn't forget that.  
Miller did.  
Running around like a madman.  
I'd have liked to see that.  
Thank God for battery packs.  
Annie?  
Don't bother.|She can't understand you.  
Can't even hear you, not in the sense|that we understand hearing.  
There you are.|Would you like to come with me?  
We could visit with Rachel|and the others.  
Do you hear me? |You do, don't you?  
Annie, come, please.

You sure you won't come with us?

All right.

Let's go.

This is the last one. | It may be a little old, but sorry.

Beggars can't be choosers. Thanks.

Do you have any nail polish | in there?

Nail polish? | No, I don't use it. Why?

I could make her breathe it. | Or what about drain cleaner?

Just a whiff and bingo, | out like a light.

- What are you talking about? | - Survival, darling. Did I stutter?

You're insane. | Those things could kill her.

Oh, yeah? Gee! | Having a good time, professor?

Enjoying the idea of visiting | your ex-boss in the local nut barn?

It'll try to take us tonight. | One by one or all together.

Every time you talk, you say something | unpleasant, so just be quiet.

And not just unpleasant, it's wicked.

I know you have had an accident and...

An accident? | That's right, I had an accident.

Unpleasant Emery knows something | about our reporter.

- Bollinger, what? | - I don't think so.

You wouldn't want to hear it from me.

Every time I talk, something | wickedy, wickedy comes out.

Tell them, Nick. I'm tired of | being wicked. You do the dirty work.

Do you know something, | or is he just talking?

- The mirror library, right? | - Yeah.

What about the mirror library?

Kevin Bollinger is dead.

He brought Emery's mother here, then | hung himself in the mirror library.

Not so much a suicide as being | Rose Red's latest victim.

What about Mrs. Waterman?

I can't see her or Professor Miller. | What about you?

I don't know. Which means | they're probably still around.

They're somewhere in this place.

Let's talk now. I've gotta | check on the equipment.

Did you intentionally decide | to sacrifice us...

...or just ignore the probability | of our demise?

- I don't know what you mean. | - Yes, you do. Or part of you does.

Supposing you never get your proof. | Thought about that?

Supposing the proof isn't here, | what then?

Say Rose Red is just | a paranormal Energizer Bunny...

...and it just keeps growing | and growing and growing...

Stop it! You're crazy.

Can't you see that he's crazy?

I'm not crazy, I'm a mind reader. | You know it and that's why I'm here.

Now sit down!

Rose Red won't let you have|what you want. Nor anyone else.

Ellen Rimbauer made it|to break hearts as hers was broken.

To hurt as she was hurt.

We must leave before it can...

What? Kill us?|A real death would be merciful.

Because I doubt if|even Vic is really dead...

...and that's the worst of it.|The very worst.

How do we get out?|There are no secret tunnels.

Oh, wake up. She's the one|who's keeping us locked in.

Yeah, her!|Little Miss Mental Illness of 2-0-0-1.

Stop it!

Losing his fingers has affected|his mind. Don't hold it against him.

Oh, wake up, sweetheart.|Wake up, all of you!

It locked us in when she was awake.|Then she passed out...

...everything opened up again.

We could've gotten away then|if we'd understood what was happening.

One of us did understand.|Joyce understood, didn't you, Joyce?

And when the little bitch|woke up again...

I can't... My hand hurts too much.

You know as much as I do.|Tell them the rest.

Tell us he's insane, start with that.

But he's not.

Why bring psychics, telekinetics|and automatic writers here, anyway?

It was to recharge a cell that|was never dead, merely dormant.

And we have all played our part,|I think. But Annie has been key.

But what Emery doesn't understand|is that Steve has been key too.

Steve's about as psychic|as a ham sandwich.

Please be quiet, Joyce.

Don't you tell me to shut up.|How dare you?

He asked you to be quiet.

And do it, please!

I want to hear this.

Everyone has some psychic capacity.

I've read your books and articles.|You used to know that...

...before all this psychic superstar|infatuation stuff.

I know Miller isn't the only...

...imagination-challenged idiot|you've had to deal with.

- But you've become blinded, misguided.|- I have not become blinded.

Whatever Steve's psychic ability in|the outside world, here in Rose Red...

...it's amplified to the power of 10.|Because he's blood, Ellen's blood.

You said so,|you're the last of the Rimbauers.

I'm not holding the doors shut,|or transforming the window glass.

No, of course you're not,|Ellen's doing it through Annie...

...but also through you. | You know it, or at least sense it.

She's not doing anything through me! | I don't sense that!

Hello, Stevie.

- Mommy? | - No, Stevie, look, please.

Would you like to help me build? | I'll show you how.

Stevie, where are you?

Go to her, but come back.

- We have to go! | - Come back and help me build.

Help me build, Stevie.

Steve, what's wrong?

A false memory, the house planted it.

- Are you sure? | - No, I'm not.

For now, let's stick to the kid.

With her gone, if the doors are | still locked, we'll deal with him.

No one is going to hurt this child.

Of course they're not.

And there's the rub. We're in | trouble, ladies and gentlemen.

Big trouble.

Want to play a game, Annie?

You take 10 real deep breaths, | squat down, blow on your thumbs.

You'll get all floaty, then you'll go | to the North Pole with Santa Claus.

- The rest of us, meanwhile... | - Stop it!

We'll scurry out of here | like little mice.

- It's not funny. | - Neither is this!

Tell you what, let's find some | dry cleaning bags to wrap her up...

...until she passes out, | or pinch her nose shut.

And you? You're the utility | infielder on this team.

Knock her out with your mind.

Five minutes would be enough for us to | make like bees and buzz. Hell,  
three.

I can see her thoughts, | but it's the most peculiar thing...

- They're high. | - Yes.

High above me as if | she were a princess in a tower.

She's waving, but there's no way | to reach her. At least not from me.

Annie, look at Nick.

What to do with you, little sister?

The back of the head's the best | place, above the nape of the neck.

Hit her hard, the lights go out, | hit her harder... .

Oh, you ugly man. | You ugly little troll!

Don't say you've never thought of it. | Do us a favor, do yourself a favor.

Or do you want to spend the rest of | your life wiping your sister's ass?

Stop it!

Where are you going, Cathy?

I'm going to get a glass of iced tea.

I saw a nice big pitcher of it|in the fridge.  
- You shouldn't go alone.|- I'm not.  
God goes with me, everywhere.  
Get away!  
You killed my boy!  
You killed my Emery!  
I beg your pardon.|Would you mind awfully letting her go?  
I guess not.  
Cathy, are you all right?  
- I think so. What about her?|- You really are a good Christian lady.  
Well, is she all right?|Is she even alive?  
Pulse is strong and steady.|You know who she is, of course.  
Emery's mother?|We'll have to tell him.  
You don't want to?  
"Emers, your mother just|popped out of the cellar.  
Forget round the bend.|She's off the planet."  
How does that sound,|given the condition he's in?  
Sounds very bad.|What should we do with her?  
Annie, can you open the doors?  
Can you open the doors|and let us out?  
Annie, look at me.  
No, don't touch her!|Don't touch her!  
It wasn't her. I thought it was|April Rimbauer. I'm sorry.  
Damn this house. If only there were|a way to reach the Annie inside.  
Talk to her with your mind.  
It's not high, it's not where|she lives. If only there were a way...  
- What are you thinking about?|- I'm not sure.  
Nick and Cathy should've|been back by now.  
Why did she have to go off on her own|anyway? That was extremely stupid.  
This is wrong to me.|The woman is ill.  
She's also dangerous to herself|as well as to others.  
Will those hold her?  
I think so. Besides, Emery gave me|the feeling her interests run more...  
...to the Home Shopping Network|than "Amazing Escapes".  
Drink up. It will do you good.|Here's to damsels in distress.  
And the knights who rescue them.  
Coming in here alone was very stupid,|but Emery so upset me.  
Emery upsets everyone. Look at her.|Well, I'm sorry, but it's true.  
She's coming around. Now we only|have to worry about Miller.  
Mrs. Waterman.  
Have you seen Professor Miller?|Joyce's department head.  
You killed my boy!  
Mrs. Waterman, you've got it wrong.|Emery's fine. Now, have a sip.  
Liar! Limey jack-tar!

Limey jack-tar? I've been called|many things, but never that.  
I'm afraid we'll have to leave you|alone for a little while.  
Only till you feel yourself again.  
Cathy, come here.  
We're doing that. It's feeding|off us. You must feel it too.  
Of course I do. Oh, dear Jesus,|please get us out of here.  
Steve couldn't hold us. Not with me,|you and Emery against him.  
No, the problem is Annie.|Emery was right about that.  
- Could you...?|- Could I hurt her?  
I have the power. But no,|of course I couldn't hurt her.  
What is it? Do you want|to buy a vowel or spin again?  
- That's not funny.|- Sorry. What are you trying to say?  
Anything?  
No.  
But it's so cold.  
It's coming from in there.  
Close the door, then.  
We're going to leave you, but not|for long. You'll be perfectly safe.  
Something's happened to her.  
Rose Red has happened to her.|Let's join the others.  
Wait. I'm sorry we can't|make you more comfortable.  
But we'll be back to get you soon.|I promise, I promise.  
- She's fried.|- That's also unkind.  
But it's also true.  
- This is not the way we came.|- You're telling me.  
- Thank you.|- You're welcome.  
"Seattle Livery, 1924."  
But it's brand-new.  
You'd have thought she would|have Rose Red eat...  
...at least one|halfway decent carpenter.  
Of course, the real question is,|how does it go?  
What? What is it?  
The reincarnation of Emery's mother.  
- Nick.|- Sorry, Cathy.  
The truth is, I'm rather scared.|Let's find the others.  
We won't.|We'll never see them again.  
Of course we are, I promise.  
And I never break a promise.|Come on, Cathy.  
Hey, where's Rimbauer|and Frankenbabe's big sister?  
They went to look|for Nick and Cathy, I imagine.  
And then there were three little|Indians sitting on a shelf.  
I've gotta check the equipment.  
It's quite delicate, you know.  
Equipment which interfaces|with the invisible world...

...must be quite delicate.  
Come with me, Annie?  
Leave her with me, why don't you?|I'll take care of her.  
Come on, Annie.  
Wanna play with your dominoes?  
One little Indian. Down to one|little Indian, all by himself.  
Joyce, wait for me!  
What are you doing here?  
Getting the... scared|out of me, what else?  
For the rest of us, yes,|but not for you.  
My therapist said I was|a compulsive quitter.  
He said I keep starting things|so I could stop them.  
- And what did you say?|- I stopped seeing him.  
So, here I am.  
Listen.  
Nick?  
Run, Cathy! Run!  
- Run!|- What about you?  
Oh, this is wrong!|Jesus, give me strength!  
Nick?  
Nick?  
No! I'm not crazy.  
I'm not crazy. I'm not crazy.  
- I'm not crazy.|-Help us.  
We have to build. Help us.  
Help Rose Red.  
Help us or die.  
Oh, please.  
Cathy.  
Cathy.  
Where am I?  
Sweet Jesus, help me!  
No! That can't be!  
Cathy.  
Cathy.  
Cathy. Cathy.  
No! Not now!  
John!  
- I can explain. She enticed me...|- Still I entice you!  
You can explain it? Can you?|Explain it to your whores in hell!  
Where does this one go to?  
Steve?  
It goes to the tower in the attic.|Come on.  
Cathy, Nick! Where are you?

- Here!|-Live with us.

I'm here.

What is it? What do you see?

I could hear her breathing.|And I can smell her.

Sometimes I see her with a doll,|sometimes with a hammer.

- Maybe she's really the same.|- What are you talking about?

It's no one. Never mind.|Come on.

That's for scaring me years ago. And|for trying to make me take the hammer.

- How could Ellen be alive?|- Where's she been?

Where ordinary people can't see.

Her husband was no suicide.|She killed him.

A withered arm.

- That wasn't Ellen.|- Then who?

- April.|- But that means...

That Ellen's somewhere|still around here. Yeah.

You just hush now.

Help! Help me! Help me!

I'm telling you,|it was April Rimbauer.

Where's your proof?

We all saw it.

How many Indians left|by midnight, do you think?

Please don't expect me to believe...

...your 90-year-old great-aunt|is a vampire living in the tower.

- As a scientist, I can't...|- Don't be obtuse!

The house is the vampire!|I think you know that.

Obtuse? What a dreadfully big word for|a college dropout, wouldn't you say?

What a sharp tongue you have, Grandma.

- Another country heard from. Tell me...|- Quiet. I don't want to talk to you!

But I want to talk to you.|I'm curious.

How often do you dream of her dying?|Tell the truth, shame the devil.

Stop talking like that!|Why do you have to be so miserable?

Because I am miserable,|you over-Christianized idiot!

- Don't touch her!|- Lf he does, he'll regret it!

So strong and brave, threatening|the man with four missing fingers!

What good is she anyway?|Does she even know she's alive?

- I doubt it.|- Cut it out.

Please! What can you do any worse|than this house will do?

I don't know. Send you out of|the room maybe. How would that be?

No, don't go out there alone!

It's true enough! She's no good|to herself, or to me, or to anyone.

All she can do is help the house|kill us, and it wants to.

I'm not psychic,|but I can feel that it wants to.

- We're running out of time, aren't we?|- Yes. We have to stay together.

You have to get through to Annie. | You're the only one who can.  
I've tried. I could on the outside. | Whatever's in here has closed her off.  
Maybe you...  
Help!  
No change in | the temperature readout!  
No changes in any of them! Damn it!  
No!  
Emery!  
Unbelievable!  
- It has to be you! | - No, I...  
Yes.  
I forbid this! It's dangerous, | you have no idea!  
- You can't interfere with my... | - Leave it alone, Dee!  
They can't open themselves | to this house! It'll kill them!  
We don't have any options.  
Here. Do you wanna try, Annie?  
Yes, Annie, go ahead and try.  
No.  
Let's do it together, shall we?  
- That's good. | - Stop, I'm warning you.  
- Go on, Annie. | - Yes, go on.  
Make her stop! | You're gonna get us all killed!  
Keep going, Annie!  
Stop it! You're tearing it apart! | Stop it!  
It stopped.  
Joyce?  
No!  
Joyce, what are you...?  
Not there, not there, not there!  
Come on, Joyce. It's time to go.  
Go? No, I'm all right. | I have a thousand things to do.  
Annie, come on.  
- It's open. We have to leave. | - Get out. Take that traitor with you.  
Joyce, please!  
- Let's get out while we can! | - Listen to me!  
Get out!  
Steve!  
- First, I want a morphine milk shake. | - Emery.  
- Second thing I want... | - Come here, Emmy!  
I want to see if your nails are clean! | I want to look behind your ears!  
And what about down there? | Come to Mama, Emmy!  
Have you been doing that nasty | thing again? I hear you in your room!  
- Mommy hears everything! | - Help me, for God's sake! Help me!  
Emery, for once in | your miserable life, fight her!

Not there, not there, not there!|Not there!  
Come to Mommy, Emmy!|Emers, no!  
I'll always be there for you!|After all, I'm your mother!  
Not there!  
Not there!  
Stevie.  
Great-grandboy. Take it. You wanted|it then and you want it now.  
Take it, or you'll want it forever.|You'll dream of it in your sleep.  
Take it. Help me. Help us.|Help Rose Red! Help us build!  
Steve, no!|Please don't take it!  
He has no choice.|He's one of us. Stevie.  
I do have a choice. I don't want this.|Here, you take it.  
Let's get out of here!  
No!  
No! Steve!  
You took my Emers.  
Say cheese.  
Stay away from me!  
He's gone.  
No! Stay away from me!  
- Joyce.|- I'll show you the garden.  
There's lots to investigate.  
You're right. I apologize.  
There is another world.|It's quite wonderful.  
- And the best part is... .| - You'll never have to leave.  
- Stay back!| - Joyce, welcome home.  
Bad.  
Bad place. Bad house.  
- Bad.| - That's right, Annie. Very bad.  
Oh, dear God.|It's the stones again.  
Make her stop!  
I can't.  
And I don't want her to.  
Come on.  
God!  
I think it's over.  
It'll never be over|as long as the house stands.  
Roses mean...?  
Roses mean remember.  
That's right. Roses mean remember.  
- Monday.| - Monday, it is.  
A wrecking ball arrives|promptly at 7.  
I'll keep an eye on her.  
Annie, who's that one for?

I like your dress. | It's very pretty.

Can you still reach her | with your mind?

No, but I don't have to.

We communicate pretty well, | don't we, Annie?