

INT. GLOBE HOTEL ROOM 44 - MINUTES LATER (DAY)

COLE sits on the lumpy bed in the dingy room, watching RAILLY pace back and forth like a mad woman.

RAILLY

Okay...you were standing there looking at the moon...you were eating grass... then what?

COLE

I thought I was in...prison again.

RAILLY

Just like that? You were in prison?

COLE

No, not really. It's...it's in my mind. Like you said.

RAILLY

You disappeared! One minute you were there, the next minute you were gone. Did you run through the woods?

COLE

I don't know -- I don't remember.

RAILLY

The boy in the well. How did you know that was just a hoax?

COLE

It was? I didn't...know.

RAILLY

James, you said he was hiding in the barn...

COLE

I think I saw a TV show like that when I was a kid. Where a boy...

RAILLY

IT WASN'T A TV SHOW! IT WAS REAL!

COLE looks at her. She's really upset.

COLE

Well, maybe that kid saw the same TV show and copied it. Listen, you were right, it's all in my head. I'm mentally ill, I imagine all that stuff. I know they're not real, I can trick them, make them do what I want. I just worked on them in my head and I got back here. I can get better. I can stay here.

RAILLY pulls a photo from her purse, shows it to COLE.

It's the uncropped picture from her book, the photo of JOSE in WWI with a fuzzy image of COLE on the edge of the frame,

RAILLY

What does this mean to you?

COLE

...I had a dream about...something like that.

RAILLY

You had a bullet from World War One in your leg, James! How did it get there?

COLE

You said I had delusions -- that I created a world -- you said you could explain everything...

RAILLY

Well, I can't. ... I mean...I'm trying to. I can't believe that everything we do or say has already happened, that we can't change what's going to happen, that I'm one of the three billion people who are going to die...soon.

COLE stands, moves close to her.

COLE

I want to be here. In this time. With you. I want to become...become a whole person. I want this to be the present. I want the future to be unknown.

RAILLY

(sudden hopeful idea!)

James...do you remember...six years ago...you had a phone number! You tried to call and...

not WHAM! The door flies open, kicked violently, the flimsy lock holding. A menacing figure stands in the doorway. WALLACE. A wiry biker-type with jail house tattoos and mean eyes.