1       EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The clear night sky throws a gloomy shadow across the old and murky stone facades as this 16th Century manor house lingers quietly in the darkness.

2       EXT. MANOR HOUSE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Footsteps beat against the gravelled ground as a SHADOWY FIGURE briskly steps towards the house.

3       INT. MANOR HOUSE - BACK DOOR (OFF COURTYARD) - NIGHT

The brash sound of an old and rusty lock turning echoes through this dark and eerie space.

The back door swings open. Hinges squeaking. The SHADOWY FIGURE stands in the doorway.

The flick of a switch, and ...

... the dim ceiling light throws a shadow across JOHN’s (50s) pudgy face.

4       INT. MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR (TOWARDS KITCHEN) - NIGHT

John ventures down the barely-lit corridor. A skip in his step, whistling to a catchy tune.

The eeriness of the house leaves John unfazed. He knows this place inside out.

5       INT. MANOR HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

John flicks the light switch.

Tall wooden bookshelves display countless books from an era long ago.

John moves towards a small stereo system sitting on a shelf.

INSERT: STEREO SYSTEM

John hits “PLAY”.

A cheesy 80s tune fizzes through the air. Think synthesizers, drum machine, ridiculous sound samples. A captivating beat.

John cranks up the volume and his short legs begin to move to the rhythm. It’s a strange, yet somewhat dazzling sight.
INT. MANOR HOUSE - BROOM CUPBOARD (2ND STAIRS) - NIGHT

A hand reaches for a hoover.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

John dances his way through the dimly-lit room, playfully guiding the hoover across the old carpet.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

TRACKING SHOT SITTING ROOM/DINING ROOM WINDOWS

John dances his way into the dining room.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

John is in his element. A sequence of crazy turns, outrageous skips, jazz hands, the whole shabang, then ...

... the music stops.

John quickly turns his head towards the sitting room door. Out of breath from all the dancing.

JOHN

Hello?

Nothing. No response. Just cold and vacant silence.

Puzzled, John props the hoover against the wall.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Margaret, is that you?

A racket of blistering noise pierces the silence. Screaming vocals over a heart-thumping, clattering beat (ref: opening scene Funny Games).

John’s eyes grow with terror.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

John appears in the doorway. His eyes fixed on the stereo system across the room.

The terrifying sound of death metal paralyses his senses.

He takes a step forward. Slowly. Cautiously. One foot after the other. His pupils growing with fear, when ...
the door in the B.G. (dining room) swings shut. BANG.

John panics and runs for his life (towards principle stairway).

11

INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

John blazes up the stairs and trips at the top of the landing, crashing against the crimson red wall.

JOHN’s POV

John casts his eyes down the stairway, the blistering demonic sound rattling his every bone, when ...

... a shadow appears at the bottom of the stairs.

John lifts himself up and rushes towards an open door ahead (bedroom 3 - rectangular).

12

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 3 - NIGHT

John shuts the door behind him.

13

INT. MANOR HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The music stops and dead silence returns.

14

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 3 - NIGHT

A stream of light drifts in from the corridor, barely illuminating the darkness.

John presses his ear against the door.

Footseps in the corridor.

John frantically swirls around, scanning the darkness for a place to hide.

There: an old cupboard.

15

INT. OLD CUPBOARD - NIGHT

John pushes himself into the tight space, closing the doors, but they won’t shut completely. Something is stuck.
INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 3 - NIGHT

A strange dragging sound closes in.

Slowly. Deliberately. Until it stops. Outside the room, throwing a costly shadow underneath the door, then ...

... a brutal bang against the door.

INT. OLD CUPBOARD - NIGHT

John holds his breath. Sweat dripping down his face.

Another bang. Fiercer. Like a dagger piercing the heart.

John falters, his body trembling, when ...

... the bedroom door opens in the background.

Teary-eyed, John stares through the gap of the cupboard at the DARK SHADOW appearing in the stream of light.

Footsteps. Coming closer. Dangerously close.

The cupboard door opens and only John’s eyes reveal the magnitude of fear that penetrates his body.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD - “ANIMUS” red on black background along with a clattering clash of noise.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - TWILIGHT

A murky mist encapsulates the manor house as dusk begins to settle.

The windows are shut. Not a soul in sight. Just an eerie rustling of the bushes and trees in the background.

We pan across to ...

... CHARLIE (30s), born with a silver spoon, clutching a fancy designer suitcase, and EMMA (30s), sophisticated and sassy.

The couple digest the gloomy dwelling in front of them.
CHARLIE
(with critical eyes)
I don’t like it.

Emma clutches an old pendant hanging around her neck as she casts her eyes along the old and murky facade.

EMMA
Really? I think it’s charming.

Charlie checks his phone.

CHARLIE
No signal!

EMMA
What did you expect? This is northern Scotland. People don’t come here for 4G.

CHARLIE
I wish we could stay in a hotel.

EMMA
Don’t be such a killjoy. It’ll be fun.

Charlie casts his eyes towards the forest lurking to the left of the house.

CHARLIE’S POV
Trees shiver in a hectic breeze.

A scatter of black birds escape into the sky, fluttering away over Charlie’s head.

It feels as if a storm is brewing.

Charlie looks on with weary eyes.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Charlie?

Emma’s distant voice pierces Charlie’s illusion, bringing him back to earth.

EMMA (CONT’D)
Are you okay?

CHARLIE
Yeah.
EMMA
Come on. Let’s go inside.

Emma proceeds towards the front door of the house.

A disgruntled Charlie follows, pulling his suitcase along the rough gravel.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - ENTRANCE/SITTING ROOM - TWILIGHT
The solid mahogany door opens with hinges squeaking.
The final rays of the evening sunlight illuminate an old crossbow hanging on the wall.
Emma enters. Her eyes glow with excitement.
Portraits of some creepy characters painted hundreds of years ago hanging along the hall.
Charlie follows, muscling his suitcase through the doorway.

CHARLIE
Great, no electricity. Oh what joy!

Emma releases a light chuckle.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself.

EMMA
Come on.

Emma smiles and wraps her arms around a bemused Charlie, tenderly kissing him on the mouth.

EMMA (CONT’D)
It’s just for the weekend.

CHARLIE
Fine.

EMMA
Good.

The two kiss a few more times.
CHARLIE
I better go and find the electrical cupboard.

EMMA
Thank you.

Charlie trudges away in defeat.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Don't be too long. The others should arrive any moment.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Yeah. Yeah.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR (FROM KITCHEN) - TWILIGHT
Charlie uses the flashlight on his mobile phone to guide the way.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - TWILIGHT
Emma glances up the dark stairway. All alone. Silence everywhere.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR (OFF COURTYARD) - TWILIGHT
The bright beam of the flashlight scorches the space.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - TWILIGHT
A sudden ghostly chill infiltrates Emma’s body. She rubs her arms in retaliation, looking a little uneasy.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR (OFF COURTYARD) - TWILIGHT
An old and shoddy electrical cupboard appears beyond the beam of the flashlight.

CHARLIE
There you are.

INSERT - ELECTRICAL CUPBOARD
Old and rusty electrical wires and bolts everywhere. Charlie pushes and yanks a few buttons.

The thing is dead.
INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - TWILIGHT

Emma checks over her shoulder as she climbs the stairs. Her patience dwindles fast.

EMMA
Charlie? Any luck?

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR (OFF COURTYARD) - TWILIGHT

Charlie flicks another switch and the ceiling light fizzes and buzzes, sending a dim light across the room.

CHARLIE
Thank God for that!

INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - TWILIGHT

Emma reaches the top landing as the ceiling light flickers above her head. A look of pure relief across her face.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR (OFF COURTYARD) - TWILIGHT

Charlie shuts the electrical cupboard, ready to get back, when ...

... a dull flapping sound emerges from an adjacent room.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BOILER ROOM - TWILIGHT

The room is covered with riding gear, hunter jackets, leather boots. A mish-mash of countryside living.

Charlie appears in the doorway.

CHARLIE’s POV

The back door is ajar, bashing against the wooden frame in the wind.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - BACK DOOR (OFF BOILER ROOM) - TWILIGHT

Charlie steps outside into the evening dusk. He looks around. Left, then right. Nothing.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BOILER ROOM - TWILIGHT

Charlie shuts the door and turns the key.
Emma ventures further down the hallway (towards mirror).

THEN -- a squeaking sound as a door slowly closes in the background (bedroom 2).

Emma turns around and stares down the empty hallway towards the bedroom door hanging ajar.

The sound of howling wind emerges from within the room. The kind you get on top of a mountain, penetrating your body like a sharp knife.

Slowly, Emma takes a step forward. And another. Weary anticipation in her eyes.

The howling intensities with every step and Emma reaches for the door handle, when ...

... a hand grabs her shoulder.

Emma shrieks together, hit by a force of lightning.

Charlie stands in front of her.

EMMA
Jesus, Charlie!

CHARLIE
Found it.

A hyperventilating Emma falls into Charlie’s arms.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
(mockingly)
You’re not scared, are you?

EMMA
No.

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE
I thought you said this place was charming.

EMMA
Stop it.

CHARLIE
A hotel doesn’t seem like such a bad idea now, does it?!
Solace returns as Emma clings on to Charlie’s tight embrace.

INT. MANOR HOUSE – BEDROOM 1 – TWILIGHT

Charlie drops the suitcase in the corner and throws himself onto the bare mattress, settling in an overly-seductive pose.

CHARLIE
Care to join me?

EMMA
How can I resist?!

Emma drops her coat and crawls on top of Charlie.

The two indulge in a spot of tender fondling.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE – LAWN – NIGHT

The old and mystic manor house lingers quietly in the darkness.

The rustling of the trees is the only sound breaking the deadly silence, when...

... we pan across to an OLD WOODEN SHED.

EXT. OLD WOODEN SHED – NIGHT

The door to the shed is wide open. A squeaking sound – something swinging back and forth.

We move in closer towards the sound. The darkness lurking dangerously inside the shed.

INT. OLD WOODEN SHED – NIGHT

Darkness prevails.

The squeaking more resounding.

As we draw closer in, one can make out a...

... swing, rocking back and forth.

INT. MANOR HOUSE – ENTRANCE/SITTING ROOM – NIGHT

The front door flies open with a majestic bang.
A gum-chewing CARTER (30s), sunglasses, backpack and a set of blasting earphones, enters with a presence the size of Jesus Christ.

CARTER
Honey, I’m home!

39
INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT
Carter’s voice drifts into the bedroom.

CARTER (O.S.)
Hello?

Charlie and Emma, in the middle of you-know-what, turn their heads towards the door.

EMMA
Carter!

40
INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT
Carter plucks out the earphones and removes his shades as he ventures up the stairs.

CARTER
Anybody home?

41
INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT
Charlie scrambles to pull up his trousers while Emma quickly buttons up her blouse and fixes her hair.

42
INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT
Carter reaches the landing.
The backpack casually hung over his shoulder.

CARTER (shouts)
Hello?

Charlie emerges from the bedroom.

CARTER (CONT’D)
There you are.

CHARLIE
Carter.
The two shake hands. Strangely formal for two old pals.

Emma appears with flushed cheeks, looking overly-inconspicuous.

**EMMA**
We were just -- erm -- settling in.

Carter produces a candid grin, showing off his pearly-white teeth.

**CARTER**
(nods sarcastically)
Got you. Totally.

Carter stretches out his arms ... 

**CARTER (CONT’D)**
Now come and give me a hug.

Emma obliges and Carter coats her in a warm embrace.

**EMMA**
How are you?

**CARTER**
Trying to stay alive, if you know what I mean?!
(beat)
It’s good to see you.

**EMMA**
You too.

Charlie looks on with critical eyes.

**INT. MANOR HOUSE – DINING ROOM – NIGHT**

Charlie stands by the window (towards woods), hands in pockets, thoughtfully gazing out into the night.

Across the room, Carter hangs in a chair. Feet up on the table. He notices Charlie’s somewhat contemplative demeanor.

**CARTER**
You okay?

Charlie takes his eyes off the weary exterior.

**CHARLIE**
I’m fine.
CARTER
Things going well with you and Emma?

Charlie gives Carter the “eye”, who shrugs his shoulders in defence.

CARTER (CONT’D)
What?

CHARLIE
What do you care?

CARTER
Just making conversation.

Charlie reverts his attention back to the dark exterior.

CHARLIE
Things are fine. No complaints.

Carter proves persistent.

CARTER
What’s it -- two months now?

CHARLIE
Three.

CARTER
You’ve done well. She’s definitely a keeper.

CHARLIE
(chuckles)
I’m glad you approve.

INT. MANOR HOUSE – CUPBOARD (SECONDARY STAIRWAY) – NIGHT

The flick of a light switch.

INSERT: LIGHT BULB

An old and dusty light bulb flickers in the darkness, barely illuminating the dingy space.

Emma stands in the doorway, looking at the jam-packed cupboard in front of her.

Shelves stacked with towels, bedsheets, cloth hangers, etc.

Emma grabs a bunch and swiftly exits the cupboard, flicking the light switch on her way out.
Darkness returns, as ...

... a BLACK SILHOUETTE of a person perches in the corner, facing the wall (think end scene in The Blair Witch Project).

INT. MANOR HOUSE - SECONDARY STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Emma moves down the stairs, pile of bedsheets and towels in hand.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie wanders away from the window and takes a seat at the table.

CHARLIE
So. What have you been up to?

CARTER
Not much.

CHARLIE
Work?

CARTER
Things. Here and there. Whatever I can get really.

The front door shuts in the background, followed by a tender FEMALE VOICE with a charming Mediterranean accent.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hello?

Charlie and Carter turn their heads towards the voice.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - ENTRANCE/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

LUCIA (30s), a quaint Catalanian gem with a heart of gold, opens her arms as Emma approaches from the principle stairway, towel and bedsheet in hand.

LUCIA
Hello.

EMMA
Lucia.

While the two girls indulge in an emotional embrace, Lucia casts her eyes across the impressive sitting room.
LUCIA
Wow – look at this place.

EMMA
I know, isn’t it great?

LUCIA
How did you find it?

EMMA
My father. His firm used to come here on retreats.

LUCIA
I love it. So authentic.

EMMA
Well – Charlie is less enthusiastic, but – you know what he’s like.

Lucia raises her eyebrows in agreement, when ...

... Carter and Charlie enter from the dining room.

CARTER
Hola!

LUCIA
Hey.

CARTER
Welcome to the World’s End! How was the trip?

LUCIA
Long and bumpy.

Emma lays her hand on Lucia’s shoulder ...

EMMA
Let me show you the bedrooms.

LUCIA
Thanks.

... and the two friends make their way up the stairs.

Charlie turns to Carter.

CHARLIE
Drink?
CARTER
What have you got?

CHARLIE
A ninety-two Bordeaux.

CARTER
Sign me up!

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

Emma flicks the light switch and enters.

EMMA
It’s not much, I know, but it’ll do for the weekend.

Lucia follows.

LUCIA
I don’t mind a little rural charm.

Emma drops the towel and bedsheet on the old mattress.

EMMA
Okay -- I’ll leave you to it. See you in a bit?

LUCIA
Emma?

EMMA
Yes?

LUCIA
It’s good to see you.

EMMA
(forces smile)
It’s good to see you too.

Emma turns and exits the bedroom.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emma shuts the door and stops.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

Lucia checks her mobile telephone.
INSERT - MOBILE TELEPHONE

No signal.

Lucia sighs and chucks the phone onto the bed.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - KITCHEN (ALTERNATIVE) - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP

An expensive looking bottle of red wine ...

... the shiny metal of the corkscrew is forced into soft cork, followed by a pop ...

... the corkscrew placed onto the kitchen work top.

Charlie pours two glasses of red wine and hands a glass to Carter.

CHARLIE

Cheers.

CARTER

Cheers!

The glasses collide and drinks flow.

Carter likes the taste of the wine, looking at the crimson liquid in an impressed manner.

CARTER (CONT’D)

Not bad. Must have cost you a small fortune.

Charlie pours some more wine.

CHARLIE

A client gave it to me.

Carter takes another gulp ...

CARTER

I’m clearly in the wrong line of work.

... and raises his glass.

CARTER (CONT’D)

To rich clients.

CHARLIE

To rich clients.
Lucia takes off her top, revealing a crimson red bra, and chucks the top onto the bed.

She moves to the window and gazes out into the night.

LUCIA’S POV

The lawn below glimmers in the moonlight.

Not a soul in sight. Just the distant sound of an owl calling in the trees.

A voyeuristic look at Lucia standing by the window.

Weary-faced, Lucia draws the curtains.

Emma turns on the tap and holds her finger tips under the running water.

EMMA
(shouts)
Guys, there’s no hot water.

Lucia steps out into the dim light.

An old towel wrapped around her curvy body.

She rubs her arms to fight the cold as she steps down the hallway (towards the mirror).

The bright beam of the torch light blinds the eye, followed by two shadows leaning in towards the old and rusty boiler.

CARTER
Did you try the switch?
CHARLIE  
Of course I did! I’m telling you,  
this thing is completely dead.

Carter steps forward into the beam of the torch light.

CARTER  
Let me take a look.

The flashlight changes hands.

58  
INT. MANOR HOUSE - BATHROOM (MODERN/DOWNSTAIRS) - NIGHT  
Lucia flicks the light switch and enters.
The bathroom is modern and clinical. Almost out of place.
Water drips gently behind the grubby shower curtain, but
Lucia’s pays no mind as she hums a tune, failing to notice a
DARK SHADOW appearing behind the curtain.
Oblivious, Lucia grabs the curtain and yanks it open.
Nothing.

59  
INT. MANOR HOUSE - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT  
Carter runs the flash light along the moldy wall until he
finds an unplugged electrical cable.

CARTER  
Ah.
Carter grabs the cable and plugs it into the socket on the
wall.

CARTER (CONT’D)  
This should do the trick.

INSERT: BOILER CONTROL PANEL
A button is pushed and the boiler fires up.
Carter turns around and shines the bright light directly in
Charlie’s face.

CARTER (CONT’D)  
Well done, brainbox!
Charlie shakes his head in defeat.
Lucia turns on the tap and checks the water.

Happy with the temperature level, Lucia drops the towel and steps into the shower.

Lucia lets the warm water trickle down her body.

Charlie steps out into the night.

CHARLIE
(mutters)
Brainbox, huh. Fucking idiot!

An old OUT BUILDING (next to wooden shed) appears in the distance. Piles of firewood stacked against the outside wall.

Charlie heads towards it.

Charlie stacks pieces of firewood on his arm, still cursing underneath his breath.

INSERT - PILE OF FIREWOOD

Next to a pile of firewood sits a well-worn tree trunk with a big and shiny axe stuck in the wood.

Carter leans over the piano in the corner, hitting the opening keys of Beethoven’s “Fuer Elise”, as ...

... a shadow rushes by in the background.

Carter stops, turns around.

The sitting room lingers in the dim light. Not a soul in sight.

Carter, looking a little uneasy, returns to the piano, repeating the tune.
INT. MANOR HOUSE - BATHROOM (MODERN/DOWNSTAIRS) - NIGHT

Holding the towel close to her dripping chest, Lucia wipes the steam off the mirror, when ...

... a DARK FIGURE appears in the reflection of the steamy mirror, perched on a chair by the window.

Lucia shrieks together and turns towards the DARK FIGURE.

LUCIA’s POV

The DARK FIGURE has disappeared.

Emma holds exhales. A perplexed look on her face.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucia exits the bathroom and briskly steps along the creaking floor boards when ...

... a hand grabs her by the shoulder and ...

... whips her against the wall.

CARTER
I missed you.

Passionate kissing ensues, before Lucia pushes Carter away.

LUCIA
Not here.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie enters carrying a stack of firewood and locks the back door.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

Carter lies on the bed watching Lucia change in front of him.

Lucia looks a little uncomfortable.

LUCIA
Do you have to watch me?

CARTER
As a matter of fact, I do.
Lucia shakes her head, mumbling something in Spanish as she pulls up her skinny jeans.

Carter melts at the sight, releasing an emotional sigh.

    CARTER (CONT’D)
    You’re so sexy.

    LUCIA
    Stop it.

Lucia points at the shirt on the bed.

    LUCIA (CONT’D)
    Pass me the shirt?

Carter hurls the shirt at Lucia.

    CARTER
    Who would have thought?

    LUCIA
    What?

    CARTER
    You. Me.

    LUCIA
    Just to be clear. This is a one-off.

Carter laughs it off.

    CARTER
    Okay. Okay.

Lucia shakes her head.

68  INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emma steps along the hallway.

Lucia’s bedroom door is ajar. Carter’s voice drifts into the corridor.

    CARTER (O.S.)
    You can pretend all you like.

Emma stops and listens. Curious to the core.

    CARTER (O.S.) (CONT’D)
    You -- me -- together.
Carter pushes himself off the bed and pulls Lucia towards him.

**CARTER**
Let’s make the most of it, what do you think?

**LUCIA**
You’re crazy.

The two indulge in some more kissing and fondling.

**RICH (30s), the sensible one, studious, shy and still wearing his mother’s hand-knitted scarf, sits behind the wheel. His mobile telephone glued to his ear.**

**RICH**
Did you see the lab reports? I put them on your desk.
(beat)
I know. Can you believe it? It looks like all the hard work is finally going to pay off.
(beat)
Jenkins? Not yet. I was planning on telling him on Monday.

Rich notices a road sign appearing by the side of the road.

**INSERT: ROAD SIGN, the sign reads “GLENLIVET HOUSE”.**

**RICH (CONT’D)**
One more thing.
(beat)
Julia? You’re breaking up. Hello? Julia, can you hear me?

Rich looks at the mobile phone screen: no signal.

**RICH (CONT’D)**
Great!

Rich yanks the phone onto the driver’s seat.

**EXT. ROADSIDE – NIGHT**

The indicator lights flash in the darkness as the car makes a left turn into a bumpy stretch of off-road.
INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

The sound of a car approaching on gravelled ground drifts into the bedroom.

Carter turns towards the window ...

CARTER

Finally.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emma quickly moves on and disappears in the bedroom across the hallway.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - CAR PARK (NEXT TO BARN) - NIGHT

A shoddy old Volkswagen pulls up and comes to a halt. The door swings open and Rich exits the car.

Backpack in hand, Rich marches towards the back door (boiler room).

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - BACK DOOR/BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP

Rich jolts the door handle, to no avail.

RICH

Great.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - CAR PARK - NIGHT

Rich steps along the gravel towards the other back door (bar).

INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Carter rushes down the stairway.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT

The back door opens and Rich enters.

RICH

Hello? Hell...
CARTER (O.S.)
Where have you been?

Carter appears from the corridor (principle stairway).

RICH
My boss. He just didn’t let me go.

CARTER
Have you got it?

Rich produces a bottle of Scotland’s finest single malt whiskey from his bag.

CARTER (CONT’D)
(smiles elatedly)
Good man.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT
Charlie kneels in front of the fireplace, flicking a match to ignite an old newspaper tucked underneath the firewood.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT
Carter stands by the counter pouring two glasses of whiskey.

RICH
You owe me fifty.

Carter hands Rich a glass.

CARTER
Consider it an early birthday present.

RICH
Your birthday isn’t for another ten months.

CARTER
Consider it an advance.
(raises glass)
Cheers!

Carter lets the honey-tinted elixir trickle down his throat.

CARTER (CONT’D)
(to glass in hand)
You just can’t beat it!
Rich drops the bag on the floor and has a peek around the bar.

The room has a “hunting” feel to it with a range of taxidermy on display.

RICH
Whose place is this anyway?

Carter pours himself another whiskey.

CARTER
No idea. You know me, I just turn up.

RICH
(chuckles sarcastically)
Or not.

Carter sends Rich a confused look.

CARTER
What’s that supposed to mean?

RICH
Tommy’s funeral?

CARTER
Had to work.

Rich sends Carter a critical glare – he’s heard his excuses far too many times.

CARTER (CONT’D)
Look -- I was shooting a commercial in South Africa and, to be honest, I didn’t fancy paying two grand for a flight back to the UK just to go to a funeral.

RICH
Cheapskate!

Rich shakes his head with disappointment.

RICH (CONT’D)
I thought Tommy was your friend?

Carter chooses to ignore Rich’s criticism and downs the glass of whiskey in front of him.

Charlie appears in the doorway. Ghost-like, out of nowhere.
CHARLIE
What about Tommy?

RICH
I was just saying...

CHARLIE
I thought we all agreed not to talk about it ever again.

RICH
I’m sorry.

CHARLIE
Good.

Rich casts his eyes over at Carter who observes the whole thing with weary eyes, sipping his whiskey.

81 INT. MANOR HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT
Emma glances out of the open window into the darkness. Not entirely at ease with the isolation surrounding the estate.

82 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT
An old owl howls somewhere in the rustling trees.

Emma turns her head towards the sound.

83 INT. MANOR HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT
A cold shiver penetrates her skin and Emma quickly shuts the window.

Rich appears in the doorway.

RICH
Knock. Knock.

Emma shrieks together.

EMMA
Rich!

RICH
I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you.

EMMA
What took you so long?
RICH
(raises eyebrows)
Work.

Rich approaches and wraps Emma in a warm embrace.

RICH (CONT’D)
I’m beginning to wonder whether there’s more to life than molecular science.

EMMA
Well -- it only took you ten years to figure that out.

Charlie bursts into the room and claps his hands.

CHARLIE
Right. Let’s get this party started!

INT. MANOR HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The night is in full swing and drinks are flowing fast.

Carter stumbles to his feet. Glass in hand.

CARTER
I’d like to make a toast.

Rich fixes his glasses and raises his eyebrows with concern.

Carter raises his glass to the sky.

CARTER (CONT’D)
To us. The crew of two thousand and six!

The rest of the group raise their glasses.

ALL
(out of synch)
To the crew of two thousand and six!

A clatter of noise ensues as crystal gets bashed together before the alcohol is poured down the throats.

Except for Rich, who looks around the table with disgust.

RICH
What’s the matter with you?
The laughter stops. A shadow encapsulates the group of friends.

RICH (CONT’D)
How can you all just sit there. As if nothing happened.

CARTER
Lighten up, mate.

RICH
Oh I’m sorry if I’m not in the mood for celebrations, but our friend is dead. Tommy is dead.

CARTER
We’re just trying to have a good time.

RICH
Well - you moved on rather quickly, don’t you think?

Charlie steps in to abort the situation.

CHARLIE
Look -- I know this is all very upsetting for everybody, but nothing is going to bring Tommy back. (beat) I suggest we let bygones be bygones, okay?

RICH
How can you say that?

CHARLIE
I just think it’s for the best. For all of us.

RICH
(chuckles sickly) For all of us, or for you?

CHARLIE
Don’t go there, mate!

RICH
Whatever happened to facing the consequences of ones actions.

CHARLIE
Rich, I’m warning you.
RICH
Tommy died because you wanted to climb all the way to the top of that mountain.

CHARLIE
It was a unanimous decision.

RICH
Was it, huh? Was it?

CHARLIE
As far as I remember you didn’t show much resistance.

RICH
How was I supposed to know there was a storm coming?

EMMA
Everyone calm down.

Charlie and Rich exchange looks of aggression.

LUCIA
Rich is right.
(beat)
We should drink to Tommy. A way to -- to commemorate his life.

Rich demonstratively holds up his glass.

RICH
To our friend -- Tommy. You are sorely missed.
(beat)
May you rest in peace.

CARTER
(swallows a burp)
Cheers to Tommy boy!

Rich shoots up and tackles Carter out of the chair.

LUCIA
Oh my God.

EMMA
Stop it. Stop it right now.

But the tussle between the two guys continues.

Emma stands up.
EMMA (CONT'D)
That’s enough!

Carter steps aside, touching his split lip.

CARTER
What the fuck is wrong with you?

Rich heads for the door.

EMMA
Rich! Where are you going?

RICH
I can’t listen to this bullshit any longer.

LUCIA
Rich, please stay.

Rich stops in his track to face the group one more time.

RICH
You know, I was so close to not coming here today. But I thought, hey, these are all my friends. And friends should be there for each other in tough times. How wrong I have been -- and so was Tommy. Think about it.
(beat)
I’ll be gone by the morning.

EMMA
Rich.

Rich exits the dining room.

Lucia sends Carter an angry stare.

CHARLIE
Let him be. He’ll be fine.

85 INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT
An eerie silence creeps along the walls.

86 INT. MANOR HOUSE - CREAKY STAIRS (ATTIC) - NIGHT
The weary silence encapsulates this haunting old staircase with the floorboards creaking by the smallest draft.
87 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

The silence continues into the utility room, but it’s quickly broken by a door hitting against the frame in the wind.

On closer inspection, one can make out the back door hanging ajar. Again!

88 INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Rich shuffles up the stairs, mumbling something underneath his breath.

89 INT. MANOR HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucia looks towards the window.

Something outside in the darkness catches her eye. A shadow, moving along the treeline.

LUCIA

Guys?

Lucia takes a closer look.

The DARK FIGURE emerges in the treeline.

LUCIA (CONT’D)

Guys, I think there’s someone outside.

Carter looks up towards the window.

CARTER

Where?

LUCIA

There. By the trees.

Lucia points to the location but the DARK FIGURE has vanished.

EMMA

I don’t see anything.

LUCIA

I swear I saw someone standing by that tree over there.

CHARLIE

That’s impossible. You’re imagining things.
EMMA
I’m sure it was just an animal.

Carter pushes himself off the chair.

CARTER
I’m going for a smoke. Anyone?

Charlie waves him off.

CHARLIE
I quit.

CARTER
Good for you.

Carter exits.

CHARLIE
But I could do with some more wine.

Charlie grabs the empty bottle of wine and follows Carter out of the room.

INT. MANOR HOUSE – HALLWAY – NIGHT

Rich checks every bedroom to find a place to sleep. But all the rooms are taken.

He opens another door.

INT. MANOR HOUSE – CREAKY STAIRS (ATTIC) – NIGHT

Rich gazes up the stairway leading up to the attic.

It’s completely dark.

Rich searches the walls for a light switch. No luck. He moves up the stairs.

Every step generates a blood-pumping creaking sound as he heads further and further up into the darkness.

INT. MANOR HOUSE – ATTIC – NIGHT

The hinges squeak as the door swings open.

Rich flicks the light switch.

A dim and flickering light encapsulates this small and dingy room. Much smaller than the rest of the bedrooms.
Rich releases a loud sigh of disapproval.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT

Charlie grabs a full bottle of wine from the counter and clutches the corkscrew.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucia and Emma perch around the table.

Empty glasses and bottles everywhere.

Something occupies Lucia’s mind as she thoughtfully ponders into space.

LUCIA
I really miss him you know.

Emma just sits there, quietly.

Lucia turns to Emma. Sad-eyed. Helpless. Truly shaken.

LUCIA (CONT’D)
You can count yourself lucky you weren’t there. Because not a day goes by without me wishing I hadn’t been on top of that mountain.
(beat)
I would give everything to erase that memory from my brain.
(beat)
But I can’t.

Mutual silence fills the air.

Emma glances over at Lucia, trying to change the topic.

EMMA
So -- Carter, huh?!

Lucia sends Emma a puzzled look.

EMMA (CONT’D)
Sorry, I don’t mean to be nosey. I was passing by your room earlier and I heard you guys talk.

LUCIA
(chuckles)
It’ll be over by the end of the weekend.
Lucia leans over towards Emma.

LUCIA (CONT’D)
Can you do me a favour please and
not tell the others? About Carter?
It’s just --

EMMA
Sure.

LUCIA
Thank you.

Emma and Lucia exchange smiles.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT
Charlie leans against the counter, sipping a glass of wine.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - BACK DOOR (TO BAR) - NIGHT
Carter leans against the wall smoking a cigarette.

The drowning sound of heavy metal drifts from Carter’s
earphones as he moves his head to the rhythm of the beat.

But then ...

... something catches Carter’s attention. A movement, in the
treeline ahead.

Carter pushes his body off the wall and moves closer,
sharpening his eyes. The misty darkness makes it hard to see.

CARTER’S POV
A shadow in the trees, rocking back and forth.

Carter pulls on his cigarette. A look of curiosity across his
face.

SIDE PROFILE VIEW OF CARTER
Smoke curls from Carter’s nostrils and as we pull sideways we
see ...

... the DARK FIGURE standing right next to him. But Carter
remains oblivious. The loud music diminishing his awareness.
INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

There is a dragging sound.
Something moving down the corridor, when ...
... a thick rope appears. Pulled along the floor.
Followed by a devilish high-pitched breathing. A screeching so terrifying it makes the bravest of people shiver.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Rich perches on the edge of the bed, releasing a loud sigh as he mulls over earlier proceedings.

There is a knock on the door.

    RICH

    Yes!

Another knock.

    RICH (CONT'D)

    What is it???

Agitated, Rich jumps up and heads towards the door.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CREAKY STAIRS (ATTIC) - NIGHT

Rich steps out of the attic and casts his eyes down the empty creaky stairs.

    RICH

    Guys?

INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rich steps out onto the hallway. His bare naked feet treading along the wooden floor as he gazes down the principle stairway.

There is a movement. In the shadows. Down the hallway (towards the mirror).

Rich turns around ...
... but nothing’s there.

Slowly, Rich steps towards the direction of the shadow.
RICH
Carter, is that you? This isn’t funny.

Rich moves closer into the darkness.

101 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - BACK DOOR (TO BAR) - NIGHT
The smoking cigarette lingers on the grass.
Carter is gone.

102 INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT
Rich reaches the end the hallway and stops.

RICH’S POV
Just complete darkness.
But what he doesn’t see is the ...
... DARK FIGURE waiting around the corner.
Oblivious, Rich turns around and heads back towards the bedroom, when ...
... something grabs his feet, catapults him to the ground and pulls him along the floor back into the darkness.

103 INT. MANOR HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT
Carter enters, whiskey tumbler in hand, joining Lucia on the sofa.

CARTER
Finally alone.

He gently kisses Lucia’s neck.

LUCIA
Stop it. It tickles.

Carter places the whiskey tumbler on the table and spots the old stereo system on the bookshelf.

CARTER
Music?

LUCIA
I really don’t feel like music now.
CARTER
Let me change your mind.

INSERT: STEREO SYSTEM
Carter hits “PLAY”.
The compact disc begins to spin and ...

... the cheesy 80s track from the opening sequence fizzes through the room.

Carter skips the song. A power ballad.

CARTER (CONT’D)
That’s better.

Carter lowers the volume to a romantic level and turns his focus back on Lucia.

CARTER (CONT’D)
(jokingly)
No. Where were we?

Lucia pushes Carter away.

LUCIA
I’m sorry, but I’m really not in the mood.

CARTER
What’s wrong?

LUCIA
Can we not just talk?

CARTER (mockingly)
You want to talk?

LUCIA
Yes.

Carter demonstratively sits up straight.

CARTER
Fine. What do you want to talk about?

LUCIA
I’m worried about Rich.
CARTER
Don’t worry about him. He can be a little sensitive sometimes, that’s all.

LUCIA
He’s got a point though.

CARTER
Are we taking sides now?

LUCIA
I’m being serious.

CARTER
It was an accident. Accidents happen and it could have happened to anyone of us.

Lucia goes all quiet and contemplative.

CARTER (CONT’D)
Look -- Charlie was right. There is nothing we can do. Whatever happened, happened.

But Carter’s words offer little comfort to Lucia as she drifts away in her thoughts.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT

Emma perches on the side of the bed, brushing her long auburn hair.

The door swings open and Charlie enters.

Emma places the hairbrush on the bedside table and slips into bed.

EMMA
Where have you been?

CHARLIE
Had a nightcap.

Charlie takes off his clothes and joins Emma in bed.

The two shuffle into place and Emma switches off the table lamp.

The room falls into complete darkness.
Rustling and giggling ensues as the two rub their bodies against each other.

But they fail to notice the ...

... DARK FIGURE lying underneath their bed.

Its BIG RED EYES dangerously glowing in the darkness.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The manor house lingers in the murky moonlight.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

The flickering light of the glowing charcoal throws a complex shadow across the room.

The music plays quietly in the background.

Lucia and Carter perch on the sofa by the fireplace.

Carter tenderly strokes Lucia’s hair as he cradles her in his arms, when ...

... distant screaming drifts into the room. Barely audible.

Lucia sharpens her ears.

LUCIA
That’s strange.

Carter pays no mind. Fully engrossed in Lucia’s natural beauty.

LUCIA (CONT’D)
Can you hear it?

CARTER
What?

Carter tries to kiss Lucia on the lips, but she brushes him aside.

LUCIA
I think it’s coming from outside.

Lucia gets to her feet and moves towards the window. She gazes outside.
CARTER
(slightly annoyed)
What is it?

LUCIA
Sounds like somebody screaming.

CARTER
Probably just an owl.

Lucia opens the window with a heavy pull.

Another scream drifts into the room. Louder than before.

LUCIA
There it is again.

The scream grabs Carter’s attention and he joins Lucia by the window.

Another scream follows. More terrifying than ever. Lucia’s face droops.

LUCIA (CONT’D)
Rich!

INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT 107
Carter and Lucia climb the stairs in a frenzied haze.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CREAKY STAIRS (ATTIC) - NIGHT 108
Carter knocks on the door.

CARTER
Rich? You in there?

No response.

LUCIA
Just open the door.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT 109
Carter bursts into the room and flicks the light switch.

Rich’s rucksack sits on the unmade bed.

CARTER
He’s gone.
Carter exits the room, leaving Lucia behind.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT

The bedroom door swings open and Carter enters.

CARTER
Wake up!

Charlie looks up, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

CHARLIE
What the fuck is going on, Carter?

CARTER
It’s Rich. He’s gone.

Emma turns her sleepy head towards the doorway, but Carter already disappeared.

EMMA
What do you mean he’s gone?

Charlie scrambles to slip into his jeans.

CHARLIE
Come on.

EMMA
What on earth is going on?

CHARLIE
Get dressed.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Lucia stands in the middle of the room, curiously staring at the wall.

Charlie, Emma and Carter enter.

Lucia points at the wall in front of her.

SUPER - WALL
The words “HELP ME” written across the wall in blood.

Charlie steps in closer.

CHARLIE
What is this?
Lucia holds her mouth in fear. Her lips trembling.

More screams filter into the bedroom from the outside.

    CARTER
    Rich! Quick.

Carter darts towards the door.

Lucia, Emma and Charlie follow.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carter leads the way. A look of pure determination on his face.

Lucia, less determined — scared, more-like, tries to stop him.

    LUCIA
    Carter! Wait.

But Carter steps up the pace.

    LUCIA (CONT’D)
    We need to call the police.

Charlie and Emma follow close behind.

    CHARLIE
    And how do you suggest we do that?
    There’s no signal in this place.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The four friends dash down the stairs.

    LUCIA
    Rich’s car. We can drive to the nearest village and get help.

    CARTER
    No point. The next village is at least thirty miles away.

Carter heads straight for the entrance door and pushes down the door handle ...

... but the door is locked. Rock solid.

Carter quickly turns to the table in the hallway.
The massive key is gone.

CARTER (CONT’D)
Where’s the key? It was there on the table. Where is it?

CHARLIE
I don’t know. I didn’t take it.

The friends look at each other with great confusion.

LUCIA
What’s going on? I’m beginning to freak out here.

CARTER
We have to stay calm.

Rich’s distant screams tear through the airwaves.

CHARLIE
The back door. Let’s go.

The four friends make a dash down the hallway.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT
Charlie crashes into the room, followed by the others. He sprints towards the back door.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - BACK DOOR (BOILER ROOM)- NIGHT
The back door swings open and the four friends spread out onto the car park.

CARTER
Rich? Where are you?

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - PADDOCK - NIGHT
Charlie stops and presses his finger against his lips.

CHARLIE
Sshhhh.

Everyone stops and listens.

The screams have faded. Even the owl has stopped its calling.
It is dead silent.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
The screaming. It stopped.

Then: another scream. One last one. More harrowing than ever before.

Carter points towards the forest, looming behind the paddock.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
It’s coming from the forest.

Charlie makes a head start, followed by Emma, but Lucia stays behind.

CARTER
What are you doing?

But Lucia just stands there.

CARTER (CONT’D)
Come on, Rich needs our help.

Fear spreads across Lucia’s tender face.

LUCIA
I’m sorry.

CARTER
Let’s go, Lucia!

Lucia shakes her head ...

LUCIA
I can’t.

... and steps backwards. Slowly.

CARTER
Lucia!

A quick turn and Lucia bolts off towards the driveway.

CARTER (CONT’D)
(shouts)
Lucia! Where are you going?

But Lucia quickly disappears towards the house.

Carter needs to make a decision. His mind is racing. He looks towards Charlie and Emma chasing towards the forest, back at the corner where Lucia disappeared, then ...
CARTER (CONT’D)

Fuck!

Carter turns and follows Charlie and Emma towards the woods.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lucia races towards Rich’s car parked on the gravel.

EXT. RICH’S CAR - NIGHT

Lucia jiggles the door handle. It’s locked

LUCIA

Shit!

A swift turn and Lucia heads towards the back door.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Darkness encapsulates the thick woodland. Silence all around.

The beam of a weak mobile phone torchlight enters the frame, followed by three silhouettes rushing across the terrain.

The silhouettes draw closer. Running.

Charlie, Carter and Emma step into the foreground.

CHARLIE

Rich!

CARTER

Rich! Where are you?

The three friends continue deeper inside the woods.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lucia races along the corridor.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Up the stairway.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CREAKY STAIRS (ATTIC) - NIGHT

Up the creaky stairs.
INT. MANOR HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT
Lucia bursts into the room, straight towards Rich’s backpack sitting on the bed.

INSERT: BACKPACK
The zip is yanked open.
Lucia rummages through the contents.
Out of luck, Lucia tries the side pockets. Success.
Lucia holds up a set of car keys.
Quickly, Lucia turns and heads out of the door.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT
Charlie’s shadowy silhouette rushes across the frame.

CHARLIE
Rich! Rich!!!

ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST
Another shadowy figure rushes across the leafy terrain with his/her identity concealed.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT
Lucia enters the hallway from the creaky stairs and stops.
A look of terror rushes over her as ...
... the DARK FIGURE looms on the middle landing of the principle stairway. The menacing red eyes blistering in the darkness.
Lucia panics, swirls around and blazes down the dark hallway (towards mirror).

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT
Lucia rushes along the corridor ...

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT
Through the bar, towards the back door.
Lucia bursts out into the open, heading straight towards Rich’s car.

With trembling hands, Lucia attempts to slot the key into the lock, fumbles and drops it on the ground.

Lucia falls to her knees, searching for the key in the darkness, when ...

... the back door shuts in the background.

Lucia freezes, then ...

... approaching footsteps on the gravel.

Lucia spots the old wooden shed ahead and makes a dash towards it. Quietly. Crouching down.

Lucia enters the darkness.

Desperate to find a hiding place, Lucia ventures deeper into the shed.

A hand reaches for the axe and pulls the blade from the wood.

Lucia, crouched down behind a bunch of old garden furniture.

A thump and the shiny steel of the axe hits the concrete ground.

Lucia scrambles along the floor in a desperate attempt to find a better hiding place.
The axe is pulled along the ground, creating a terrifying screeching sound.

BACK AT LUCIA

Lucia finds momentary refuge under a table, but the screeching sound is closing in.

Lucia shivers and quivers, huddled underneath the table, shielding her mouth with her hand.

As we pull up we the set of blistering RED EYES piercing the darkness as ...

... The DARK FIGURE towers right behind Lucia.

BACK AT LUCIA

Lucia’s heart races. A tear rolls down her trembling face as she anticipates the danger, but dares not to turn around.

Enough is enough. Lucia is prepared to run for the door. She gets into position ...

... One. Two. Lucia is about to dart off when ...

... a noose is yanked around Lucia’s neck.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The beam of the mobile flashlight by the treeline of the forest, followed by a shadow, running towards the clearing.

CHARLIE
Rich! Can you hear me? Rich!

INT. OLD WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

A throating noise as Lucia’s twisting body is pulled up on a rope stretched over a ceiling beam.

FLOOR

The shadow of a hand reaches for the axe on the floor.

BACK AT LUCIA

Lucia desperately gasps for air as the DARK FIGURE takes a swing and buries the axe in Lucia’s skull ...

... and again ... and again. Blood squirting against the inside of the plastic bag ... until Lucia’s breathing stops.
Charlie rushes across the paddock (towards the hanging tree) and jumps a fence.

Something catches his eye as he guides the flashlight towards an old orchard tree.

SUPER - OLD ORCHARD TREE

The torchlight illuminates Rich’s lifeless body, dangling on a rope.

Charlie freezes in shock.

Emma approaches, releasing a blistering scream, followed by Carter, who looks away in disgust.

Charlie holds his head, treading back and forth. This is all too much for him.

CHARLIE
What the fuck?

CARTER
We have to go inside. It’s not save out here.

Emma holds her mouth, a look of devastation across her sweaty, pale face.

EMMA
Who would do such a thing?

CHARLIE
Carter is right. We need to get inside.

Charlie storms into the kitchen and sticks his head into the sink, throwing up his insides.

A pale-faced Emma follows.

EMMA
What’s going on here? I don’t understand.

Charlie pulls his head out of the sink. Water dripping from his chin.

Carter makes a dash for the door ...
CARTER
Lucia!
... and disappears down the hallway.
Emma follows.

CHARLIE
Where are you going?
Charlie wipes his dripping mouth.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Fuck!

137 INT. MANOR HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT
Carter rushes along the corridor.

CARTER
Lucia!

138 INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT
Carter races up the stairs, taking several steps at a time.

139 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT
The door flies open and Carter scans the bedroom.

CARTER
Lucia?
Lucia is nowhere to be seen.

140 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT
Emma stands in the doorway staring at the open window.
The sound of howling wind (same as earlier) filters into the room.
Emma’s hair flutters across her face in the devastating breeze. As if she is standing on top of Everest.

A DISTANT VOICE (dream-like) drifts into the room.

DISTANT VOICE (V.O.)
Help me. Please. Help me.
INSERT - EMMA’s NECK

Emma places her hand on the pendant as she moves closer towards the howling wind.

DISTANT VOICE (V.O.)
I can’t feel my leg.

Tears roll down Emma’s pale-white face as she closes in on the open window.

DISTANT VOICE (V.O.)
You have to help me. Please.

Emma closes the window with full force, struggling against the power of the wind.

The storm stops and calm returns.

Emma takes a seat on the edge of the bed, clearly shaken by the whole thing.

141 INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Carter comes rushing down the stairs when Charlie appears at the bottom.

CARTER
You’ve got to help me find her.

142 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - PATHWAY - NIGHT

Carter and Charlie rush down the side of the house towards the car park (Rich’s car).

143 INT. RICH’S CAR - NIGHT

Carter presses his face against the rear window, checking the backseat for a trace.

Charlie scans the surroundings.

CHARLIE
Lucia!

Carter takes a step back: a crunching noise. He gazes down at the set of car keys on the gravel. Carter picks up the keys and turns to Charlie.
CARTER
You go that way, I go this way.
Meet you back at the front.

CHARLIE
Okay.

Carter dashes off towards the courtyard and Charlie approaches the old wooden shed (barn).

144 INT. OLD WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

The bright beam of the flashlight hovers over dusty furniture as Charlie ventures deeper into the shed.

The beam of the light glides along a wooden worktop, covered with tools.

INSERT: WOODEN WORKTOP

A gigantic, stuffed deer head catches the light.

Charlie startles and drops the flashlight.

CHARLIE
Shit.

On all fours, Charlie searches the floor for the flashlight.

145 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT

Carter bursts into the room, scanning the place with eagle eyes.

There is a beeping sound.

Carter stops. Looks around. Moving closer towards the beeping.

Carter steps behind the bar.

The beeping intensifies.

INSERT: CUPBOARD

Carter yanks open a cupboard and rambles through its contents. Bits and pieces scattering across the floor.

146 INT. OLD WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

Charlie searches the dirty floor with his hands.
There: the mobile phone.

Charlie grabs the phone and reignites the flashlight.

The beam of the light illuminates an object on the floor.

Charlie draws in closer.

A photograph. Charlie picks it up.

**INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH**

A photograph of Emma, Charlie, Carter, Rich, Lucia and TOMMY. Posing at the bottom of a mountain, in full hiking gear. Smiles all around.

CHARLIE

Then: a drop of blood splashes onto the surface of the photograph ... followed by another ... and another.

Charlie looks up to see ...

... Lucia’s lifeless body dangling off the ceiling beam. The axe buried in her skull.

Charlie panics and stumbles backwards, bashing against objects.

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INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT

Emma sits on the edge of the bed, when ...

... the DARK FIGURE steps out of the shadows in the background.

---

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT

The beeping sound persists.

Carter spots a drawer.

**INSERT: DRAWER**

The drawer zips open, revealing a black device. Red light flashing.

**INSERT: BLACK DEVICE**

The flashing battery level indicates low charge.
Carter grabs the device and studies it in great detail, turning and flipping it around.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT

The DARK FIGURE approaches in the background. Slowly.
An oblivious Emma sitting on the edge of the bed.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT

Carter flicks a switch on the device.
All lights fade as the device shuts down.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Message alert tones emanate from Rich’s backpack, in quick succession.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BEDROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Lucia’s mobile phone begins to vibrate on top of the drawer.

INT. WOODEN SHED - CONTINUOUS

Charlie, huddled against the wall, holds up his mobile phone as a stream of message alerts appear on the screen of his phone.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - CONTINUOUS

A sequence of quick beeping tones. Message alerts.
Carter’s expression turns weary as he pulls out his mobile phone from his pocket.

INSERT: SCREEN
An array of MESSAGE ALERTS as the phone regains service.
Carter looks stunned.

CARTER
A signal jammer!
A mobile phone vibrates on the bedside table. Emma, the DARK FIGURE looming behind her, looks over at the phone.

CLOSE UP
A look of pure evil runs across Emma’s face.

Charlie holds the ringing mobile to his ear. His patience is running thin.

CHARLIE
Come on, come on. Pick up the fucking phone.

In a haste, Carter speed-dials an emergency number ... about to press the "call" button ...
... a thumping sound.
Carter freezes. Stunned.
Blood squirting from his neck.
Carter crashes to the ground.

A hand reaches for the signal jammer, turning it back on.

The ringing stops and the line goes dead. Charlie looks at the phone.

INSERT: SCREEN
No signal
CHARLIE
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.
Charlie yanks the phone across the floor, scattering into pieces.

159 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT

A pulsating stream of blood squirts through Carter’s fingers from his neck.

Carter looks up.

CARTER

You?

Emma towers above him.

Blood-drenched corkscrew in her hand.

A look of pure menace across her face.

EMMA

Don’t look so surprised.

Carter’s face quickly loses colour and his breathing diminishes by the second.

Emma observes Carter’s predicament with perverse joy until he takes his final breath and the twitching stops.

The DARK FIGURE appears in the doorway.

EMMA (CONT’D)

Not long now. Our work here is almost done.

160 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

The back door flies open and Charlie stumbles into the room.

CHARLIE

Emma!

161 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT

Emma turns towards Charlie’s calls, drifting into the bar.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Emma?
Charlie races along the corridor.

Emma approaches from the opposite direction.

Charlie wraps Emma in a desperate embrace.

Charlie (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
Lucia -- she -- she’s dead -- we have to leave.

But Emma fails to react.

Charlie looks around.

Charlie (CONT'D)
Where’s Carter?

Emma
I thought he was with you?

Charlie notices something in Emma’s hair. He touches the substance and rubs it with his finger tips. BLOOD.

Charlie
There’s blood in your hair.

Emma reverts back to her psychotic self.

Emma
Oh yes, of course. That would be Carter’s.

Charlie takes a frantic step back and spots the bloody corkscrew in Emma’s hand.

Charlie
What have you done?

Emma
(wicked smile)
I killed him.

Shock waves penetrate Charlie’s body.
EMMA (CONT’D)
Isn’t that right, Tommy?

Charlie swirls around.
The DARK FIGURE looms in the background.
Its blisteringly RED EYES captivating the darkness.

EMMA (CONT’D)
It’s over, Charlie. You’re the last one.

A swift movement and Charlie pushes Emma out of the way, racing down the corridor.

EMMA (CONT’D)
(wicked laugh)
Run, little coward, run!

163 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT
Charlie hobbles along the counter of the bar, constantly looking over his shoulder when ...

... he spots Carter, lingering in a pool of blood.

CHARLIE
Jesus Christ, Carter.

164 INT. MANOR HOUSE - ENTRANCE/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT
INSERT: WALL
A hand reaches for the crossbow on the wall.

165 INT. MANOR HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT
Charlie scrambles the place for a potential weapon, opening drawers and cupboards. Nothing.
He finally settles on a pool queue propped against the pool table.

166 INT. MANOR HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT
The room lingers in a shade of darkness.
Emma enters (through kitchen), clutching the crossbow.
EMMA
Charlie, where are you?

Emma checks underneath the table.

EMMA (CONT’D)
This time you won’t get away with it.

167 INT. MANOR HOUSE – CORRIDOR (OFF BAR) – NIGHT

Charlie moves towards the principle stairway, clutching the pool queue like a Samurai sword. He checks the stairway.

All clear.

168 INT. MANOR HOUSE – PRINCIPLE STAIRS – NIGHT

Charlie moves up the stairs. Quietly, careful not to make a sound, wielding the stick like a dangerous weapon.

TOP OF STAIRS

Charlie reaches the top, when ...

... an arrow penetrates his shoulder.

Charlie plummets to the ground, releasing a dreadful scream of pain.

BOTTOM OF STAIRS

Emma appears, crossbow in hand – a psychotic tilt of her head. Bones cracking.

EMMA
(shouts)
There you are.

TOP OF STAIRS

Charlie picks himself up and rushes towards the hallway.

169 INT. MANOR HOUSE – BATHROOM (MODERN/DOWNSTAIRS) – NIGHT

Charlie bursts into the darkness. His pulse pumping, his breathing erratic.

He wraps his trembling hand around the arrow and tries his best to pull it out but the tip is buried deep in the flesh.
The dreadful pain makes Charlie cringe.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma stands above the stereo system.
A dangerous, calculated look on her face.

INSERT: STEREO SYSTEM

Her steady hand hits “PLAY”. The compact disc begins to spin in its compartment.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The devastating, spine-chilling sound of heavy metal fizzes through the house.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - BATHROOM (MODERN/DOWNSTAIRS) - NIGHT

The chilling music drifts into the bathroom.
Charlie grabs a toothbrush from the sink, sticks it between his teeth and tries to break off the arrow.
The pain brings tears to Charlie’s eyes as he puts all his energy into it.
The arrow snaps.
Charlie leans back. Relieved. He spits out the toothbrush and wipes the sweat from his forehead.

CHARLIE’S POV
The bathroom window.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - BATHROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

The window flies open and Charlie sticks his head outside.

CHARLIE’S POV
A massive drop.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - HALLWAY (MIRROR) - NIGHT

The door opens and Charlie peers outside.
Emma is nowhere to be seen.
Charlie hobbles along the floor.

FURTHER DOWN
Charlie reaches the end of the hallway, when ...
... an arrow strikes the wall, an inch away from his head.

OPPOSITE CORRIDOR (towards Bernie’s bedroom)
Emma smiles, bow in hand.

BACK AT CHARLIE
Charlie heads towards the attic door.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CREAKY STAIRS (ATTIC) - NIGHT
Charlie hobbles up the stairs.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - PRINCIPLE STAIRWAY - NIGHT
Emma moves up the stairs, a menacing swagger in her step.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - CREAKY STAIRS (ATTIC) - NIGHT
Charlie reaches the top of the stairs, glancing down.
Emma is nowhere to be seen, but the menacing sound of the music rattles his every bone and panic intensifies.
Charlie spots a window.

CHARLIE'S POV
The window leads onto the roof top.
Charlie opens the window and steps onto the windowsill.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT
Charlie squeezes though the narrow opening.
A big push and his body drops onto the roof. Unable to grip ground, Charlie slips and slides down the side.

BOTTOM OF ROOFTOP
Charlie catches his footing just in time, before dropping into the abyss below.

There is a window ahead and Charlie moves towards it.

**INT. MANOR HOUSE - GAME ROOM (UPSTAIRS) - NIGHT**

The window slides open and Charlie steps onto the ... ... top of a mountain. Heavy snowfall, howling winds, etc.

A look of utter confusion engrosses Charlie’s face.

There: something unidentifiable in the corner.

Charlie looks closer, guarding his eyes from the riveting snowfall.

As Charlie steps closer towards the corner, one can make out a silhouette cowering against a snow-covered rock. Dressed in full hiking gear.

Then: a **VOICE** barely audible in the storm.

**VOICE**

Help me, Charlie. Please help me.

Charlie’s eyes grow as his astonishment kicks in.

**CHARLIE**

Tommy?

Tommy turns to face Charlie. His face covered with frostbite. It’s a gruesome sight.

**TOMMY**

Don’t leave me here alone. I don’t want to die.

There is a sound. Charlie quickly moves his head towards it, when ... ... he gets smacked in the face with a spade. BOOM.

**LIGHTS OUT.**

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

The sound of trees rustling in the breeze.

An owl calling in the distance.
A pulling sound. A body dragged along the rough terrain.

CLOSE UP

Charlie’s unconscious, blood-stained face glimmers in the twilight.

EXT. FOREST - OPEN GRAVE - TWILIGHT

A flicker of the eye as Charlie regains consciousness. Disorientation spread across his battered face.

CHARLIE’S POV

Darkness dissipates and the light of the morning sky shimmers through the trees.

BACK AT CHARLIE

As we pull out, we discover ...

... an open grave. Dead bodies scattered around Charlie: Rich, Carter and Lucia.

Blood everywhere.

Charlie notices the corpses and panics.

CHARLIE

(shouts)

Twisting and jerking, Charlie tries to crawl out of the grave, but his hands and feet are shackled with rope.

EMMA (O.S.)
Shout all you like. Nobody can hear you.

Emma appears, towering above the grave. The dirty spade casually propped over her shoulder.

CHARLIE
You killed them. You killed our friends, you crazy bitch.

EMMA
And you killed my Tommy!

Charlie looks confused.
EMMA (CONT'D)
That’s right, my Tommy. (I bet you didn’t see that coming.)

(beat)
You know, I told him not to go on that trip. That it was too dangerous. But he wouldn’t listen. Said he wanted to spend quality time with his friends.

CHARLIE
You can’t possibly blame us for his death.

EMMA
You knew there was a storm coming. You all knew. But you had to climb the summit anyway. For what purpose? To prove your manhood. To show to everyone that you have balls.

CHARLIE
Look, I’m sorry. Okay?

EMMA
Don’t feed me that crap, you selfish, dickless little shit. You abandoned him when he needed you most.

CHARLIE
It was an accident. I never wanted him to die.

EMMA
You can’t even say his name, you spineless son of a bitch. Say it.

CHARLIE
No.

EMMA
Come on, say it. Say his name.

Charlie breaks down, weeping like a child.

CHARLIE
Tommy. Tommy. Tommy.

Emma shakes her head in disgust.

EMMA
You should see yourself. Pathetic.
CHARLIE
Please. Please don’t hurt me.

EMMA
You disgust me.

CHARLIE
I’m begging you.

EMMA
You have no idea how long I have been waiting for this moment.

CHARLIE
Please. I’ll do anything you want.

EMMA
It’s too late. Nothing will bring him back.

Charlie bursts into tears.

EMMA (CONT’D)
And now -- you are going to suffer. For everything you have done.

Charlie releases a blistering scream. So fierce, it transcends the toughest person into a terrifying frenzy.

Emma grabs the spade with pure intention.

CHARLIE
What -- what are you doing?

Charlie’s screams fill the damp morning light as Emma shovels dirt to fill the grave.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
No. Please. Don’t do it. Please. I’m sorry.

EMMA
Save your breath. You’re going to need it.

EXT. FOREST - TWILIGHT

Charlie’s spine-chilling screams fizz through the early hours of the morning as Emma continues to fill the hole with dirt.
Rays of morning sun filter through the trees.

Emma shovels the last bit of dirt on the ground and ...

... rams the spade into the soil with full force.

Emma glances at the closed grave. A look of pure relief on her face. She tilts her head towards ...

... TOMMY (his living self, no ghost) standing in the woods.

With tears in her eyes, Emma nods and Tommy vanishes.

Emma turns around and walks away.

We close out until ...

... her silhouette vanishes in the bright light of the morning sun.

THE END