

DEADEND CEMETERY  
"THE BOOK of SORROW"

an original screenplay by

Benjamin Theis

Benjamin Theis  
1021 Lossing Ave  
Colonial Beach, VA 22443  
804/224-8824  
Deadendcemetery@yahoo.com

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"Like all Belief Systems, Witchcraft  
is only as good or evil as the people  
using it." Lady Sabrina

FADE IN:

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Despite the hour, the rolling hills of Southern Pennsylvania,  
are brightly illuminated by a mid-spring Super Moon.

The giant orb rests low in the sky. It's enormous mass and  
yellow-orange color radiate a ghastly glow. Adding to this  
anomaly, a crimson halo surrounds the globe.

In the distance a two story farmhouse. Smoke billows from  
the chimneys at both ends of the home. Only faint glows  
from oil lanterns can be seen from the porch and lower half  
of the home.

EXT. ELSER FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

NATHAN ELSER, 40, stands on his front porch, gazing oddly at  
this lunar phenomenon. He puffs lightly on a pipe.

Donning a fresh set of clothes, dampened neatly combed hair,  
and a clean shaved face, indicate his weekly visit to the  
washtub.

NATHAN

Anna.. You should really come see  
this.

He removes the pipe from his mouth and taps it gently on his  
boot heel removing the spent tobacco. Never taking his eyes  
from the moon.

He repacks the pipe. Striking a match on the hand rail of  
the porch. After several long puffs the tobacco burns cherry  
red. He inhales only the last puff.

ANNABELLE BRADER, 26, exits the house drying her hands with  
a dish cloth.

A lovely and shapely woman. She is fashioned in a farmers  
wife's clothing, yet her unblemished face and soft skin,  
make her out of place.

ANNABELLE

It's beautiful... In a eerie sort  
of way.

NATHAN

Ain't never seen anything like it.

He takes a long drag from the pipe.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Damn peculiar if you ask me.

ANNABELLE

(puzzled)

Never seen a ring around it like that.

NATHAN

Like I said, Damn...

He stops short. A strange and incredulous look appears on his face. His eyes lock on something low in the skyline.

ANNABELLE

What's wrong?

Slowly her eyes follow in the direction of his.

THE DIRT DRIVE

Illuminated by the brilliant moon, a low lying patch of dense fog rapidly rolls along the ground in the direction of the house.

It does not cover a large part of the pasture like a normal fog, instead it is concentrated in a small area.

The couple watch bewildered as the mist quickly approaches.

NATHAN

What the hell is that?

ANNABELLE

Fire?

NATHAN

Don't think so.

The phenomenon slows as it reaches the house. Slowly it begins to ascend into the night air. Instead of dissipating as it rises, the mist takes shape.

A full torso ghostly apparition appears within the vapors. A woman. Long flowing hair and piercing eyes stare at the couple.

The phantasm lunges quickly towards the frightened pair, backing them to the front wall of the house.

Casting it's attention mostly towards Annabelle, It roars out an uncomprehensible tirade, as if scolding her.

Slowly it retreats and rises above the porch to the second level of the house.

Nathan and Annabelle scatter out to the yard just in time to see the specter vanish into the upstairs.

ANNABELLE  
 (shoots a look of  
 horror at Nathan)  
 Oh my God, The Children!!

Her words barely roll from her tongue as the upstairs of the house explodes with brilliant light.

Children's screams erupt from the brightly illuminated window.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Annabelle grabs an oil lamp from a small table as Nathan reaches above the fireplace grabbing his Henry rifle. They race up the dimly lit stairwell.

UPSTAIRS

Brilliant light radiates from around the children's door. Pleading cries for help resonating from inside.

Nathan hastily reaches for the knob, only to have the flesh on his hand sizzle as he grabs the scorching knob.

NATHAN  
 Damn It!

He grimaces in pain as he pulls the smoking, charred hand from the door. Annabelle quickly uses the dishcloth as makeshift bandage to dress his wounded hand.

Turning back to the door, Annabelle pounds on the door.

ANNABELLE  
 Serena! Nathan! Answer me!!!

There is no direct response. Their cries muffled by the sounds of the room literally being torn apart and that same ghastly voice from the porch.

NATHAN  
 STAND BACK!

Nathan takes the butt of the Henry rifle and beats feverishly at the knob. The door does not give.

He repositions rifle, cocking the hammer and firing at the door.

ANNABELLE  
(grabbing for the  
rifle)

Stop! The children are in there!

Nathan drops the rifle to the floor and takes a couple steps back, then thrusts his shoulder hard into the door. It does not give.

He tries again, and again. The door refusing to cave under his assault.

Unwilling to concede, he positions himself a bit closer and begins to kick furiously. Still the door remains.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)  
(pleading)  
Don't hurt our children! Please!

Nathan, completely winded, turns and races down the dark stairwell.

Annabelle, trembling, tries to catch her breath, watching the steps.

Nathan emerges from the shadows carrying a double blade ax.

NATHAN  
Move!!

Raising the blade above his head, the turbulence in the room subsides. Light from around the door fades.

Cries from inside fade to a light whimpers.

Staring horrified at one another, Nathan lowers the ax. Cautiously he reaches for the knob. Turning the knob the door creaks slowly open.

CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

SERENA/WILLOW BRADEN, 5, sits in her bed against the wall with her blanket pulled up tightly around her neck. Frightened but unharmed. Her eyes are fixed on the far side of the room.

NATHAN ELSER JR, 6, lies in his bed bathing in a pool of his own blood. Lifeless arm dangling to the floor below. Annabelle and Nathan rush to his side.

His blood saturated night shirt is torn from his body exposing his bare chest.

A large demonic pentacle is carved deeply into the boys chest with a wooden spike puncturing the center of the star, piercing the child's heart.

ANNABELLE

No! God, please no!

Annabelle kneels on the floor beside the boy's bed grabbing the child pulling him close to her.

His limp blood soaked body dangles as she pulls him nearly off the bed.

Nathan, tears streaming down the weathered face, reaches around Annabelle trying to touch his lifeless son.

NATHAN

(sobbing)

Not my son! Not my only son!!

Nathan turns to the girl. His tearful saddened face slowly morphs into something more angry.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What the hell happened in here! Tell me!

His facial expression continues to changing into something more sinister. Serena says nothing. She pulls the blanket tighter around herself.

Nathan reaches and pulls the belt from his trousers.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Did you hear me! Who did this!

He continues towards the girls bed.

SERENA

(scooting lower in  
the bed)

No! Please no! It wasn't.

Annabelle leaps to her feet quickly grabbing the belt and Nathan from behind, spinning him back towards her.

ANNABELLE

(slapping his face)

What are you doing! Are you mad!  
Can't you see how frightened she  
is!!

The crazed look in Nathan's eyes fades as he realizes the strap is in his hands. He looks back at the sobbing child, then back at Annabelle.

Dropping to his knees, remorse and sorrow overtake him. She kneels to him, gently stroking his hair.

Her blood shot and puffy eyes slowly roll up towards Serena.

No longer crying the young girl stares in horror across the room pointing at the wall above the boy's bed.

Annabelle turns back towards the boy. Nathan's teary eyes roll up from her shoulder. They both stare in complete horror. Not seen earlier, written in the boy's blood above the bed:

INSERT - WRITING ON THE WALL, which reads:

"HALF-BREED"

SUPER : PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA PRESENT

INT. UNIVERSITY OF THE ARTS - DAY

A darkened room, sharp declining stairwell from the entrance doors to the stage at the bottom of the lecture hall.

A large screen emanating various images from a projector. silhouettes from a sparse group of students occupying various seats.

ARWA ALDREGE, 37 years old, stands behind a podium, off centered on the stage. Remote in hand, she flicks through various images.

She is an attractive woman. Her bright eyes and contagious smile, project an aura of kindness, compassion, and a general excitement for life.

ARWA

No matter your choice of torture,  
novelist, screenwriting, playwright,  
poetry, even song writing, Story Is  
the beginning, middle and end of  
your composition.

Arwa flips through several more screens.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Story lines and ideas can develop  
from anywhere, or anyone. Sometimes  
these ideas manifest from the least  
expected places. Most, just mere  
random occurrences of everyday life.

She flips through a few more images.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Nightly news programs, newspapers,  
movies and even other books can be  
an endless wealth of ideas, not to  
mention.....

She stops abruptly. In the dark shadows at the rear of  
auditorium, a figure.

She attempts to focus here eyes on the silhouette, but very  
few details are available in the darkness.

Hesitating, she regains her concentration.

ARWA (CONT'D)

It's not always you that finds that  
one in a million story, sometimes it  
finds you...

Her eyes slowly are drawn back towards the curious stranger.  
Coachmen's hat, long strait hair, round rimmed glasses are  
all that can be observed.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(uncomfortable smile)  
Right place.. Right time... Wrong  
place.. wrong time.. It can be a  
crap shoot at best. But the most  
successful writers are always aware  
of possibilities surrounding them.

She struggles to refrain from the stranger's presence.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(collapse of focus)  
Situations often.... Often...

Her eyes and focus, like a magnet, are once again drawn to  
this stranger.

Several students now notice the hesitations and distractions.

FEMALE STUDENT

Ms. Aldrege. Are you alright?

Locking her hands on each side of the podium, Arwa lowers he  
eyes. Resisting his illusive presence.

ARWA

(rattled)  
Lights please... Lights!

A male student rushes to the front of the room and flicks a  
series of light switches, illuminating the hall.



Arwa, head slightly down, raises her eyes back towards the stranger. He is no longer in there.. He has vanished.

Despite her uneasy feeling, she manages to remain calm. looking down at her watch, she expresses a nervous smile toward the class.

ARWA (CONT'D)

That's all the time I have for today... But please try to remember...

Nervously, her thoughts elude her again but only briefly.

ARWA (CONT'D)

There is an amazing story inside of each of us that's just waiting to be written. All you have to do is work hard, do your research, and most importantly, believe in yourself.

Arwa gathers up her notes and places them neatly in her bag.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(leaving the podium)

I really would like to express my gratitude to all of you for allowing me this opportunity to be here with you this morning. I hope this presentation has been enlightening and has in some way inspired you to be better writer and a better person.

MALE STUDENT

Excuse me, Ms. Aldrege, Professor Haden said there would be a question and answer session following your presentation.

ARWA

(making for the exit)

I am truly sorry, I hope you can forgive me, but my schedule has me running incredibly behind. However an email has been made available for questions. And I promise, I will do all I can to answer your questions At the earliest convenience.

Arwa reaches the doors.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)

(slight sarcasm)

Ms. Aldrege, Do you truly believe in the supernatural like in your books?

Arwa hesitates momentarily before turning back to the class.

ARWA

(addressing the room)

To believe in spirits from beyond the grave may seem silly. But much like love, religion, fate, and superstition. Believing in something unbelievable is one thing we will all have to come to terms with someday. It's called life.

Arwa exits the room leaving many of the students perplexed by her unscheduled exit and her departing comment.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

The bumper to bumper has calmed since rush hour. The streets are now business as usual.

Leaning against the passenger side of his BMW, ASHTON GARRETT, 39, has one hand on a cell phone, while the other runs an electric razor across the stubbled jaw.

His charming and mesmerizing smile perfectly accents his easy on the eyes looks, as well as his toned frame perfectly wrapped in custom Armani.

A nearly continuous flow of people enter and exit the busy precinct. Some Police Officers some not, some in cuffs, others probably like Ashton, just here for pick-up.

The glass doors explode open. EDWARD HAPNER, 38, exits the station. He stops briefly, stretching his arms.

He looks to the bright sky shading his eyes from the Spring sun. Reaching into his sport coat, he retrieves a pair of Ray Bans and slides them over his tanned face.

Bolstering a confident persona, he is handsomely scrappy. His use of modern bad boy charisma, and charm. Makes him magnetically attractive to women of many distinctions.

Reaching in the opposite pocket and pulls out a silver flask. He takes a big swallow before sliding it back out of sight.

ASHTON

Jesus Christ Hap! Would you come the hell on.

Smiling devilishly, Hap approaches his friend, walking in his confident swagger.

ASHTON (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
No not you.

An overweight officer stops him abruptly.

OFFICER  
(smiling)  
Like the commercial Hapner, we'll  
leave the lights on.

The officer continues chuckling as he walks past. Hap stops and looks back at the cop.

HAP  
Eat shit Denaldo.. You ten doughnut  
a day fat bastard!

Hap turns back towards the car. The cop turns back angrily but waives off the comment and carries on.

Ashton, hangs up the phone smiling at his friend as he makes his way to the other side of the car.

ASHTON  
Smooth Hap... You sure have a way  
with people.

HAP  
Oh fuck him.. He's an asshole.

ASHTON  
Just get in the car, before you get  
us both arrested.

They climb in the car. Waiting for traffic, they pull out into the busy street.

INT. DOWNTOWN CAFE - DAY

The small cafe is quiet, the morning rush has subsided. Few tables remain occupied.

A few singles, business associates, and the late sleepers getting their morning fix of caffeine.

Arwa sits at her cramped two-top table. Coffee, laptop, and various research documents scattered about.

Hair pulled back, pencil in ear, her fingers race across the keyboard. Her eyes focusing on the monitor never leaving the screen even for the occasional sip of coffee.

VOICE WHISPER (V.O.)  
Arwa.....

Her fingers stop moving. Not moving her head, she rolls her eyes above the rims of her glasses, taking a quick peek around.

She lowers her eyes and begins her assault on the keys again.

VOICE WHISPER (CONT'D)

ARWA.....

She stops again. This time she she looks up and scans the entire room, searching for the mysterious voice. Still there is no one. Shuffling uncomfortably, she continues her work.

AGNES (O.S.)

Arwa honey, you ready.....

Arwa, unaware the waitress has walked up behind her with a coffee decanter, practically leaps from her seat.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Whoa! It's just me... Dear lord I didn't mean to give you such a fright.

Arwa slides the glasses from her face and lays them on the keyboard. She rubs on both eyes yawning deeply.

ARWA

That's ok Agnes.. It wasn't your fault.. Just a little tired and jumpy I guess.

Agnes refills Arwa's cup. She picks up the cup with both hands and takes a sip.

AGNES

Sure your ok? You've been working so hard. Maybe you and Ash should take a vacation. Get some rest.

ARWA

(Gathering her thoughts)  
Yeah maybe.... Thanks again Agnes.

Agnes leaves the table watching the young woman with a truly genuine look of concern.Concern.

Arwa stares down at the computer screen again. Taking another sip of coffee she places her glasses back on her face.

She begins typing again on the computer but only briefly. She stops again. Resting her hands on the keys, her fingers no longer push the keys.

Slowly, she rolls her eyes above the rim of her glasses again and raises her head ever so slightly. Her eyes widen.

Head completely raises.

Ayden Kraven is sitting across the room at a small table. No coffee, or Danish, just a worn tattered book he is reading.

Dressed in a suit that is centuries out of date. Coachman's hat resting neatly on top of his long straight hair, pale complexion, thin mustache and round rose colored glasses.

Arwa is mesmerized by this rather curious looking fellow. She forces her eyes and attention back to her work.

Mere seconds pass. She once again, looks back toward Ayden. He is still deep into the old book.

Arwa's eyes widen. Her breathing grows deeper and more frequent. She stares back at the computer.

QUICK FLASHES - THE LECTURE HALL

-- Dark Lecture Hall, the silhouette in the distance!

-- Dark Lecture Hall, the silhouette closer!

-- Dark Lecture Hall, the silhouette real close!

Arwa tries to gather her thoughts. Trembling, she cautiously raises just her eyes.

Ayden's piercing glare now staring expressionless straight towards her. She stares. Mere seconds pass, finally she breaks contact.

She again searches the room. Engaged in their own nuances, the other customers pay no attention this odd fellow.

Without so much as a glance towards the stranger, she returns to her computer.

INSERT - THE COMPUTER MONITOR

Ayden's face on the screen

BACK TO CAFE

Arwa jumping up from the table screams! She Violently slaps down the lid. Backing slightly away, she takes a quick look across the room, she sees Ayden's table is now empty.

Completely frightened, she scans the room. She is now the focus of attention. Gently, she reopens the lid. The image is gone.

Taking several deep breaths, she shoves her computer and various papers into her bag.

AGNES  
Arwa what's wrong?

ARWA  
(trembling)  
Nothing! Nothing.. I'm fine.

She reaches into her purse and pulls out a wad of money and drops it on the table

ARWA (CONT'D)  
I have to go. Sorry Agnes.

Arwa darts for the door.

AGNES  
(puzzled)  
That's ok honey.. Please get some rest.

Before she exits, she catches a glimpse of Ayden's book resting neatly on the table.

She looks around. Agnes and the rest have gone about their business.

She casually slinks over to the table. Like a child stealing candy from a candy store, she looks to see if anyone is watching.

Satisfied she has been discrete, she scoops the book into her bag and exits the cafe.

EXT. SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Arwa's white Lexus convertible makes a couple turns through a posh Philadelphia neighborhood. She waves to the occasional pedestrian.

At the end of a cul-de-sac, she stops midway in the drive of a well manicured split level, awaiting the automatic garage doors to open.

She drives the car inside. The doors close behind her.

INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S HOME - DAY

Arwa pushes her way through the kitchen door. Her hands full, phone ringing.

She drops her laptop bag, purse and two grocery sacks on the Island counter. Disarming the alarm just in time.

Strategically she is able to maneuver past an enthusiastic eighty pound Golden Retriever, she snatches up the phone.

She is too late. She immediately dials Ashton's work number.

ARWA

Hi Dana, is he busy?

(shaking her head)

Oh no, poor Hap, is it serious?

(she breaths relieved)

Somehow, that's the latest motif for him.

(she listens)

No that's okay, it's not important.

Just tell him I called.

(she smiles)

Thanks Dana. You do the same.

She begins to dial another number. Quickly changing he mind, she hangs up. Returning to the counter, with dog in tow, she takes out a large rawhide from one of the sacks.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(kneeling)

Look what I have for you Sonny.

Playfully teasing, she holds the bone up just out of the reach of the canine. The dog's interest is focused more on her. He licks her face.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(grimacing)

Ok, ok.. I love you to, now here.

He happily accepts and trots into the adjacent room.

Arwa takes the remaining items and begins placing them in their proper places.

Behind her, the copper pots and pans hanging neatly above the island bar, rattle gently as though a stiff breeze swirled through the kitchen. Followed quickly by a loud thump.

Arwa startled at first, quickly freezes in her place. Eyes wide, she hesitantly turns. The pans, resting quietly.

Her eyes lock onto the book. No longer in her bag, it rests on the countertop.

Never taking her eyes off the book, she slowly opens a drawer and fumbles through it's contents pulling out a long hickory spoon.

Cautiously, she inches around the kitchen. Eyes focused strictly on the book. Now in arms reach, she jabs at the book. Quickly backing away at contact. Nothing.

Again she stretches out and pokes at the book. Again, nothing happens. Shaking her head she breaths a sigh of relief.

ARWA (CONT'D)

What am I doing? This is ridiculous.

She tosses the spoon on the counter and picks up the book. Gently she rubs her fingers over the cover. The title is etched deeply into the cover.

INSERT - FRONT COVER, which reads:

"Book of Sorrow"

Deep in thought, she fans through the pages.

She carries the book to the far counter and removes a wine glass. In the refrigerator she pulls out a chilled bottle of Zinfandel, fills her glass full.

ARWA (CONT'D)

If I'm going to start drinking this early, you'd better be worth it.

She takes the book and glass and walks to the next room.

LIVING ROOM

The room is basic contemporary. Leather sofa and chair face a large stone fireplace. The large dog lies in front gnawing unrelentingly on the bone.

Arwa places her glass on the coffee table and gently situates herself on the couch. Taking a sip from her glass, she leans back with the book. Opening the cover, she begins to read.

INT. ASHTON'S BMW - DAY

Ashton's BMW stops in front of a suburbia home. Black Explorer parked in the drive.

Grass ridiculously overgrown. Posted for sale sign covered in graffiti barely visible.

HAP

My truck! Thanks man for keeping it out of impound.

ASHTON

Thank Maggie. She drove it here after work.

(looking at sign)

Father still selling the house I see.



HAP  
(smiling)  
He's just being a dick. Not to many  
takers though.

ASHTON  
(sarcastically)  
Amazing. After all, it is so  
presentable.

HAP  
(taking out a smoke)  
Does Arwa know I got arrested?

ASHTON  
I haven't told her. What's the big  
deal? You know how much she cares  
about you?

Hap lights a cigarette and takes several drags.

HAP  
(shaking his head)  
Only God knows why..

ASHTON  
Your like this crazy brother. Besides  
that whipping Crystal laid on you  
was major..

HAP  
(nodding)  
Definitely stung. But I survived to  
tell the tale I suppose.

ASHTON  
Listen, I got good news. Get cleaned  
up, get some rest and call me later.

HAP  
Good news I could use.. Thanks man,  
I owe you one.

He reaches over and gives Ash a man's hug and pat on the  
back.

ASHTON  
One? One hundred? One thousand?  
One million?

Hap opens the door.

HAP  
I get.. I get it.. Call you later.

Exiting the car, Ashton waits until he has unlocked the door. He blows the horn. Hap, never looking back waives before he enters. Ashton drives off.

INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S HOME - DAY

The room darkens. The fireplace erupts into flames. Various candles throughout the room light.

Arwa asleep on the couch. Book open, laying on her chest. She tosses uncomfortably. Dreaming.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY - DREAM

Family grave site positioned between two Weeping Willows. Crosses for those already past, lined neatly in order.

Morbid scenery. Very little color. Mostly white, gray, and blue hues.

Annabelle, Nathan, and Serena stand over a pine coffin ready to be placed into the cold ground.

A crow in a nearby tree, cackles continuously.

Despite their colorless attire and skin, the iris of their eyes glow in brilliant hues. Flowers that the ladies grasp tightly to, are also illuminating in chromatically vibrant colors.

Nathan concludes the final rights.

They kneel next to the box to say their final good-byes. The colorful flowers fade and wither turning to dust as they are placed on the coffin.

Slowly they rise to their feet. A female stranger is among them.

ZORELLA KRAVEN, a wickedly beautiful young woman. Long white elegant dress. Ruffled cuffs stopping just short of her soft hands. Fingers tips ending with long black nails.

ZORELLA

(Glaring at Annabelle)

The half breed's soul belongs to us  
now whore.

Nathan lunges towards the woman, but with a single raise of her hand he freezes in place.

ANNABELLE

He was just a child!

ZORELLA

Not of true blood. Now, because of  
your lust for my brother, your son  
is condemned to hell.

ANNABELLE

Never! You can't have him!

With a movement of her hand, the top of the coffin literally  
explodes open. The pale body of the child lies there  
peaceful. Annabelle reaches in for the child.

The dead child's eyes spring open, she backs her off.

Blood runs from the corners of his black eyes and trickles  
down his colorless face!

He rolls his eyes towards Zorella, then back at Annabelle.

Swiftly lunging he grabs Annabelle pulling her closer.  
Despite her screaming and struggling, the boy over powers  
her efforts.

Opening his mouth he exposes rows of razor sharp teeth.  
Rolling his eyes back in his head like a shark, he begins  
biting, tearing flesh from her neck.

Young Serena screams in terror. Nathan stands helpless.  
Zorella laughing in a deep raspy voice, raises her hands to  
the sky, lightning bolts strike the ground around them.

Annabelle's body writhes and convulses before falling lifeless  
into the grave.

END OF DREAM

INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S HOME - DAY

Arwa leaps straight up on the couch, heart racing. Sweat  
trickling down her face.

She wipes away the sweat quickly and looks at her trembling  
hands half expecting the salty fluid to be blood.

ARWA

(winded and rattled)  
Jesus Christ!

Catching her breath, she looks about the room.

The book now resting neatly on the coffee table, the fireplace  
and several candle sconces burning. The dog is leaning hard  
up against the sofa panting.

Confused, she uses the remote to extinguish the fireplace.  
She pets the excited dog.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
(stroking the animal's  
fur)  
Hi boy. Daddy home?

She looks around the room.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
Ash? Honey? Ash you here?

There is no answer. Her fear escalating once again.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
Ash? Please answer me.

The phone on the end table rings. She nearly jumps from her  
seat. Trying to calm herself, she grabs the receiver.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
(sigh of relief)  
Ash? Jesus where are you?

INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S HOME - NIGHT

Arwa standing at the sink rinsing the dinner plates and  
silverware and placing them in the dishwasher.

Ashton sitting at the Island Bar flipping through the book.

ARWA  
Can you take Sonny out? On his  
leash please?

ASHTON  
He hates wearing a leash. It's like  
having no privacy.

ARWA  
Well Fincher next door hates it even  
more. He swears Sonny is the one  
crapping in his yard.

Ash walks to the rack by the door and grabs a leather leash.

ASHTON  
C'mon Sonny.

ARWA  
Anyhow, what do you think? Have I  
crossed over the Fruit Loop Bridge  
or what?

Ashton, leash in hand walks up behind Arwa and hugs her gently kissing the nape of her neck.

ASHTON

(smiling)

Tastes sweet to me...

Arwa closes her eyes momentarily enjoying his touch before pushing him back.

ARWA

Ash no kidding.. I couldn't have made all this up.

ASHTON

(snapping the leash  
on the dog)

Honey you have been under the gun lately, your tired. Not to mention, you write this stuff. Sooner or later it is bound to get in your sleep.

ARWA

That would explain the the dream. But the stranger this morning at campus, and then the cafe. I wasn't sleeping then? That book is real.

Ash picks up the book and tosses it back on the counter.

ASHTON

So you think this guy is what? The ghost of Ayden Kraven?

ARWA

(confused)

I don't know. I know what I saw.

ASHTON

Sweetie, Deadend Cemetery is a myth, a campfire story, that's all. Odds are somebody is just fooling around.

Ash walks the dog to the side door and pushes the garage door button.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

I can't believe it, America's paranormal sweetheart getting spooked.

(smiling)

Now you know how your readers feel.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

No sooner than outside the garage door Ashton takes the leash off the dog. Even though it is May, the night air has a biting chill.

The dog sniffs and urinates on a variety of vegetation, before heading to the neighbors yard.

ASHTON  
(egging the dog on)  
That's it buddy. A little further.

Ashton looks back to the house making sure he is not being watched.

ASHTON (CONT'D)  
Come on fella do it for me. Do it  
for all dog kind.

The dog sniffing, picks his target spot and squats.

ASHTON (CONT'D)  
Jackpot! Touchdown! Bingo!

Realizing the volume of his voice he quiets.

ASHTON (CONT'D)  
There Fincher. Sniff that! You  
complaining bite in the ass!

The dog finishing, happily runs back to his own Yard.

ASHTON (CONT'D)  
(petting the dog)  
Good Boy! Now that's a good dog.  
Ready to go?

The excited dog barks loudly. Ash turns back to the house, then hesitates. He turns and looks down the dark street.

Under the street light a figure. An exact fit to the man Arwa described earlier.

Ashton clicks the leash back on the dog. He looks back, the man is gone.

INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S HOME - NIGHT

Ash unleashes the canine and hangs up the leash. The dog immediately darts for the food and water bowl.

Arwa, dishes finished, studies her laptop.

ASHTON  
You working tonight?

ARWA  
No. Just looking up a few things.

Ashton walks up behind her looking over her shoulder.

ASHTON  
This shit has really peaked that  
Aldrege curiosity huh?

ARWA  
(shaking her head)  
Just thought maybe if there is any  
truth to this thing it would be on  
the internet, everything else is.

ASHTON  
Any luck?

ARWA  
No, not really.

ASHTON  
(kissing the back of  
her head)  
I'm hitting the shower. Be done  
soon?

Nodding her head, Ashton leaves the room.

BEDROOM

Ashton picks up the cordless and walks to the door to make  
for sure Arwa isn't close behind. He dials the phone.

ASHTON (CONT'D)  
Hey Jimmy, Ash.  
(pausing)  
Doing great. Hey um, I got a question  
for you.  
(brief pause)  
Has anybody reported any really  
strange or unusual characters hanging  
around lately?  
(smiling)  
Yes, other than the regular ones.  
Somebody maybe dressed a century or  
two out of date, top hat, cane maybe?  
(shaking his head)  
No, everything is ok. Arwa seemed a  
little rattled by this clown.  
(MORE)

ASHTON (CONT'D)

The truth is she saw him twice this morning and I may have seen him a few minutes ago.

(shaking his head  
again)

No Jimmy, not necessary. Could you just ask the other guys at the precinct? See what you find?

(short pause)

I appreciate it. I will give you a call tomorrow. Tell Christine and the kids I said hello. Thanks.

Hanging up the phone, he walks into the bathroom.

KITCHEN

Arwa still studying the book and computer.

The door to the garage slowly opens. Catching this with her peripheral vision she stops.

She goes to the door, flipping the lights on in the garage. She scans the room. Flipping the switch off she closes the door tightly.

Before returning to her work she pours a small glass of water. Looking from the window above the sink, she gazes at the quiet neighborhood.

The dog barks once, then again. Arwa turns to see the canine looking towards the wall. He barks again. He sits, slowly raising his paw he pats at the wall.

ARWA

(perplexed)

Not you too?

Arwa turns back pouring the water out. She looks up at the window again. A shadow's reflection flashes through the glass. The reflection is from inside the home!

Arwa turns quickly dropping the glass, shattering as it impacts with the floor.

LATER

Arwa standing at the island counter holding a long sharp knife. Ashton enters.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Well?



ASHTON

Like I said it's nothing. Nobody is  
in the house.

He walks to the refrigerator and grabs a bottle of beer.

ARWA

I know what I saw! The door opened,  
the dog started barking, then I saw  
a shadow in this window walk past.  
INSIDE the house.

Ashton walks to her.

ASHTON

(smiling)  
Give me that.

He takes the knife and puts it back in the block. He put's  
his arms around her and looks at her. She keeps her head  
down.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

Honey, there is nobody here. Just  
us. OK?

Lifting her chin gently, she is nearly in tears, their eyes  
meet.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

OK?

She looks into his assuring smile. She nods in agreement.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

Now close the book, forget all this  
and let's go to bed. You'll see  
tomorrow that everything is fine.  
You just need a little rest.

Arwa closes the book, and the lid on the laptop. Turning  
off the lights they exit for the bedroom.

INT. GOTHIC BOOK STORE - DAY

The varying size skull heads clank noisily on the door as  
Arwa enters. A wet Umbrella she leaves by the door. She  
pauses to examine this odd doorbell.

The gothic room is lined with shelves of books. The center  
aisle housing various incenses, crystals, and other  
witchcraft and voodoo paraphernalia.

The store is quiet. Arwa walks to the small counter that  
also doubles as a display case for various crystal balls.

She taps on the small bell by the register.

From the second level AKASHA, 60, descends down the narrow stairwell. Dressing the part, she wears only black.

She takes her position behind the counter.

AKASHA  
Blessings. I am Akasha, how may I  
be of service?

ARWA  
(uncomfortable)  
I am Arwa, Arwa... Johnson.

AKASHA  
Again, how may I be of service Arwa  
Johnson?

ARWA  
Nice place. Interesting.

Akasha nods in agreement never taking her eyes from Arwa.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
You do readings? Psychic readings?

AKASHA  
I have been blessed with the gift of  
seeing certain things. Past and  
present.

ARWA  
(scanning the room)  
Could I purchase a reading?

ASKASHA  
You need not be concerned. We are  
alone. Karnada!

A much younger woman comes from a back room to join them.

AKASHA  
You can pay Karnada. She will then  
show to the back when you are ready.

BACK ROOM

Arwa pushes through a beaded door made from tiny skulls. The back room of the store is furnished much like the front. Only a bit dimmer. A large round table rests at its core.

Karnada shows her inside, but quickly leaves.

Akasha is seated. She motions Arwa to sit across from her. She lights a strategically placed candle in the center. Akasha looks strangely at Arwa's neck.

AKASHA (CONT'D)

The Sansanvi amulet, a family heirloom  
I am guessing?

Arwa reaching for the pennant so as Akasha can have a better look.

ARWA

As a matter of fact it is. My great  
great grandmother's I believe. It  
was given to me when I was very young.

AKASHA

Very nice.

Arwa puts the necklace back inside her blouse.

AKASHA (CONT'D)

Shall we begin?

ARWA

(fidgeting a bit)  
Please.

AKSASHA

Your hands.

Arwa placing her purse on the floor beside her, reaches across the table. Akasha gently takes her hands. Closing her eyes, she begins concentrating. Head twitching slightly.

AKASHA

You have been visited recently. The  
member of a departed family member  
perhaps.

ARWA

No not a family member, a...

AKASHA

(snapping)  
Hush! Never speak, focus is crucial!  
(calmer)  
You and this person have a strong  
connection.

Again she concentrates, fumbling with Arwa's hands.

AKASHA (CONT'D)

You are frightened of this person,  
yet your not sure why. A man, and  
he has given you something. A gift  
maybe.

(her facial expression  
changes)

Wait! There is another..

Akasha stops. Her hands begin trembling. She squeezes Arwa's  
hand tightly. Her head and body begin convulsing.

Arwa tries to break her hold but the woman's grasp is too  
strong. Akasha begins mumbling in gibberish. Part whisper,  
part moans and groans, all in a strange language.

Arwa panicking pulls with all her might while pounding on  
the woman's arms and hands. She pulls free.

Both women nearly fall backwards. Arwa regaining her balance  
grabs her purse and leaps to her feet.

Akasha now calm, braces herself with the table. She takes  
several long breaths then slowly raises her eyelids.

ARWA

What the hell was that!

AKASHA

What were you given? Come now child,  
this is most important. Tell me!

Arwa hesitating, gingerly returns to the table. She removes  
the book from her bag and places it on the table.

Akasha reaches for it then stops. Eyes widen as she quickly  
withdraws.

AKASHA (CONT'D)

Who gave this to you?

ARWA

Nobody exactly. He left it on a  
table and I picked it up. It's not  
mine.

AKASHA

You were chosen! The book is yours!  
Have you read it?

ARWA

Yes.

AKASHA

Remove it from my table at once!  
Take your book and leave my store.

Arwa looks strangely at the obviously frightened medium. She thinks to speak, but thinks better of it. She Picks up the book and backs from the room.

STORE

Arwa walks swiftly to the door. Akasha has followed only to the back room door. Her and Karnada exchange glances as Arwa gathers her umbrella and exits.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Heavier rain is falling. Arwa opens her umbrella and briskly trots to her vehicle.

INT. CAR - DAY

Pulling out her phone she starts to make a call. She is startled by a rapping at her window.

Arwa puts the ignition key in and lowers the window. Akasha is standing in the pouring rain.

AKASHA

Do not fear him, he means you no harm. He seeks only your help.

ARWA

How can I help? What does he want?

AKASHA

His needs are modest. However, to help will mean grave danger for you and those closest to you. The Book of Sorrow was properly named.

ARWA

I don't understand.

AKASHA

His is not the only spirit attached to the book. There are many others. Some are dark spirits that carry powers of the underworld. They are most dangerous.

ARWA

What should I do?

AKASHA

Heed my warning, keep that necklace  
close to you at all times. Most  
important, rid yourself of that cursed  
book. Burn it! If you do not,  
heartbreak and death will most surely  
lie in it's wake.

Arwa watching the rain pour off the woman. She looks down  
to unlock the other door.

ARWA

Please get inside. It's..

She looks up. Akasha is gone. She checks her mirrors and  
looks around, but no sign of her.

Arwa removes the book from her purse. Deep in thought, she  
strokes the charm around her neck. Grabbing the door handle  
she opens the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Again shielding the rain with the umbrella, Arwa races to  
the nearest street-side trash receptacle. She begins to  
toss the book, but hesitates.

She stares at the cover. Her expression changes. She calmly  
raises her eyes.

Standing further down the walk, amidst all the other  
pedestrians scattering for shelter, Ayden Kraven watches.  
No umbrella or any attempt to shield himself from the rain.

Arwa clutches the book tightly. She takes several steps  
backwards without turning, then whips around and darts for  
her car.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

MONTAGE - ARWA AT PUBLIC LIBRARY

-- She searches through the card catalogs

-- She removes books from the shelves

-- She takes notes as she flips through various opened books.

END MONTAGE

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Arwa sits alone at a table. She sips on a glass of wine.

Looking towards the entrance she spots her guest talking with the hostess. She waives to get her attention.

KETLEN VANCE, 30 weaves her way through crowded lunch patrons to join Arwa.

She is natural in appearance. No use of excessive makeup or fancy hair styles to bring out her distinguishing qualities.

Arwa smiles as she sits.

ARWA

Thanks for coming Ketlen.

KETLEN

Well that was an interesting call.

The waitress comes to the table placing a glass of water in front of Ketlen.

KETLEN

Coffee, please

WAITRESS

Yes ma'am.

both ladies watch as she leaves.

KETLEN

Have the book?

Arwa pulls the book from her bag and slides it to Ketlen. She picks up the book and flips through scanning over marked pages.

LATER

The waitress removes several empty plates and used silverware from the table.

ARWA

What do you think? Interested?

KETLEN

Wow. That's quite a story. And your sure of this?

ARWA

I have reliable info, but still, it is shaky. Seeing is believing.

Ketlen leans back in her seat. Deep in thought.

KETLEN

You realize, this is a two way street?

ARWA

Of course.

KETLEN

What do you need from me?

ARWA

Just a good camera man and some time.  
I will supply the transportation.  
After I have confirmed the book's  
authenticity, your free to do what  
you want with the story.

KETLEN

And if your wrong? What if it's all  
bullshit?

ARWA

Could be. Not making promises.

KETLEN

You realize the network will never  
sign off on this? We will have to  
be discreet. Ton of liability here.

ARWA

I understand, it's all on me.

KETLEN

When?

ARWA

This Saturday.

KETLEN

Kind of last minute isn't it?

ARWA

I fear haste is of the utmost  
importance.

Ketlen sips from her cup looking indecisively at Arwa. The  
waitress returns with the check. She places it in the center  
of the table.

ARWA (CONT'D)

I got it.

Arwa removes cash from her purse and hands the check and  
money back to the waitress.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Keep the change.



WAITRESS

Thank you ma'am. Have a nice day.

KETLEN

(smiling)

Ok. I'm in. Mind if I take the journal and have a better look?

ARWA

Sure. I have read it cover to cover a couple times.

Again Arwa removes the book from her bag, and slides it to Ketlen. Just as she reaches it for the book, it swiftly slides back in front Arwa.

Both woman gasp, then stare at each other in disbelief.

KETLEN

Did you see that? It moved by itself!

ARWA

(whispering)

I told you.

KETLEN

Definitely count me in.

Ketlen stands and pulls a card from her bag.

KETLEN

Call me later with the details. In the meantime, I think it's best you hang on to the book.

ARWA

(nodding in agreement)

Thanks Ketlen. I truly appreciate this.

KETLEN

Just the three of us?

ARWA

Well.. I am counting on one more actually.

Ketlen continues smiling as she turns and leaves.

INT. HAP'S PLACE - DAY

Hap, wildly uncombed hair, sunglasses, and pajama bottoms.

Sparking his lighter, he takes a long hit from his Toke Master.

He holds the smoke for as long as he can before the smoke is reverted from his lungs.

HAP

No. No.. Hell no.

He sets the bong down and grabs a cigarette and blazes up. He takes several long drags. Leaning back in the recliner, the last puff escapes slowly through his nostrils.

HAP (CONT'D)

Can't do it, sorry.

Arwa is seated across from him. She fans the smoke away from her face.

ARWA

You owe me.

HAP

True, but I can't.

Hap picks up and shakes several empty beer cans before he finds one with a swallow left. He downs the warm flat beverage.

ARWA

(Arwa cringes)

Why not? You have absolutely nothing better to do.

HAP

Your right I don't, and to be honest? It sounds really fun. But, if something were to happen, Ash will cut off my balls. And as much as I love you, I love my balls more.

Arwa gets up and walks over behind Hap and his recliner. He watches curiously. Gently she twirls the back of his uncombed hair.

ARWA

(rolling her eyes)

I really need you Hap.

HAP

That shit ain't fair R, that's hitting way below the belt. But it's not gonna work. I.. can't!

Arwa stops. She thinks a second, then smiles. She starts for the door.

ARWA

Ok. I understand. I guess Ketlen  
and I will go at it alone.

HAP

(looking around his  
chair)  
Ketlen?

ARWA

You know, Ketlen Vance, Channel 9  
News.

HAP

You shitting me? Your lying!

Hap leaps from his chair and catches her before she can leave.  
He slams the door closed.

HAP (CONT'D)

Tell me your lying!

ARWA

I'm not. In fact, I am scheduled to  
pick her and her cameraman up first  
thing Saturday. But you can't,  
remember?

Hap throws his arms up in the air and stomps back to his  
recliner. Melting into his seat.

HAP

Shit! Shit! Shit!  
(taking a deep breath)  
What time?

Arwa remains at the door using her hand to muffle a chuckle.

ARWA

Pick me up at eight o'clock, Saturday.

HAP

(eyes widening)  
In the morning?

ARWA

Sharp! I mean it Hap, don't be late.

HAP

R, you are truly a wolf in sheep's  
clothing.

She exits the house. Hap grabs his bong and lights up again.

HAP  
 (exhaling)  
 I'm so screwed.

INT. HAP'S EXPLORER - DAY

The black Explorer rolls slowly into the mostly vacant parking lot. Ketlen and her camera man SIMON WEAVER are waiting. Two large silver media cases resting by their feet.

ARWA  
 (looking at her watch)  
 Their already waiting. Did you bring everything I asked for?

HAP  
 Yes! For the third time! Jesus it's really her.

The cameraman reaches down struggling to lift both cases.

HAP (CONT'D)  
 What's up with nerd boy?

ARWA  
 (snapping)  
 Hap be nice! I mean it!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The vehicle stops. Arwa hops out. Hap hesitates then climbs out.

KETLEN  
 Arwa this my camera man, Simon.  
 Simon, this Arwa Aldrege.

Simon sits the cases down and wipes his hands on his trousers.

SIMON  
 (shaking her hand)  
 Ms. Aldrege it is such a pleasure.  
 I am a huge fan.

ARWA  
 Thank you Simon. Please, call me Arwa.

KETLEN  
 (extending her hand to Hap)  
 And who is this marvelous creature.

ARWA

Ketlen, Simon this is a long time friend Edward Hapner.

HAP

(taking her hand)  
My friends call me Hap.

KETLEN

Wonderful meeting you, Hap.

They continue shaking hands and studying each other. Simon hand extended, slowly lowers it.

Arwa rolling her eyes and shaking her head.

ARWA

OKAY.. Maybe we should get moving, we have a long trip. Hap could you please use your free hand and help Simon with his gear.

Their hands separate, but their eyes don't. Arwa clears her throat to gain their attention.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(pointing at the gear)  
Hap please.

Arwa and Ketlen walk to the passenger side and climb in. Hap lifts up the back. He watches as Simon continues to struggle with the cases.

HAP

Simple Simon can we get a move on?

Watching momentarily, he grabs one of the cases. Hap struggles slightly lifting the case into the truck.

HAP (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! What the fuck is in here? Rocks?

Hap situates the cases and closes the back.

HAP (CONT'D)

Get your weak ass in the truck.

Hap walks to the driver's door and climbs in. Simon pauses momentarily, then climbs in behind Hap.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Sandwiched between heavy tree lines, the Explorer speeds along the winding byway.

Very little traffic and only sporadic homes offer any signs of civilization.

INT. EXPLORER - DAY

Hap reaches down beside the seat and fumbles around until he finds his flask. He looks over at Arwa. She is asleep,

Looking into the rear view mirror Ketlen is asleep as well. Simon is playing on his portable.

Hap quietly removes the top and takes a hit.

SIMON

Really? Drinking and driving? Real smart.

HAP

(annoyed)

Piss off dipshit. Go back to playing with yourself and minding your own business.

SIMON

I don't think Ms. Aldredge would approve.

HAP

If she finds out, you will wish your parents never met.

Arwa repositions herself but doesn't wake.

EXT. PLANTATION - NIGHT - DREAM

Dozen men and their horses stomping through the night. With the exception of their torches, everything else is again in white, blue and gray hues.

They slow as they approach the Plantation home. Whooping and shouting, they fire their six guns into the night air. Most are heavily intoxicated passing jugs of whiskey around.

The two men in front, sober and settled. The eldest, displaying a Sheriff's badge on his long coat. He is shouting out, but there is no sound.

Ayden bursts from the front door. The posse opens fire. His body buckles and bends as the bullets repeatedly strike.

Gunfire subsiding, Zorella Kraven exits the home as Ayden drops to his knees. She wraps him tightly in her arms. Against his colorless skin, crimson blood trickles from his mouth.

With a waive of the Sheriff's arm, two men dismount and grab Zorella pulling her from Ayden's lifeless body. She struggles and screams, but is no match for the brutes.

The remainder of the men, pull Molotov cocktails from their saddle bags and light the rag dangling from from the top.

They ride close to the house throwing the bottles through the windows and on the porch. The mansion erupts into flames.

The men celebrating their cowardly act, continue their drunken rowdiness. Zorella taking advantage of their lack of attention, makes a run for it. Three riders take chase.

The darkness is to her advantage, Zorella uses the elegant landscape surrounding the plantation to weave and dodge her would be captors.

She stops for a moment, hiding behind a thicket, the riders ride by. She watches as they disappear in the darkness.

She continues her escape. A small clearing then into the woods. Following a narrow unlit path that brings her to two large gates. She enters pulling them closed behind her.

A short distance away a large structure. She runs to the entry door and raps on it. There is no answer. She looks behind her she is still alone.

She beats on the door harder crying out for help. From in side a dim light emerges. The door slowly opens.

Before she can enter, a hand grabs her by her long Auburn hair, pulling her head back and exposing her soft neck. Another hand reaches around holding a large Buck knife, blade reflecting in the dim light.

The knife is slowly pulled across her throat. Blood streams down from the thin but fatal slice. Eyes wide, she gasps and reaches for her throat. Her eyes roll white as she slowly collapses.

INT. EXPLORER - DAY

Arwa snaps awake. Drawing a long winded breath, her hand reaches for her throat.

The vehicle has stopped. Looking around, she is alone.

EXT. COUNTRY STORE - DAY

Awkwardly stepping out of the vehicle, she spots Hap along side, gas nozzle plugged into the side of the truck.

HAP

Welcome to the living R. Have a nice nap?

ARWA

(yawning and stretching)  
Where are we?

HAP

We should be about ten to fifteen minutes outside Pandemonium. But I thought the same thing an hour ago.

ARWA

Been asleep that long?  
(looking at her watch)  
Shit! Why didn't you wake me?

HAP

What would be the point. Boring ass ride. Besides, your incredibly beautiful when you sleep.  
(embarrassed)  
Shit, don't take that the wrong way.

ARWA

(she hugs him)  
I know what you mean Hap. Thank you.

HAP

You were dreaming.

ARWA

It was nothing. Trish and Simon inside?

Arwa begins to make her way towards the store.

HAP

(to himself)  
Nothing my ass.

ARWA

Need anything?

HAP

No. I'm good.

Continuing to fuel, Hap spots Ayden Kraven standing across the road. He looks back to see if Arwa is still in sight. She is inside.



Remembering Arwa's account of the mystery man, he leaves the truck and begins to walk towards the road, never taking his eyes off Ayden.

A large truck lumbers through. Ayden vanishes as the truck passes by. Hap looks both directions, the man is gone. He slowly backs to the truck.

HAP (CONT'D)

Fuck this..

INT. EXPLORER - DAY

The Explorer moves along slower than the posted speed limit. The group peer out their windows at the ghost town.

The main thoroughfare of Pandemonium is a shallow reflection of once what was. Homes, businesses, and town buildings are empty and over grown.

KETLEN

Wow is this all there is? Where did they go?

ARWA

As of the latest census, there is less than one hundred citizens. Post office, police station we just passed, and a small store are supposedly operational.

HAP

What the hell happened?

Arwa pivots in her seat so she can see everyone. There is genuine excitement in her demeanor.

ARWA

Ok, after many tumultuous decades following the Kraven Massacre, the town floundered in the mid 1950s. Folklore originally blamed Kraven and his family. A curse, that sucked the life from the town. Later, blame shifted solely to Deadened Cemetery.

KETLEN

Wait, I thought they were one in the same?

ARWA

Only in the beginning. Rumors began to swirl about church involvement.

HAP

All that aside, they were finished  
off in the temple, end of story.

Arwa reaches in to her bag and pulls out the book and flips  
to a certain page.

ARWA

Apparently not, according to Ayden's  
journal, priests performed some sort  
of ritual on the temple. This was  
added insurance that their souls  
would be forever imprisoned.

KETLEN

Is that why they named it Deadend?

ARWA

(smiling largely)  
THEY didn't.

Simon, Handy Cam in hand, films the town's austere desolation.

SIMON

Then who did?

ARWA

That is an interesting side note.  
Several days after the ritual, two  
witnesses reported that Ayden Kraven's  
ghost hung a sign on the entry gates  
naming it Deadened.

SIMON

What does it mean anyway? Deadened?

ARWA

Simply put, Deadened is death for  
the dead.

HAP

If all this shit it is true, then  
why isn't this asshole locked in  
with his family?

ARWA

Ayden Kraven was shot to death at  
the family home. He was never in  
the cemetery. In fact, when they  
returned for his body, he had simply  
vanished.

HAP  
 (shaking his head)  
 Sorry R, I'm not convinced. Witches  
 and ghosts. Campfire stories, nothing  
 more.

ARWA  
 Well, that's what were here for.

LATER

They continue motoring through the countryside. Arwa, Hap  
 and Ketlen are all studying the map Arwa is holding.

HAP  
 (glancing up at the  
 road)  
 R we might have to except the facts,  
 it's just not here.

ARWA  
 It has to be.

HAP  
 No IT doesn't have to be.

ARWA  
 Yes IT does. Rather the stories are  
 true is one thing. But Kraven Manor  
 was certainly real.

KETLEN  
 (pointing ahead)  
 Look! A river. Didn't Ayden mention  
 something about a small river running  
 adjacent to the manor?

ARWA  
 Your right! But there is no river  
 on the map.

Shortly after crossing the rickety bridge, a black blur shoots  
 out in front of the Explorer. Hap, eyes on the map doesn't  
 see this.

KETLEN  
 (screaming out)  
 Watch out!!

Hap's eyes shoot up from the map just in time to get a glimpse  
 of the black flash. He locks-up the breaks.

A heavy THUMP followed by the Screeching of tires. The  
 Explorer fish tales but Hap gains control bringing it to a  
 stop.

HAP  
 (winded)  
 What the fuck was that!

ARWA  
 Everyone okay?

KETLEN  
 I'm fine.

SIMON  
 Other than my nerves? Just fine.

Hap, holding the wheel in a death grip. Arwa and the others hop out of the truck.

HAP  
 (eyes closed)  
 Please don't be a person. Please  
 don't let it be a person. Dog, cat,  
 bear, a really big fucking bird, I  
 don't care. Please God, just don't  
 let it be a person.

He slowly opens his eyes. The others are outside looking around. He climbs out.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Hap walks to the front of the truck. There is no visible damage. He gets down on his knees and looks underneath. There is nothing.

HAP  
 (sigh of relief)  
 Thank you.  
 (putting his hands on  
 the hood)  
 Anything guys?

ARWA  
 Not a thing. No blood, nothing.

KETLEN  
 Nothing over here.

Arwa joins Hap putting her arm around him.

ARWA  
 (rubbing his back)  
 You okay?

HAP  
 Yeah, I'm good. What the fuck did  
 we hit? I felt it for Christ's sake.

ARWA

I don't know, animal I suppose.

HAP

Then where the hell is it?

From further behind the vehicle Simon is standing just off the road.

SIMON

Hey guys! Come check this out.

Hap shoots Arwa an alarmed gaze.

ARWA

Don't worry, it's fine. Come on.

Ketlen hurries over to meet him. Hap and Arwa jump back in the Explorer. He reverses all the way to where they are standing. They join the Simon and Ketlen.

Nestled along the tree line a large double wrought iron gate. The letters "K" infused at the gates centers.

Attached to both sides, a brushed covered fence extending as far as they can see on one side, the other stops before the bridge.

Simon and Hap remove large strategically placed branches blocking access to the gates.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Somehow, I don't think Mother Nature placed these here.

HAP

Me neither.

Hap pulls on the gate, but a large chain and lock keep them from opening. He rolls his eyes towards Arwa.

ARWA

Open it.

Hap reaches in the truck and releases the back hatch. Simon joins him. Hap removes a pair of Heavy Duty bolt cutters from a satchel.

Simon removes a larger camera from one of the boxes.

Hap opens the cutters and puts them on the lock.

HAP

(pausing)

You realize this is trespassing and most likely breaking and entering?

ARWA

I know.

HAP

You think Ash would approve of this?

ARWA

(smiling)

That's why I brought you and not him.

Hap squeezes the handles and the broken lock and free chain fall to the ground.

HAP

Thanks.

INT. EXPLORER - DAY

The long driveway still shows indications of it's once magnificent grandeur. Large dead and rotting oaks line both sides.

The burnt-out remains of the manor become visible as they clear the large trees.

A large stagnate marble pond in the center of a turnaround. Crumbled remains of a statue rests at the core.

The Glorious mansion lies mostly in ruins now with only the four monstrous stone chimneys remaining partially erect.

KETLEN

Oh..My..God.

ARWA

(smiling)

Exactly.

Hap parks the truck halfway through the turnaround. They all excitedly exit.

EXT. KRAVEN RUINS - DAY

Simon continues to film while the others explore the remains.

HAP

(lighting a smoke)

Jesus, this place was huge.

KETLEN

What a waste. I could have lived here.

ARWA

I suspect it was probably the Cream of the Crop, for these parts.

They continue to where the rear of the house would have been.

Steps declining from the ivy-covered remains of a massive stone deck, lead to all that is left of the posh rear gardens, statues, and marble gazebo.

KETLEN

Can you imagine this garden in it's heyday?

ARWA

(taking a deep breath)

I can still smell the apple blossoms, rose, and jasmine.

HAP

Ladies this is all well and good, but are we not here for the Deadend?

(looking about)

Wherever the hell it is.

ARWA

Your right. Grab your stuff and my bag from the truck please.

Hap shoots her a look of disbelief. He starts back towards the truck.

HAP

What do I look like?

(under his breath)

If I wanted to work this hard, I would get a real job.

THE PATH

The group walk down a large pathway through sparse to moderate woodlands. Lanterns hanging from their hooks line the pathway.

ARWA

Lighted pathway, were on to something.

HAP

I hope so, this shit is getting heavy.

KETLEN

What all do you have in there?

HAP

Ask the boss.

ARWA

(pointing)

Hey guys look.

They all stop. The path's final turn leading to a set of matching wrought iron gates.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Ladies and Gentlemen, I believe we are here.

HAP

No way.

The all stare at the gate. The sign that had been rumored, hangs in plain view.

INSERT: SIGN ON GATE, which reads:

"DEADEND"

KETLEN

Simon you keep that camera rolling no matter what happens.

SIMON

Yes ma'am.

Hap retrieves the bolt cutters from his bag and again makes short work of the lock and chain.

HAP

(smiling)

That's TWO counts of trespassing and Breaking and entering.

Arwa pushes the gates open.

EXT. DEADEND CEMETERY

Not quick to rush in they look inside. The large stone temple rests on the right as you enter. Crosses in front and throughout the high fenced graveyard.

ARWA

My God, it's real, it's really real.

A heavy gust of wind rushes through the cemetery and across their path. They exchange glances.



KETLEN

A Deadend welcome I presume?

They continue inside. Ketlen pulls a camera from her bag and begins ripping off a series of photos. Arwa and Hap continue to the temple.

Standing in front of this architectural phenomenon, they study it's construction and only access.

ARWA

What do you think? Can we get in?

Hap runs his hands across the stone and mortar used to block the entrance.

HAP

Probably not a good idea. Place gives me the creeps.

ARWA

Thank you for your opinion, now can we get in?

HAP

Oh, we can get in. I have a ten pound hammer that will assure that, but...

ARWA

But what?

HAP

R, you sure this is what you wanna do? Everything up to this is small potatoes. I knock this wall down, we could be in deep trouble.

Arwa studies Hap for a few moments.

KETLEN

Simon get over here! Arwa you gotta see this!

ARWA

One second. Hap your not losing your nerve are you?

HAP

(smiling nervously)  
Of course not. Just want you to know what your getting into is all.

ARWA

If what I think is behind this wall,  
what we have done here is begin to  
right a major wrong okay? Now knock  
this down.

Hap raises the hammer and begins to swing at the wall. Arwa  
walks over joining Ketlen.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(hand over mouth)

Oh my god. Could this be?

SIMON

Take a look at these.

He guides Arwa to a couple other graves.

ARWA

This can't be. Can it?

KETLEN

I don't know, maybe.

ARWA

Can we get a complete list? Paper,  
stills and video?

SIMON

Absolutely, Ms. Aldrege.

ARWA

Simon, Arwa please!

SIMON

Sorry.

Arwa joins Hap back at the temple. Large holes punched in  
the stone blocking the entrance. Hap is winded, leaning up  
against the building. He removes his flask.

HAP

(taking a hit)

I gotta quit smoking, or stay away  
from you. One or the other.

Arwa picks up the hammer.

ARWA

Want me to hit it a few times?

Hap pushes away from the wall and snatches the hammer from  
her.

HAP

I got this.

He swings several more times. The rock continues to crumble, then gives in and crashes down at his feet. Another gate leading to a heavy wooden door is exposed.

HAP (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I told you I got this.

Hap drops to a sitting position on the top step trying to catch his breath.

ARWA

(clearing her throat)

What about the door?

Hap rolls his eyes and lays all the way backwards. Simon and Ketlen join them.

KETLEN

We in?

ARWA

Just as soon as Hap takes a break, we should have the door open.

Hap scrambles to his feet.

HAP

I don't need a break, this is a piece of cake.

Grabbing his bolt cutters, he makes short work of the lock and chain.

KETLEN

That's one.

Using the hammer, he wearily raises it above his head. The hammer comes crashing down destroying the lock and handle with one forceful blow.

HAP

Like I said piece of cake.

KETLEN

(touching his neck)

I am impressed.

Arwa pushes the door open. The musty rotten air escapes from inside. They all put their hands over their noses to block the stench.

Hap fumbles through his bag and produces two lights. He hands one to Arwa. She stares him down.

HAP  
Sorry two is all I had. I have  
flares.

SIMON  
It's okay, I have a light on the  
camera.

Lights blazing, they enter.

INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR - DAY

The large entry room decor as elaborate as any museum. Several statues, and paintings line the fire scorched walls.

Hap and Arwa choose opposite directions. Simon and Ketlen close behind.

Not far inside Hap spots skeletal remains.

HAP  
Arwa, here!

She follows him to the body. A tattered long, white laced dress still cover most of the skeleton.

ARWA  
Zorella Kraven. She inadvertently  
led the posse to the temple where  
her throat was cut.

KETLEN  
That was in the book?

ARWA  
No, it was in my dream.

HAP  
Your dream?

Arwa covering her face. Leans down to the corpse. She lifts up a pendant from around the neck. The skull's mouth drops open. Arwa leaps from the floor.

ARWA  
Did you see that?

The others are already backing up.

HAP  
That was messed up.  
(MORE)

HAP (CONT'D)

Maybe we should just skin out of here, you obviously found what you wanted.

ARWA

(pointing at skeleton)

This? This is not what were here for.

She shines her light around until she spots a smoke and fire ravaged door.

ARWA (CONT'D)

That's what I am here for.

She boldly struts to the door. Closing her eyes as she grasps the door handle. The door begins to creak slowly open. She opens her eyes.

The door EXPLODES open sending Arwa to the ground. Forceful unearthly wind, accompanied by painful high pitched screams, and small flashes of light streak through the darkness and shoot out the temple.

The others drop to their knees shielding the ears from the noise, and covering their eyes from the blinding light.

The commotion stops.

HAP

(removing his hands)

What the fuck was that!!

Simon gathers up his gear. Ketlen helps him.

KETLEN

Please tell me you were rolling!

Simon nods.

KETLEN (CONT'D)

Good. It's your ass if that camera stops filming!

Hap seeing Arwa still on the floor races to her side. He pulls the hair from her face.

HAP

You Okay R? Please be Okay.

Arwa's eyes blink open, she takes a second to shake the cobwebs from her head.

ARWA  
(grinning)  
That was intense.

Hap taking a long sigh, and shaking his fist.

HAP  
(smiling in relief)  
You!! I could kill you.

Ketlen and Simon join them.

SIMON  
I got it all on film Ms... I mean  
Arwa.

ARWA  
That's great Simon. Wanna help me  
up now?

Hap takes her hand and helps her to her feet. She reaches  
back down for her light. Looking down the dark stairwell.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
Let's have a look shall we?

She starts for the door. Hap grabs her by the arm.

HAP  
Maybe I should go first.

ARWA  
By all means..

TEMPLE BASEMENT

The lights blaze through the dusty darkness. They stay close  
together descending down the narrow stairwell. Arwa and  
Trish again try to shield themselves from the stench.

Mid-way through their descent, Hap stops abruptly. Arwa and  
Ketlen nearly run him over.

HAP  
Look!

Shining his light on the stairs, a full skeleton is stretched  
out over several steps.

ARWA  
Looks like he was trying to crawl up  
the steps.

HAP

Just be careful and try not to trip over him.

SIMON

Somehow I get the feeling that it wouldn't take much to end up just like him in this place.

Cautiously proceeding, they need not reach the bottom to get the first glimpses of multiple corpses huddled close together in the crypt below.

HAP

(pushing the girls  
back)

Stay here. Simon get your ass down here.

Simon manages to weave between the girls. The bright light of the camera illuminating this ghastly site. Only a couple skeletons in tact, mostly a jumbled pile of scorched bones.

KETLEN

Oh my god, I think I'm going to be sick.

HAP

That's enough. R, Ketlen, please go back outside. Simon and I will finish in here.

Arwa's eyes are locked on the carnage.

HAP (CONT'D)

R, please.

Arwa and Ketlen carefully maneuver around the corpse and back track up the stairs. Hap in tow.

TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR

He follows them to the door of the temple.

ARWA

We can wait up here for you. No need in going outside.

HAP

Look, I can't be up here and down there at the same time. Please, I would feel better if you both just wait outside in the cemetery.

ARWA

You sure?

HAP

Positive. Soon as were done we'll be right out.

Ketlen pulls the Canon from around her neck.

KETLEN

Take my camera.

ARWA

Hap please be careful.

The girls exit the temple. Hap retrieves a cigarette and lights up. Taking a few puffs as he walks back to the cellar door.

He can see the light of Simon's camera glowing at the bottom of the steps.

HAP

You alright down there?

SIMON (O.S.)

Kind of spooky down here.

HAP

Yeah? Well it's kind of spooky everywhere in this joint. Hold on I will be there in just a sec.

Hap drops is butt to the floor and scrubs it out with his foot. He shines his light at Zorella.

HAP (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Come to daddy.

He walks to the remains and bends down. Gently picking up the skeletal hand, he removes two rings from the bony fingers, and a pentacle bracelet from the wrist.

The lower arm crumbles into pieces. He jerks his hand away.

HAP (CONT'D)

Shit!

Hands shaking he reaches for and unclasps the necklace from the neck.



HAP (CONT'D)  
 Sorry old girl, but this will help  
 Hap more than it will you at this  
 point.

EXT. DEADEND CEMETERY - DAY

Ketlen sits on a stone bench pushing numbers on her cell phone, obviously frustrated by the unavailability of a signal.

Arwa continues exploring the entire grounds of the graveyard, taking notes of various items of interest. She freezes in her tracks.

At the far north corner a woman bent over pulling weeds from around one of the crosses. She glances back at Ketlen. She is still engulfed in her futile attempt to make a call.

Arwa quietly walks towards the stranger.

ARWA  
 Hello?

The stranger does not hear her.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
 (louder)  
 Hello? Ma'am?

Still the lady continues without interruption.

Arwa stops just short of the woman.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
 Excuse me ma'am?

Arwa reaches slowly to tap the woman on the shoulder. Before she can reach, the lady stops. She calmly rises straight up, back still facing Arwa.

Arwa retracts her arm and nervously backs up a couple paces. She shoots a look to Ketlen, but she is gone. Arwa scans the cemetery, but there is no sign of her.

SERENA/WILLOW BRADER, 68, turns to Arwa. She is the classic Norman Rockwell of grandmothers in looks and dress.

Arwa exhales a major sigh of relief as the kindly looking woman smiles gently at her.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
 I am so sorry to bother you ma'am.  
 I just thought we were alone here.

SERENA/WILLOW  
Of course your not alone. Sweet  
Arwa, you are never alone.

ARWA  
(puzzled)  
How did you know my name?

SERENA/WILLOW  
My dear child, I know many things.

Arwa takes a few more steps backwards.

ARWA  
(shaking her head)  
I don't understand. WHO ARE YOU?

SERENA/WILLOW  
I am Willow, a friend. You need not  
fear me child, I can help, in fact,  
I may be the only one that can help.

The kindly old lady looks towards the temple. Arwa's eyes  
follow her eyes to the temple. She sees nothing. She turns  
back to the woman.

ARWA  
Help with...

she stops. The woman has vanished.

Scanning the names on the crosses, a hand grabs her shoulder.  
Arwa LEAPS backwards.

Ketlen is standing there startled as well.

KETLEN  
Whoa! Arwa you alright?

Arwa tries catching her breath.

ARWA  
Damn it Ketlen! Don't sneak up on  
people!

KETLEN  
Sorry! Who were you talking to?

Arwa just looks about confused.

INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Hap concluding his grave robbing returns to the entrance  
leading to the cellar.

HAP

Simple Simon, we done down there?

Hap looks back at the main entrance, light floods through the partially opened door. Turning back to the cellar, Simon's light flickers then fades.

HAP (CONT'D)

Dude, your shit has crapped out.  
Come on lets get the hell out of  
here.

The cellar is quiet. An extremely cool breeze flows through the door.

HAP (CONT'D)

(quick shiver)  
Simon quit fucking around. If I  
have to come down there, I'm beating  
your ass! Now come on!

Hap waits a few moments. All is silent.

HAP (CONT'D)

Asshole!

TEMPLE BASEMENT

Hap begins down the steps. Forgetting the corpse, his feet get tangled. He is unable to maintain balance, he slides to the bottom.

His light extinguishes as it crashes to the floor. Hap sits in the darkness for a few moments. He takes several deep, nervous breaths.

A candle on the wall bursts into flames, then another. Before long, the crypt is decently lit. Hap scrambles to his feet.

The air turns frigid. Steam rolls from his breath as he blows into his chilled hands.

He spots Simon's camera across the room lying on the floor. He picks it up. Looking about, Simon is nowhere to be found.

HAP (CONT'D)

(nervously)  
Simon? Dude where are you?

Whispers begin to echo around him, gibberish mostly. The temperature continues to plummet as the whispers grow louder.

Hap truly frightened. Holding his arms tightly to his body for heat, he begins stepping backwards.

VOICE WHISPER (V.O.)  
EDWARD... JOIN ME...

HAP  
Fuck this!

Dropping the camera, he shoots up the stairs, again getting tangled in the skeleton on the steps. This time he is able to clear it without incident.

TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR

Hap, stops to catch his breath. The door to the Cellar slams shut. Hap, wide-eyed, backs to the main door. The main door slams shut.

One by one the candles along the room burst into flames. Hap grabs the knob and turns and pulls. The door refuses to open. The whispers and coldness return.

Hap continues to beat and pull on the handle.

HAP (CONT'D)  
(screaming out)  
R! Ketlen! Open the door!

Behind him, FOOTSTEPS. Hap freezes. The steps grow louder. Hap pressed against the door. Refusing to look behind, he pounds weakly a few more raps.

A skeleton hand reaches for him. The bony fingers stroke his hair and the side of his cheek. Frightened, he merely winces at the touch. He is too scared to move.

The door releases.

EXT. DEADEND CEMETERY - DAY

Hap stumbles through the door nearly taking out Ketlen as he exits. Unable to slow his momentum he misses the second step and crashes hard on the concrete.

Arwa and Ketlen race to his side. Arwa puts her hand under Hap's head.

ARWA  
Hap? Hap? Talk to me Hap!

Hap's eyes flicker and focus in and out. Finally grabbing his bearings, he springs forward.

Arwa grabs Hap hugging him.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
(half laugh, half cry)  
Jesus Hap you scared the hell out of  
me!

HAP  
Simon...

KETLEN  
That's right Hap where is Simon?

HAP  
Gone..

ARWA  
Gone? What do you mean gone?

HAP  
One minute he was there, the next.  
Gone.

Hap begins to stand up. Still shaky, the girls give him a hand. He reaches up and winces as he touches the knot forming on his head.

KETLEN  
He can't be gone.  
(tears begin to well)  
How can he be gone Hap?

HAP  
I don't know! There some pretty  
freaky shit going on in there!

KETLEN  
You just left him!

She grabs him hostilely. Hap jerks away from her.

HAP  
Get Off! I didn't leave him! He  
wasn't fucking there! He just  
vanished!

ARWA  
What happened?

HAP  
I'm not sure. It was like there was  
something down there.

ARWA  
We have to go back in and look for  
Simon.

Hap grabs her.

HAP  
Don't be stupid R! Did you not here  
what I just said!

ARWA  
(pulling away)  
We can't just leave him!

Sitting back down on the steps Hap shakes his head.

HAP  
Leave him? Don't you get it! He  
has left us!! What part of HE'S  
FUCKING GONE don't you understand!

Arwa grabs her light and walks to the door.

ARWA  
Ketlen stay here with him, I will be  
right back.

Ketlen runs to her side.

KETLEN  
You can't go back in there!  
Especially alone!

ARWA  
Look stay here with Hap, he probably  
has a concussion. Don't let him  
fall asleep. I'll be fine.

Ketlen hugs her.

Eyes wide, Arwa quietly and cautiously enters the darkness.

LATER

Alone, Arwa exits the temple carrying Simon's camera. Hap  
and Ketlen stand to meet her.

KETLEN  
Well?

Arwa shakes her head holding up the camera.

HAP  
Told you. At least you made it out  
with the camera.

KETLEN

(quivering hand over  
mouth)

Oh my god, what are we going to do?

ARWA

There is no cell service out here,  
so we can't call anyone. We'll find  
help in Pandemonium.

The sky darkens. The ambient temperature begins to drop, an  
eerie wind briskly whips through the cemetery.

HAP

That no horse town, good luck.  
(looking to the sky)  
Whatever we do, we better do it soon.

They all look around at the deteriorating conditions.

KETLEN

Yeah I definitely think we should go  
back to town.

The trio make for the entry gates. A loud crack of lightning  
strikes. Arwa turns back to the cemetery.

Serena has returned, standing by the north wall as before.  
A now full bodied Zorella watches their departure from the  
temple.

Arwa choosing not to alarm the others continues out the gate.

EXT. PANDEMONIUM - DAY

A steady rain has begun falling as the Explorer turns into  
the basically deserted Pandemonium Police Station.

INT. EXPLORER - DAY

Waiting in the car for the rain to ease.

HAP

Man, I don't know about this.

Arwa shoots him a look of disbelief.

ARWA

Sure about what?

HAP

The cops.

KETLEN

Simon is missing! What are we supposed to do?

HAP

I just don't know.

ARWA

Hap if you have something to say, spit it out.

HAP

Look, we broke a half dozen laws back there. Now were going to the police with a story, that quite frankly, sounds way off the believable scale.

ARWA

Laws? That's what has you worried, a few petty crimes?

HAP

(raising his voice)

Petty crimes? Maybe for you! They will probably slap your hands, and make you sign a few autographs. But me? They will chop my damn head off and piss in my neck!

ARWA

(sarcastically)

Bit dramatic don't you think?

HAP

(laughing to himself)

Your right. Fuck they won't believe us anyhow. We'll all be wearing straight jackets soon.

KETLEN

Think they will send out a search party?

HAP

Won't do a bit of good.

KETLEN

Jesus Christ Hap! Why do you say shit like that!

HAP

Look!

(MORE)



HAP (CONT'D)

Let me paint you two a picture that you might not want to accept, but you better start. Simon is gone! I don't mean gone like on a trip gone. I mean really fucking gone!

ARWA

I can't take this.

Despite the torrential rain, Arwa opens the door and makes a run for it. Hap and Ketlen hesitate, then chase after her.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The threesome enter the quiet station shaking the rain from their clothing. The precinct looks as old and vacant as the rest of the town.

Walking to the counter, they scan the room, no sign of any officers.

ARWA

What do you think?

HAP

I think it's not too late to get the hell out of here.

ARWA

Were not going anywhere.

Arwa taps the small bell on the counter. Moments pass.

HAP

Well we tried, can we go now?

Arwa gives him the "evil eye." She rings the bell a second time. Again, nothing happens.

KETLEN

Maybe nobody is here?

HAP

Yeah right, they don't just go off and leave a police station wide open.

Hap pushes on the bell repeatedly. Arwa slaps his hand.

ARWA

Stop that!

In the back of the room a toilet flushes. Arwa rolls her eyes at Hap.

The backdoor opens. A dumpy officer exits the bathroom pulling his gun belt tight. Obviously annoyed he walks to the counter removing the bell and placing it on a desk.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Were terribly sorry to bother you  
sir but..

He gestures for her to stop. Before returning to the counter, he grabs a legal pad and coffee cup from the desk.

His eyes study each of them carefully. He scribbles a few notes.

OFFICER

Now, What can I do for you.. Ms?

ARWA

Arwa, Arwa Aldrege, and these are my  
friends Edward Hapner and Ketlen  
Vance.

They watch as he scribbles their names.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Anyway, our friend Simon..

She looks to Ketlen. Ketlen shrugs her shoulders.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You don't no his last name?

She shakes her head. Hap rolls his eyes in disbelief.

KETLEN

He was a last minute sub.

ARWA

I'm sorry sir, I know this sounds  
ridiculous, but we don't know his  
last name, but our friend is missing.

OFFICER

Missing?

ARWA

Yes sir.

OFFICER

(dropping his pen)

Your friend? But you don't know his  
name?

HAP  
 (interrupting)  
 She said Simon, that constitutes as  
 a name, I believe.

Arwa and the officer both shoot Hap a scolding glance.

ARWA  
 I know it sounds terrible, but we  
 only met today.

OFFICER  
 Where did you last see your friend?

Arwa looks to her comrades. Their eyes drop to the floor.

ARWA  
 (quietly)  
 Kraven Manor. Well actually the  
 Deadend Cemetery.

OFFICER  
 Deadend Cemetery?  
 (shaking his head)  
 I don't have time for this shit.

The policeman tears off the top sheet from his pad, crinkles  
 it up, dropping it in a waste basket.

ARWA  
 Again, I know how odd this..

OFFICER  
 (raising his hand)  
 Please stop. You city people, your  
 all the same. I know that you think  
 this town is one big joke.

ARWA  
 Officer please, it's not like that  
 at all, our friend is missing!

OFFICER  
 Want to hear a joke missy? Here's  
 your joke, get out of my station!  
 Get in your vehicle and get your  
 pretty little ass out of my town!  
 Take your pathetic friends, and  
 your silly stories, and superstitions  
 with you!

Hap grabs Arwa by the arm.

KETLEN  
 I beg you pardon?

HAP

Come on R let's go..

She pulls free from his grip.

ARWA

Did you not here what I said? A person is missing! Now I am not asking you to like my friends or myself, I am asking for your help finding our missing friend!

OFFICER

If you don't leave my station RIGHT NOW, he won't be the only one missing! Now get!!

Hap grabs Arwa's arm again.

HAP

R come on! We are not going to get any help here. Now let's go! We'll find a phone and call Ash, he'll know what to do.

KETLEN

(touching her shoulder)

Come on sweetie let's get the hell out of this shit hole.

(looking at the officer)

You worthless prick!

Arwa and the officer continue to stare each other down. Neither letting up as Hap pulls her backwards to the door.

ARWA

The proper authorities will here about this!

The officer continues to watch out the door as the Explorer starts and they pull from the drive. Taking a deep breath, then exhaling.

ZORELLA (O.S.)

Good, very good.

The officers body begins shaking uncontrollably. Hand reaching for his 357 magnum. Involuntarily, he removes the weapon from it's holster.

OFFICER

What are you doing? I did as you asked! Please!

Zorella laughs as his trembling hand points the gun to the bottom of his chin.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

(begging)

No.. Please! I will do...

The gun fires! Blood spatters over the counter. His lifeless body drops to the floor.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The rain continues. The moisture drenched clouds have brought out the blanket of night early.

The Explorer stops at a well lit convenience store. Hap jumps from the truck and hurries to the shelter of the overhang.

He grabs the pay phone, dropping several quarters in the slot. He shoots a glance towards an exhausted Arwa.

HAP

Ash, its me..

(nodding)

Yeah, she's fine.

(he listens)

We are about a half hour outside of Pandemonium.

(he pulls the phone  
away from his ear)

Ash, man calm down and listen. We have a situation here. I think were in big fucking trouble. Dude you really need to make some calls.

INT. EXPLORER - NIGHT

Turning the wipers on to clear the windshield, Arwa watches Hap's body language as he attempts to explain their situation.

ARWA

This is all my fault.

Ketlen reaches around the seat to grab her shoulders.

KETLEN

Don't do this to yourself. It's not your fault. It's nobody's fault.

A single tear trickles down her face. She wipes it away.

ARWA

This was just a bad idea.

KETLEN

No, it was a good idea. We just had some unforeseen complications is all.

ARWA

I'm sorry, I can't simplify things that easy.

EXT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S HOME - NIGHT

The Explorer rolls to a stop in front of the house. The front entry light illuminates the walkway.

Hap exits the truck and walks to Arwa's side opening the door for her.

The front door opens. Ashton exits the house.

HAP

You gonna be alright?

ARWA

(friendly hug)

Yeah. Thanks for everything Hap. I am so glad you were there.

HAP

Me too.

Arwa gives him a weak smile and walks up the sidewalk. Ashton hugs and kisses her.

ASHTON

So glad your safe. Can I get you anything?

ARWA

No, I'm fine, nothing a hot bath and stiff drink won't help.

She turns back to Hap

ARWA (CONT'D)

Night Hap.

Leaning against the truck lighting a cigarette, hap waves.

Ashton watches as she enters the house, then joins his friend. Hap pulls another cigarette and hands it to Ash. He looks back at the house before taking the smoke.

ASHTON

(lighting the cigarette)

Man why didn't you tell me?

HAP

Arwa made me promise. She was afraid if you knew then you would be involved if something bad happened.

ASHTON

Which it obviously did.

HAP

Did you make the call?

ASHTON

Not yet, wanted R to get some rest before she has to deal with all this. You aren't looking none to hot yourself.

HAP

Been a real fucked up day.

ASHTON

So Deadend is real?

HAP

Way to real for me, I nearly shit my pants.

ASHTON

Ketlen made it home alright?

HAP

(pulling a card from  
his pocket)

I guess. We dropped her off at work. I told her I would give her a call a little later.

ASHTON

(taking a long drag)

Man, wish I could have been there.

Hap pulls out his flask and takes a big drink. He hands it to Ashton.

HAP

No you don't.

INT. KETLEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Only candlelight illuminates the room as Bach's Cello Suite No.1 plays from the Bose radio. Half full wine glass resting on the tub's edge.

Hair pulled up and eyes closed, Ketlen is stretching out in the oversized bathtub.

Steam rising from the water and her naked skin as she raises and rubs her long smooth legs.

A brisk breeze, nearly extinguishing the candles, races through the bathroom. Alarmed Ketlen's eyes open.

The door knob begins to turn and rattle violently.

Startled, Ketlen sits straight up in the tub using her arms to shield her breasts. The rattling eases.

KETLEN

Whose there!

The knob begins turning and rattling again. Heavy pounds vibrate the door.

Ketlen leaping to her feet manages to grab a towel just as the door bursts open. The commotion subsides.

KETLEN (CONT'D)

Whose there! Answer me!

She climbs from the bath looking frantically around the room for a weapon. A plunger is all she can find.

KETLEN (CONT'D)

I have a gun!

She makes it to the door and grabs her robe, rushing to put it on.

Before she is able to complete the tie, an invisible force tosses her like a rag doll back into the bathroom. She screams and kicks but is no match for the entity.

She raises from the floor as if she were being picked up by her throat. Eyes wide she grabs and pulls at her throat, but is unable to break the grasp.

She is slammed violently into the tub. Face being held underwater. Despite her thrashing and kicking she is unable to break free.

Leaping forward from the water she gulps for air. She is free.

KETLEN (CONT'D)

(hysterical)

Please god! Please god!

Her body freezes. She has no control over her extremities. Only her frightened eyes are able to wander.



Steam increasing, water in the tub releases a bubble, then another. Slowly the water begins to boil.

Ketlen agonizingly screaming without her mouth opening struggles against the invisible force. Her efforts are futile. Melting into the scalding water, she is boiled alive.

#### LIVING ROOM

The phone resting on the coffee table rings several times a recorder picks up.

HAP (O.S.)

Hey Ketlen, it's Hap. Just making sure you made it home alright. Crazy day huh? Anyway, I was thinking, after this is over maybe we could get together, have a drink. Somewhere normal. Graveyard not an option. Anyway give it a thought, and don't forget, I already gave you a ring, so were practically a couple. Just a joke. Call me.

#### BATH ROOM

Water still bubbling, Ketlen's scorched and blistered arm dangles from the tub. On the right index finger, one of Zorella Kraven's rings.

#### INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S HOME - NIGHT

The couple are in the living room. Arwa in her robe lies on the sofa. Ashton at the other end, massaging her feet.

ASHTON

Better?

ARWA

(eyes closed, she smiles)

Much.

ASHTON

Wish I could have been there for you today.

ARWA

It was better this way. Today was just stupid. Know what I wish?

ASHTON

What?

ARWA

I wish I had left that freaking book  
on the table. Just walked right by  
it and kept going. Akasha was right.

ASHTON

Akasha?

Arwa's eyes open. She sit's up.

ARWA

But you know? That's one mistake I  
can still correct.

She gets up from the couch, leaving the room.

Moments later she returns with the book in her hand. She  
grabs the remote to the fireplace. It erupts into flames.

ASHTON

What are you doing?

ARWA

What I should have already done!

She goes to the fireplace, opens the glass and tosses the  
book into the fire.

She stares contently as the cover begins to burn. Her anger  
fades. Her expression becomes almost surreal.

Ash joins her, putting his arms around her waste.

ASHTON

Feel better?

Tears beginning to well.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

It was only a book R, nothing more.  
And now, it is gone.

ARWA

(nodding in agreement)  
So is Simon.

ASHTON

They'll find him.

ARWA

No they won't.

INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The couple sleep. Arwa's head tosses side to side. She is dreaming.

INT. TEMPLE - NIGHT - DREAM

The men push their way into the temple, tossing Zorella's corpse to the side.

Again, the surroundings are colorless.

DAMEON KRAVEN, 52, is forced backwards to the far wall. He begs them to stop. His pleas fall upon deaf ears.

Nathan Elser pulls the door open. Dameon continues to be a human gauntlet. Another gunman opens fire and Dameon falls dead on the steps. Bright red blood trickles from his body and face.

Nathan waves off the rest to wait outside. Pistols drawn, he and another cautiously descend down the concrete stairs.

Huddled along the back wall of the crypt the remaining Kraven adults and children.

Nathan pulls another pistol from his belt. The men beg as the woman and children sob. The pistols explode!

As the smoke clears, the bodies of the adult men and woman lie dead. Red blood pouring profusely from various parts of their colorless bodies. The children are in deep shock.

Nathan signals the other shooter up the stairs. He stares at the corpses with craze in his eyes. He walks to each one and unloads a single slug into each head.

Blood spatters on the children and the walls.

Moments later, two men carrying small kegs enter the cellar. Knocking the tops loose, they begin pouring oil over the bodies and the cellar.

Nathan strikes a match, the other two drop their barrels and race up the steps.

Holding the lit match, he slowly backs up the steps. Midway up, he stops letting the match drop from his fingers. The room bursts into flames immediately.

Burning children stagger about blindly before falling to their grisly death.

INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arwa springs from her sleep. She is winded and sweating.

She reaches for the nightstand lamp.

Sitting up in the bed she tries catching her breath. Ashton, back turned, appears unaffected by her commotion.

She reaches and shakes him gently. He doesn't wake. Again she shakes him, only more vigorously.

ARWA

Ash wake up!

He rolls over, it's not Ashton, it's Ayden Kraven!

Arwa sucking a deep breath jumps from her sleeping position. She flounders in the darkness before realizing it was only a double dream.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(catching her breath)

Holy shit!

Resituating herself, she closes her eyes. A loud thump sounds from somewhere in the house. Her eyes spring back open.

The kitchen light comes on. Arwa jets back up in the bed. There is a rustling, then the light dims.

Faint footsteps growing louder as they approach. They stop.

Horrified, Arwa watches the open bedroom door. Her hand has made it's way to Ashton. She lightly but rapidly taps at him. He re-shifts but doesn't wake.

Their king size sheet slowly begins to slide off their bodies and down the bed.

Arwa no longer able to maintain, beats hard on Ash. He springs up still asleep, as the bedroom door slams shut.

ASHTON

What? What?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Arwa still half asleep drags her feet to the island counter. Ashton, cup of coffee in one hand spatula in the other. He places the cup in front of Arwa.

ARWA

Thanks.

ASHTON  
Breakfast?

ARWA  
Are you always this nice in the morning to neurotic girlfriends that see and hear things at night?

He walks over smiling and kisses her on the head.

ASHTON  
No, only neurotic girlfriends who look incredibly sexy in my shirts.

ARWA  
(shaking her head)  
Pinch me. No woman could be this lucky.

She picks up the paper and glances at the front half.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
And he fetches the paper too..

ASHTON  
Sonny got competition!!!

ARWA  
You guys are all alike. Man, dog, or beast, no matter. Always competing.

She flips the paper over. Her coy smile vanishes. Hands trembling, she drops her cup.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
Oh my god..

Ashton takes the newspaper.

INSERT - KETLEN'S PICTURE, headline reads:

"Local news reporter found dead."

BACK IN THE KITCHEN

ASHTON  
You can't be serious?

Arwa spins in her chair. Ashton catches her embracing her tightly. She breaks down.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Arwa and Ash sit quietly in a small office. Various awards and citations scattered about the walls. Cluttered desk, with family pictures by the lamp.

JIM TRESSEL, 48, enters the office with files and coffee in hand. He is text book television detective.

Ashton stands to greet him.

ASHTON

Jimmy thanks for seeing us.

Jim puts his paper work on the desk and shakes his hand. They sit. He studies Arwa momentarily.

JIM

Hello Arwa. How we doing?

ARWA

Been better.

JIM

It is good that you came by. We are still early into the investigation, but we will be needing statements from you and Mr. Hapner.

ARWA

(nodding)

Of course. Jimmy how did she die? The paper said nothing.

JIM

Like I said, still early. We try to keep the media at bay until we have as much information as we can.

ASTON

Homicide?

JIM

Unofficially, yes.

Arwa's eyes begin to water. The detective hands her a couple kleenex.

ARWA

Thank you.

ASHTON

What about the cameraman Simon?

JIM

(leaning back in his  
chair)

The local authorities are looking into it. Arwa, what exactly were you and Ms. Vance and Mr. Hapner doing in Pandemonium yesterday?

ARWA

Research mostly.

He sorts through one of the folders and pulls a picture of the deputy from the Pandemonium police station.

JIM

Recognize him?

ARWA

He's the officer that wouldn't help us. Why?

He places the photo back in the folder.

JIM

He committed suicide yesterday afternoon.

Arwa breaks down a little more. Ashton takes her hand and squeezes gently.

ASHTON

Suicide? You sure?

JIM

They have it on video. No sound but decent video. I am curious though. They ran the tape of the whole day, and there is no mention of you three ever being there.

ASHTON

(sharply)

What are you implying Jimmy?

JIM

Take it easy Ash, don't go getting your feathers ruffled. I only ask because Arwa will be asked sooner or later. She will need answers.

ARWA

How do they know we were there?

JIM

Well, for one they found a piece of paper in the waste basket with all three of your names on it, and I had to relay all pertinent information regarding your missing friend.

ARWA

I missing person, suicide, and murder in less than twenty-four hours. And Hap and I connect the only dots.

JIM

Have you spoken to Mr. Hapner today?

ASHTON

We tried a couple times earlier. It's hard to find him among the living before noon.

Taking notice of Arwa's fragile state, the detective gets up from his seat and walks to the front of his desk, he rests his butt on it.

JIM

Listen Arwa, everything is going to be fine. Give us a chance to do our jobs. In the meantime, get some rest and if you think of anything, I mean anything, feel free to call any time, okay?

Arwa nods in agreement.

JIM (CONT'D)

Now you two get out of here. If something comes up I will call as well.

Hap and Arwa rise to their feet. They both shake the detectives hand.

ARWA

Thanks Jimmy.

ASHTON

R can you give us a second?

She nods, and leaves the office.

EXT. HAP'S PLACE - DAY

Arwa rings the doorbell a couple of times. No answer. Ashton pounds on it with the side of fist.



ASHTON

Come on Hap wake up!

There is a commotion inside the house.

HAP (O.S.)

God Damn It!

The ruckus continues momentarily. The lock sounds and the door opens.

Hap, cigarette in mouth, stands there in only a long robe and boxer shorts.

Leaving the door open for them he turns back into the house.

ASHTON

Jesus Hap, maybe you should try putting on some clothes before coming to the door.

They walk in. The house is in shambles. Furniture overturned, clothes strewn about. Very little is where it should be.

Hap uprights his recliner and flops down in it.

HAP

I would, if I could only find them.

ASHTON

What happened?

ARWA

(amazed)

And I thought this place couldn't be any more messed-up.

HAP

Funny.

ASHTON

So what happened?

HAP

I don't know. After the day I had, I had many many drinks with my good buddy Prince Valium. After that? Couldn't tell you. All I know is I woke up on the floor. My bed, halfway in the closet. Good thing I'm not still in it.

Ashton and Arwa continue to survey the mayhem.

ARWA

Looks like a tornado tore through here.

Arwa looks around for something to sit on. She settles for a kitchen chair.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Hap as messed up as this is? We have bigger problems.

Ashton finishing up the survey joins them back in the living room.

ASHTON

He isn't joking, his mattress is truly in the closet.

HAP

(sarcastically gazing around)

Really? R I can't even find a fucking ashtray!

He flicks his ashes on his robe and rubs them in.

ARWA

Hap, listen to me, Ketlen was found dead last night. The police think it was homicide.

HAP

(more serious)

Your shitting me.

ARWA

(shaking her head)

No I'm not. And that cop in Pandemonium? He killed himself sometime after we left.

HAP

No way! Are you sure?

ARWA

We just left the police station. They want to talk to you as well.

HAP

And Simon?

ASHTON

They are supposedly looking into it.

HAP

I told you going in there was a bad idea.

ARWA

We've definitely opened something that wasn't meant to be open.

Ashton shoots a look of disbelief at them both.

ASHTON

Oh come on, you can't really believe that. The shit is not real.

ARWA

What I saw and heard last night was real.

(looking around)

This is real. And whatever we disturbed is really real!

HAP

What happened last night?

ARWA

It's not important now, but I think I know where we can find some answers and maybe help.

HAP

Not another graveyard I hope?

ASHTON

(befuddled)

Your serious?

ARWA

Absolutely.

INT. GOTHIC BOOK STORE - DAY

The trio enter the bookstore. Only a few stray customers meander about.

Karnada gazing curiously as they approach.

KARNADA

Blessings Ms. Arwa, Lady Akasha said you would come. Not sure she be willing to see you again.

ARWA

Please Karnada. It is imperative that we speak to her.

(MORE)

ARWA (CONT'D)  
Could you try?

KARNADA  
I shall make a request.

ARWA  
Thank you.

Karnada leaves the counter and disappears into the back room.

ASHTON  
Akasha? You mentioned her before.  
Do you know her?

ARWA  
She did a reading for me just after  
I found the book.

HAP  
A psychic reading? That shit is a  
scam.

Arwa shakes her head in disbelief as Karnada returns.

KARNADA  
Lady Akasha will see you.

Karnada suspiciously studies Hap and Ashton.

KARNADA (CONT'D)  
Will your friends be joining you?

ARWA  
It would be best.

Arwa reaches into her purse and pulls out her wallet. She removes a credit card.

KARNADA  
That won't be necessary. Follow me.

Arwa slides the wallet back into her purse as they follow her to the back.

BACK ROOM

Entering the room, Akasha is already sitting. Arwa walks to the table. The guys hold back. Karnada exits.

HAP  
Cozy. In a weird sort of way.

ASHTON

Shhh...

ARWA

Thank you for seeing us.

Akasha studies her carefully, occasionally glancing towards Ashton and Hap.

AKASHA

You may sit.

Arwa sits. Akasha focused now on Hap.

AKASHA (CONT'D)

You. You sit as well.

HAP

Me?

AKASHA

Sit.

Hap strolls gingerly to the table. He points to an empty chair. Akasha nods in agreement. Hap sits.

She studies him momentarily before switching her attention back to Arwa.

AKASHA (CONT'D)

(lighting the candle)

You have been to Deadend?

Arwa nods.

AKASHA (CONT'D)

You have unsealed the temple? Your quest is complete. Only...

ARWA

Only what?

AKASHA

A dark spirit. Strong it is!

She shoots a stare towards Hap.

AKASHA (CONT'D)

Give me your hands.

Hap is reluctant.

AKASHA (CONT'D)

Give them to me!!

Hap places his hands on the table. She grabs them up.

Closing her eyes she concentrates. Mere moments before her eyes burst open. She jumps up from the table startling them all.

AKASHA (CONT'D)

You Fool!! You stupid Fool! What have you done!

Hap looks to Arwa then back at Akasha

HAP

What the fuck are you talking about?

AKASHA

"The Baphomet of Nevermore" You took it from Zorella's body!

ARWA

Hap, what is she talking about?

Hap shrugs his shoulders in denial.

AKASHA

Before Ayden and Zorella were murdered, Ayden presented the Baphomet as a gift to his sister. He knew she would betray the family in hopes of saving her own neck. What she didn't know, was it was a dark charm that forever imprisons the soul of the wearer. This was in his journal!

HAP

This is bullshit!

Akasha turns her attention to Arwa.

AKASHA

He came to you for help. All he wanted was his family, your family, released from their eternal prison. You betrayed him by letting this pathetic petty thief in.

Hap jumps up from the table.

HAP

I don't have to listen to this shit from this crazy bitch!

ARWA

Wait! My family?

AKASHA

I told you. You were chosen, it was not by chance that the journal ended up in your possession. Accept it or not, Kraven blood courses through your veins.

ASHTON

(joining in)  
What's this all about?

HAP

I'm outta here!

AKASHA

Run you miserable little coward. She will come for you. Only that charm can imprison her again. She will do anything and everything to see that it is not returned.

Hap storms out.

ARWA

I don't understand any of this!

AKASHA

There is someone. She can answer all your questions.

ARWA

Who? How can I find her?

AKASHA

Her name is Willow. Worry not, She will find you.

ARWA

Wait we have met, at Deadend.

AKASHA

Then perhaps fate may be on your side. She is a powerful alliance.

ARWA

What do I do?

AKASHA

Beware! There is blood in the water, and she is a night feeder. Do you still have the Sansanvi amulet?

ARWA

Yes.

(MORE)

ARWA (CONT'D)  
 (pulling the necklace  
 out)  
 But what if I need your help again?

AKASHA  
 This is our final meeting. At least  
 on this plain. The amulet is your  
 only protection. Keep it close at  
 all times.

Ashton grabs Arwa's shoulders. She get's up from the table  
 staring questionably. Wanting to ask more, she refrains.  
 They walk to the door.

AKASHA (CONT'D)  
 Mr. Ashton, Beware of things you  
 don't believe. Be assured, they  
 believe in you.

Ashton stops, looking back at the medium puzzled.

ASHTON  
 How did you....

He thinks better of concluding his sentence and leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Arwa and Ashton exit the store. Hap is leaning up against  
 the car smoking a cigarette.

Arwa approaches fired-up.

ARWA  
 Hap, what is she talking about?

HAP  
 (elusively)  
 Who knows.. Crazy bitch.

ARWA  
 (grabbing his shirt)  
 Don't lie to me! Did you take the  
 necklace!

Hap grabs her wrist and jerks it from his shirt.

HAP  
 Get off me!

Ashton noticing the aggression, grabs Hap by the arm jacking  
 him up on the car.



ASHTON

Take your hands off her!

ARWA

I can't believe you! Hap I trusted  
you! Why?

Hap breaks from Ashton's grasp forcefully shoving him  
backwards.

HAP

(pointing his finger)  
Get the fuck off me! You people are  
fucking nuts!

Ashton jumps up in his face. Hap's smaller build disappears  
as Ashton clouds over him.

ASHTON

Let me tell you something, you piece  
of shit! If you ever touch her again,  
I will break your scrawny neck! Do  
you understand!

ARWA

Ash stop it!

Ash releases him. Hap side steps away from them.

HAP

Your both out there! I mean real  
far out there! Fuck you both!

Hap turns to walk away.

ARWA

(calmer)  
Hap, please tell me the truth, did  
you take it?

Hap stops momentarily deep in thought. He reaches in his  
pocket, then turns to a teary-eyed Arwa.

He walks to her taking her hand and places the jewelry in  
her palm and gently closes her hand.

HAP

(looking into her  
tear filled eyes)  
I am truly sorry R. I messed up.

He shoots a remorseful glance at Ashton then takes several  
steps backwards.

HAP (CONT'D)

I really mean it.

They watch as he walks away.

INT. GOTHIC BOOK STORE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Akasha sitting at the table, A strong breeze blows through the room nearly extinguishing the candle. The room grows cold. Steam now forms on Akasha's breath.

She stares forward as her hands begin fidgeting on the table.

AKASHA

I didn't tell them anything.

Two long slender hands sporting black nails rest casually on her shoulders.

ZORELLA

I don't believe that. In fact, I think you had much to say.

AKASHA

I only spoke the truth.

ZORELLA

And of the Baphomet? Did you tell them of it's purpose?

Zorella's grip tightens on the shoulders.

AKASHA

(growing frightened)

No more than what was in your brothers journal.

ZORELLA

That's too bad.

AKASHA

What do you want?

ZORELLA

Freedom, eternal freedom. Now, because of your meddling, they know the Baphomet is my only weakness. This is most unfortunate.

The hands slide up the neck and to the sides of Akasha's head.

AKASHA

(quivering)

Please, have mercy.

The two index fingers point inwards on the temples.

ZORELLA

Mercy? Where was my mercy!

Akasha's eyes bolt wide open! Her hands shoot to her head. The rest of her body locks up.

Only moments until the quivering eases. Her hands drop, and her eyes droop lifelessly.

Zorella's hands slowly pull from the head exposing long dagger like fingernails drenched in blood. She shoves Akasha's head forward to the table. Blood puddles on the tablecloth.

INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S HOME - NIGHT

The couple enter the kitchen to an excited dog. Arwa places a couple to go boxes on the counter. She drops her purse and keys on the island counter, then disarms the alarm.

Ashton grabs the leash and clicks it on the dog's collar.

ASHTON

Ready fella?

They exit.

Arwa returns to the boxes and places them in the refrigerator. She grabs a chilled bottle of white wine and pours two glasses.

LIVING ROOM

Arwa carries the glasses to the table. She freezes. Her hands begin trembling.

The 'Book of Sorrow' resting at the table's center.

LATER

Ashton returns, removing the leash from the dog. He sees the open bottle of wine on the counter.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

You read my mind.

He reaches into the cabinet and pulls out a huge scoop of dog food, topping off the pet's bowl. The dog happily accepts.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

Silly dog, same food that was already there.

Ashton sticks his head through the door.

LIVING ROOM

Arwa is sitting on the sofa back turned.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

You want something to munch on?

She does not answer.

KITCHEN

He goes to the refrigerator and pulls out one of the boxes, picking at the food sparingly.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Did you check the messages?

There is no response.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

Hello?? Nevermind, guess I will do it.

LIVING ROOM

Arwa staring off. Ash saunters into the room. He walks up behind Arwa kissing her on the head.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

Your awfully quiet.

He walks around to the front of sofa.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

Lydia called, and Jimmy called. He said he would like to get a formal statement from you and..

He notices her sullen state.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

And your not listening.

Arwa picks the book up from the table and waves it around before dropping back on the table.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

Can't be!

Arwa takes a long drink.

ARWA  
 (sarcastically)  
 Can't be huh? Well there it is!

Ashton picks up the book and studies it.

ASHTON  
 (amazed)  
 Impossible.

ARWA  
 It's not impossible! Damn it! Don't  
 you see what's happening?

ASHTON  
 No! I don't see! Why don't you  
 explain it to me!

ARWA  
 Even your rationalization can't turn  
 a blind eye to what's been going on.

ASHTON  
 Okay R, I will play along, yes,  
 there have been several odd  
 coincidences, I agree. But that's  
 all they are. I am not ready to  
 credit this to ghosts or spooks or  
 witches.

ARWA  
 How do you explain the book?

ASHTON  
 A cheap copy I'm guessing. Put here  
 by somebody trying to mess with you.

ARWA  
 Who Ash? Who would go to this  
 extreme? And how did they get in  
 past the alarm and Sonny?

Ashton sit's speechless for a moment. He is at a lost.

ASHTON  
 Okay, so tell me, what do you really  
 think?

Arwa flips through the book until she locates the passage  
 she is seeking.

ARWA  
 Just hear me out. Ayden was not  
 killed in the temple.  
 (MORE)

ARWA (CONT'D)

His family was. Before their deaths, he gives Zorella the Baphomet. And I quote. "Despite the sadness that sickens me deep in my soul, I have but little choice. Her alliance with the Dark Lord and his band of miscreants makes her a viable threat to this family and the rest of the world, in this life or the next. She must forever be contained at any cost."

ASHTON

Meaning?

ARWA

Ayden knew there would come a time he could free his family through an outside party. But, he wanted to make sure his sister would remain.

ASHTON

And?

ARWA

When we opened the temple we set the Kraven's free. Hap stealing the Baphomet set Zorella free.

ASHTON

So where do you fit into this?

ARWA

Like Akasha said, She knows we are the only ones who can imprison her again by returning the necklace.

ASHTON

And the part of you being of Kraven blood?

ARWA

Not sure, possible I guess, my family history is shady in areas.

ASHTON

So how do we go about this?

Arwa pulls the necklace from her pocket and lays it on the cover of the book.

ARWA

I have to go back to Deadend.

ASHTON  
Absolutely not!

She takes Ashton's hand kissing it gently.

ARWA  
The choice is not ours to make.  
Ayden and his journal have made that  
abundantly clear.

INT. HAP'S PLACE - NIGHT

Despite the earlier disaster, Hap has managed to restore some hints of order to his home.

He is reclined on his couch. One hand on a half empty Wild Turkey bottle, the other around a much younger, voluptuous half naked redhead.

She repeatedly kisses his neck and chest. Uninterested in the girl's advances, Hap takes another swallow.

Noticing his lack of enthusiasm the girl pulls back slapping him on the chest.

REDHEAD  
Damn It Hap! What's wrong with you?

Hap refuses to look at the girl.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)  
What? I don't turn you on all of a sudden?

Hap continues ignoring her. He takes another drink. The girl jumps up from the sofa. She grabs for her clothes.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)  
You know what? Fuck You! You limp dick piece of shit!

She nearly rips her clothes trying to dress as quickly as she can.

She storms to the door throwing it open. Zorella Kraven is there.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck are you?

She turns back to Hap shaking her head.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)  
I see. I get it. You want this whore!  
Well you can fucking have her!

Zorella grabs the girl by the head and with an effortless twist, she snaps her neck. She tosses the the limp body easily aside.

Hap never looking, continues his incoherent stare.

Zorella walks into his direct line of sight. She erotically peels the lacy gown from her body letting it drop to the floor.

Hap rolls his eyes to take a look then stares off again. Pulling a smoke from the pack next to him he lights up. He draws a long hard drag.

HAP  
(blitzed)  
Am I supposed to be impressed?

ZORELLA  
You don't find this body pleasing?

HAP  
(glancing again)  
Kraven lady I'm guessing.

ZORELLA  
Do you not fear me?

HAP  
Should I?

She slinks her way onto his lap. He tries to ignore her presence but is unable.

ZORELLA  
I can take you places unlike anything  
you have ever seen.

HAP  
Or even want to, I'm guessing.

Her hips contract and release slowly.

HAP (CONT'D)  
(closing his eyes)  
Can this be real?

She thrusts again

ZORELLA  
Does it feel real?

HAP  
In a total Necrophilia sort of way.



Her thrusts become more steady. Throwing her head back, her long Auburn hair flows with her every moment.

Hap slowly lifts his eyelids to see a blur of this amazing woman doing things he has never felt. His eyes close.

The beautiful woman he sees is no woman at all, merely the remains of Zorella Kraven. The hideous corpse rides him. Puss oozing, as pieces of her remains fall from her bones.

Hap again opens his eyes. The beautiful creature in his eyes continues her erotic pace.

The skeletal fingers extract the long dagger nails and rake down his chest, piercing his flesh. Hap wincing as the blood trickles down his chest. Pleasure masking his pain.

The bony hand reaches for the bottle of whiskey. She empties it over the wounds, saturating him and the couch. Hap only cringes momentarily from the sting.

Hands cupped, she blows gently into them, flames erupt.

Leaning to Hap for a final and fatal kiss, at the climatic point, his alcohol soaked body erupts into flames.

Alone on the burning couch, flesh searing, he agonizingly kicks and screams to his death.

INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Both Arwa and Ashton lie in the bed, eyes wide open staring towards the ceiling.

ASHTON  
(rolling to Arwa)  
This is useless.

ARWA  
Ice cream?

He kisses her shoulder.

ASHTON  
You read my mind.

Arwa giggles like a school girl pulling the sheet over their heads. They tumble under the covers momentarily. Arwa laughing tries escaping. He pulls her back.

They both playfully carry on under the sheets. A thump sounds. They stop. Only briefly then they return to their horse playing. The loud thump sounds again.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

What is that? Sonny?

ARWA

Probably a ghost and it's eating our ice cream. Now get that sexy ass up!

She leaps from the bed smiling girlishly. She tugs on the shirt tails trying to cover as much skin as she can.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Catch me if you can..

She darts from the room. Ashton not hesitating, catapults from the bed and is hot on her tail.

KITCHEN

Arwa makes it to the refrigerator, but Aston is there before she can open the door. He holds it closed with is right hand. She turns to face him. They kiss passionately.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(breathing heavily)

Still think I'm crazy?

Ashton ravages her neck and shoulders with kisses.

ASHTON

(between kisses)

Certifiable.

Arwa smiling pushes him away. She reaches in the freezer pulling out a carton of Ben and Jerry's. She scoops out a small bit with her finger, licking the digit erotically.

ARWA

So, your willing to take advantage of a crazy lady?

The next dab she puts on his nose. Giggling she licks it off.

ASHTON

If they look this beautiful?  
Absolutely!

He reaches down and picks her up placing her on the counter. His hands run the length of her smooth legs as she raises them to his side.

Letting the carton fall where it may, she tilts her head, gently whimpering from his touch and her own arousal.

INT. ARWA AND ASHTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cradled in each others arms the couple sleep.

A light from the kitchen comes on. Pots and pans rattle.  
The light goes off.

Footsteps on the oak flooring grow heavier as they reach the bedroom.

Arwa springs forward.

Curtains sway in the opened moonlit window.

Investigating the room with her eyes, she sees nothing.

The clock radio next to the bed, illuminates blaring music.

Startled Arwa reaches for the buttons on top pushing any and all of them at random. The radio continues to wail.

Ashton wakes. She jerks the radio off the night stand pulling the cord from the wall. The noise stops.

ASHTON

What the hell was that all about?

ARWA

Must have been set wrong.

The radio bursts on again louder than before. Arwa tosses it from the bed.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Did you see that?

The room explodes into chaos. Windows and doors open and slam shut repeatedly. Lights throughout the house flash on and off.

The bed violently bucks under them. Dresser drawers open and slam. They scatter to the floor. An unearthly wind growls as it races around them.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(screaming above the racket)

What's happening!

The commotion ends as suddenly as it began. Arwa and Ashton share confusing stares.

A door from inside the home opens and slams shut. Ashton Pushes the bedroom door closed. Reaching into the closet he produces a putter. Heavy foot steps grow louder and closer.

Ashton pulling Arwa behind him raises the club. The steps stop. A clawing and scratching sound from the other side.

Sonny growling and barking repeatedly as if attacking.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Oh my God, Sonny!

The barking ends with a painful yelp. All goes quiet. Arwa races around Ashton grabbing the knob. Ash stops her.

ASHTON

Wait!

ARWA

What about Sonny!

Ashton presses his ear to the door. All is quiet.

He grasps the knob, slowly turning it. He jerks open the door backing off in a combative stance. There is nobody there.

The door has several deep gouges and spatters of blood. A blood puddle and smear on the floor with no trace of the canine.

LIVING ROOM

The couple, basically glued together, guardedly walk into the living room. Ashton still wielding the club.

ASHTON

Sonny? Come here boy.

The blood smear ends abruptly at the room's center. There is no dog. Arwa's hand covers her mouth as a drop of blood lands on Ashton, more follow.

They both look up to see a massive fresh bloodstain on the ceiling directly overhead.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Arwa sits at the island counter cradling a cup of steaming java.

Ashton enters from the living room carrying a ladder and bucket. He disappears into the garage before returning empty handed.

ASHTON

Well I cleaned it as best I could.

(MORE)

ASHTON (CONT'D)

That's flat ceiling paint, not really washable. I will call painters on Monday.

He stands at the sink washing his hands.

ARWA

Now do you believe me?

ASHTON

(drying his hands)

It was never about me not believing you, It was more me not wanting to believe in ghosts and monsters.

ARW

Now?

ASHTON

I have never seen anything like that before.

ARWA

Not many have.

Ashton hugs her from behind.

ASHTON

Would you rather stay at a hotel?

ARWA

No matter. It's not the house that's being haunted. It's me. I have to end this.

ASHTON

We'll leave right after breakfast.

EXT. HAP'S PLACE - DAY

Detective Tressel stands outside the burnt out house. Police and fire officials mill about. He takes out his cell phone.

INT. ASHTON'S BMW - DAY

Hap and Arwa ride along quietly. Arwa is leaned against the window staring out. Both look exhausted. Ashton's cell phone rings

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

JIMMY

Ash it's me. Where are you? Is Arwa with you?

ASHTON

Yeah she's here. We got your message.

The phone is silent a moment.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

You still there?

JIMMY

Ash, I'm afraid I have some bad news.

ASHTON

What is it?

JIMMY

Edward Hapner died last night in a fire at his home.

ASHTON

NO! Jimmy!

Arwa shoots a curious stare at Ashton.

JIMMY

It appears he had been drinking and fell asleep on the couch. Most likely a lit cigarette caused the fire.

ASHTON

Jesus Christ.

JIMMY

There was another body. A female. She was found by the door. Detectives think she may have been dead before the blaze.

Ash hangs up and tosses the phone on the dash.

END TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

INT. ASHTON'S BMW - DAY

Hap wipes away the tears that stream down his pale face.

ARWA

What's happened? Is it Hap?

Ashton nods his head. Tears now fill up Arwa's eyes.

ARWA (CONT'D)

(voice raising)

Tell me what happened!

Ashton continues trying to compose himself, but the grief is overcoming him.

ASHTON

There was a fire. At his house.

ARWA

No!! Oh Ash, I am so sorry.

She reaches to comfort him. The phone rings. Ashton doesn't answer it. It continues ringing. Unable to ignore it any longer Ashton angrily grabs for the phone.

ASHTON

Fuck YOU Jimmy! He was my best friend!

Ashton pushes a button lowering the window. He tosses the phone out. He takes several long breaths to calm himself.

ARWA

Did he say anything else?

ASHTON

He said there was another body. They think she might have been murdered before the fire.

ARWA

He said murdered?

ASHTON

I'm a lawyer R, he didn't have to, I know how police think.

ARWA

But Hap couldn't have. I can't and won't believe that!

The drive along for a few minutes in silence. On a whim, Ashton jerks the wheel hard to the right. Nearly out of control the BMW veers onto the shoulder.

Cars and trucks behind dodge and blow horns as they pass by.

The car stops. Ashton jumps from the stopped car. Arwa removing her seat does as well.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY

ARWA

What are you doing! You trying to kill us too!

Ashton takes several steps away from the car. Hands on his hips he stares off. Arwa walks gently to his side. She slides her arm around his waist.

ARWA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. You gonna be okay?

ASHTON

You know, I loved Hap more than anyone. More than his own fucked-up family. But that don't necessarily mean I knew him, I mean really knew Him!

ARWA

What are you saying?

Ashton continues looking off. Wiping away a fresh set of tears.

ASHTON

Hap was the last one with Simon right? Hap and Ketlen were getting friendly, she would have easily let him in. Hap has a key to the our house. There is a dead woman found at his house. Maybe..

Ashton shakes his head trying to gather his thoughts. He walks back to the car. Arwa watches him in disbelief.

ARWA

Your serious! You think Hap is responsible for all this? He was your best friend for God's sake! Stop being a lawyer for a few seconds and think about what your saying!

She walks to car.

ARWA (CONT'D)

I guess he killed Sonny too! And somehow managed to pull him through our ceiling! I am sure he trashed his own house! And our bedroom last night, I'm sure he caused the windows and drawers to open and slam shut like that!

Calmer she touches his face. He continues to look away.

ARWA (CONT'D)

The thing responsible for all this is in Deadend.

(MORE)



ARWA (CONT'D)

Hap and Ketlen they are dead because we were all there. The other girl, wrong place, wrong time is my guess. Most likely, I am next if we don't finish this.

Ashton quickly stares at Arwa.

ASHTON

Never, I would never let anything harm you.

He kisses her.

ARWA

With or without you, I am going back. If you want your chance to save me, you will have to be there as well.

She walks to the other side of the car.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Shall we?

Ashton nearly cracks a smile.

ASHTON

You kind of got a ornery side, huh?

ARWA

Put me in a corner, I will bite.

Ashton gets in the car. Arwa reaches for her necklace. It is not there.

ASHTON

Getting in?

ARWA

(nervously)

Yeah.

She climbs in.

EXT. KRAVEN RUINS - DAY

Gate still open from the previous visit, the BMW turns into the long drive.

INT. ASHTON'S BMW - DAY

ARWA

Stop!

The car stops

ARWA (CONT'D)

Something is wrong. But it can't be.

ASHTON

What? What's wrong

Arwa studies the surroundings. The large dead oaks are now a thick lush spring green. Daffodils and Iris in full bloom line the drive.

ARWA

This was all dead a couple days ago.

ASHTON

Sure this is the right place?

ARWA

Positive! Keep going.

The car rolls forward. As they approach the turn around Arwa's eyes widen and her jaw drops.

The Recently over grown fountain now as posh as if it were new. Crystal clear water flows from the statue.

The Enormous plantation stands fully erect and as elegant as it once did over a century ago.

Children playfully chase one another around the front lawn.

The massive front porch plays host to several adults. Women are sitting, as the men smoke their cigars and sip their brandy. They pay no attention to the vehicle.

ASHTON

(amazed)

I thought you said this place was a pile of rubble?

ARWA

(equally astonished)

Two days ago it was.

ASHTON

And them? What do you make of them?

ARWA

Incredible.

ASHTON

Maybe we should get the hell out of here.

ARWA  
They act is if we don't exist.

ASHTON  
Wouldn't mind keeping it that way.

ARWA  
Our business is the Deadend not here.  
Pull over there.

Ashton follows her instructions. They sit in the car momentarily still watching the spectacle around them.

ARWA (CONT'D)  
(opening the door)  
Let's go.

EXT. KRAVEN RUINS - DAY

Avoiding any possible confrontation, they take the long route to the path leading to Deadend.

The wind begins to increase and the sky turns dark. The forest leaves blow across the path. The air turns cool.

As they walk along, the torches that line the path erupt into flames.

ASHTON  
I think someone knows were here.

ARWA  
I think your right.

Continuing down the path, Ashton makes quick observations of their surroundings.

They make it to the gates guarding the entrance, Arwa pulls on the gates. They will not open. Ashton studies the sign.

ASHTON  
(nervously smiling)  
Jesus Christ, it does exist.

ARWA  
Damn! These were open!

Ashton gives them a few pulls.

ASHTON  
Wow, their really stuck. Maybe we could use a branch or something to pry with.

They turn looking back towards the path. The gate clicks and clanks then groans open. In unison they turn back.

A viciously charge bolt of lightning followed by ground vibrating thunder strikes the cemetery.

ASHTON (CONT'D)

Now I'm sure they know were here.

Arwa finishes pushing the gates open.

EXT. DEADEND CEMETERY - DAY

The weather continues to deteriorate as they make there way to the temple.

Before they reach the steps, the entry gate slowly opens, they freeze.

Blue and white vapors begin to rise from the ground. The mist takes form. Zorella Kraven steps from the temple. She studies them curiously.

ZORELLA

Silly mortals, did you really think  
it were to be that simple?

They take a couple steps backwards. Zorella raises her right hand waist high. An invisible force throws Ashton like a rag doll crashing into and breaking a cross.

He rolls to his hands and knees. Again raising her hand Ashton is tossed in the next row.

Arwa runs to his side. Horrified she stares back at Zorella.

ARWA

Please stop It! Your hurting him.

Again she sends Ashton flying through the air. This time impacting hard into small mausoleum.

Arwa again rushes to his side. He is barely conscious blood runs from his head and mouth.

She tries sitting him up. But she isn't strong enough. She gently strokes his bleeding face.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Stay with me Ash. Please stay with  
me!

His eyes flutter open and closed then back open. Arwa lays his head gently down. She leaps to her feet turning towards Zorella.

ARWA (CONT'D)

You Bitch!

She furiously stomps towards the temple. Her progress is short lived. Zorella again raises her hand this time pinching her thumb and fore finger together.

Arwa stopping dead in her tracks reaches for her throat. An invisible force has clamped her neck. Her eyes enlarge as she tries gasping deeply for air.

ZORELLA

Silly Fool!

SERENA/WILLOW (O.S.)

That is enough Zora! Release her!

Zorella looks past Arwa and sees Willow. Arwa drops to the ground coughing.

ZORELLA

(puzzled)

What do we have here? I don't know you.

Willow walks to Arwa and helps her to her feet.

Arwa staggers and stumbles, collapsing next to Ashton.

WILLOW

I am hurt you don't remember me. I certainly remember you.

Willow continues to Zorella

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Oh wait, that's right I was just a little girl the last time you laid eyes upon me.

Approaching, Willow transforms back to a young Serena Brader.

ZORELLA

Can't be!

AYDEN

I am afraid so dear sister.

Ayden walks from the side of the temple and joins Serena.

Zorella ecstatic to see her brother tries running to him.

AYDEN (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop right where you are. You need not come any further.

ZORELLA  
 (teary eyed and  
 confused)  
 I don't understand brother?

AYDEN  
 You didn't really think I would let  
 you murder my daughter now did you?

ZORELLA  
 No! That's not possible! You had a  
 son! All the signs!

AYDEN  
 Signs you misread. You were blind  
 with jealousy and rage. You called  
 on Satan's whore Lilith to assist  
 you in your ghastly deed. But the  
 Sansanvi amulet steered you both  
 wrong! An innocent boy died that  
 night by your hand!

ZORA  
 It can't be!

AYDEN  
 Our whole family was made to suffer  
 for your vial insolence!

Zorella sobbing, backs up the temple steps. She collapses  
 on the ground.

Willow now returned to full size.

Willow and Ayden walk to Arwa. Willow holds out her hand.  
 Arwa excepting it climbs to her feet.

AYDEN (CONT'D)  
 You are as beautiful as your great  
 great grandmother Annabelle.

ARWA  
 How is any of this possible?

Zorella rises to her feet. Furious she raises her hands to  
 the sky. Her eyes turning a solid bright red.

ZORELLA  
 (calling out)  
 Oh Dark Lord hear my call! Bring  
 down your wrath and strike them all!

The gray sky turns black, lightning bolts crack from the  
 sky, striking at random everywhere in the cemetery. The  
 ground shakes violently.

AYDEN

You and Ashton must remain Safe at all cost. You are the only one who can stop her.

ARWA

How will I get in?

AYDEN

Leave that to us!

He leans to Arwa and whispers in her ear.

AYDEN (CONT'D)

Can you remember that?

ARWA

(nodding)

I think so.

AYDEN

Good. When I call, come with all haste. You shall have only minutes. Understand.

Ayden and Willow leave them. Arwa whispering repeatedly the words Ayden spoke.

They approach. Zorella growls. Steam pours from her mouth with every pant.

AYDEN (CONT'D)

Zora stop this please! This is not what you want. This not what I want.

The growling ceases. Ayden moves closer.

AYDEN (CONT'D)

It was us remember? All you ever wanted was for us to be together.

Her red eyes return to the beautiful Hazel. The lightning subsides. He reaches the stop step.

AYDEN (CONT'D)

We've been given a second chance.

ZORELLA

Ayden! You have come back to me!

They both take steps forward until they embrace. They kiss passionately.

Arwa's eye shoot open. Dark blood vessels begin protruding through her soft skin.

She struggles trying to push him away.

He pulls her tighter to him, kissing her even harder.

Her body and pale skin fade. After moments she is nearly transparent. Then she disappears completely.

AYDEN

Arwa NOW!

Arwa tries standing. Ashton grabs her arm.

ASHTON

Don't go R. She will kill you!

Arwa struggles to pull free.

ARWA

I have to try Ash. If not she will certainly come for both of us.

She reaches down kissing him.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Wish me luck.

AYDEN (O.S.)

Arwa!

Ashton reaches for her but she is gone.

TEMPLE OUTSIDE

Arwa races up the steps. She stops looking at Ayden.

AYDEN (CONT'D)

You remember what to say?

She nods and disappears into the temple.

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

The temple is dark, only what little light enters from the gate. She clicks on her flashlight shining the beam around the room.

Focusing her attention on the area where they found the body she cautiously proceeds. In the left corner her light locks on the white dress.

ARWA

There you are.

She races to Zorella's remains. Digging into her pocket she retrieves the Baphomet.



She studies it momentarily with her light.

The torches on the temple walls ignite. Hands shaking and with increased urgency, she reaches around behind the neck to clasp the necklace.

The skull rolls towards Arwa hissing a dusty stench. Arwa pulls away unsuccessfully attaching the chain.

ARWA (CONT'D)

Shit!

She cautiously reaches in for another attempt. Her hair is grabbed from behind. Snatched from her kneeling position she is sent sprawling backwards across the room.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM - DAY

Ashton now on his feet stumbles towards the temple. He is favoring his right shoulder and leg.

ASHTON

(calling out)

Arwa! Arwa answer me!

INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Arwa on her hands and knees attempting to stand, as the invisible force again grabs her hair picking her straight up, dangling her nearly a foot off the ground.

Arwa screams and struggles. Her Limbs are stretched and skewed to their absolute limits.

She doubles over as if punched in the stomach. Her head snaps backwards as if struck by an upper cut. Her body sails through the air crashing into the wall.

Blood runs from her eye and trickles from her nose.

ZORELLA (O.S.)

Stupid girl! Did you think it were to be so easy?

Frightened and hurt Arwa crawls across the floor trying to reach the corpse.

EXT. OUTSIDE TEMPLE - DAY

Hearing her screams Ashton races up the stairs.

AYDEN

Ashton No! You mustn't! Give her a chance!

He manages to make it to the top step. Ayden raising his hand. The gate slams shut. Ashton grabs for the bars. He shakes violently but the gates won't open.

ASHTON

Arwa!  
 (turning to Ayden)  
 You Bastards!

INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Arwa nearly making it before her feet are grabbed and she is pulled backwards. Her nails splinter and break as she digs them into the stone floor.

Rolling over, beaten and bloodied, she manages to use the wall to get to her feet her feet.

Sullen and determined eyes fixed on her goal, she staggers towards Zorella's remains.

Standing above the skeleton she looks down at her shaking bleeding hand. She still has possession of the necklace.

Her eyes widen as she draws a heavy breath. Her body lunges slightly forward. She places her hands on her waist. Crimson blood gushes from between her fingers.

A full bodied Zorella stands behind her, both hands buried deep into her back. The blood drenched nails are exposed as Arwa drops to her knees.

Blood trickles down Arwa's chin. Her eyes flicker somewhere between life and death. She gurgles to breathe.

Zorella one deadly hand on her shoulder the other strokes her hair.

ZORELLA

There.. There, it will all be over soon. Real soon.

Zorella raises her hand to strike the final blow. Her downward swing is stopped abruptly. She turns quickly.

Dameon Kraven has her arm.

ZORELLA (CONT'D)

Father?

DAMEON

(holding tightly)  
 Enough Zora! You have done enough!

Arwa drops to one hand. Her quivering hand holding the Baphomet reaches for the corpse. Using what little strength is left, she shoves the necklace deep into the skull's mouth.

ARWA  
 (whispering)  
 Defending the light of heaven's door,  
 I imprison this soul, for it shall  
 live, NEVERMORE.

Zorella stares down at Arwa. Her body begins to materialize in a blinding light.

ZORELLA  
 Father please!

The light completely consumes her. She is drawn into the Baphomet.

Arwa looks up to Dameon.

ARWA  
 (weakly)  
 Please, not like this. I have to  
 say goodbye.

EXT. OUTSIDE TEMPLE - DAY

The sky clears and the weather stabilizes into a warm Spring day. Ashton leaning up against the outside gate. Tears stream down his cheeks.

The heavy wooden door pops and clanks and groans slowly open. Ashton jumps to his feet. Arwa appears at the bars using them to stand.

Ashton reaches into the bars, pulling her lips to his kissing her rapidly.

ASHTON  
 Thank God! I thought you were dead.

Arwa's grip on the bars loosen, she slides down. Ashton following her. He looks her over frantically,

ASHTON (CONT'D)  
 Your really hurt!!

He looks back for Ayden and Willow but they are gone.

Grabbing the bars he pulls and jerks crazily.

ARWA  
 Ash, please stop. I'm so sorry.

Ashton kneels down to her. He reaches in stroking her face. She takes his hand.

ASHTON  
I'm going to get help!

Seeing her fading, he looks out over the cemetery.

ASHTON (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
Help! Help! Somebody Help me!!

ARWA  
Shhh.. Shhh.. It's to late for that.

Ashton now crying profusely.

ASHTON  
Don't say that! Please don't say  
that. I can't lose you!

Arwa sinks further down. Ashton tries to help her.

ASHTON (CONT'D)  
No baby, please! I love you so much.

Arwa's eyes weaken as does her voice. She manages one last touch to his face.

ARWA  
Ash, don't cry for me, I'm the one  
leaving you...

ASHTON  
Arwa! No!

ARWA  
(whispering)  
I will always love you.

Arwa breathes out her last breath sliding to the floor.

Ashton collapses.

LATER

Ashton still at the gate holding Arwa's lifeless hand. A hand grasps his shoulder. Ashton does not turn.

Ayden grabs him lifting him to his feet. He puts his arm around Ashton walking him down the steps. In a daze Ashton goes along. They walk to the gate.

AYDEN  
It's time. You have have to go.

Ash continues walking. No expression no nothing.

Ayden watches him briefly before returning to the temple.

He pulls out the journal He wipes his hand across the cover. The title fades. Fanning the pages, he blows gently on them removing the words.

He places the book in Arwa's dead hands.

AYDEN (CONT'D)

Write us a happy ending Arwa.

Backing away, he lifts his hand. The stones that once sealed the temple reassemble themselves barricading the entrance.

EXT. KRAVEN RUINS - DAY

Ashton continues walking past his BMW. He stops briefly. Turning his head to the manor. Unlike earlier, they are all looking towards him.

Ayden, Willow, and Arwa have joined them. Arwa smiling brightly waves to him. One by one they fade. Finger tips too her lips, she is the last to go.

Tears streaming again and weak in the knees, Ashton continues walking.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A sign outside the gated hospital reads "Bellview Hospital"

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

Just like out of one of her novels, It has been nearly two weeks since famed best-selling horror writer Arwa Aldrege went missing in rural Pennsylvania. Investigators, in this highly publicized case, seem to have very little evidence to go on, and are no closer to solving it. Ms. Aldrege was seen last with her boyfriend, Ashton Garrett, one of Philadelphia's top new attorneys, the day she vanished. Mr. Garrett is being held in "Bellview Mental Hospital" Details of his illness are not available. Although police say he is a person of interest, they are not willing to slap a suspect sticker on him at this time. This all comes on the wake of five deaths and another missing person associated with Ms. Aldrege and Mr. Garret.

INT. BELLVIEW MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A catatonic Ashton sits staring out the window. Several other patients and staff are milling about.

A nurse wheeling a book cart, passes all the other patients and stops beside Ashton.

NURSE

Would you like something to read  
Mr. Garrett?

He does not respond.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Surely there must be something here  
that would please you.

Still no response.

NURSE (CONT'D)

How about this? I will choose one  
for you?

She runs her painted black nails over the books stopping.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Perfect!

She withdraws the book placing it on his lap. Turning the cart she starts away. We now see her for the first time. Hair pulled back a smiling Zorella Kraven.

Ashton still looking out the window allows his eyes to drop.

His eyes widen and he begins trembling.

INSERT - "THE BOOK OF SORROW"

FADE TO BLACK

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