FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A quiet suburban street, the houses all mimic each other in style and structure.

The subtle hum of tired streetlights and various dog barks fill the otherwise still air.

A light turns on in a window, pulling it into focus from the rest of the silhouette homes.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM

The soft pink walls and childish decorations look sinister in the darkness.

The only light is cast from outside streetlights and a toy projector that sends stars crawling across the walls and ceiling.

PAIGE (18), sits in the corner of her bedroom in a blue satin slip, she holds her quivering knees.

A sense of dread overcomes her.

    PAIGE
    Colin?

She stares intently at a bathroom door, the light inside creates a burning frame around it.

She nervously lets her eyes wander around the room.

Family photographs begin to catch her eye, there’s something off about them, the faces eerily appear upside down.

Her nails dig into her legs.

    PAIGE
    (whimpering)
    Colin?

The door remains static.

Her breathing grows heavier.

Paige’s brother, COLIN (15), comes out of the bathroom, which connects the two bedrooms.

Colin looks to Paige, startled.
He walks over to her in comfort.

COLIN
What are you doing? It’s the middle of the night.

PAIGE
It won’t let me sleep -

COLIN
What are you talking about? What’s wrong?

PAIGE
I don’t know how to explain it.

COLIN
Why are you so freaked out?

PAIGE
(timidly)
I was on the balcony, I didn’t have the light on. Some woman was walking her dog, she couldn’t see me. All of the sudden, she looked right at me, like she could feel I was watching her.

Colin looks out the window, no one is there.

COLIN
It’s strange how that can happen, but -

PAIGE
And then I felt it - like I was being watched.

Colin looks down Paige, the genuine fear in her eyes creating a contagious sense of worry.

PAIGE
I still feel it.

COLIN
Are you okay? I don’t get why you’ve been acting so strange lately, it’s like you’ve been hiding.

Paige remains silent.
COLIN
Do you want me to get Mom?

A tear streams down Paige’s cheek as she nods helplessly. Colin helps her up.

COLIN
Just lay down, I’ll go wake her up, okay?

Paige nods again.

Colin walks out of the room, closing the door.

Paige controls her breathing, calming herself. She pulls up her duvet and slowly gets into her bed.

She begins tucking herself in, when suddenly a striking discomfort leaves her paralyzed for a moment, she SCREAMS.

Paige throws off her duvet to reveal a worn sheet of plywood with rustic nails protruding messily through the wood.

She GASPS as the nails puncture her skin.

Paige painfully crawls as quickly as she can off of the bed, falling onto the floor.

Blood trickles endlessly from scattered cuts on her lower body.

PAIGE
(screaming)
HELP!! COLIN!

Paige turns over, pulling herself up, a puddle of blood encompassing her feet.

She runs as quickly as she can to her bedroom door, tearing it open.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Paige runs into the hallway, but it’s not her house hallway. A long corridor of an unfinished home, wood and sawdust make up the structure.

She looks around terrified, she knows this place. Paige looks back, what was her bedroom is now eerily dark.

The night sky now peeks through exposed cracks in the wood.
Paige screams again.
The house creaks to a point that it’s clear she’s not alone.
Paige trembles, reluctantly walking down the hallway.
The moonlight against the ceiling beams alters the perspective of the shadows with each movement.
Paige gets to the end of the hallway to a dark room.
Three PEOPLE face Paige at the back of the room, they stand dead still, shadows consuming their identities.
Paige looks to them, a faint recognition.

PAIGE
(crying)
Wh-h-hy are you doing this? I swear
I didn’t do anything. You know I
didn’t do anything. Please!

One of the people reveals a long plank of wood, large nails jaggedly expelling from the end.
Paige’s fear turns into rampant urgency, she runs back down the hallway, her attacker in hot pursuit.
She just makes it to a window, almost out. Suddenly, a hand grabs her leg.
She fights, kicking for her life but as she looks up to her attacker, her eyes read powerless.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - NIGHT
The wooden structure stands firmly under the moonlight. It’s quiet, crickets are heard in the desolate setting.
Paige’s scream breaks the moment of silence, she claws at the wood, half outside of a second story window of the house.

With a loud gruesome thud, her body goes limp. She lays lifelessly, spilling out of the window.
Blood streams down her fingertips to the mud below.

TITLE APPEARS: HOMESICK
EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The bright orange trees contrast the gloomy gray overcast October skies.

A slight warm breeze rustles leaves down the street, the last few breaths of summer air.

WILLA (17) and JOVI (17), lay on an old blanket in the front lawn, almost as if they were tanning despite the weather.

A 'for sale' sign stands boldly near them, the "sold" sticker proudly slapped across.

Jovi defaces the picture of a chipper real estate woman with a permanent marker: devil horns, mustache, blacked out eyes.

    WILLA
    My parents are going to be pissed.

    JOVI
    So what? They’re moving you, a month into your senior year. You can do whatever you want, they can’t say shit.

    WILLA
    It’s a little more complicated than that.

Willa finishes sifting through a moving box, passes it to Jovi.

    JOVI
    So many Popsicle stick creations, I think we missed a major Etsy calling.

Willa laughs.

    WILLA
    Take whatever you want in there, it’s all yours.

    JOVI
    Your mom can’t be making you throw out all of this?

A stack of old teenybopper magazines brings a childish excitement to Jovi. She passes Willa one.
JOVI
Remember these? The quizzes?

Willa flips through the tattered pages.

WILLA (mocking)
Is he the one? You definitely filled this one out.

JOVI
What? How can you tell?

WILLA
A hot guy approaches you at the beach -

JOVI
Naturally.

WILLA
- Choose an action. You chose D. All of the above. Also, these doodles are very two thousand and you.

Jovi laughs.

JOVI
Well, don’t leave me hanging, was he the one?

WILLA
You and your crush will inevitably end up together.

JOVI
Sick, I wonder who I was filling that out about.

Willa scans the page, she notices the name "Grant" written, framed with a bunch of cartoon hearts. She quickly closes the magazine, uncomfortable.

JOVI
Have you and Grant talked about what you guys are going to do when you leave?

WILLA
I don’t know - a bit. I think we’re just going to see how it plays out.
JOVI
Don’t worry, I’ll keep an eye on him.

Willa smiles, not at all reassured.

INT. WILLA’S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Willa and Jovi contort themselves in the small washroom, both utilizing the mirror to do their hair and makeup.

The washroom leads into what once was Willa’s bedroom. The room sits empty, drenched in the setting sun, a few boxes scattered.

The sight in the mirror grabs Jovi’s attention.

JOVI
It doesn’t even feel like your room anymore.

Willa looks back coldly, trying to avoid emotion.

WILLA
Yeah.

JOVI
So many memories, good and bad.

Jovi looks lost in thought, emotional.

WILLA
I saw the news. Do you want to talk about it?

JOVI
No. I mean it was so long ago, I honestly never even thought they’d find the person.

Jovi holds back tears.

Willa hugs her.

WILLA
You didn’t find out anything else, did you?

JOVI
It was a drunk driver but they were a minor, so they won’t release their identity.
WILLA
Sometimes it’s better not to know.

JOVI
You’ve been there through it all, tonight is about you, okay?

Willa wipes Jovi’s tear.

WILLA
We can talk about it if you want. I know your dad and you –

JOVI
No.

WILLA
Are you sure?

Jovi returns to her peppy, free-spirited self. She laughs.

JOVI
I’m not that kind of girl, you know that. I just wanted to say thanks again.

Willa smiles. They hug again.

A hand slams against the bathroom window.

The two direct their attention to the embossed window, a shadow of a face with devil horns.

Willa sighs, with a sense of routine she opens the window to reveal CURTIS (19).

Curtis comfortably sits in the window frame, he raises his eyebrows comically, wearing sequin devil horns.

CURTIS
(evil accent)
Happy Devil’s night.

Jovi smiles, walks over and kisses Curtis.

JOVI
Aw, you look so cute. Where’d you swipe those?

CURTIS
Willa’s assumingly free box of treasures at the end of the driveway.
WILLA
All yours Curt, you’ve always
pulled off sequins better than me.

CURTIS
This is true. So, too early?

Curtis shakes a water bottle invitingly.

JOVI
Never.

Jovi takes a sip, makes a sour face, and passes it to Willa.

JOVI
Yuck, what is this?

CURTIS
A personal concoction, I call it
the devil’s water. Muah-ha-ha!

Willa takes a sip.

WILLA
More like the devil’s urine.

They laugh.

Curtis lights a cigarette, tries his best to blow away from
the window but smoke still fills the air.

WILLA
Curtis!

Curtis holds it out, offering a drag. Willa sighs and
directs Jovi and Curtis out the window on to the:

EXT. WILLA’S HOUSE - ROOF

Jovi, Willa, and Curtis all sit on the slanted roof at the
side of the house.

A large oak tree keeps the area fairly disguised.

They pass around the water bottle.

WILLA
So, what exactly is our plan for
tonight?
JOVI
(excited)
It’s a surprise.

Willa smiles, somewhat insincere, not someone who loves surprises.

WILLA
Where’s Grant?

CURTIS
Should be picking us up soon.

WILLA
Is it just me or has he been acting kind of weird lately?

CURTIS
Eh, I don’t know. You know he’s not the most emotionally available guy, he doesn’t know how to deal with goodbye stuff.

JOVI
And I think we should put a cap on all goodbye stuff for tonight.

WILLA
Guys, it’s really not that bad. I mean, after senior year we’re all going to be going off anyways.

Jovi leans on Willa lovingly.

JOVI
And then we will live together, like we’ve always planned.

Willa smiles.

CURTIS
It’s true, my sister’s been out for almost two years now. Her room is purely storage, well my parents say it’s the "work out" room. But really, it’s just exercise equipment they don’t use, covered in more stuff they don’t use.

WILLA
I guess the idea of home is kind of fleeting. Eventually, you have to create it for yourself.
CURTIS
On that note.

Curtis hands Willa the water bottle, she smiles, takes a swig.

A cop car slowly cruises down the road below.

CURTIS
Must still be looking for Paige and them. Waste of time if you ask me.

JOVI
What do you mean?

CURTIS
Would any of you be surprised if they ditched town? They always talked about it.

WILLA
We live in a small town, that’s all anyone talks about. Plus, who’s they?

CURTIS
I don’t know, she always hung out with those older guys.

JOVI
Paige does loves attention. But at the same time, I don’t think she would leave her parents completely in the dark.

CURTIS
She certainly left her parents in the dark on a couple of things.

Curtis makes a "pussy eating" motion with his hand and tongue.

JOVI
(joking)
Why do you think we used to be such good friends?

WILLA
Not every girl who turned you down is a lesbian, Curt.
CURTIS
I know, it’s a sad reality. In all fairness didn’t she, like, briefly date a girl?

JOVI
Like I said, she loves attention.

A pick up truck pulls up to the front of Willa’s house, followed by a celebratory honk.

EXT. ROAD – NIGHT

The sun casts a bright orange sky as it peeks against the horizon.

The truck cruises down the unkempt road past corn fields, colorful trees - it’s all beautiful rural scenery, one that the group has grown tired of.

INT. TRUCK

The truck drives along rattling as the tires spit out the gravel below.

Curtis sits in the back, smoking a cigarette out the window. Jovi lays on his lap.

Willa and GRANT (19) sit in the front. Willa keeps her eyes locked on him, at first lovingly, then in question of their future.

Grant looks over to her, he puts his hand on her leg and smiles. Willa reciprocates with a sense of gained comfort.

CURTIS
Where’s your brother? I thought he’d tag along.

GRANT
New girl I think.

CURTIS
Shit, good for Nathan.

WILLA
Aw Nathan, guess I won’t get to say bye to him.
JOVI
Bummer, I was hoping I’d be the one to corrupt him.

Grant laughs, shakes his head.

Willa looks out at the view, which grows notably more uninhabited.

WILLA
Hmmm.

GRANT
What?

WILLA
I was convinced this "surprise" would be at your dad’s house, because -

JOVI
That’s all we do?

GRANT
But we just passed that street.

WILLA
Yeah.

CURTIS
Come on Willa, don’t make us seem so predictable.

Willa smiles.

Jovi sits up and moves in close behind Willa, she playfully places her hands in front of Willa’s eyes.

JOVI
Remember when we were kids and the sole purpose of blankets were walls and ceilings?

WILLA
The fort era?

JOVI
Yes, exactly. We created our own world, spaceship, mansion, whatever. Nothing could stop us.
WILLA
   Except for dinner.

Jovi laughs.

JOVI
   Yeah, dinner was pretty inviolable.

Willa laughs, in excitement and nostalgia.

WILLA
   Where are you guys taking me?

The truck comes to a gradual stop.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - NIGHT

The truck engine stops, the lights illuminating the wooden structure of a house under construction.

The house is large but is worn enough to prove plans of completion have been scrapped.

Jovi slowly navigates Willa to the front of the house with her hands still restraining her sight.

Jovi turns to Grant.

JOVI
   Ready?

WILLA
   What?

Grant starts up a generator, the house lights up with string lights.

The house becomes immediately less threatening, the effort is admirable.

Curtis already has a beer in hand from the bed of the truck.

Jovi slowly removes her hands as Willa takes in the sight.

JOVI
   Tonight, this is our house.

Willa smiles in awe, she’s genuinely impressed.

Jovi quickly hugs her, then excitedly runs into the house with Curtis like two kids on an adventure.

Grant moves up behind Willa, holding her close.
GRANT
Impressed?

WILLA
Overly.

GRANT
I’m not sure if that’s a good thing or if your expectations were just offensively low.

WILLA
I didn’t really have expectations.

Grant looks to her, unsure how to take that.

GRANT
No?

WILLA
I didn’t want to think about tonight, because all of the sudden, it’s going to be over.

GRANT
Nothing’s going to be over.

Willa smiles, the two kiss.

Curtis peeks outside.

CURTIS
(joking)
Oh, perfect, the couple I’ve been waiting for is here. Please come on in, let me give you a tour of your new place.

The two laugh and walk into the house.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE

The house creaks and moans in the wind. An assortment of lamps (all probably stolen from their homes) make the inside of the house visible, inviting.

The house is primarily all open, rooms are only separated by spaced out beams.

Willa looks around with a sense of wonder.
CURTIS
Over here you’ll find a lovely staircase, imported from Spain.

WILLA
Oh beautiful. What’s in there?

Curtis looks to a door, his face reads that he has no idea.

CURTIS
Oh that? That’s a spare room, absolutely perfect for perhaps a future nursery?

Curtis opens the door, it’s a small closet, nails unsafely stick out.

Willa and Grant laugh.

WILLA
(sarcastically)
Super ideal.

CURTIS
But wait, we haven’t shown you the best part, the living room.

Curtis guides them into the:

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A large room, moonlight seeps into an unfinished wall. The room is the most decorated: lights, candles, blankets, chairs, cases of beer.

The room is charming despite an old toilet on it’s side, the occasional broken bottle, and graffiti.

Willa walks in, beaming smile.

CURTIS
What do you think?

WILLA
I think it’s perfect. It’s absolutely everything we’ve been looking for. What do you think?

Willa looks to Grant, playing along.
GRANT
It’s great, every other place we’ve looked at have been fixer uppers, but this, this is ready.

WILLA
We’ll take it!

CURTIS
Excellent.

Jovi rolls her eyes at Curtis and his antics.

JOVI
At least get her a drink first.

Jovi hands Willa a beer.

CURTIS
Don’t mind her, that’s just the help.

JOVI
Fuck you.

The group laughs. They all grab drinks, start to get comfortable.

WILLA
Guys, this is awesome.

JOVI
It’s pretty much all Grant, don’t give me and Curt too much credit.

Willa looks around the house.

WILLA
Why didn’t this house ever finished getting made?

JOVI
Wasn’t it like this snobby rich family and they screwed up the blueprint?

CURTIS
No, that’s not what happened. It was a dark, stormy night on the eve of -
GRANT
Dude, stop. Remember we we’re supposed to get that highway extension to our town?

JOVI
Oh yeah, I thought that was just a rumor.

GRANT
It was going to happen, they planned to build a bunch of upper class housing here.

WILLA
What happened?

GRANT
Funding or something must have fell through. So, this house never got finished.

CURTIS
And luckily our town has less ass holes.

Curtis paces around the room, analyzing the house, looking for trouble.

He makes his way to a door that has a long plank of wood sealing it off.

CURTIS
Where does this lead?

GRANT
Basement.

CURTIS
Anything down there?

GRANT
A lot of cement.

CURTIS
Disappointing.

WILLA
You sealed it off?

GRANT
Yeah, no staircase. Avoiding potential drunken mishaps.
Grant looks to Curtis.

CURTIS
Where is the fun in that?

Willa cozes in to Grant, finding his responsibility endearing. Still, the basement door catches her eye, something about it makes her look wary.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - BEDROOM

Willa and Grant lay on a blown up air mattress. The would-be bedroom has a striking open view to a forest behind the house.

Grant lays asleep, Willa shuffles around, unable to find comfort.

The house is silent other than the wind that whistles through the wood.

Willa turns to her side, she looks at a section of the wall that has a decaying patch of wallpaper.

Her fingers follow the string lights that leave a minimal fluorescent radius. The wallpaper ends, pen is scratched into the wood.

Willa squints as she reads: "Don’t spend the night".

Suddenly, with a jolting crackle, pitch black. The once accustomed hum of the generator dies, creating a more unwelcoming silence.

WILLA
(whispering)
Grant?

Silence.

WILLA
Grant?

The sounds of shuffling.

The minimal flashlight from Willa’s phone appears, creating shallow vision.

Willa shines the light beside her but the air mattress appears empty, no sign of Grant.

Willa slowly moves her phone around, scanning the area.
No one in sight.

She tilts the phone into the distance.

As the light adjusts, a human shadow stands motionless in the doorway, it’s almost unclear until a slight turn of the shadow’s head.

Willa drops her phone, blackness.

She lifts it timidly, just as the light is about to reaffirm the shadow, Grant abruptly grabs Willa’s shoulder. She GASPS.

    WILLA
    (panicked)
    What the fuck?

    GRANT
    (half-asleep)
    What are you doing?

    WILLA
    Where were you?

Grant grabs a battery operated camping lantern from beside him, turning it on, illuminating the room. He’s laying beside her like he was, the room is empty.

Willa looks around, confused.

    GRANT
    (softly)
    What are you talking about? Go back to sleep.

She starts to calm herself. Grant wraps his arm around her, she lays back down unnerved, gripping the blankets.

Grant turns the light back off.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The harsh morning sun beams into the house.

Willa lies on the air mattress, alone, tangled in sheets.

The sun slowly peaks past one of the beams shadowing her face. She squints, waking up groggily.

She looks around, adjusting. She slips on Grant’s sweater that lays near.
Faint conversation of Grant, Jovi, and Curtis can be heard outside. She gets up, follows the sounds.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - FRONT

Grant, Jovi, and Curtis all stand observing the house.

The house strangely appears more finished than the night before, walls notably present that didn’t exist before.

JOVI
It doesn’t make sense.

Willa rubs her arms, walking outside to the group.

WILLA
Hey.

Willa follows their eye-line to the house.

WILLA
Were those walls there before?

CURTIS
So we’re not crazy.

JOVI
That’s what we we’re just trying to figure out, it looks more finished than last night.

GRANT
Come on guys, that’s not possible. What? You think someone decided to just start constructing the house? In the few hours we we’re asleep?

Willa analyzes the house in unease.

JOVI
What’s your theory then, Grant?

GRANT
My theory is alcohol and darkness don’t create the best judgment.

CURTIS
Or recollection. He’s right.

Jovi stands, unconvincing.
CURTIS
I mean, how would it be possible?

Jovi shrugs, she has no explanation. Willa walks over to Grant, leans in.

WILLA
Do you remember getting up in the middle of the night last night?

GRANT
What do you mean? I think someone has their story twisted.

WILLA
What?

GRANT
I woke up in the middle of the night when the generator quit and you we’re gone.

WILLA
No, what?

CURTIS
Are you kidding me?

Willa and Grant look to Curtis in confusion.

JOVI
We just had this debate too. This exact conversation.

WILLA
What do you mean?

JOVI
I woke up and Curtis was gone, yet he claims that he woke up and I was gone. It doesn’t make sense.

GRANT
What?

Willa’s eyes dart, trying to read each of them.

WILLA
Are you guys playing some sort of joke on me?
JOVI
What? No.

Jovi looks at Willa, dead serious.

Willa snaps back to reality, pulling her phone out of her sweater pocket to check the time, her face reads that it’s much later than she hoped.

WILLA
Shit! I have to get back.

GRANT
Yeah, I guess we have to get to fucking class.

Jovi and Curtis collectively groan.

The group quickly grabs their stuff, heading back to Grant’s truck.

Willa turns back to the house, giving it another look.

EXT. WILLA’S HOUSE – FRONT – DAY

Grant’s truck idles in front of Willa’s house.

An overly packed minivan sits in the driveway, a few movers place some final boxes in a large moving truck.

Willa somberly finishes hugging each Jovi, and Curtis. Last, she kisses Grant, followed by a long hug.

CATHY (49) and BYRON (52), Willa’s parents, wait not so subtly for the group to leave.

Finally, they head back in the truck and drive off.

Willa slowly walks up to her parents, her mom gives her a sympathetic hug.

CATHY
You weren’t answering your phone.

Willa looks up to her mom, a look that says: don’t.

CATHY
I’m sorry, I know you probably hate us right now, but your Dad can’t commute any longer, you know that.
WILLA
I know.

BYRON
I’m sorry kiddo. Remember, I said next long weekend I’d drive you back up here for a visit.

Nothing can be said to pull Willa out of her gloominess.

WILLA
Can we just go?

Cathy looks at Willa, concerned.

CATHY
Do you feel okay? You look a little tired.

WILLA
I’m fine.

Cathy and Byron look to each other defeated, they enter the minivan.

The moving truck starts pulling out.

Willa looks back at her childhood home, sentimentally yet distracted.

A MOTHER and two young KIDS dressed up for Halloween walk down the street. Willa looks to the kids, as they walk by they stare at her ominously.

INT. VAN

The van moves steadily along the road. Cathy and Byron sit in the front seat, radio on.

Willa sits in the back, her head leaning against the window. She stares blankly at the town she’s leaving behind.

Cathy continually glances back to Willa in the rear view mirror.

Slowly, a stinging sense of discomfort overcomes Willa. She starts breathing heavier, she massages her temples, head pounding.

CATHY
Willa?

Willa ignores the check-in.
The discomfort grows as the scenery speeds by the windows. She starts clearing her throat as if she were slowly suffocating.

WILLA
Can you turn off the radio?

CATHY
Are you okay?

WILLA
(unconvinced)
Yeah.

Willa tugs at her sweater sleeves. She begins to sweat, her complexion gradually whitening. She writhes around in her seat. Her breathing becomes continually more shallow. She slowly pulls back her sleeves, her veins look abnormally dark, pulsating.

WILLA
(distraught)
Can we stop for a second?

BYRON
We’re going to stop at the next rest stop.

CATHY
What’s wrong?

Willa can’t bring herself to respond. She gets progressively worse. She starts pulling at her seat belt, then taking it off.

BYRON
Willa, what are you doing?

Immediately, Willa starts heaving, vomiting. She falls onto her hands and knees.

BYRON
Shit -
CATHY
Byron! Pull over!

EXT. ROAD

The van quickly pulls over at the side of the road, creating a whirlwind of dirt.

Cars continue to speed by.

The side door slides open.

Willa, in complete weakness, collapses out onto the gravel.

Her body shakes as she gasps for air.

Her parents quickly come running out of the van, they crouch down to her level, consoling her.

CATHY
(concern)
Sweetie, what’s wrong?

BYRON
Talk to us honey.

Willa continues to gasp, unable to speak, clawing at the dirt below.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A typical classroom, cheap dollar store Halloween decorations hang around the room without much thought in design.

Jovi sits towards the front of the class, she stares blankly at her desk, uncomfortable.

A TEACHER (40’s) paces in front of the classroom mid-lecture.

TEACHER
Considering it’s Halloween, I figured I’d give you guys the rest of the period to work on your final essays for the Gothic literature unit. If you have any questions or want some notes on what you have, just come up to my desk.

The teacher walks back behind a desk.
CLARA (17), whose insecurities show with her overkill of makeup, sits beside Jovi, she leans in.

CLARA
(quietly)
What are you being?

Jovi breaks out of her daze, like she forgot where she was.

JOVI
What?

CLARA
For Halloween?

JOVI
Oh, I don’t know, I haven’t even thought about it.

CLARA
You’re coming to my party tonight, right? You live across the street, you have no excuses.

Jovi looks at her, ready to say no but also not wanting to deal with the inevitable badgering.

JOVI
Yeah, sorry, I’m just really tired.

CLARA
What did you do last night? Oh right, it was Willa’s goodbye thing?

JOVI
Yeah, we just went to that construction house -

CLARA
Did you see Paige?

JOVI
What?

CLARA
Apparently that’s where everyone said they all were going before they went missing.

Jovi begins to grow paranoid.
JOVI
(concerned)
The news said her brother saw her at their house right before?

CLARA
Yeah I know, chill dude, I was just joking about seeing Paige. How hungover are you?

Jovi doesn’t respond.

Jovi looks back to see Curtis sitting towards the back.

He has his head in his hands, she continually looks back trying to get his attention.

TEACHER
Jovi? Need something?

Jovi looks to the teacher, she shakes her head. Clara sizes her up judgmentally.

Jovi starts writing a note to Curtis on a piece of paper.

Suddenly, the pen starts coarsely writing, jagged.

She removes the paper to see her desk surface is rough, splintering wood.

The lunch bell rings.

Jovi looks up, then back down, her desk is back to normal.

A wave of ailing overcomes her.

She jolts up and runs out of the class room gaining attention from most of the class.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - DAY

The old high school looks eerily bare, until crowds of students emerge with the sound of the bell.

Jovi and Grant sit in the bed of his truck, both in unease.

JOVI
I don’t know how to describe it,
I’ve never felt like this before.
GRANT
I know what you mean.

Curtis comes running up to Jovi and Grant.

CURTIS
Jovi, why'd you -

JOVI
I was trying to get your attention.

CURTIS
Sorry, my head has been pounding.

GRANT
You feel it too?

CURTIS
What are you talking about?

GRANT
I don’t know, we both just feel like fucking shit.

JOVI
Clara was telling me that Paige was at the construction house before she disappeared.

GRANT
Stop, Clara loves to fucking gossip.

CURTIS
She was?

GRANT
Guys, what are you worried about? We’re here now, aren’t we?

CURTIS
Yeah.

Jovi tries to control her breathing but her worry is apparent.

JOVI
How do you explain this then?

Grant looks at them both, trying to be logical but has the same questions himself.
GRANT
I don’t know.

JOVI
Can you drive me home, please? I can’t be here right now.

INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - DAY
Sunlight bleeds into the large windows framing Jovi’s front door. Her mother, GWYNETH (48), stands in a housecoat talking with Byron and Cathy mid-conversation.

GWYNETH
Yeah, are you sure she’s all right? Did you take her to the hospital?

BYRON
We we’re going to but as soon as we got back into town, she seemed okay again.

CATHY
I don’t know what’s going on, I know she’s upset but I really have never seen her like that.

GWYNETH
Don’t worry, she can stay here for as long as -

CATHY
She’s registered to start at the new school Monday, so just until then?

BYRON
We just have so much to do with the new house and have to get there.

GWYNETH
Seriously, it’s not a problem. Jovi will be thrilled.

CATHY
Thank you so much.

Jovi walks into the front door, she looks to her mom and then to Cathy and Byron in confusion.
A fluster of worry and alleviation, Jovi immediately runs upstairs.

INT. JOVI’S HOUSE – BEDROOM

Willa sits nervously on Jovi’s bed. A duffel bag sits by her fidgeting feet.

Jovi walks into the bedroom, she runs to Willa, they both hug in relief.

JOVI
What happened?

WILLA
I don’t know, we were driving and then all of the sudden I just felt so sick. I can’t - it felt like I was dying. I couldn’t breathe, it felt like I had no control.

Jovi consoles her, growing more nervous herself.

Tears start to fill Willa’s eyes.

WILLA
Then, my parents were heading to the hospital but as soon as we were going back through here, I felt normal again. Not normal, but -

JOVI
What do you feel now?

WILLA
Still sick but ever since last night, I feel like I’m being watched. Watched by a crowd, constantly. Even when I’m alone.

JOVI
I think I know what you mean.

Willa’s eyes dart to Jovi’s.

WILLA
What?
Willa looks to the ground, concern growing. She becomes distracted by her fingers, dirt embedded under the nails.

WILLA
What’s happening to us?

Jovi wants to comfort Willa but she’s scared herself.

A knock on the bedroom door.

JOVI
Yeah?

Willa wipes her eyes, composing herself.

Gwyneth walks in, she’s changed into work attire. She carries a large glass of water over to Willa.

WILLA
Thanks.

GWYNETH
You okay Hun?

Willa nods.

Gwyneth turns to Jovi.

GWYNETH
I have to head to work now, do you want me to drive you back to school?

JOVI
Mom, I’m not feeling great -

GWYNETH
Just because Willa’s here isn’t an excuse, you’re going back to school.

Gwyneth walks out of the bedroom leaving no room for excuses.

GWYNETH (O.S.)
I’ll be in the car, Jovi.

Jovi looks to Willa, hesitant.
JOVI
Are you going to be okay here?

WILLA
Yeah.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NURSES OFFICE - DAY

A claustrophobic, small, high school nurses office.

A rickety fan airs the space, potted plants are the only thing that contrasts the monochromatic white room.

Curtis sits on the patient bed. He continually dry swallows.

A NURSE holds a stick, she places her fingers under Curtis’s chin, positioning him

NURSE
Okay, open please.

Curtis opens his mouth, the nurse inspects.

She walks to a counter, changes instruments.

She then places a thermometer in his ear, she checks the temperature.

Curtis analyzes the various posters on the wall.

One poster catches his eye, an anti-drug poster listening the symptoms of withdrawal: vomiting, anxiety, agitation, insomnia, sweating, night terrors.

NURSE
I can’t find anything wrong Curtis.

CURTIS
I feel really sick.

The nurse walks over and looks at a binder on the counter.

NURSE
(skeptically)
And it looks like you’ve been sick a lot this year.

CURTIS
You really can’t find anything wrong with me?

The nurse walks over to the door, opening it suggestively.
NURSE

No, Curtis, and as much as I love spending time with you, you’ve got to go to class.

She raises her eyebrows routinely, Curtis gets up, a genuine sense of concern.

INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Willa sits on the unmade bed, a bottle of pain killers on the nightstand, water.

She holds her knees, she looks more at ease yet still unshakably feverish.

She lays back and looks at the ceiling until something catches her eye.

The top corner of the wallpaper droops.

Willa gets up in curiosity, she feels the wallpaper with her finger. Underneath, jagged wood. The sight immediately makes her unnerved.

She slowly grazes her finger across the wood, which unnaturally causes a sliver almost like a magnet reaction.

Willa recoils, she sucks the blood from her finger, eyes fixed on the exposed wood.

A dog BARKS aggressively breaking her out of her daze.

Willa looks down to a lab, playfully clawing at the bed. The sight brings Willa a sense of repose.

   WILLA
   Hey Coop.

She pets the dog, it looks up to her, restless.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The streets remain bare, kids at school, adults at work, it’s a ghost town.

Dry leaves scrape against the pavement along the sidewalk.

Willa walks the dog down the street, she looks around, notices her old house sitting bare, uninhabited.

She cuts through a pathway to a wooded area.
EXT. WOODS

Crumbling leaves carpet the grounds, trees dominate the area, dirt bike paths weave through the stumps.

Willa continues to walk further into the woods, she begins to breathe easier.

Willa stops in recognition of her sudden feeling of restoration.

She looks up the hill to see the construction house, peering through the skeleton trees.

She stops in her tracks, the last place she wants to be.

She takes a deep breath.

She continues walking towards the house as if she were desperately following the gaining repair of her well-being.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - FRONT

Willa cautiously approaches the house. It looks dauntingly large alone.

She begins studying the house, it looks different, worked on.

Sounds emerge from within the house, non-threatening, curious sounds.

Willa hesitates, then continues to walk towards the house.

The side is exposed through the beams.

Willa slowly walks around the house.

As she peeks around the corner, sounds dual breathing becomes prevalent.

She stops as soon as she gains sight, Grant and Jovi passionately having sex on the floor.

    JOVI
    (euphoric)
    Grant, yeah.

    GRANT
    You know how long I’ve been waiting for this.

Grant pins down Jovi’s arm with force.
Willa stands there, speechless, unable to process.

The dog starts barking.

    WILLA
    (quietly)
    Cooper, quiet.

Willa starts to back around the corner, almost as Grant and Jovi are out of sight they slowly turn their heads to the sound, demonic wide smiles, almost like ventriloquist dolls.

The dog continually barks.

The house creaks, something is moving closer.

Willa tugs at Cooper’s leash, she runs back into the wooded area, eyes still reading shock.

EXT. JOVI’S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

The shadows of late afternoon creep up the front lawn of Jovi’s house.

Willa sits on the front stoop, mind racing, she smokes a cigarette.

Grant’s truck pulls up to the house. Grant, Jovi, and Curtis all jump out.

    GRANT
    Willa, Jovi just told me -

Willa stands up, unable to make eye contact.

    WILLA
    (angrily)
    Did she?

Jovi walks up to Willa, she puts her hand on her arm, confused.

Willa shakes it off.

    JOVI
    What’s wrong? Did something happen?

Willa stares at both Jovi and Grant, dumbfounded.

    WILLA
    Are you two fucking kidding me?
GRANT
Willa, what are you talking about?

WILLA
Really? You know this makes it so much worse.

Curtis walks over to Willa, seemingly the only person she’s willing to let in.

CURTIS
Calm down, what’s going on?

WILLA
I went to the house.

Willa’s eyes dart to Jovi and Grant, expecting a realization.

The group just looks to each other in concern.

WILLA
I saw you two.

JOVI
Saw us? We weren’t at the house Willa.

WILLA
Oh bullshit, I saw you guys there fucking!

GRANT
Whoa, what?

Willa turns to Curtis for support.

CURTIS
Willa, I don’t have a class without Jovi or Grant. They were both at school.

JOVI
Are you serious Willa?

CURTIS
(reaffirming)
We’ve all been together all day.

Willa stands confused, unsure what to say.
WILLA
(disconcerted)
Guys, I’m not crazy.

She looks around rapidly, questioning her sanity.

GRANT
No one was at that house.

CURTIS
Wait, why were you?

WILLA
I don’t know, I was walking and I just - I didn’t feel sick when I was there.

Grant huffs in frustration, he grabs his keys and unlocks his truck.

JOVI
What are you doing?

GRANT
We’re going to figure out what the fuck is going on.

Curtis follows Grant.

Jovi looks to Willa in confirmation.

Willa doesn’t know what to think, she follows, but with arms crossed like shields.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Dark gray clouds roll over the house like waves curling from under the water.

The house stands, walls cover each side of the house now, leaving the openings of the windows and doors like black holes.

The house looks somehow further constructed, yet further rotted, worn.

The truck sits in front of the house, the exhaust pipe rattles.

Jovi and Curtis get out of the truck, their eyes fixated on the house.
CURTIS
Are you guys seeing this?

INT. TRUCK

Grant looks at the house through the windshield warily. He steps one foot out of the truck, he turns back to Willa.

Willa sits in the back seat trying to avoid eye contact with both the house and Grant.

GRANT
Willa -

WILLA
I don’t want to go in there.

GRANT
Please, just come with me, okay?

Willa hesitates. She opens the door, refusing to meet eyes.

Grant gets out of the truck, Willa watches as he approaches Jovi and Curtis.

She pauses for a moment, waiting in the car. Scared to go in the house, scared to be alone.

Through the windshield, Grant, Jovi, and Curtis all enter the front door of the house, the darkness consuming them as they enter.

Willa watches them enter, she takes a deep breath, then exits the truck.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE

The exposed beams are all now covered, the walls are a claustrophobic wooden maze.

The house is notably darker, light leeches in through cracks like rogue laser pointers.

Grant, Jovi, and Curtis all wander around cautiously, searching for anything, any sort of answer.

Willa follows, timid.

GRANT
Someone has to be fucking with us.
CURTIS
How is that possible?

GRANT
The house can’t be constructing itself, Curtis.

Jovi stands in one spot, she becomes aware of her breathing.

JOVI
It’s gone.

CURTIS
What’s gone?

JOVI
I don’t feel sick anymore.

Willa looks to Jovi, nodding in agreement.

The group studies each other, they all feel better.

CURTIS
I feel like I can breathe again.

WILLA
It was the worst when I was moving, it’s like the further we get from the house the sicker we get.

CURTIS
Like withdrawal.

A long, malevolent creak from upstairs grabs the attention of the group.

Grant starts walking up the groaning stairs.

Willa tries to avoid following, she wanders down a hall towards the living room.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The living room lets in minimal light, the sealed basement door is visible but the back corners of the room are masked by shadow.

Willa studies the room, she walks past a beam to see Curtis standing firmly, eerily still in the middle of the room.

Curtis glares at her, an aggressively unnatural wide smile. His finger twitches almost as if it were signaling to come closer.
CURTIS (O.S.)
Willa, come here!

Willa’s head jolts to the sound of Curtis’s voice, coming undeniably from upstairs.

With a sense of fear, Willa looks back to where she thought she just saw Curtis, a barely distinguishable shadow fades into the blackness.

She immediately backs out of the room quickly, staring in the same spot, trying to make sense of what she saw.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE – UPSTAIRS

Willa makes her way up the stairs, Jovi and Grant stand looking incredibly disturbed.

WILLA
Curtis?

Curtis exits one of the rooms, he looks equally as terrified.

CURTIS
Willa, you’ve got to see this.

WILLA
What?

Willa slowly walks down the hall, she glances into the rooms.

Immediately, the paranoia is shared throughout the group.

JOVI
(aghast)
It’s our bedrooms.

Each of the rooms Willa passes has a very specific wallpaper that looks like it’s growing on the walls like some sort of moss.

Willa slows herself down in anticipation to one of the final rooms at the end of the hall, what would be her own. With one glance in, the resemblance sends her running.

Grant catches her in his arms.

Willa’s eyes stay bracingly open, she breathes heavily.

Grant consoles her, stroking her back.
JOVI
Why is this happening to us?

CURTIS
What do we do?

An idea strikes Willa.

WILLA
There was something written.

GRANT
What did it say?

Willa hesitates to answer.

CURTIS
Where?

Willa points to the master bedroom, it remains the same, a wooden wasteland, dark and foreboding.

The group carefully makes their way into the room.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - BEDROOM

Wind tunnels through the rooms exposed walls. The group looks around, curious.

Willa makes her way to where her and Grant had their mattress set up.

The wall remains the same, draped by worn, dirty wallpaper.

She crouches down, the text still remains.

WILLA
(reading)
Don’t spend the night.

JOVI
Why didn’t you tell us this?

WILLA
(defensive)
How was I supposed to know this meant anything?

CURTIS
Can we just get the fuck out of here?
Grant feels along the rippling wallpaper. He starts peel at it, there’s more writing underneath.

The text in the wood looks like scratches, distinguishable, permanent.

As Grant continues to peel away, one message becomes clear: "THE HOUSE ALWAYS WINS."

The group share concerned glances.

JOVI
(reading)
Spend the night, play the game. The further you go, the worse it gets.
Only one can survive for it to end.
Once the house is complete, you can’t leave.

GRANT
(reading)
But the house always wins.

Below the original text "don’t spend the night" can be seen written repeatedly, wildly across the walls.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The late afternoon sun blazes through the large coffee shop windows. Few patrons sit sporadically throughout, minding their own business.

Jovi, Grant, Willa, and Curtis all sit together in a booth. No one is talking, their minds all separately racing.

A paleness re-emerges within all of them.

Jovi rubs her forehead in pain.

JOVI
It’s getting worse.

They all look to each other, she’s right.

CURTIS
What are we going to do.

WILLA
We can’t go back there.
JOVI
This feeling though, it’s -

WILLA
Jovi, we can’t, I don’t know what is happening right now, but nothing good will come from going back there.

CURTIS
It can’t be real, there’s no way. A game? If we stay away from that house, we’ll be fine.

JOVI
Will we? I feel like that house is all I think about when I’m not there. It’s like it’s inside of me.

WILLA
Can we please make a promise not to go back?

Jovi looks reluctant, but she knows she shouldn’t.

JOVI
I promise.

CURTIS
Yeah, me too.

They look to Grant, who hasn’t been listening at all, he’s still desperately trying to find a logical answer.

WILLA
Grant?

GRANT
What? Yeah.

WILLA
Were you even listening?

GRANT
I just don’t understand.

WILLA
None of us do.

GRANT
Why were you standing in that closet?
WILLA
What?

GRANT
You were just standing there, smiling at me.

WILLA
Grant, that never happened -

CURTIS
Guys, you can’t fucking believe anything you see in that house, it’s fucking with us, okay?

Grant shakes his head.

WILLA
We just have to never go back.

GRANT
Or we do go back, one more time.

JOVI
What?

GRANT
And we burn it to the fucking ground.

Jovi and Curtis are intrigued, Willa immediately hates the idea but also acknowledges that it might be the only one.

INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Curtis places down a plastic bag of various items on Jovi’s antique vanity desk. The bag has a bunch of flammable items and fire starters, two masks.

Jovi paces around the room, sweating, scratching her arm like a drug addict.

JOVI
Let me go with you.

CURTIS
Jovi, you can’t leave Willa here by herself.

Jovi nods, she knows he’s right.
JOVI
Can’t we just wait in the truck there? We’ll feel so much better.

CURTIS
We’re going to be extremely fast, okay? Just try to sleep.

Jovi rolls her eyes, like that’s a possibility.

The doorbell goes off repeatedly downstairs. Jovi’s mother catering to the kids.

KIDS (O.S.)
(faintly)
Trick or treat?

Willa sits on Jovi’s bed, wearing an over-sized sweater, no pants. She rests her head on her knees, Grant softly rubs her back.

WILLA
Don’t go.

GRANT
Willa -

WILLA
Please don’t go.

Willa looks into Grant’s eyes.

GRANT
I hate it, but I’m just as scared as you are. I have no idea what to do.

Willa looks unimpressed.

GRANT
But I can’t just wait here. We have to do something. Right now, this is all I can think of.

Willa nods.

Grant gets up and walks over to Curtis. He grabs the two masks, plastic, ominous, devil masks.

Curtis slips it on, he looks to Willa and Jovi and lights one of the lighters.
CURTIS
Let’s do this.

Grant slips on a mask, he looks at himself in the mirror, his eyes look dead, soulless.

Willa watches him in the mirror, she turns on her side, just wanting it all the over with.

EXT. JOVI’S HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Dark purple skies bleed into the glowing evening blue.

Young children and their parents begin trick or treating down the street.

Jack-o-lanterns illuminate the paths to the suburban houses.

Grant and Curtis walk out of Jovi’s front door past trick-or-treaters. Their masks amplifying their heavy breathing.

They get into the truck.

INT. TRUCK

Grant and Curtis look up through the windshield.

Jovi stares down from the bedroom window, stony-eyed. She turns back and closes the blinds.

They sit in silence for a moment, trying to be brave but their fear is apparent.

Grant puts the truck in reverse.

GRANT
Ready?

CURTIS
Yeah.

The truck slowly reverses out of the driveway.

INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Willa and Jovi lay in her bed, sweat-soaked sheets raveled around their limbs.

Willa lays facing the wall, she stares prominently at a corner where wood subtly intrudes.
Her eyes sink in unease and exhaustion, her eye lids continually growing heavier.

Jovi lightly lets her fingers graze through Willa’s hair, yet she looks visibly more uncomfortable.

Jovi moves a strand of Willa’s hair revealing the back of her neck, veins are visible, dark.

Jovi swallows dryly, she twists and turns her body to find any position that feels bearable.

She starts scratching her wrists, something jabs her finger.

She looks down to her forearm, her veins look like they are filled with black ink.

A small puncture near her wrist. She analyzes it, it looks like her vein is emerging as a sliver.

JOVI
Willa?

Jovi looks over to Willa who is now completely asleep. She sits up, her back arched, her frail arms supporting her weakness.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

The truck sits in front of the construction house, the headlights beam, lighting the face of the house.

Curtis and Grant stand, staring it down. The yellow sliver of the moon hangs overhead, looking out of focus in the overcast sky.

CURTIS
Let’s finish this.

Curtis grabs a bottle of whiskey from the bed of Grant’s truck, he passes one to Grant.

The two lift their masks over their mouths, taking a swig.

GRANT
Here.

Grant passes Curtis a rag.

The two stuff the rags into their bottles, they shake it, creating a Molotov cocktail.
They nod to each other, holding lighters up to the rags. The flame catches and the two hurl their bottles at the house.

One breaks through an upstairs window, one shoots through an opening.

They wait anxiously, expecting billowing smoke, flames, anything.

Nothing.

CURTIS
What the fuck?

Curtis moves closer.

GRANT
Just wait.

Nothing.

Their eyes shift to every area of the house at high speed. Through one of the larger windows, shadows move by.

GRANT
Did you see that?

CURTIS
Don’t Grant, it’s not real.

The shadows move throughout the openings of the house, tauntingly.

Grant starts walking closer to the entrance of the house.

CURTIS
What are you doing? Get back here.

GRANT
I’m doing what we came here to do.

Grant grabs more flammable liquids from the bed of the truck, carefully entering the house.

Curtis looks around nervously.

He lowers his mask and follows Grant into the house reluctantly.
INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Willa remains in a deep sleep. Branches scratch against the bedroom windows.

The moonlight creates vein-like shadows across the room from the whisking trees.

Jovi sits in the corner of the room, she trembles, her hands sturdily planted on the carpet.

She continually tries to close her eyes trying to avoid the terror that consumes her mind.

The doorbell rings. Jovi waits to hear her mom answer.

Nothing.

Jovi looks around her room, a vintage doll house catches her eye. It sits hauntingly in the shadows.

The doorbell rings.

Jovi massages her temples, the sound violent to her senses.

The doorbell rings again.

Willa’s leg twitches.

JOVI

Willa?

Willa remains in slumber.

The doorbell rings again, Jovi can barely handle it. She slowly gets up and walks to her door.

INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Jovi walks into the hallway. The house is dark, the front door downstairs remains unattended to.

JOVI

Mom?

She continues to walk down the hall. Her mother’s room sits empty, doors wide open.

The television plays, distorted, intruded by spurts of static.

The sounds of the "Wizard of Oz" play from the television, but they skip like a scratched disc.
DOROTHY (O.S.)
There’s no place like home. There’s
no place like home. There’s no
place like home. There’s no place
like home.

Jovi approaches the television and shuts it off.

Silence.

Dishes CRASH from downstairs. Jovi follows the sound down the staircase.

INT. Jovi’S HOUSE – KITCHEN

Jovi cautiously approaches the kitchen, flescent lights fill the room.

The doorbell rings again.

KIDS (O.S.)
Trick or treat.

Jovi looks back to the kitchen, she turns a corner, a broken dish lays on the ground.

JOVI
Mom?

Jovi’s mom Gwyneth stands still, facing the sink. Jovi stares her down, something isn’t right.

JOVI
Mom?

GWYNETH (calmly)
Yes?

JOVI (desperate)
I don’t feel well, I think I really need help.

Her mom stands there, static.

JOVI (pleading)
MOM?
GWYNETH
(quietly)
This isn’t your house.

JOVI
What?

GWYNETH
This. Isn’t. Your. House.

Jovi slowly reaches her hand out to her mom’s shoulder.

Gwyneth jolts around, she stands chillingly superior over her.

Her face upside down, a slowly growing smile crawling abnormally across her skull.

Jovi jumps back, startled.

GWYNETH
(chanting)
You don’t live here anymore. You don’t live here anymore. You don’t live here anymore. You don’t live here anymore.

Jovi screams, she backs up, looking like she’s going to be sick.

EXT. JOVI’S HOUSE – FRONT

Jovi bolts out of the front door, she almost falls limply against the brick wall.

She takes a moment, catching her breath.

Costumed kids roam the streets.

Jovi builds up the energy and continues to run across the street into a wooded area.

EXT. WOODS

Jovi runs to the best of her ability, the trees helping as a constant support for her to catch her breath.

She begins to run easier, strengthening.

Jovi stops for a moment, she takes a deep breath, rolling her neck back, basking in the revitalization like a high.
She brings her head back down to see the construction house in the distance. She almost smiles at the sight of it, followed by horror.

She continues to walk forwards.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - FRONT

The house stands, dark, ominous. The house looks more complete, almost decorated yet soulless.

The windows and openings all remain a dark void.

INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Willa lays asleep, the bedroom door creaks gently against the frame, barely open.

Branches graze the windows like nails on a chalkboard.

Willa’s eyes open to the piercing sound. She stares at the ceiling, at first calmly then a rush of paranoia sinks back into her.

Her eyes follow the ceiling to the wall behind her as she begins to notice the wall is completely wood. She immediately recoils off of the bed.

She stands, looking around, skittishly.

    WILLA
    Jovi?

She realizes she’s alone.

Willa slowly walks backwards, she cringes in pain. Looking down, a rogue, rusty nail sticks out of the carpet.

Blood streams from her foot.

    WILLA
    (panicked)
    Jovi?

Willa walks over to the night stand, she grabs her cell phone and dials Jovi.

No answer.

A thumping of a loud bass vibrates the window. Willa walks over to the sound.
She looks out the window, Clara’s Halloween party rages down the street. Drunken teenagers fill the lawn.

Willa becomes distracted as four people stand motionless against a fence across the street. Masked, they all stare directly at her.

Willa backs away.

The masked people eventually move along, revealing it was just a group of guys peeing against a fence wearing their masks backwards.

Willa tries to calm herself, she watches the guys walk back over to the party when she realizes Grant’s truck is parked out front of Clara’s house.

She stares at it puzzled.

She checks her phone again.

Suddenly, the bedroom door behind her SLAMS shut.

Willa spins back to the door.

WILLA
Jovi, is that you? Mrs. Coleman?

The door remains shut.

Willa looks back at Grant’s truck again, then back to the door. She nervously approaches.

She slowly places her hand on the doorknob, turning it carefully.

She opens the door, the hallway is that of the construction house.

Willa slams it back shut, she breathes heavily holding the door shut in disbelief.

She leans her head against the wall, wanting to reconfirm what she saw, yet scared to know.

Her hand lingers on the knob.

She slowly reopens it.

The hallway remains that of the construction house, except now a masked figure CHARGES towards her, weapon in hand.

Willa slams the door shut, she locks it immediately.
Something BANGS profusely against the door. It shakes against the door frame.

BANG.

BANG.

Each slam grows more violent.

Willa screams, she covers her ears. She runs to the window, sliding it open.

BANG.

BANG.

Willa contorts herself in through the window onto the outside roof, her eyes filled with terror, staring at the door.

EXT. JOVI’S HOUSE - FRONT

Willa scrapes her bare legs as she slides quickly down the shingled roof.

She makes her way to a drain pipe, managing to maneuver her way down onto the grass below, siding the driveway.

Willa collapses onto the ground, weak. She coughs, almost vomits, a line of spit expelling from her dry lips.

She wipes her sweater sleeve on her mouth. Catches her breath.

Willa brings herself to her feet, she looks around terror-stricken.

Those celebrating Halloween continue on the streets, a normal night.

She walks to the end of the driveway, her eyes adjust to Grant’s truck down the street.

Willa runs.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY

Costumed teenagers drunkenly wander and smoke outside of the house party in full swing.

Smashed pumpkins sprawl all over the driveway.
Willa runs up to the Grant’s truck, only in a large sweater. She desperately peers through the truck windows. Completely empty.

She looks around in distress.

Two GUYS approach Willa, she can barely recognize anyone in costume.

WILLA
Have you seen Grant?

The two guys look at each other.

GUY
(drunkenly)
Oh yeah, I’m Grant.

The two laugh, childishly.

Willa grits her teeth. She runs up the lawn past people to the front door.

INT. HOUSE PARTY

The walls vibrate with the pounding music. The lights have all been replaced with colored lights, neon green and blue lights pulse consistently. The atmosphere is disorienting.

Teenagers pack the house, an uncomfortable amount of masks, people roam sloppily unidentifiable.

In the distance of the crowd, a recognizable devil mask moves further away. Willa looks up with a sense of hope.

She pushes through the crowd, following.

A fog machine repeatedly blows out hazy white smoke.

WILLA
(yelling)
GRANT!

Willa’s yells are no match to the ear-blasting music.

She aggressively pushes through the crowd. She looks around, she’s lost him.

She leans against a wall, catching her breath, sweat drips down her forehead, pale as a ghost.
VOICE (O.S.)
Willa?

Willa jolts her head to see Clara, dressed up as a slutty Queen of Hearts.

CLARA
Are you going to be sick?

Willa shakes her head.

A teenager dressed as a super hero, JOSH, pushes past Clara.

JOSH
(jokingly)
I can take care of her.

Everyone seems incredibly predatory.

CLARA
Shut it Josh, you tool.

JOSH
Want some water?

Josh hands Willa a cup, she drinks it quickly, soon to spit it out, clearly alcohol.

JOSH
Willa, wanna go home?

Willa looks up to him, a look of rage.

CLARA
What are you on? No offense but you look like shit, unless that’s your costume.

WILLA
Have you seen Grant?

CLARA
No. I did see Jovi though.

Willa’s eyes light up.

WILLA
Where is she?

CLARA
I don’t fucking know, that was awhile ago, she looked like she might have drank too much. I’m (MORE)
CLARA (cont’d)
pretty sure she was looking for you.

Willa immediately builds the strength to get up, she pushes through the crowd, Clara gives her a dirty look.

She comes to a window, she spots Grant’s truck, the engine running.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY

Willa runs out the front door, she pushes past people on the lawn who look at her like she’s crazy.

Grant’s truck starts driving down the street.

Willa chases after.

WILLA
(screaming)

GRANT!

The truck slowly comes to a stop in the middle of the street, the red brake lights reflecting the pavement below.

Willa walks up to the passenger side of the truck, Grant sits in the front, he looks dead straight ahead.

INT. TRUCK

Willa gets into the passenger side, completely a wreck.

The truck slowly inches down the street.

Grant just sits there, hands gripping the wheel, eyes fixated, he pays no attention to her. His devil mask sits on the back of his head, pulled up, revealing his face.

WILLA
Grant? What happened?

Grant doesn’t respond.

WILLA
Grant, talk to me. Where’s Curtis?
Jovi?

GRANT
We can’t win.
WILLA
What?

GRANT
It won’t burn, the house it’s fucking finishing itself. We can’t stop it.

WILLA
What do you mean? What are we going to do?

GRANT
I don’t know.

Grant still remains staring ahead.

WILLA
Grant, would you look at me?

His eyes quickly drift to her but he can’t hold eye contact.

Grant grits his teeth, he clenches his hands on the steering wheel, knuckles white.

GRANT
I can’t.

WILLA
What happened? Grant, please.

Willa senses an undeniable rage towards her.

WILLA
Did you see something at the house?

With the question, Grant breathes heavier, it’s clear he did.

GRANT
Get out.

WILLA
What?

GRANT
(aggressively)
Get out of the truck Willa.

WILLA
(desperately)
Grant, you know it’s not real, it’s the fucking house.
Grant remains silent.

WILLA
Grant!

Grant’s breathing grows heavier, it feels like in any second he could get violent, like he could just snap.

WILLA
Grant, please, talk to me. You can’t believe what you saw. Please!

Grant slowly pulls down his devil mask, he turns his head to her, an uncomfortable eye contact.

Willa grows unbearably nervous, she opens the door.

EXT. STREET

Willa gets out of the truck, the curved streetlights lining the street arch over her like skeletal ribs.

Willa closes the door, she slowly backs away, unsure.

The truck’s exhaust rattles as it bolts down the street.

Willa watches the truck speed into the distance, terrified, she brushes her fingers through her hair in stress.

She looks around, directionless. She starts walking back down the street.

She walks by one house, which has a Halloween lawn decoration, devil scarecrow, planted into the grass. She avoids eye contact with it.

As she passes, the scarecrow leans, falling to the ground, appearing like it’s creepily watching Willa as she passes.

Willa looks back behind her, she picks up her pace.

EXT. JOVI’S HOUSE – FRONT

Willa makes it back to Jovi’s house, she stands at the end of the driveway. Something looks off.

The front door hangs wide open, like someone had broken in.

Willa cautiously approaches.
INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER

Willa walks into the house, everything is destroyed.

Couches are ripped apart, lamps smashed on the ground, blinds torn, the place is a disaster. It looks like someone was desperately searching for something.

Willa looks around, walking carefully through the chaos.

    WILLA
    Jovi?

Silence.

Willa continues to walk forwards, the sounds of whimpering are heard.

    WILLA
    Jovi?

Willa follows the sound into the kitchen.

INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Willa reluctantly saunters into the kitchen, her eyes follow the destruction that continues throughout the house.

Jovi sits in the corner of the room, her arms wrapped around her knees, her head down.

    WILLA
    Jovi! What the fuck happened?

    JOVI
    I went back to the house, I had to.

Jovi looks up slowly, tears stream down her face.

    WILLA
    Who did this?

    JOVI
    (sobbing)
    I - I was looking -

Jovi can barely speak over her crying.

Willa approaches her to console.
WILLA
Looking for what?

Willa crouches down, she puts her hand on Jovi’s quivering shoulder.

JOVI
I was looking -

A wild rage jolts into Jovi’s eyes.

JOVI
(aggressive)
I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU.

Jovi reveals a large kitchen knife, she STABS Willa in the side of the stomach.

Willa falls into the fetal position, her eyes wide in shock, pain. She gasps for air.

Jovi stands up, she wipes her tear stained face, a look of fury. She grips the bloody knife.

WILLA
(gasping)
Jovi, stop, what fuck are you doing?

Willa pulls herself against the linoleum. Blood spills out of her, she drags herself leaving a trail of blood.

Jovi stands over her, courting her.

JOVI
(hysterical)
It was you. It was fucking you.

Jovi raises the knife above her head.

Willa desperately reaches for a piece of a broken dish on the floor.

Just as Jovi’s in mid-plunge, Willa swings her arm, violently lodging a piece of sharp ceramic into Jovi’s leg.

Jovi falls to the ground.

Willa gasps for air, she holds her wound, crawling backwards from Jovi.

Jovi writhes on the floor, painfully removes the piece of ceramic embedded in her leg.
WILLA
Jovi, stop, why are you doing this?

Willa pulls herself off of the floor, she begins running in pain down the hallway.

Jovi stabs the kitchen knife into the floor, using it as leverage to get herself up. She limps, staring wildly ahead in Willa’s tracks.

INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Willa, looks around panicked in pain, she tries to open one of the doors but it’s locked.

She spins around, Jovi’s standing at the other end of the hallway, knife in hand.

Willa slowly backs away, holding her wound with one hand, trying to tell Jovi to stop with the other.

WILLA
Jovi - please!

JOVI
The police couldn’t release the name of the drunk driver, little did I know it was fucking you.

WILLA
Jovi, you know that is not true. We were together. Remember?

JOVI
It was my fucking dad and you just acted so fucking innocent, you’re sick.

WILLA
(pleading)
Stop, please, we were together, Jovi! Please, it’s the house, you know it’s the house.

Jovi charges towards Willa.

Willa runs towards the front door, just as she’s about to escape, Jovi grabs her hair pulling her back. She raises her knife once again.

Willa raises her leg and slams it into Jovi’s wounded leg.
Jovi falls to one knee. Willa falls to her knees but throws her arms forward, pushing her body out the door, fighting for her life.

EXT. JOVI’S HOUSE – FRONT

Willa slowly raises herself on the mailbox.

Jovi gets up, both hands clenched around the knife. Willa ducks, just as Jovi vengefully pushes through the doorway, Willa SLAMS the front door shut, catching Jovi’s forearm.

The door swings back open, Jovi falls to the ground, her arm broken. She screams in pain.

Willa backs up, Jovi can’t push through the pain to chase her.

Tears stream down Willa’s face.

    WILLA
    I’m sorry, please.

Jovi stares at her, her eyes wildly demonic, no room for convincing.

EXT. STREET

Willa limps in pain as she runs down the street to the best of her ability.

Costumed people continue to walk down the street, people look to Willa casually, like she’s part of some elaborate Halloween prank.

She cries, struggling, blood sliding down her legs.

An overly decorated house sits nearby. A group of ADULTS sit in plastic chairs on the lawn having drinks.

Willa falls to her knees on the grass near them.

Some of them laugh at the sight, unable to fully see her pain.

One of the women, SANDRA (late 30’s) gets up in concern.

    SANDRA
    Honey, are you okay?

Willa gasps in pain.
Sandra approaches her, worry overwhelms her as she see’s Willa’s blood stained sweater.

One of the men, TIM (late 30’s) rolls his eyes.

TIM
(scoffing)
It’s a god damn costume Sandra.

SANDRA
Talk to me, are you okay?

Sandra crouches down to Willa’s aid, Willa writhes in pain, her face pale, she looks terrible.

SANDRA
(yelling)
Jesus, Tim, start the car.

TIM
What?

SANDRA
We need to get this girl to a hospital.

Tim jumps up to the tone of Sandra’s dead serious voice.

TIM
What happened?

SANDRA
It looks like she’s been stabbed.

Sandra pulls back Willa’s hair.

Tim runs to his car, he starts the engine.

SANDRA
We’re going to get you to the hospital, okay Hun?

Tim dials the police in his phone.

Willa shakes her head.

WILLA
No. Please.

SANDRA
What are you trying say?
WILLA
I can’t go there.

SANDRA
You need to get to the hospital.

WILLA
No, I can’t go that far. I can’t –

SANDRA
Tim, help me carry her to the car.

Willa struggles but manages to get up and push past Tim and Sandra. She bolts to the car, opening the door.

INT. CAR
Willa breathes erratically, shaking in fear. She quickly slams the car door shut and locks it.

Sandra and Tim bang on the windows, Willa cries avoiding eye contact.

She puts the car in drive and slams her foot on the peddle.

Tears stream down Willa’s face as she drives down the street, she looks to her rear view mirror to see Sandra and Tim chasing after her.

INT. JOVI’S HOUSE - BEDROOM
Jovi screams in pain. She kneels in the middle of her bedroom, her arm limp on the ground.

She looks around, having a panic attack, like she’s finally coming to her senses. Still, the pain and perpetual sickness weighs her down, motionless.

JOVI
(screaming)
SOMEBODY HELP ME!

Jovi cries, sinking her head in defeat.

VOICE (O.S.)
(eerie)
Who’s home?

Jovi looks to her bedroom door. The door is shut.

She remains silent.
A knock.

Jovi’s eyes dart to the origin of the sound. The knock, sounding like it came from her closed closet doors.

She quietly slides herself over to her bedroom door. A knock.

She stares fearfully at her closet.

Jovi slowly opens her bedroom door to see the construction house hallway.

She stares at it, her body shakes.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - HALLWAY

Jovi remains in her bedroom, she looks out at the dark hallway.

She reluctantly crawls into the hallway, immediately taking a huge gasp of relief.

She brings herself to stand up, the strength rebuilding her from being back in the house. Her arm remains dangling, useless.

Jovi looks around the house, shuttering at every creak.

At the end of the hallway, down the staircase, a light consistently flashes.

She nervously approaches the light, each ominous creaking sound comes from a different area propelling her to move forward.

The creaks grow louder, longer, it’s clear she’s not alone in the house.

She checks her surroundings, walking down the staircase.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - FRONT FOYER

The house is a labyrinth of wooden walls. The yellow light strobes, illuminating the downstairs from the otherwise blackness.

Jovi cautiously walks throughout, following the light, her path is only visible every other second with each flash.
Her hand trembles as she holds the wall to guide her, like she were walking through a carnival haunted house.

She finally makes it to the front of the house, the door open wide to reveal the source of the light.

Grant’s truck sits right in front of the house. The lights off, but the turning signal on.

Jovi shields her eyes from the light, trying to gain vision of Grant’s truck.

VOICE (O.S.)
(softly)
Who’s home?

From behind her, with each flash we see a masked person, quickly running down the hallway, holding a large wooden plank with nails piercing jaggedly through the end.

It’s unclear whether it’s Grant or Curtis or someone else entirely.

Jovi slowly turns around, she screams.

The masked man viciously swings the plank, plunging it down onto her. Blood flies, Jovi falls to the ground.

She looks up, her eyes twitching. She tries to speak but blood flows profusely out of her mouth.

He stands above her, with each strobe of light his devil mask looks more grimacing.

He tilts his head, watching her struggle then holds up the plank again.

SMACK.

Jovi lays lifeless.

He drags her body down the hallway into the darkness.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The streets are empty, quiet, only the subtle chirping of crickets fill the air.

Willa’s car comes trudging down the road, it stops carelessly against a curb.

Willa weakly emerges from the car, she coughs profusely, hand glued to her wound.
She looks down the street to one of the only houses still casting light from an open garage. She runs towards the house.

    WILLA
    (yelling)
    Curtis!

INT. CURTIS’S HOUSE - GARAGE

Curtis sits on a lawn chair in the center of the garage. He slams back a bottle of booze. A cigarette dangles from his fingers.

His devil mask, distressed, conceals his face. He stares ahead.

Willa comes running up the driveway, a sense of hope gleams from her tear-filled eyes.

    WILLA
    Curtis!

Curtis watches her, he takes a long drag of his cigarette. Willa bursts into tears as she approaches him.

    WILLA
    Please, Curtis, you have to help me!

    CURTIS
    How?

    WILLA
    Jovi, she’s fucking -

    CURTIS
    Stop. Don’t you get it?

    WILLA
    What?

    CURTIS
    Only one of us can survive this thing.

Curtis grabs holds a long stick beside him. He pulls it to reveal it’s the handle of a sledgehammer.

Willa backs away.
Willa
Curtis please, trust me, we can survive this, okay? We need each other.

Curtis shakes his head.

Curtis
I always liked you Willa.

Willa cries, shaking her head in disbelief.

Curtis
Which is why I’m going to give you a head start. Get ready.

Willa
What? Curtis, no!

Curtis stands up, threateningly. He grips the end of the sledgehammer.

Curtis
Five.

Willa stands in disbelief.

Curtis
Four.

Willa looks into his eyes, which grow more menacing. She realizes she has no choice but to run.

She starts running down the driveway.

Curtis
Three.

Curtis raises the sledgehammer.

Curtis
Two.

Willa (O.S.)
(screaming)
SOMEBODY HELP ME!!

Curtis
One.

Curtis walks quickly with a vengeance down the driveway.
EXT. STREET

Willa runs as fast as she can manage, she looks back Curtis approaches quickly.

She makes it to where she left the car, she struggles to open the door, unable to control her shaking.

Curtis begins sprinting with the sledgehammer ready to strike.

She tears open the door.

INT. CAR

Willa races to start the car, it stalls. She screams as she tries to start the ignition.

SMASH.

The sledgehammer comes shattering through the windshield. Glass showers down on Willa.

She crawls rapidly to the backseat, flinging the door open.

EXT. STREET

Willa falls out the side door, glass pouring onto the pavement after her.

House lights start to turn on from the brash sounds, dogs bark in the distance.

Willa races to get up, scurrying down the street, running for her life.

Curtis pulls the sledgehammer out of the remaining windshield.

He swings it over his shoulder and walks over the hood of the car.

Curtis stands on top of the car for a moment, watching Willa run down the street, studying her path.

Curtis lowers his sledgehammer, he knows where she’s going. He jumps off the trunk of the car, runs in pursuit.

Willa runs, weakly but powers through, she constantly looks back, terrified.

Their feet smack against the pavement, echoing.
She spots her old house in the distance, she knows it’s her only chance of safety. She grunts in pain.

EXT. WILLA’S HOUSE - FRONT

The security lights of Willa’s old house illuminate as she runs onto the driveway. She looks back, Curtis is too close to make any mistakes.

She runs to the front door, it’s locked.

She screams. Curtis is quickly on her trail. She runs to her garage and frantically enters her pin into the garage opener.

Her fingers shake, Curtis is sprinting, dangerously close.

The garage door hums as it slowly begins to lift.

Willa falls to the ground, rolling under the garage door. The door continues to lift.

INT. WILLA’S HOUSE - GARAGE

The door continues to lift, Curtis is at the end of the driveway.

Willa fights with all of her might to lift herself onto her feet, gasping in pain.

She spins around, pulls the emergency string on the garage. Just in time the garage door goes CRASHING down.

THUD, a small dent as Curtis angrily swings at the garage door.

Willa catches her breath, her lungs wheezing. She limps to the door into the house.

INT. WILLA’S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Willa walks into her old house. She stands there for a moment, regaining her strength.

She looks around, her old house sits completely empty. She controls her breathing, desperately searching for an idea.

The house has nothing to use for defense, nowhere to hide.

Curtis’s shadow can be seen in the windows passing by, it’s only a matter of time until he finds his way in.
She falls to her knees, the sickness at an all time peak. After a couple of deep breaths, she trembles as she raises herself back to her feet.

A window SMASHES in the distance.

Curtis is in the house.

Willa, trying to not make a sound, slowly makes her way to the staircase. She lightly jogs up the stairs.

The sound of the sledgehammer grazing the ground grows closer.

INT. WILLA’S HOUSE – WASHROOM

Willa makes her way up the stairs, she bolts into the washroom. She looks around, nothing of use.

She looks at herself in the mirror, horrified at her appearance.

On a whim, she pulls off the shower curtain and uses her elbow to smash the mirror.

Shards of glass fall to the ground, the sound echoes throughout the hollow house.

The staircase creaks, steps are heard.

Willa struggles, she wraps the shower curtain around her fist, intertwining a bouquet of jagged mirror.

Footsteps move closer, until they suddenly stop.

Silence.

Willa waits, trembling as she holds her fist out.

    CURTIS (O.S.)
    That’s seven years bad luck.

    WILLA
    (under her breath)
    Fuck you.

The sledgehammer comes smashing through the side wall. Willa ducks, she falls to her knees.

She looks up to the bathroom door, the knob is gone, a vacant hole.
As the dust of the drywall subsides, Willa quickly inserts the shards into the hole.

Curtis stands looking for her. She slams the door backwards, catching Curtis in between the door and the wall.

He screams in pain. The shards go twisting into his side.

She holds the door against him with all of her might.

They make eye contact, tears stream down Willa’s face.

Curtis outperforms Willa’s strength. He pushes the door, the shards fall to the ground.

Willa runs down the hallway.

INT. WILLA’S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Willa runs into her bedroom, she slams the door shut behind her, she looks around, the pain taking over her adrenaline.

She looks around her room, the walls look irregular, wooden. Nails exposed, beams in the ceiling, she realizes she’s not at her house anymore.

A breath of fresh air, she immediately feels more strength, the construction house returning her high.

She looks at the bedroom door in fear.

INT. WILLA’S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Curtis struggles to get up, he holds the sink. Blood spills onto the tiled floor, filling the grouts between the tiles.

He stumbles over to the door, opens it, the hallway of the construction house.

He looks in confusion, then in a sense of comfort, controlling his breathing.

He grips his sledgehammer, ready for the showdown.
EXT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - FRONT

The construction house sits in the dead of the night, sinister.

The house is complete, it looks like a regular home in the boonies, yet it’s dark, worn, unwelcoming.

The deteriorated front door of the house slams shut. It’s on.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - HALLWAY

Willa creeps the door open, she nervously walks down the hallway.

The house creaks wildly.

She makes it to the staircase, she slowly walks down the stairs, the creaks making it impossible to be silent.

As she walks down the stairs we see Grant, standing over the banister, watching her through his mask.

She spins around to see Grant.

Willa backs up against the wall, scared.

    GRANT
    Willa, wait, I won’t hurt you I promise.

Willa stares at him, distrust.

    WILLA
    I don’t believe you.

    GRANT
    Seriously, Willa, it’s the house, I know that. We can do this together. Believe me, okay?

Willa shakes her head, crying.

    GRANT
    Trust me, please.

Grant pleads, a sincerity in his voice.

She doesn’t know what to believe.
GRANT
I could never hurt you, you know that.

CURTIS (O.S.)
Guess who came to play?
Curtis emerges from behind Grant, he slams his sledgehammer to his leg.
Grant falls in pain.
Willa screams. She seizes the opportunity, continues running down the stairs.
Grant pulls out a knife, he stabs Curtis, he falls to his knees.
The two wrestle violently. Savages.
Grant gets on top of Curtis, he grabs the sledgehammer, holding the handle up to his neck.
Curtis writhes, struggling.
He claws at Grant’s face, removing the mask.

GRANT
(screaming)
Willa, run! Get out of the house!

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - FRONT FOYER
Willa runs to the front door, she tries repeatedly to open it but the door does not budge. Trapped.
Her limbs tremor, she screams as she pounds furiously at the door. She runs to each of the windows, no luck.
The crashing and thrashing of Curtis and Grant echoes.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - HALLWAY
Curtis manages to push Grant off of him.
Grant rolls over on the ground. As he tries to get up, Curtis grabs a hold of his head.
He drags him over to an open window, the window they had previously thrown a Molotov cocktail in.
Spiked glass shards line the bottom ridge of the frame.
Curtis holds Grant’s head high then slams it into the window frame.

Shards of glass and blood pour down Grant’s face in a diagonal line.

Grant slips out of Curtis’s grip, he crawls quickly out of his reach to the sledgehammer.

Curtis spins around.

Grant raises the sledgehammer, he plunges it down on Curtis’s shoulder.

Curtis falls in agony.

Grant catches his breath, he raises the sledgehammer again, SMACK.

Curtis lays dead. Gruesome. Blood puddles, staining through the wooden floors.

Grant drops the sledgehammer, he backs up, shaking.

GRANT
(screaming)
WILLA?

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - LIVING ROOM
Willa runs into the living room, she looks around desperately for an escape.

GRANT (O.S.)
(screaming)
WILLA, WHERE ARE YOU? I WON’T HURT YOU I PROMISE.

Willa cries, she notices the basement door.

Grant can be heard walking down the staircase.

Willa panics, she tears off the beam sealing the door. The beam spews out rusty nails, the perfect weapon.

Willa holds it.

Footsteps grow closer.

Willa opens the basement door.
INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - BASEMENT

The basement is threateningly dark. The only light entering from small basement windows on parallel sides of the concrete walls.

The end of the night and beginning of the morning light seeps into the basement.

She shuts the door quietly, she slowly walks down the stairs, hard to see.

The stairs fail her, she slips falling to the ground.

THUD.

Willa winces in pain, she tries to find a way to get herself up. Gruesome squishing sounds.

Willa’s eyes adjust and immediately fill with terror. She lies in a pit of rotted dead bodies. Jovi lays, mangled yet fresh compared to the rest.

Paige lays disfigured, barely recognizable.

Willa holds back her scream.

She crawls in disgust towards clear concrete ground.

She sits on her knees, a wreck, at her last straw.

Cold metal grazes the back of her head, her eyes widen.

    VOICE (O.S.)
    Don’t fucking move.

Willa turns, NATHAN, Grant’s brother stands above her, trembling as he holds a gun to her head.

She immediately recognizes him, she’s speechless, bewildered.

    WILLA
    Nathan? What are you doing here?

Tears stream down Nathan’s face, he looks like he’s been through hell, completely unstable.

    NATHAN
    (trembling)
    I hate that it had to come to this.

The gun shakes in his hand.
WILLA
What are you talking about? What the fuck is going on?

NATHAN
I can’t do it anymore. I can’t -

WILLA
What?

NATHAN
Don’t you get it?

Willa looks around, a supply of food, jugs of water, it looks like a jail cell, like he’s been living here.

WILLA
Get what?

Tears and snot stream down his face, a complete mess.

NATHAN
You haven’t figured it out? This isn’t Grant’s first time at this house.

WILLA
What?

NATHAN
He was always sleeping with Paige, he came here with her. The lights, the decorations, this was their place where they came to fuck until you moved away.

Willa stares at Nathan in disbelief.

WILLA
Nathan, stop -

NATHAN
He never spent the night until I came here with him and Paige, a bunch of us. That’s when we figured out the game.

WILLA
He wouldn’t -

NATHAN
We killed everyone else, together. He thought that maybe we could (MORE)
NATHAN (cont’d)
survive this together. Survive it if he brought a new group.

Willa stares in shock.

NATHAN
Only one can survive, right? What if there were two games?

Tears stream down Willa’s face.

NATHAN
But, I can’t – I can’t do it anymore.

Nathan pulls at his hair, manic, he screams as he cries.

NATHAN
I can’t.

WILLA
Nathan!

Nathan pulls the gun to his own head.

BANG.

Nathan falls to the ground dead among the others.

Willa screams.

GRANT (O.S.)
Willa? Where are you? Come out, I won’t hurt you.

Willa sits in shock, processing everything.

Her face transitions from shaking in fear to a deadpan stare, numb from the pain.

She slowly pulls herself up, her eyes drift back to the basement door.

She stares at the door, she grabs the gun off of the ground in one hand. She grabs the nail embedded beam in the other hand.

Her eyes read one emotion: wrath.
INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Grant searches around the house for Willa, blood splattered on his clothes, trickling down his face.

The house creaks.

GRANT
Willa?

The creaks indicate she’s close.

Grant continually spins around, the shadows dancing around the walls are constantly misleading.

GRANT
Willa? Please come out, I won’t hurt you.

Grant raises his arms in the air.

GRANT
I swear, I don’t have anything on me. Please.

Grant waits, surrendering.

BANG.

A shot is fired into Grant’s lower leg.

He falls in agony to one knee. He screams.

Willa comes out from the shadows, gun raised, the beam dragging behind her.

BANG.

Willa shoots Grant in the other knee.

He WAILS.

Blood sprays against the walls, Grant falls onto his back. Grant looks to Willa terrified.

GRANT
(pleading)
Willa - please.

Willa stands over him, dead eyes.
WILLA
(cold)
Isn’t this what you wanted, Grant?
This is our house, right?

Grant gasps, his hands reaching for her for help.

WILLA
You’re a fucking monster.

Willa drops the gun to the floor. Grant’s eyes dart to it, a sense of relief.

Willa brings the beam into sight. She wraps her hands around it, clenching it in rage.

WILLA
I want you to suffer.

Grant squirms, fear-stricken.

WILLA
But I’m also tired of playing.

Willa raises the beam above her head. She takes one final look into his eyes.

THUD.

Willa angrily bashes Grant’s face in, blood sprays onto her, everywhere.

She drops the beam, takes a deep breath.

INT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - FRONT FOYER

Willa walks sluggishly, down the hallway, numb from the pain. Her face is stained in dried tears and blood.

Morning light trickles into the house.

The front door, open to the world.

Willa limps towards it.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Willa backs out of the house, staring it down. It’s back to it’s original form, the way it was when they first arrived.

A wooden structure, bare, a skeleton of a house.
She continues to back away from it, she glares at it.

A new day.

EXT. STREET

The aftermath of Halloween, pumpkins smashed along driveways.

Tattered decorations swing in the morning breeze.

The pale blue sky breathes a cold, dry air through the naked trees.

Dried leaves, crumbling and brown cling to the curbs.

Crows caw, flying overhead.

Willa walks, lethargic.

The light brings more distress to her appearance, crimson red as she’s soaked in blood.

She stares blankly ahead.

Blue and red lights flash from behind her. Two police cruisers approach.

Willa turns, emotionless, zero energy.

The cruisers pull up beside her.

A COP (30’s) emerges from the car.

COP

Willa Hanthorn?

Willa looks to the cop, even he can’t help but feel squeamish even just looking at her.

She looks completely soulless until she notices someone in the backseat of the cruiser.

The door opens, Nathan emerges, he looks completely normal, unharmed, healthy.

NATHAN

(worried)

Willa, what happened? Where’s my brother?
COP
(stern)
Do you know anything about the whereabouts of Grant?

Willa’s breathing gets heavier, fear takes over her body once again.

She shakes, backing away, realizing, the house has won.

Just as she’s about to let out one last shrilling scream -

CUTS TO:

BLACK.