

Shadows
by
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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Darkness.

The STRIKE of a match.

An eerie orange glow emanates from a carved pumpkin.

FEMALE (O.S.)

This is bringing back bad memories.

Another strike of a match. Another pumpkin is lit.

MALE (O.S.)

That's the idea.

Light embraces the room from a small circle of eight lit carved pumpkins.

A large decrepit room. Signs of a previous fire smudge filthy brick walls. Floorboards ridden in dust. Large windows are boarded up. A can of gasoline sits in the corner.

At the far end of the room is a door. Next to it, wind howls from a large empty fireplace.

BEN (22) puts his matchbox in a gym bag placed near the door.

LUCY (21) watches shadows flicker on the walls, created from the light of the grinning pumpkins.

FARNSWORTH (58) sits unconscious, hands tied to the arms of a wheelchair at the top of the "pumpkin patch".

A gash above his eye. He's almost obese. Slimy. Ugly. Baggy trousers. Brown shoes. Several facial scars include large red spots alongside his cheeks.

LUCY

Ben - I can't stand the sight of him much longer.

Ben takes a vial of smelling salts from the bag. He walks over to Lucy. Gives her a reassuring hug.

BEN

We're doing the right thing Lucy.

LUCY

Are we?

BEN

We've both waited for this moment for nearly ten years. Don't go soft on me now.

LUCY
I'm not. It's just this place.
Being here again. The pumpkins...
(beat)
It's just how it was.

Ben walks over to Farnsworth. He wafts the salts under his large snot drizzling nose.

Farnsworth wakes. He looks around startled. Tries to move his hands - they're tied tight to the wheelchair arms. He panics.

BEN
Remember this place Farnsworth?
Remember us?

Farnsworth looks up at Ben and Lucy. Anger fills their eyes.

FARNSWORTH
What - What's going on?

He looks at the pumpkins confused and fearful.

LUCY
We've made it so you feel right at home. It's almost just like you left it.

Ben nods to the walls.

BEN
Minus the fire damage of course.

Farnsworth tries again to free his hands. Not happening.

FARNSWORTH
I - I don't understand...

He looks at Ben and Lucy. Memories return.

FARNSWORTH
It's you two. You two from the court...

LUCY
Wow. He nearly had me fooled there. Maybe 'cos we're not kids anymore he needed a few subtle hints.

FARNSWORTH
Look...you've got to understand, it wasn't me, I'm innocent...

Ben angrily PUNCHES Farnsworth.

BEN

Still saying he's not guilty? I can't believe the nerve of this guy!

LUCY

We had to go through the ordeal of a trial thanks to you pleading not guilty, trying in vain to cop an insanity plea when all you were doing was prolonging our hell and getting some sick satisfaction over it.

Farnsworth's nose bleeds. Tears stream from his eyes.

FARNSWORTH

I got twenty years!

LUCY

You only served half that!

FARNSWORTH

Don't you think I've paid the price? They burnt down my house. They crippled me in jail. Why!? Why bring me back here!? I just want to get on with my life!

Lucy turns around in anger.

BEN

What about us!? We wont ever forget. We've been waiting ever since you got locked up until the day you got out.

Ben storms down the room towards the bag.

BEN

Today is that day Farnsworth. You wont get the chance to hurt another child ever again.

Farnsworth looks at breaking point.

FARNSWORTH

You don't understand! This place...it feeds on pain and suffering. It grows from agony and violence. It's evil!

LUCY

Cut the crap. You're not in front of the judge now.

Ben returns with the bag.

BEN
You're in front of the executioner.

Ben checks the time on his wrist watch. He looks to Lucy.

BEN
The witching hour is nigh.

LUCY
Then it's pretty much that time.
Ten years to the date. Let's do it.

Ben takes an apple from the bag.

BEN
Trick or treat.

He forces it in Farnsworth's mouth.

LUCY
Bite it! Bite it you sick pig!

Ben squeezes Farnsworth's nose so he can't breathe as he forces the apple in his mouth.

Farnsworth struggles in the wheelchair. Face turns red.

He bites down. His eyes open wide in pain.

Ben pulls half the apple from his mouth with a smirk. Lucy's eyes dazzle in satisfaction.

Chunks of apple fall sloppily from Farnsworth's heavily bleeding mouth.

Ben shows his half of the apple to Lucy. Razor blades imbedded inside.

MOMENTS LATER

A scared Farnsworth lay on his back on the floor surrounded by the merry Jack-o'-lanterns. His arms are tied tight to his body.

Ben sits astride him. Lucy passes Ben a rag from the bag.

Ben covers Farnsworth's face with the rag. Lucy passes him a large bottle of water from the bag.

Ben tucks some of the rag into Farnsworth's bleeding mouth. He pours the water over his mouth.

LATER

Ben holds a mini tape recorder in one hand. His other holds the soaked rag tight over Farnsworth's face.

Several empty water bottles. A shaky, disturbed Lucy stands at the side.

BEN

Promise to say what I told you?

Farnsworth grunts weakly.

Ben removes the rag. Farnsworth wheezes, gasps for air.

Ben switches the tape recorder on. He points it at Farnsworth, looks down menacingly at him.

FARNSWORTH

I'm Ted Farnsworth. I confess. I'm guilty of abusing Ben and Lucy Jones. I can't live with this guilt. I'm going to kill...

Farnsworth struggles to finish the line. Ben clenches his fist.

FARNSWORTH

I'm going to kill myself tonight, October 31st, in the hope for redemption.

Ben stops the tape recorder. He smiles. An uneasy Lucy flashes an awkward smile in return.

Wind howls from the fireplace. Light from the pumpkins flicker.

Lucy rubs her arms as if cold. Ben looks around the room uneasily. Farnsworth coughs and chokes on the floor.

A loud CREAK from above. A heavy gust of wind outside. A cackling laughter. Doors bang loudly from above.

Lucy looks to Ben. Both alarmed.

LUCY

Hear that?

BEN

Which one!?

Childish giggling echoes from the fireplace.

Lucy is afraid. Ben eases.

BEN

Kids. They've broken in.

Lucy looks at Ben questionably.

BEN

It's the neighborhood's haunted house remember? It's a hot spot at this time of the year.

INT. HALLWAY

Beams of light emerge down a long dark narrow hallway. A door at the back, one at the front.

Ben and Lucy hold flashlights. They walk down the hallway. They pass a basement door.

They reach the front door.

The sides of the front door are boarded up. Moonlight slips through slim gaps.

Lucy looks through the gaps.

LUCY

I don't see anyone.

BEN

I'll make sure. I don't want some kids to see what I'm about to do to Farnsworth. It'll be more traumatizing for them than anything he did to us.

Ben opens the front door.

GURGLING SOUNDS from upstairs.

LUCY

(softly)

Close it!

Ben closes the door slowly so not to make much sound.

Lucy and Ben listen for the sound.

The GURGLING noise continues. Footsteps. A door BANGS shut.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Ben and Lucy follow the gurgling sound as they walk on creaking floorboards.

A doorless room leads into darkness.

Ben shines his flashlight inside. The room is empty. Dusty. Signs of a previous fire.

They walk along the hallway toward the gurgling sound.

Two doorways and one closed door. Ben and Lucy shine their lights inside the two closely located rooms. Both empty.

LUCY
(whispers)
Well...where are they hiding?

Ben nods towards the closed door - loud gurgling from inside.

Ben hesitantly opens the door.

An old boiler.

Lucy looks confused.

LUCY
How can that thing still be
working?

The gurgling stops.

BEN
It's not. Maybe...just old pipes.
It doesn't matter. We've got other
things to deal with.

Lucy stops Ben from walking away.

LUCY
What about what we heard? How can
you explain that? The noises, the
kids...where are they?

Cracks form across the boiler. Lucy and Ben step back. The cracks form the shape of a SKULL. The cracks fall to the ground exposing the inside of the boiler.

A disgusted Lucy throws up on the floor. Ben looks horrified.

A door BANGS shut from downstairs.

INT. HALLWAY

A shocked Ben and Lucy are at the front door.

LUCY
All those babies... My God.

Ben tries to open the door. It wont open. He tries again. It wont budge.

Noises from upstairs. The patter of feet. Running. Mocking laughter echoes. Children scream in pain and agony.

Ben grabs Lucy's arm. They run across the hallway to the back door. Ben tries to open it. It refuses.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ben and Lucy enter. They stop short. Farnsworth has vanished.

Lucy checks his wheelchair. She looks up at the ceiling.

BEN

You think he ejected out through
the roof or something!?

LUCY

It's not like he could just walk
away is it!

BEN

Well umm - obviously he crawled!

Lucy and Ben look at each other.

LUCY

Basement.

BEN

Basement.

Ben heads out of the door. He ushers Lucy to stay.

BEN

Use what's in the bag if necessary.

INT. HALLWAY

Ben, armed with flashlight and a knife draped in pumpkin
strands, walks to the basement door. He opens it.

INT. BASEMENT - DARK

Ben walks down a creaking staircase. The door slams shut
behind him. His flashlight goes out.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A worried Lucy looks lost. The pumpkins flicker. Loud mocking
laughter from the hallway. Footsteps run down the staircase.
Lucy pulls a gun from the bag. She steps away from the door.

She looks back at the pumpkin patch - they all look towards
her with menacing, malevolent grins.

A whimper from the fireplace. Lucy looks towards it. A
huddled mixture of brown shoes and baggy trousers.

LUCY

Farnsworth?

INT. BASEMENT

Ben rattles his flashlight. It shines brightly at the closed door. Ben breathes a sigh of relief. He turns around.
FARNSWORTH. Ben drops his flashlight and knife in shock.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lucy kneels beside the fireplace and peers in. A shaking Farnsworth holds his legs with all his might, keeping as small as possible. Like a child would hide. He's in shock.

Lucy hides the gun behind her back. She can feel his fear.

LUCY

What - what happened?

FARNSWORTH

It's happening again!

LUCY

What? What's happening again?

FARNSWORTH

Is there an echo in here? GET OUTTA
THE HOUSE! GET OUT NOW!

INT. BASEMENT

Ben lay at the bottom of the staircase. He lifts his head, touches the back of it with his hand. Blood. He opens his eyes.

Farnsworth sits on top of him. He clasps Ben's mouth shut with his hand. His fingers EXTEND. They SLIDE inside Ben's cheeks and travel across his face like worms.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The door bursts open. Lucy is taken by surprise. Ben enters the room. Lucy is relieved until she notices his face. Several red spots alongside his cheekbones.

Ben looks at her with dead eyes. A menacing grin.

Lucy points the gun at Ben. Ben laughs - mocking laughter from upstairs, footsteps trample the staircase, children scream in pain, wind howls. Thunder roars outside.

Lucy runs into the far corner. She grabs the can of gasoline. She pours it on to the floor. The floor absorbs the liquid.

Ben runs towards her. Lucy screams. She fires the gun. Bullets limply slip from the gun to the ground and down into the cracks in between the floorboards.

INT. HALLWAY

Ben drags Lucy by her hair into the basement. The basement door SLAMS shut.

MOMENTS LATER

Lucy screams.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Walls leak blood. Cries and screams. Blood bubbles from in between the floorboards. The lit pumpkins smile devilishly.

Farnsworth sits in his wheelchair in tears.

The mini tape recorder plays an alternative "confession" repetitively.

FARNSWORTH

(on tape recorder)

I'm Ted Farnsworth. I confess. I'm guilty of abusing Ben and Lucy Jones. I'm going to kill Ben and Lucy Jones...tonight. October 31st, in the hope for redemption.

Farnsworth look up from his chair at his smiling doppelganger.

FARNSWORTH

Why? Why do this to me!?

FARNSWORTH CLONE

Just wait until they see the basement.

Sirens sound in the distance. The entire house seems to laugh. Farnsworth's clone turns his back.

FARNSWORTH CLONE

See you in twenty.

The clone disappears into a shadow. Blood sinks beneath the floorboards. The laughter fades.

The light from the pumpkins go out.

Darkness.

END