

THE VISITORS

FADE IN:

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

SUPER: "1932".

Autumn afternoon in a large corn field. A dirt road passes nearby. A large elm tree is prominent.

A body falls from the tree - THUD - hits the ground.

ABY (16) slim with dark well-manicured hair, her intelligent eyes quickly assess the surroundings. She looks up at the tree.

ABY

Try to not land on...

Branches CRASH as another girl falls on top of her.

ABY (CONT'D)

...me.

LIZ (15) an athletic sassy looking blond, scrambles to disentangle, stands, looks around.

LIZ

Hasn't changed much. Couldn't you get us nearer to the cemetery?

ABY

This is the closest sacred elm.

They dust off, straighten their white witches' outfits.

ABY (CONT'D)

Come on, we don't have much time to stop them.

In the distance, a dust cloud travels along the road.

LIZ

Ah!

They eye a vehicle as it heads their way.

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

Heavy, drawn curtains keep out daylight.

In the midst of a circle of thick candles, a blindfolded barefoot GIRL (13) in a simple white full-length tunic lies flat on an altar.

Hooded dark ROBED FIGURES surround her. They move in.

A flash of steel as a knife becomes visible in the hand of ROBED FIGURE #1. The loose sleeve flops back, exposes his muscular arm as he raises the cruel knife above the Girl.

The massive blade hovers. Starts to descend...

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

And... curtain!

The Robed Figures relax, pull away their hoods: they are regular looking townsfolk.

Robed Figure #1 helps Girl to her feet.

ROBED FIGURE #1

You okay, sweetheart? Not too much for you?

Girl flashes a smile, shakes her head, confident.

DIRECTOR

(to the group)

That's it for rehearsals. See you here at 7 sharp. Tonight's the night!

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY

The amateur actors pile out.

Some of them stop under a sign: SALEM TOWN HALL - HALLOWEEN FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD. 8PM OCT 31.

ROBED FIGURE #1

You don't think we're pushing it a bit far? Maybe too violent?

DIRECTOR

You saw what those connivin' weasels from Danvers pulled last year? I don't trust them. You want them to win again?

ROBED FIGURE #1
Of course not.

DIRECTOR
Look, audiences want to be
entertained, right? We gotta raise
the stakes if we're gonna spook
'em. Heck, the news on the
wireless is scarier.

Robed Figure #1 and the others nod, look convinced.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

A weathered 1920s Ford Flatbed Pickup slows as it approaches
Aby and Liz. It stops.

At the wheel is ARTY MILLER (17) a bespectacled youth with a
twinkle in his eye.

ARTY
You two witches are a long ways
from anywhere. Lost your
broomsticks?

LIZ
As a matter of fact, jackass...

ABY
We would certainly appreciate a
ride. I'm Aby. My cousin, Liz.

ARTY
Arty Miller.

LIZ
Fancy name for a hayseed.

ARTY
(to Aby)
Your cousin always this charming?

ABY
Don't mind her.

But Arty does mind Liz: gives her an appreciative once over
as the witches clamber in.

INT./EXT. FORD TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Arty makes room, moves a shotgun from the cabin to the cavity behind the seat.

ARTY
You girls from around here?

LIZ
The cemetery.

ARTY
Huh?

ABY
We need to get to the cemetery,
please.

Arty studies them, sees they are serious.

ARTY
You know the festivities are in
town tonight, right?

LIZ
We're not interested in festivi...

Aby elbows Liz in the ribs. Liz looks at Aby: what?

ABY
Yes, we do, thank you. We should be
going.

He puts the truck into gear, they head off.

ABY (CONT'D)
This your farm?

ARTY
My uncle's. I'm visiting from New
York, helping out, earning a few
dollars.

ABY
Do you want to become a farmer?

ARTY
No, a journalist.

LIZ
How clever, he can read *and* write.

Arty laughs. Liz glances at him, warms at his response.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A jumble of old headstones of various sizes. Unkempt. A few trees scattered about.

OSTROTH is a shortish figure with a frighteningly realistic mask of scaly green-gray skin and red eyes. Except it's not a mask.

He stretches out his bony arms.

OSTROTH
Come, my Diabolicals! In the name
of Saman, Lord of the Dead, I call
you forth to do your Master's
work!

Very dark clouds gather, block the sun. The ground rumbles.

OSTROTH (CONT'D)
Yeeros tabouli yulla! Yulla!

Lightning CRACKS.

Little figures, the DIABOLICALS, in various Halloween costumes emerge from graves. They look like cute children, aged between 10 and 12.

INT./EXT. FORD TRUCK - DAY

Aby, Liz, and Arty see the lightning storm in the distance.

LIZ
Damn!

ARTY
What?

ABY
We're too late.

ARTY
For what?

LIZ
Can't this jalopy go faster?

Arty looks at the witches, sees their anxiety.

ARTY
Okay, okay. Hang on!

They speed off.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The Diabolicals surround Ostroth.

OSTROTH
Come, my little darlings, show me
your inner beauty.

The Diabolicals transform from cute looking kids to hideous creatures with long razor-sharp fangs.

OSTROTH (CONT'D)
Adorable!

He suddenly pauses, as if he senses something. Closes his eyes. Concentrates. Frowns.

OSTROTH (CONT'D)
Meddlesome do-gooders!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Ford Pickup tears up the dirt road. A cow suddenly appears. Truck swerves to miss it, HITS undergrowth. A branch PUNCTURES a front tire.

Arty looks back. The cow, with Ostroth's face, vanishes.

ARTY
What the...? Did you see that?

LIZ
What a lame trick!

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Ostroth comes out of his trance. The Diabolicals wait for his command.

OSTROTH
Come along. It's rude to be late.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Ostroth leads his band of Diabolicals, in Halloween-cute-kid mode, through the town.

DIABOLICAL #1 knocks on a door.

HOUSEHOLDER

And what do you want, you scary vampire?

DIABOLICAL #1

I want my mummy's neck not to be broken.

Householder is taken aback.

HOUSEHOLDER

Goodness! You shouldn't say such terrible things!

DIABOLICAL #1

Bad people took her and hanged her.

Householder looks very uncomfortable. Diabolical #1 smiles sweetly.

DIABOLICAL #1 (CONT'D)

I want to tear open the throats of everyone in Salem and suck on their throbbing carotid artery until I've drained every drop of their blood.

Householder, shocked, throws candy at Diabolical #1, SLAMS the door.

DIABOLICAL #1 (CONT'D)

(to the door)

Thank you for the candy, ma'am.

Similar scenes play out as doors are SLAMMED in the face of Diabolicals.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Ostroth waits under HALLOWEEN FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD sign. Director approaches him.

DIRECTOR

Great mask.

OSTROTH

Glad you like it. I think it's very me.

DIRECTOR

Where'd you get the crazy shirt?

OSTROTH
Oh, from a place called the Future.

DIRECTOR
Ah, right. Say, those kids yours?

OSTROTH
In a manner of speaking, yes.

DIRECTOR
You from Danvers?

OSTROTH
Could be.

DIRECTOR
I knew you lot would try to upstage us! It's a bit far fetched though.

OSTROTH
You think so?

DIRECTOR
Kids from the grave out for revenge, pretending that they're the children of some of the hanged women? Heck, yeah!

OSTROTH
Unless of course it's true.

DIRECTOR
Sure. Anyways, look, our show starts at 8. Why don't you bring your kids along and they can perform on stage before we go on. You know, everyone in town is going to be here.

OSTROTH
You mean, like a crowd warmer?

DIRECTOR
What the hell, instead of competing, we can work to put on a combined show. This way we both win. We'll make it a night to remember!

OSTROTH
I have no doubt about that.

INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Townsfolk stream in. There is an air of excitement.

The hall is packed to the rafters. The Director is on the stage. Spotlight hits him.

DIRECTOR
Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to
the Festival of the Dead!

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Dusty Pickup SCREECHES to a halt.

ABY
(to Arty)
Whatever happens, you stay here and
keep the motor running.

ARTY
No way!

LIZ
Arty, just do it!

The witches' intensity is obvious. Arty stays put. The witches rush in.

INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

DIRECTOR
Please welcome the dread from the
dead: the Danvers Diabolicals!

Enthusiastic APPLAUSE.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Be warned! These little fiends have
come to wreak vengeance for what
Salem did to their forebears.

Front doors WHACK open, Aby and Liz burst in.

LIZ
(yelling)
What are you people doing?!

Aby and Liz rush onto the stage. Aby grabs the microphone from the startled Director.

DIRECTOR

Hey..!

ABY

They are ghouls and want to kill
all of you!

HOOTIN' AND HOLLERIN' from the Audience: they are willing to
play along.

OSTROTH

(to Aby)

That is a very coarse explanation.
Accurate, but coarse.

(signals to the Diabolicals)

My beauties!

The Diabolicals surge onto the stage, surround Aby and Liz.

Cute kids transform to monstrous Diabolicals, fangs at the
ready.

Collective GASP from the audience.

Ostroth uses his powers, motions to the front large
double-doors: they SLAM shut, bolts LOCK.

Aby ZAPS a stage rope above Ostroth. A sand bag falls -
THUMP - knocks him out cold.

The Diabolicals surge towards Aby and Liz. The witches use
their magic powers to combat the frenzied Diabolicals.

Audience SCREAMS and panics as dead Diabolicals BOUNCE off
walls and SPLATTER into the Audience. Mayhem.

Ostroth regains consciousness to see Aby ZAP the last of the
Diabolicals.

Aby and Liz face Ostroth.

OSTROTH (CONT'D)

You don't get it, do you? This town
has a spirit debt to pay and I'm
here to collect.

ABY

These people had nothing to do with
it. Yes, maybe some of their
ancestors made mistakes - we all
err. We can learn from the mistakes
of others and try to do better
ourselves.

OSTROTH

How nauseatingly gracious! I think
I'm going to throw up!

Ostroth vomits a huge gush towards Aby and Liz.

The witches conjure a shield. The yucky stuff hits the shield, runs onto the floor, burns a large hole through the timbers.

LIZ

Poo-ee! You should eat more fruit
and vegetables.

ABY

How can we judge what others did
hundreds of years ago? How can we
say with certainty that we would
have acted differently? We can
aspire to be charitable, forgive,
and not let it happen again.

OSTROTH

Blah blah blah! What do you know?

ABY

Two of the hanged witches were
(points to Liz)
Elizabeth Parris...

Liz takes a little bow to the Audience.

LIZ

(points to Aby)
...and her cousin Abigail Williams.

A large collective GASP from the Audience.

OSTROTH

Well, I don't do magnanimous!

Ostroth SHOOTs flames towards the witches. They freeze the flames. The ice SHATTERS under its own weight, CRASHES to the floor in pieces.

The two witches combine to ZAP blue neon-like power beams at Ostroth but their beams bounce off him, CRASH into walls and the ceiling, breaking off large chunks that SMASH onto the floor.

Ostroth is unscathed. The witches are speechless.

OSTROTH (CONT'D)
 Black cat got your tongues? Your
 antique powers are useless
 (his hand brushes his shirt)
 against the modern miracle of
 spandex.

A collective GASP from the Audience.

AUDIENCE
 (in unison)
 What's spandex?

OSTROTH
 Spandex is a generic name for a
 synthetic fiber that will be
 invented in 1959...
 (catches himself)
 ...don't interrupt! It's rude!
 (to Aby and Liz)
 Time to die - again.

He gathers all of his strength, focuses his energy.

OSTROTH (CONT'D)
 Ahori el ishitar mambala!

The incantation makes Ostroth bigger; looks more powerful.

Aby and Liz look at each other: Uh oh!

BANG! (O.S.) Blood and goo splatter Aby and Liz.

Arty, a smoking shotgun in his hands, stands
 behind Ostroth's fallen body. A door at the rear of the
 stage is ajar.

LIZ
 Not bad - for a slowpoke.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Aby and Liz stand near the sacred elm tree.

ARTY
 I'm not going to see either of you
 again, am I?

LIZ
 Not in this life. I mean...

ARTY
Yeah, I get it.

ABY
Thank you for everything.

LIZ
You know, you're kinda cute.

Liz leans in, kisses Arty lightly on the lips, holds for a moment.

Both witches rest their open right palm against the tree.

ABY
Perhaps one day you will...

They start to shimmer.

ABY (CONT'D)
...pen our story.

The witches become increasingly transparent.

LIZ
Yes, Arthur Miller, write a story
about the Witches of Salem.

Gone.

Arty stands there. Alone. Consumes the moment.

ARTY
Maybe I will. Yes... maybe I will.

FADE OUT.