

FLYTRAP

By

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

It's hoppin'. Tables and counters are full, patrons stand around and shoot the shit.

At one particular table is a group of three FRAT BROS:

KELLEN (23), glasses, kinda nerdy, gay.

RICHARD (25), handsome and dressed business casual--his every day wear.

BRANDON (29), drunk, tall and bearish.

They all take a tequila shot. Sour faces chased with lime, which makes their faces even more sour.

KELLEN
That's bad.

BRANDON
The hell is Steve?

RICHARD
Right behind you, Sherlock. Bangin'
it with blondie over there.

Richard motions across the bar, where STEVE (25), a buff and handsome fella, flirts it up with BLONDIE, who laughs in drunken interest with him.

BLONDIE
So in a few months, you could be a
plastic surgeon!

STEVE
Well, cardiovascular surgeon, but--

She grabs his hand and places it on one of her breasts.

BLONDIE
Be honest. Should I go bigger?

The guys stare in awe.

BRANDON
And to think I chose journalism.

KELLEN
Hey, girls also like a guy who has
a way with words.

RICHARD
Yeah, as long as those words aren't
"...is it in, yet?"

MIKEY (25), also buff and handsome, arrives at the table
juggling a handful of drinks.

RICHARD
About fucking time.

Mikey hands out the drinks to each guy.

MIKEY
Alrighty, Brando...Kellogg...Dick--

RICHARD
Don't call me that.

MIKEY
...Con-man...Where's Connor?

KELLEN
He left.

MIKEY
What? It's only eleven.

KELLEN
Wasn't up for hanging out, I guess.

RICHARD
Hanging...that's funny...

MIKEY
That's not funny.

KELLEN
You might be able to catch him. I
think he's waiting for an Uber.

Mikey leaves the gang and heads for the bar entrance.

RICHARD
I'm just sayin', being next in line
to a Fortune 1000 company must
really blow to be that depressed.

KELLEN
Money doesn't equal happiness, ya
know.

RICHARD

Tell me that on my own private yacht.

BRANDON

Thanks to daddy's bank account.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

It's raining cats and dogs. Lightning flashes every once in a while, followed by RUMBLING THUNDER.

CONNOR (23), quiet, looks depressed, stands in the rain, drenched. Mikey walks out of the bar and sees him.

MIKEY

Hey! What's up?

CONNOR

Leave me alone.

MIKEY

What's wrong?

CONNOR

I'm so sick of trying to explain it to you guys. None of you listen. I've tried, and nobody fucking listens.

MIKEY

Well I'm listening now.

CONNOR

No. You're not. You never will. Just leave me alone.

MIKEY

Look, I get it, you're depressed. But everyone gets that way. Hell, I get depressed too. You'll get over it. Can't you just try to be happy, for once?

CONNOR

That's not...just...forget it. You don't understand. I'm going home. Fuck this Uber.

Lightning flashes, thunder RUMBLES.

Connor walks away in the rain. Mikey watches him, then turns and walks back into the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Mikey sits down with the gang.

KELLEN
Everything alright?

MIKEY
Just leave him be. He'll get over
it.

Richard exaggerates hanging himself, tongue out and eyes
rolled back.

KELLEN
You're sick.

RICHARD
How 'bout another round of shots,
assholes?

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

It's stopped raining now.

The gang stumbles down the sidewalk toward the frat house.
They LAUGH, and HOLLER conversation drunkenly.

As they walk up to the front door, someone tells a joke.
They LAUGH again. Mikey unlocks the front door.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The front door opens. LAUGHS continue.

Mikey flips on a light switch. The foyer brightens up, just
in time to see--

Connor jumping off the stairwell, rope around his neck.

CRACK! His neck SNAPS.

The gang stops in their tracks.

The laughing stops.

Faces drop, go pale.

Any sign of drunkenness immediately disappears.

Connor's body swings lifelessly before them.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: FLYTRAP

FADE IN:

INT. BEHAVIORAL HEALTH HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

SUPER: 4 years later

A bland room with its own bathroom. Two cots sit against one wall, two dressers sit opposite. A large window occupies the far wall.

PETER (25), tall and lanky, a bit awkward, stands at the window and leans on the sill. A hospital in-patient bracelet sits on his wrist.

He perks up when he notices something outside.

PETER'S POV: a car parks into a space and out steps Mikey. He walks across the parking lot and to the entrance of the hospital.

BACK TO SCENE

Peter smiles and happily walks to the dresser. He pulls out folded clothes and stuffs them into a bag.

A NURSE KNOCKS on the door frame.

NURSE

Peter? Can you come with me,
please?

PETER

Yeah, one sec. I'm almost finished
packing.

NURSE

You don't need your bag right now.
Dr. Jones just wants to talk to you
for a bit.

He stuffs the last of his clothes into the bag and ZIPS it up. Bagless, he walks out of the room with the nurse.

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Half full, quiet except for a TV that plays in a corner.

Mikey, now 29, sits in one of the chairs. He uses his phone as a distraction.

Mikey looks up and sees Peter exiting double doors down the hallway. He stands up with arms outstretched.

MIKEY

Petey...

He hugs Peter. They walk to the entrance of the hospital.

MIKEY (cont'd)

It's about time you got out. I've been waiting forever.

PETER

The shrink wanted to pick at my brain a bit more.

MIKEY

For three hours?

They walk through the entrance.

INT. MIKEY'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Mikey drives on the highway while Peter looks out his window. Mikey looks at Peter.

MIKEY

Tell me what happened.

PETER

I don't want to talk about that right now.

MIKEY

Eventually you will. Mom's fucking worried sick.

PETER

I didn't even go through with it.

MIKEY

Who cares if you didn't? Look where you've stayed the past three days. This is serious shit, Peter.

PETER

Well...it wouldn't have worked,
anyway. One of the nurses said that
the way they make cars these days,
I would've just gotten sick and
dizzy.

Beat.

PETER (cont'd)

Can I tell you something personal?

MIKEY

Sure.

PETER

I think I'm still alive because I'm
supposed to die a different way.

MIKEY

Really. How?

PETER

In a plane explosion.

MIKEY

A plane explosion?

PETER

Yeah. Like Grandpa George.

MIKEY

Well that was also, like, fifty
years ago. Planes are a lot safer
these days. Jesus you're dark.

Peter smiles and looks back out the window.

MIKEY (cont'd)

I have a surprise for you when we
get home.

PETER

You know I hate surprises.

MIKEY

You'll like this one.

INT. MIKEY AND PETER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE UP: a computer screen. An ad post for a VACATION HOUSE in the mountains.

The post headline reads: "**5-BED/3-BATH BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN HOUSE! GREAT VIEWS! PRIVATE AND SECLUDED!**"

The price beneath the title states: **\$175/NIGHT**

PHOTOS scroll by one by one, revealing the lavish, fully furnished rooms--one bedroom, another bedroom, the living room, the kitchen.

PETER (O.S.)

What's this?

MIKEY (O.S.)

It's this awesome vacation house outside of Winter Park. I've booked it for next weekend.

BACK TO SCENE

Mikey and Peter sit at the kitchen counter behind a laptop.

PETER

What for?

MIKEY

For a friend. Connor. My other little bro. The gang takes a trip every year in his memory. To keep him alive. Next weekend is the anniversary of when he passed.

PETER

How did he...?

MIKEY

Let's not talk about that right now...

Peter understands. He looks back at the vacation listing, at the scrolling photos.

PETER

Wow, you accountants can really afford a lot.

MIKEY

That's the thing, this place was cheap as shit. We struck gold here,

(MORE)

MIKEY (cont'd)
Peter. Five-bed, three-bath, wifi,
hot tub, satellite TV, amazing
views--look at this--fully stocked,
including the fucking fridge--the
fucking fridge, can you fucking
believe that?

PETER
Jesus.

MIKEY
Right? It's like this guy wants to
have this place booked as often as
possible.

PETER
How'd you find it?

MIKEY
Right when it was posted. Gold, am
I right? I'm gonna make sure you
forget about what you've been going
through.

PETER
You mean I'm tagging along?

MIKEY
Of course you are! I'm doing this
for you too, ya know!

Mikey ruffles Peter's hair.

MIKEY
There's this club, Ullrs, well it's
more like a bar, but it has dancing
and live music. We're gonna hit
that up the first night after we
get settled in. Probably go to Pepe
Osaka's for tacos beforehand...

As Mikey chats, ZOOM IN on the COMPUTER SCREEN. Closer and
closer, the ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGE of COLORADO, U.S.A...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

The beautiful, expanding mountain range. Snow-tipped peaks, green pine trees, a clear blue sky.

Two cars drive on a winding mountain road, away from the city.

INT. MIKEY'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Mikey drives while Peter sits in the passenger seat.

Steve, now 29, lazy eyes, sucks on a joint in the backseat. He hands it up to Mikey, who also takes a hit.

STEVE

So this guy comes in with chest pain, right? Says he fell and hit a table or something. An x-ray was performed for a possible rib fracture or maybe a collapsed lung. We end up seeing something metallic protruding through his chest. Well, turns out the guy shot himself, in the heart mind you, with a nail gun. A nail gun! Why he would lie about that, I have no clue.

Mikey hands the joint back to Steve.

MIKEY

No shit! I should've become a doc!

STEVE

Sometimes I hate it, but the stuff I see makes for a good conversation starter.

Steve takes a hit. He hands the joint back to Mikey.

STEVE (cont'd)

How was the hospital for you, Peter? Did they treat you well?

Peter gawks at Mikey, who shrugs in guilt.

MIKEY

Sorry, it came up in conversation and just sorta slipped.

PETER

Okay well next time keep my name
out of your mouth.

STEVE

Did they prescribe you anything?

PETER

Yeah, but...I dunno...Should I take
meds?

MIKEY

You have your medicine right here.

Mikey holds up the joint.

STEVE

They help me.

Peter looks back at Steve.

MIKEY

You know what else helps? Working
out. You should join us at the gym,
Pete.

STEVE

Too true. I used to be like you,
Peter. It's just as healthy for the
mind as it is for the body, but
it's mostly for the body...

Steve flexes his muscles and kisses them sarcastically.
Mikey shakes his head.

MIKEY

Christ, Steve.

STEVE

Would you fuck me? I'd fuck me.

Mikey hands the joint to Peter.

MIKEY

Here, this will also make you feel
better.

Peter eyes the joint hesitantly, then takes it. He takes a
hit and COUGHS out smoke.

MIKEY (cont'd)

That's what I'm talking about!
Let's get this weekend started!

INT. KELLEN'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Kellen, now 27, drives; Richard, now 29, sits in the passenger seat. Brandon, now 33, sits in the back seat. He takes a drink from a flask.

RICHARD

Your driving is making me sick.

KELLEN

Shut it, it's better than yours.

BRANDON

Please, guys. I already get enough arguing from my wife, I don't need to hear it from you two.

Brandon takes another swig.

RICHARD

Blame Driving Miss Crazy here.

KELLEN

Screw you.

BRANDON

I call dibs on the master bedroom.

KELLEN

I don't care where I sleep, as long as the mattress is comfortable.

RICHARD

Based on the price of the place, probably not.

KELLEN

Are you kidding me? For a price like this, you're lucky we even dragged your ass along.

Brandon rolls his eyes, takes another swig.

BRANDON

I'm not drunk enough yet for this vacation.

KELLEN

There'll be plenty of booze at the house. Apparently this place has everything we'll need, including alcohol.

BRANDON

I call dibs on that, too.

One more swig.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

The two cars continue driving along the winding roads.

Trees, everywhere. Desolate. Far from civilization.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE VACATION HOUSE - DAY

A large, cabin-like house, definitely lavish both on the outside and on the inside. It is tucked within a hillside with a fantastic view of the mountain range.

The house almost looks like a face with its window and door placements. Sad. In pain. Empty.

Mikey and Kellen's cars slowly pull up to the house, Mikey's in front of the garage, and Kellen's in front of the house.

A man, FRANK (50s), stands on the porch of the house and smiles as he watches the guys get out of the cars. They stretch.

Frank walks down the pathway toward the guys, as Mikey walks up to him. They shake hands.

MIKEY

Hi, I'm Mikey.

FRANK

Nice to meet you, Mikey. Frank.

Frank turns to the house. It seems to loom over them.

FRANK

Well, here she is.

MIKEY

It's beautiful.

BRANDON

Yeah, this place is amazing. Why'd you list it for such a great price?

KELLEN

Jesus, Brandon, you can't just ask that.

FRANK

No, no, it's fine. I only use it as a vacation home myself, so why bother have it sit out here with nobody inside of it? List it at a good price, people come a-flockin'.

Mikey looks back at the guys with a smirk before turning back to Frank.

MIKEY

Worked on us.

FRANK

Well I'm glad you found the place! Wasn't hard, was it?

KELLEN

Not at all. Those switchbacks are a pain, though.

(to Richard)

Some of us couldn't handle it.

Richard flips off Kellen.

FRANK

Ah, yes, this place takes a while to get to, that's for sure. Really makes you feel cut off from civilization, doesn't it?

PETER

Yeah, I barely have any signal here.

FRANK

No worries. There's a land line inside.

RICHARD

What's a land line?

FRANK

You must be the funny one of the group.

KELLEN

Don't stroke his ego too much, boss.

RICHARD
You'd like to stroke--

Kellen ELBOWS Richard in the side, which causes him to GRUNT.

KELLEN
Well. Shall we?

The boys grab their bags as Frank walks up the pathway to the front door. The boys follow, Mikey and Peter last.

PETER
You don't think it's a little sketchy that we get a place like this for so cheap?

MIKEY
What's so sketchy about it?

PETER
Come on.

MIKEY
Okay, so there's gotta be a catch, but who's asking?

PETER
I dunno.

MIKEY
Why do you always have to be so pessimistic? Lighten up.

INT. THE VACATION HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

A massive foyer. A giant chandelier hangs above the gang as they enter the house.

They admire the massive interior; immediately to their left, a staircase that leads up to the upstairs. To their right, the door to the garage.

The entryway opens up to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Furnished with the works: a couch, chairs, a rug, a gas fireplace with a stone chimney, a coffee table stocked with reading material, tables with lamps already turned on. Large windows show off the view of the mountains.

To the right of the living room is the kitchen.

Bags set down, the guys EXCLAIM how amazing the inside is.

FRANK

There's only five bedrooms so one of you will have to share with another.

KELLEN

Nah, it's fine. Richard can sleep on the couch where he belongs.

RICHARD

Very funny.

FRANK

Two of the rooms are downstairs, and the other three are upstairs, including the master bedroom. Then there's the basement, but that's not important.

PETER

What's down there?

FRANK

Work tools, storage items, crawlspace, you know, that kind of stuff.

BRANDON

You could turn it into another bedroom area. Really make bank off of this place.

FRANK

I'm not worried about the money.

RICHARD

Well, I don't know about you guys, but I'm gonna call dibs on a room.

Richard walks upstairs.

FRANK

Right, I should get going. Here are the keys.

Frank hands the keys to Mikey. He walks Frank to the door.

MIKEY

Anything we should know about the place?

FRANK

Call me if there are any problems with the house. There's a binder of things to do in Winter Park in the kitchen. Help yourselves to as much as you want. Oh, and have fun.

Frank winks. He walks through the front door, and Mikey shuts it. Then he remembers something--

MIKEY

Oh, and Frank--

He opens the door to find--

Nobody. Frank has disappeared.

Mikey sticks his head out and looks around.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Frank?

Cautiously, he shuts the door.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/MIKEY'S ROOM - DAY

A large bed, lavish furniture with a widescreen TV on top of the wooden dresser. It has its own bathroom. The window faces the mountain range.

Richard enters the room and throws his bag on the bed. He strips his jacket off.

RICHARD

Fuck yeah.

(shouts)

This one's mine, assholes!

Mikey pokes his head in.

MIKEY

Oh, nuh uh. This is the master bedroom. It's mine.

RICHARD

Screw you, I got here first.

MIKEY
Who got this house?

Kellen pokes his head in.

KELLEN
There are four other bedrooms,
Dick. Let the guy who got us this
house have the master.

Richard SNAGS his bag in anger, like a child.

RICHARD
(to Kellen)
Yes, Mother.

Kellen walks away with Richard. Mikey walks into the room and sets his bags down. He does a full 360 as he absorbs the decor.

He stops and notices something. In one of the corners of the room is a yellow stain, not very big. It seeps through the wallpaper, which has barely started to peel.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY BRIDGE - DAY

Kellen and Richard walk down the hallway--a bridge that goes over the living room and entryway--to the other two upstairs bedrooms, opposite of the hall from one another.

Richard takes the right room, while Kellen takes the left.

INT. KELLEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kellen walks in. The decor is similar to the master, and is smaller. A window overlooks more mountains, which Kellen admires.

Richard walks in. His face drops.

RICHARD
And I get the view of the driveway.
Fucking perfect.

Kellen walks into the Jack and Jill bathroom.

INT. JACK AND JILL BATHROOM - DAY

A long bathroom with a shower tub, two sinks, a long vanity mirror, plenty of storage space.

He looks up and sees an entrance to...somewhere...but to him, it's not important.

Kellen walks through and into Richard's bedroom.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's the same layout as Kellen's bedroom, down to the set up of where the furniture sits.

Richard flops on the bed with an irritated GRUNT. Kellen lays down with him, gets close.

KELLEN

What's up with you?

RICHARD

Nothing.

KELLEN

Didn't get what you want, eh?

RICHARD

Mind your own business.

KELLEN

Don't be a child.

RICHARD

I need a drink.

KELLEN

The fridge in the garage is full of alcohol. Will that cheer you up, boo-boo?

Richard hits Kellen with a pillow.

Kellen gets off the bed and walks out of Richard's bedroom.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Peter walks down the steps. The space is actually quite clean and organized. Tools hang on walls: a shovel, an axe, etc. Items are neatly placed on shelves, the floor is not cluttered and quite open.

A rug sits in the middle of the floor.

Peter walks through the basement, looking at all of the items. Nothing spectacular here.

He sees a window on the far wall that leads to a window well.

An open box sits below the window. Inside are a stack of PHOTOS.

Peter pulls out the photos and looks at them.

Each one is a photo of the families that lived in the house before. From 1910...to the 1920s...the 1940s...50s...60s...

Every photo, the camera is in the same spot that shows the perfect view of the house, and the different families in front of each house.

He takes the photos and turns around to walk back to the stairs. He TRIPS over the rug. His foot pulls away a corner of the rug, revealing a TRAP DOOR, locked with a padlock.

Peter studies the door and the lock. He shrugs and pulls the rug back over it.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

There are two doors on each side of the hallway.

The first door on the left leads to the BASEMENT. The second door on the left is a BEDROOM. The first door on the right is a BATHROOM. The second door on the right is another BEDROOM.

Mikey walks down the hall to the second door on the left.

INT. BRANDON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mikey opens the door and finds Brandon lying on the bed with his eyes shut.

MIKEY

Calling it a night already?

BRANDON

I just need to rest my eyes a bit.
It's been a long week.

MIKEY

So old.

BRANDON

You'll be there soon enough, buddy.

MIKEY

Meet us in the living room after
you're done napping, baby.

Brandon flips Mikey the bird. Mikey smirks and closes the door.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Mikey turns around and notices something through the partially open door of the opposite bedroom. It's dark in there, with the blinds and curtains closed, and lights off.

He looks through the crack.

The sound of rope TWISTING and TURNING emits from the darkness.

Mikey slowly opens the door to get a better look. The hinges SQUEAL.

In the very dark corner of the room, almost barely seen, is a HANGING BODY. It slowly sways.

Unsure if he is really seeing this, Mikey slowly reaches for the light switch.

A hand hovers over his shoulder...and GRABS HIM!

Mikey GASPS and spins around.

He BUMPS into Peter.

PETER

Sorry.

Mikey looks visibly afraid.

PETER

You okay?

Mikey looks back into the dark room. There's no hanging body in the corner.

MIKEY

Yeah...yeah...uh, did you get a room?

PETER

Yeah, this one.

MIKEY

Killer.

Mikey looks back into the room once more, perplexed.

PETER

You sure you're okay?

MIKEY

(flat)

I'm fine.

Mikey sees the photos.

MIKEY (cont'd)

What're those?

PETER

Old pictures from the families that lived here, I guess. Thought they looked pretty neat. Wanted to show the guys.

MIKEY

Kellen would like those. He's into that kind of shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Richard walks into the living room and sits in a chair. Steve lies on the couch.

Kellen flips through the photos while Peter and Mikey look at them.

KELLEN

Look at this. The outside's different in each photo. Like the house was updated with each decade.

PETER

How'd you notice that?

KELLEN

I'm an analyst, duh.

(beat)

I might've also taken a couple architecture classes. The whole inside of the house is different, too. Gothic, neoclassical, Victorian, mid-century modern, modern...like it's constantly been updated throughout the years.

PETER

Renovations?

KELLEN

That's a lot of work for a house.

Kellen looks on the back of one of the photos. There's writing.

KELLEN (cont'd)

"Look in the mirror, see what you find. You'll soon discover that this house has a mind." The hell does that mean?

Mikey looks over at Steve.

MIKEY

Called the couch, I presume?

STEVE

Yeah. It's comfy. I'm about ready to doze off.

MIKEY

Come on, guys. Let's get pumped up for tonight! We're gonna do some dancing, see some live music, eat some tacos...

KELLEN

Not for a few more hours. We can nap, can't we?

MIKEY

You know Pepe Osaka's gets crowded right when it opens. You've got two hours to kill, but I wanna be there right at four. It's a fun weekend. Let's unwind and let loose.

INT. ULLRS TAVERN - NIGHT

A BAND or DJ plays on stage while an AUDIENCE dances on the dance floor, including the guys. A few of them dance with women.

CUT TO:

Shots. Shots. More shots.

CUT TO:

More dancing. Grinding. Drinks in hand. Having fun. Smiles everywhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE VACATION HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The fireplace is lit. Outside, trees bend in the HOWLING wind.

The gang hang around in the living room, drinks in hand. Except for Brandon, who is passed out on the floor. They pass around a joint.

STEVE

(to Peter)

...and so Brandon asks her why she drives for Uber, and she's like, "Oh, I just do it on the side for extra cash." And he has the audacity to respond with--get this--"Oh, so you must be poor or something." Can you believe that?

PETER

No way, what did she say?

MIKEY

"I do."

The guys LAUGH except for Peter.

PETER

Wait, she's his wife?

RICHARD

Yeah. Poor bastard's whipped, too. I never wanna get married.

KELLEN

Nobody would want to be with you
anyway.

MIKEY

Our mom wants us to get married so
we can give her grandkids.

PETER

She won't shut up about it, either.

KELLEN

I hope to get married. I just don't
know who would do the proposing.

Beat.

MIKEY

Connor always talked about
proposing to his girl. He just
couldn't afford the ring.

KELLEN

Damn, I miss him.

STEVE

The good always die young.

RICHARD

Hey, if it weren't for him, we
wouldn't have this sweet pad.

Kellen shakes his head.

Mikey raises his bottle as a toast.

MIKEY

To Connor.

Everyone raises their glass to the toast.

EVERYONE

To Connor.

They take a drink.

The house GROANS and CREAKS in satisfaction, as if it enjoys
the gang's pain and laments. Everyone looks at one another,
then at the bending trees outside.

MIKEY

Storm's really kickin' up.

Richard finishes his beer and stands up.

RICHARD

Well, I'm hittin' the hay. G'night,
assholes.

As Richard leaves, he playfully slaps Kellen on the
shoulder. Kellen stands up too.

KELLEN

Uh, yeah, I'm gonna get some sleep
too.

Kellen leaves. Steve lays down on the couch and gets
comfortable. He closes his eyes.

PETER

Why are you guys friends with him?

MIKEY

Who? Kellen?

PETER

Richard.

MIKEY

He's an asshole, but he's like a
brother to us.

PETER

Pretty crummy brother.

MIKEY

He's alright.

(beat)

Me on the other hand...I could be a
better brother...Could've been.

PETER

What are you talking about? You're
a great brother.

MIKEY

I mean towards Connor.

Mikey takes a drink.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Oh well. Hindsight's 20/20.

PETER

I know I've asked before but...what
happened to him?

Steve peeks through one eye.

MIKEY

He, uh...pulled the same stunt as you. Except he succeeded.

Peter thinks for a moment. Then it hits him.

PETER

Oh...

MIKEY

I was busy, ya know? I was young. I had my own life.

PETER

You can't blame yourself. Sometimes it's not obvious...

MIKEY

No, it fucking was. If I only listened to him, if I actually did something about it...I had to lose someone for me to open my fucking eyes. Fuck.

He takes another drink and stares into the fire. He looks back to Peter.

MIKEY (cont'd)

I'm not gonna lose you, Pete. I'm not gonna lose another brother. You tell me when shit gets real. And I'm gonna look out for it, too. I can't lose someone like that again, I just...fucking can't.

With tears in his eyes, Mikey takes another drink, but his bottle is empty.

MIKEY (cont'd)

And now I'm outta beer. Fuck.

Peter hands his beer to Mikey, who reluctantly takes it. They smile at each other.

Brandon wakes up and groggily and drunkenly stands to his feet.

BRANDON

(slurred)

Fuck...I'm going to bed...

Brandon shuffles down the hall to his bedroom.

INT. BRANDON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brandon stumbles into his room and slithers beneath the covers. Immediately, he begins to SNORE.

His bedroom door slowly and silently SHUTS BY ITSELF.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter stands up.

PETER

I think I'm gonna get to bed, too.

MIKEY

Alright. I'm gonna hang out here a little while longer, maybe have one more drink.

PETER

I can stay out here with you if you want.

MIKEY

Nah, go to bed. We've got an early morning tomorrow.

PETER

Okay.

He turns to walk away, but stops and looks back at Mikey.

PETER (cont'd)

Oh, and Mikey. Thanks for being a cool brother.

MIKEY

Don't get used to it.

Mikey winks. Peter smiles and then walks down the hallway to his bedroom.

Mikey turns the fireplace off and gets comfortable in a chair.

He sits in the darkness. Silent.

LATER

It's dark in the house. It's quiet, except for the muffled HOWLING WIND outside.

Steve sleeps on the couch. Mikey lies passed out in the chair.

The silence is suddenly broken by a deep INHALE.

Mikey stirs.

A deep EXHALE.

Slowly, his eyes flutter as he awakens. Another INHALE. EXHALE. He looks over at Steve, who is sound asleep.

Something catches his attention, from the fireplace.

Another deep INHALE, as air rushes through the chimney.

Mikey sits up and stares at the fireplace.

EXHALE.

It's almost as if the house is BREATHING.

Mikey looks out the windows and sees the trees bending wildly in the wind. He looks back at the fireplace.

It BREATHES once more.

Uninterested, he stands up and walks out of the living room to the stairs.

The fireplace BREATHES again.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

POP! Toast jumps from the toaster. Sizzling bacon, sausage, and eggs. Hashbrowns. Bowls of fruit. Yogurt. A king's feast.

Kellen cooks breakfast. Mikey, Peter, and Steve sit at the table and CHAT amongst one another.

Richard walks into the kitchen.

KELLEN
There he is.

RICHARD
I feel like shit.

KELLEN
You look like it, too.

Richard flips him off and sits at the table.

STEVE
How'd you sleep, princess?

RICHARD
Awful. Can someone get me coffee?

MIKEY
Is Brandon up?

RICHARD
The fuck should I know?

Mikey SIGHS and stands up.

MIKEY
I'll get him.

He walks out of the kitchen.

RICHARD
So what about that coffee?

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Mikey walks down toward the end. He reaches the door to Brandon's bedroom.

INT. BRANDON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mikey opens the door. He sticks his head in, sees the lump of Brandon peacefully sleeping beneath the covers. A tuft of hair peeks out from beneath.

MIKEY
Hey! Wakey, wakey!

Brandon doesn't stir. Dead asleep.

MIKEY (cont'd)
Yo, Brando!

Nothing. Not even a snore. Mikey shrugs.

MIKEY (cont'd)
Your loss, old man.

He shuts the door.

REVEAL: the MELTING BODY OF BRANDON as skin slowly OOZES off of his BONES. The covers fuse to him like a sticky film as they ABSORB HIM.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mikey enters and sits back at the table where everyone has started eating.

MIKEY

He's passed the fuck out.

KELLEN

Whose car are we taking?

The gang looks at him.

KELLEN (cont'd)

Fine, we'll take mine. But I get the garage when we get back, Mikey.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - SKI SLOPES - DAY**BEGIN MONTAGE**

The gang SHRED the mountainside. Snow POOFS into the air as skis and snowboards SLICE through the fresh powder.

Some of the guys FLY off ramps. Others ZIP along pathways through the trees.

HOLLERING. HOWLING. WHOOPING.

It's an awesome day for some snow sports.

END MONTAGE**EXT. THE VACATION HOUSE - DAY**

Kellen's car arrives at the garage. The door ROARS open and reveals an empty space within. Kellen pulls inside.

INT. THE VACATION HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

The gang enter through the garage entrance as the garage door ROARS shut.

They begin to remove all of their gear. Skis drop on the floor, boots scatter about, poles lie lopsided. It's a mess.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Mikey walks toward Brandon's bedroom.

INT. BRANDON'S BEDROOM - DAY

He opens the door and finds an empty bed, the blankets disheveled where Brandon had laid earlier.

Mikey shrugs and shuts the door.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY

Mikey returns. The guys finish taking their gear off.

MIKEY

I guess Brandon went to town. My car's gone and so is he.

STEVE

Too bad, he missed out on some great powder.

MIKEY

His old bones probably couldn't handle it, anyway.

RICHARD

Speaking of old bones, I wanna soak in the hot tub. I'm sore.

KELLEN

I'll join.

STEVE

Me too.

The three leave.

Mikey pulls out his phone and begins a text message. Peter moves to leave, looks back at Mikey.

PETER

You gonna get in the hot tub?

MIKEY

In just a minute. I'm sending a text to Brandon just to see where he's at.

He continues to type away. Peter turns to leave.

MIKEY (cont'd)
Oh, hey...you mind putting the gear
up? The guys left it a mess.

PETER
(annoyed)
Really?

MIKEY
We'll make it up to you.

PETER
Fine. But only because I'm a decent
person.

MIKEY
Out of this group, you're the only
one.

Mikey winks.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Peter struggles with the gear as he brings it inside the
garage. The door shuts behind him.

He hangs the skis up on the rack on the wall.

He leans the poles against the wall, sets the boots on the
floor.

He steps back, catches his breath.

All is quiet...

He walks back to the door and--it's locked. He tests the
doorknob again and again.

VROOM! The car COMES TO LIFE. Peter spins around.

The headlights flash on and off. The windshield wipers slide
wildly. LOUD MUSIC blares from within.

Exhaust BILLOWS out of the pipe. The garage begins to fill
with smoke.

Peter knocks cautiously on the door.

No answer.

The car REVS and RUMBLES, releasing more exhaust.

The garage becomes hazy.

Peter begins to BANG on the door.

PETER

Mikey!

Still no answer. The car continues to RUMBLE, its engine ROARING with each REV.

Peter continues to BANG on the door.

PETER (cont'd)

Somebody!

The garage becomes more hazy.

The door opens, knocking Peter backward. Mikey stands in the doorway, in his swimsuit.

Peter runs out of the garage.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY

Peter stands opposite of the garage door entrance, breathes heavily.

MIKEY

Sorry, I was getting my swimsuit on.

Mikey stares at him strangely.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Everything okay?

Peter looks back in the garage. It's not hazy anymore. The car is off and silent.

PETER

I just...the car...

Mikey shuts the garage door entrance. He walks over to Peter.

MIKEY

Pete...you alright?

PETER

I don't know what happened.

MIKEY

Was it a panic attack? Did being in the garage trigger you?

PETER
I...I don't know...

MIKEY
I'm sorry, Pete. I should've known.
That was my bad.

PETER
It's okay. Just a little freaked
out is all...

MIKEY
The hot tub will calm you down. Get
your suit on, take a dip.

PETER
(still perplexed)
Yeah...yeah...

MIKEY
You're okay, Peter.

Mikey pats Peter on the back.

MIKEY (cont'd)
We'll see you out back?

Peter nods. Mikey leaves.

Peter looks at the garage entrance for a moment longer.

EXT. THE VACATION HOUSE - BACK PORCH - DAY

The sun sets, casting the sky in a pink glow.

The gang sits in the hot tub. Each of them have a drink in hand.

RICHARD
...and so while Brandon is getting
his face stuffed with her tits,
Kellen is sitting there while the
other one is giving him a lap
dance. And the whole time, he's
like--

Richard stiffens up, uncomfortable.

RICHARD
--"Get. Her. Off of me." And we
can't help but laugh our asses off.

STEVE

I remember you guys kept throwing her dollar bills which made her just go at it more.

RICHARD

Oh yeah. She was having a blast.

KELLEN

(sarcastically)
Right, it was a real whirl.

RICHARD

You liked it.

MIKEY

And since you're not allowed to touch them, you had to take it.

Kellen finishes his drink.

KELLEN

Well, it was a good thing I was drunk. I'm getting dinner started.

Kellen gets out of the hot tub. Steve follows.

STEVE

I'll help. Teach me your ways, you goddamn amazing cook.

RICHARD

I'm gonna stay in. This feels way too good.

Richard gets comfortable in the hot tub and shuts his eyes.

Mikey whispers something secretive to Peter, who smirks.

MIKEY

Uh, yeah, we're gonna get out too. Starting to get a bit hot.

RICHARD

Wimp.

MIKEY

C'mon, Pete.

Mikey and Peter get out of the hot tub and grab their towels. They walk inside.

Richard gets even more comfortable, takes a DEEP BREATH, EXHALES. Apart from the hot tub jets--

Silence. Beautiful, beautiful silence. This is exactly what he needs.

INT. THE VACATION HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the kitchen, Kellen begins to prep for dinner.

Mikey grabs his phone and checks it. No text messages, no missed calls.

STEVE
You hear back from Brandon?

MIKEY
Nah.

KELLEN
Who the hell knows what he's doing anyway.

MIKEY
He's not like that anymore.

PETER
(re: Richard)
He looks pretty relaxed. We gonna do this or what?

STEVE
Do what?

EXT. THE VACATION HOUSE - BACK PORCH - DAY

The back porch door quietly slides open...

Richard takes another DEEP BREATH, EXHALES. He sinks further into the water, chin barely touching the surface.

The hot tub cover SLAMS SHUT over him!

RICHARD (O.S.)
What the fuck?!

LAUGHTER. From the gang.

RICHARD (O.S.) (cont'd)
What the fuck, you guys?!

Steve and Mikey lay on top of the hot tub cover. It trembles as Richard attempts to push it off.

Kellen and Peter step in to hold the cover down.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 Fuck, I can't breathe! Get off, you
 guys!

Grins all around.

RICHARD (O.S.) (cont'd)
 I'm serious!

The cover continues to tremble. He YELPS. And then...

Everything stops. Richard goes quiet.

Still grinning, the guys look at one another. Their smiles
 begin to fade as the silence continues. Mikey and Steve soon
 slide off and they open the cover, revealing--

NOTHING. Richard has VANISHED.

Silence from the gang. They stare at the empty hot tub,
 perplexed.

Finally:

KELLEN
 Uh...what the hell, you guys?

More silence.

KELLEN (cont'd)
 What the hell, you guys?!

Kellen looks at the gang.

KELLEN (cont'd)
 Did that just happen?!

MIKEY
 Shut up, Kellen.

KELLEN
 Don't tell me to shut up! Where did
 he go, Mikey?!

Out of sheer absurdity of the situation, Mikey SPLASHES in
 the water to fish for Richard. But there's nothing in there.

MIKEY
 (to himself)
 What the fuck...

KELLEN

This doesn't make any sense?!

PETER

What happened to him?

MIKEY

I don't know!

STEVE

Okay, okay...there's gotta be a logical explanation for this--

KELLEN

Logical explanation?! The guy was just in there and now he's gone! Where could he go?!

MIKEY

Kellen, calm down--

KELLEN

Calm down?! Did I see the same thing you saw?

MIKEY

No, but we can't think rationally if we freak out on one another--

KELLEN

Rational?! How can I be rational when I just saw a guy disappear before my very eyes?

MIKEY

(he's had it)

Shut up, Kellen! I don't know! I don't fucking know!

Steve and Peter cover the hot tub back up.

MIKEY

Wait, what are you doing?

STEVE

What if he, I dunno, reappears if we put the cover back on?

KELLEN

Are you kidding me?

STEVE

You have a better idea?

They wait a moment, then Steve nods at Peter and they remove the cover.

EMPTY. Richard has disappeared without a trace.

KELLEN

What the actual fuck?

The gang stand around the empty hot tub in silence. The sun has set completely now, the area growing dark around them.

Mikey throws his hands in the air.

MIKEY

And where the fuck is Brandon?!

INT. THE VACATION HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kellen paces back and forth while the other three hang out at the dining table.

KELLEN

It just doesn't make any sense. He was in there. Where could he have gone? It makes absolutely no sense.

STEVE

What are we going to do?

Mikey thinks.

STEVE

Mikey--

MIKEY

I'm thinking.

PETER

Should we call the police?

KELLEN

The police? Yeah right. What are we gonna tell them? The truth? Do you think they'd believe us? 'Cause I wouldn't even fucking believe it.

STEVE

He's right. Plus we've been drinking and smoking, they'd probably just laugh at us.

KELLEN

It just doesn't make any sense.

MIKEY

Okay. Obviously something weird is going on.

KELLEN

No shit.

MIKEY

First Brandon goes MIA, and now Richard just disappears like the hot tub is a magician's fucking hat. Now...we didn't check to see if there was some kind of trap door beneath the tub--

KELLEN

Trap door? Are you for real right now? The tub would've emptied out with water.

MIKEY

And what do you think it was, mister analyst? Do you have any better theories?

KELLEN

Yeah. What we saw was not normal. It just...fuck! I don't know! It doesn't make any sense!

PETER

He does have a point. What happened wasn't normal.

STEVE

We can't just sit here, though. We have to find him.

KELLEN

How can we find someone who just vanishes like that?

STEVE

He had to have gone somewhere.

MIKEY

And it's freezing out there. With him being wet, he doesn't have long.

KELLEN

It's just not normal...It just...
Maybe it was paranormal, who
knows?! Aliens, a fourth dimension,
maybe this house is cursed, who
knows?!

MIKEY

C'mon, you seriously can't believe
what you saw was an act of aliens.

KELLEN

People don't just disappear into
thin air like that!

STEVE

We have to go looking for him.
Maybe start around the house?

MIKEY

This is crazy.

KELLEN

Oh my God, he's probably dead. He's
dead. And I helped. Oh my God.

Mikey grabs Kellen by the shoulders.

MIKEY

Kellen, calm down. We don't know
what happened to him.

KELLEN

I can't help it. I...I...
(beat)
I gotta get outta here.

Kellen turns and walks away.

MIKEY

Wait, what? Why?

KELLEN

It's this house. It probably scared
Brandon off and it got Richard
and...and...

Kellen stops.

MIKEY

You're losin' it, Kellen...

He spins around.

KELLEN

Don't tell me I'm losing it. What I saw was real, okay? You all saw it too, remember that.

Kellen stares at Mikey intensely before he walks away to the stairs.

INT. KELLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kellen packs his things. His eyes are red from crying. He SNIFFS and wipes his nose. Mikey walks into the room.

MIKEY

You can't leave without us.

KELLEN

Brandon will be back and y'all can ride home together.

MIKEY

So you're just gonna go? And forget about Richard--?

Kellen SNAPS at Mikey.

KELLEN

I'll never forget about him. I... we...

MIKEY

(pressing)

What?

KELLEN

(fights for words)

He wasn't just a friend, Mikey.

MIKEY

So you guys were like brothers, so what? Why would you just leave like this?

KELLEN

Forget it. He's gone. It doesn't fucking matter anymore.

He zips up his bag.

KELLEN (cont'd)

This house isn't safe. There's something weird about it.

MIKEY
C'mon, Kellen...

KELLEN
(stern)
No. What happened wasn't normal.
This isn't normal.

Kellen walks out of the bedroom.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steve holds the land line phone to his ear.

STEVE
Hi Frank. This is Steve, one of the
guys staying at the house. Look,
something weird has happened to one
of our friends. And, I was
wondering if maybe you could help
us...somehow. Please give us a call
back as soon as possible. Thanks.

Steve hangs up and looks at Peter, shrugs.

PETER
You think that was a good idea?

STEVE
I couldn't think of anything else.

Kellen RUSHES into the kitchen and grabs his phone, wallet,
keys.

STEVE (cont'd)
Oh, c'mon Kellen, you can't just
leave.

KELLEN
No. I don't want to be here
anymore. What happened freaked me
the hell out. I'm leaving.

He packs the stuff into his bag, except the keys. Mikey
enters the kitchen and sits at the table.

KELLEN (cont'd)
Brandon will be back for you guys.
(beat)
If he comes back...what if the
house got him too...?

STEVE
What are you talking about?

KELLEN
What if it's the house?

STEVE
That's crazy, Kellen--

KELLEN
I'm not crazy.

Kellen looks at each of them staring back at him, concerned.

KELLEN (cont'd)
Don't look at me like that. Why are
you all looking at me like that?

BRRRIINNGG!! The land line RINGS.

Steve picks up the phone.

STEVE
Hello?...Hey, Frank. Thank god you
called back. Something weird is
going on...One of our friends, he,
I don't know exactly how to say it
without sounding crazy, but...
Hello? Frank? Hello?...Shit. We
lost connection.

KELLEN
Well try calling back!

Steve redials the number. Frank's VOICEMAIL is audible from
the receiver.

STEVE
Shit.

KELLEN
Well. You guys tried. Whatever's
happened to Richard, or Brandon for
that matter, wasn't normal. I'm
sticking to the fact that something
weird is going on with this house.
You guys can believe your own
theories, but I think we can all
agree that what happened was not
normal.
(beat)
Good bye.

Kellen leaves.

(O.S.) The garage door entrance SLAMS shut.

Steve continues to redial Frank.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP: Keys into the ignition, a hand turns them, which starts the car with a RUMBLE.

BACK TO SCENE

Kellen sits in the driver seat of his car. He grips the steering wheel tightly, BREATHES heavily.

He looks in the rearview mirror and notices that the garage door is shut. He steps out of his car and presses the garage door opener on the wall.

The door begins to open. The GRINDING METAL of the opening garage door sounds almost like a slow ROAR, as if it comes from the house itself.

Kellen hastily jumps back into his car.

The garage lights begin to flicker.

The garage door MALFUNCTIONS, and stops halfway. Kellen looks out the back window of his car.

KELLEN

No, no, no, come on...

The garage door motor SPARKS. The chain ZIPS rapidly through the machine as the door FALLS SHUT with a SLAM.

The far wall of the garage BEGINS TO MOVE INWARD.

A shelf FALLS OVER with a CLATTER, catching Kellen's attention.

The wall closes in FASTER.

KELLEN (cont'd)

What the...

The right sideview mirror of the car folds in as the wall PUSHES AGAINST IT.

KELLEN

What the?!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The gang shoot up at the sound of Kellen's SCREAMS (O.S.)
Steve drops the phone as they run out of the kitchen.

CLOSE UP: the phone. A yellow liquid drips out of the holes
of the receiver.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The guys run through the living room and toward the
entryway, toward the door to the garage.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The door flies open, just in time for the guys to see the
wall PUSHING THE CAR TOWARD THE OTHER WALL.

Kellen stares at them, literally petrified with fear.

The front of the car begins to push the door shut. The guys
attempt to push the door back open.

MIKEY

Kellen, get out!

Kellen stares at the wall as it continues to push against
the car. His hand blindly feels for the door handle.

STEVE

Kellen!

Kellen grabs the door handle and pushes, but it barely opens
as the other wall stops it.

Mikey and Steve push against the door, but their strength is
no match against the force of the wall as it begins to CRUSH
THE CAR.

Kellen SCREAMS.

The front of the car pushes the door shut completely.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

(O.S.) Kellen continues to SCREAM.

Mikey and Steve THROW themselves into the door, but they
can't get through.

Slowly, Kellen's SCREAMS fade away...

SHATTERING GLASS. CRUNCHING METAL. It sounds like a TRASH COMPACTOR.

Mikey slams his fist into the door.

MIKEY
(frustrated)
Stupid!

STEVE
He was scared, Mikey. Holy shit...

PETER
What the fuck was that? What just happened?!

Nobody says anything.

PETER
Is this house rigged? What the hell is going on?!

Mikey turns and walks toward the kitchen. The other two follow.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mikey stops and stares at the phone that hangs from its cord. Or, what's left of it...

The phone has MELTED.

Steve and Peter see the phone too.

STEVE
What the hell...?

PETER
What's going on, Mikey?

MIKEY
I don't know.

Mikey pulls out his cell phone. No signal.

MIKEY (cont'd)
Fuck.

STEVE
What about Facetime? Use the wifi?

MIKEY
Great idea!

Mikey calls Frank via Facetime. It RINGS. Frank answers.

The image is severely pixelated and glitchy. Frank is incoherent as he SPEAKS.

MIKEY (cont'd)
Frank? Frank, can you hear me?
Hello? Come on...

DISCONNECTED shows on the screen.

MIKEY (cont'd)
Damn it.

PETER
What do we do?

MIKEY
We're getting out of here.

STEVE
Your car's gone, remember?

MIKEY
There's a bus stop on the main road
that runs 24/7. It's a long walk,
but it's our only choice. Let's
make this quick.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/MIKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mikey walks into the room and stops. He stares around him.

The corners of the room have LARGE STAINS OF YELLOW LIQUID.
The wallpaper PEELS from the walls.

Mikey does a full 360.

PETER (O.S.)
Guys! Come here!

Mikey rushes out of the room.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mikey enters the room.

MIKEY

You guys have to see my room. The walls are all fucked up.

PETER

You wanna see fucked up? Notice how humid it is in here? Well I tried opening the window and pressed my hands against the glass, and look at this...

Peter takes his hand and slowly sticks it onto the window pane. He pushes his hand THROUGH, and the glass STRETCHES as if it's made out of some kind of PROTECTIVE FILM.

STEVE

I have to be on something. That pot must've been laced with something.

MIKEY

No...

Mikey backs out of the room.

INT. BRANDON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mikey walks to the window and sticks his hand THROUGH, the same protective film STRETCHING with his hand.

MIKEY

What the fuck?

Mikey pulls his hand back and turns around.

He looks at the bed and notices a stain peeking out from beneath the covers. He lifts the covers off.

A HUMAN-SHAPED, DRIED BLOOD STAIN, in the shape of someone sleeping.

Mikey retches back.

Peter sticks his head in.

PETER

I'm finished packing.

He sees the stain as well, walks in for a closer inspection.

PETER
Holy shit...is that...?

MIKEY
Brandon.
(beat)
Let's get the hell out of here.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

The three walk to the front door with bags in hand.
Mikey grabs the door knob and it DETACHES FROM THE DOOR.

MIKEY
What the fuck?

The guys stare at the door knob in Mikey's hand. There's no sign of a hole in the door, as if a knob never existed.

Steve feels the door. BANGS on it.

STEVE
It's not gonna open.

Mikey drops the knob and walks to and through the living room, makes his way to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mikey tests the back door knob. The knob detaches itself from the door as well.

MIKEY
Oh fuck. Oh fuck.

He drops his bags. Then the knob. He throws himself into the door, but it does nothing.

Peter and Steve watch. Mikey stops and catches his breath.

MIKEY
Stand back.

He grabs a chair and lifts it up. He TOSSES THE CHAIR--

It STRETCHES the kitchen window, BOUNCES back.

Mikey stumbles back. Peter and Steve drop their bags.

PETER
God, he was right. It's the house.
It's like it's...it's...

MIKEY
No. That's not possible.

PETER
Look around you, Mikey! Look what's
happening!

Mikey grabs a knife from the knife rack on the counter. He
STABS the window.

The knife DOES NOT PENETRATE the thick, tissue-like film.

Mikey SLASHES at the window. No damage is done. He drops the
knife.

PETER (cont'd)
Oh god, oh fuck.

STEVE
We're trapped.

MIKEY
There's gotta be a way out. Maybe
the basement?

PETER
No, I've already checked that place
out, it's a dead end.

MIKEY
One of these windows has to open.

PETER
Don't waste your time trying.

MIKEY
What?

PETER
All of the windows are like this.
We should try and find another way
out.

MIKEY
You're not gonna bother trying?

PETER
I think it's safe to assume that
the entire house is like this.

MIKEY

That's what you do! You always
assume the worst! You're so goddamn
pessimistic.

STEVE

Calm down, Mikey...

MIKEY

I'm gonna try anyway.
(to Peter)
You can sit here and do nothing
like you always do.

Mikey looks at Steve.

STEVE

(reluctantly)
I'll check the upstairs.

Steve leaves for the stairs. Mikey begins to try and open
the kitchen windows, but it's no use.

PETER

I'm not useless.

MIKEY

Well if you don't want to be
useless, help us.

Mikey leaves the kitchen and rushes toward the downstairs
hallway, leaving Peter to sulk.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Steve arrives at the top of the stairs, just in time to see
a FIGURE to the left walk into the master bedroom.

STEVE

Brandon?

Steve walks down the hallway toward the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/MIKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Steve walks inside. The figure is nowhere to be found.

He SNIFFS the air and his face morphs in disgust.

The walls are completely covered in the yellow substance.
They DRIP with it. Steve stares at it all in awe.

As he turns toward the bathroom, he sees the figure standing in the doorway. The figure turns just in time to hide his face, walks into the bathroom.

Steve walks to the bathroom and stands in the doorway. He peeks inside.

The figure has disappeared.

STEVE

Brandon?

Steve turns around and comes face to face with the HALF-MELTED BODY OF BRANDON.

Steve stumbles backward into the bathroom.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steve falls onto his ass.

Brandon grabs the door and shuts it. The door handle FALLS OFF.

Steve jumps to his feet and throws himself into the door.

STEVE

Help!

He stops at the sound of something...GURGLING...

He turns around. The GURGLES get louder.

Steve walks to one of the sinks, one of the many sources of the disgusting GURGLES.

He looks closer...

Then--

Every PIPE OPENING from the SINKS, SHOWER, TUB, TOILET-- EVERYTHING, EXPLODES WITH STOMACH ACID.

He throws his hands up to his face as the acid SPRAYS AT HIM with a HISS.

SMOKE immediately rises from his SKIN and CLOTHES.

STEVE (cont'd)

What that fuck is this shit?

His skin begins to burn. He SCREAMS.

The shower drain clogs itself and the shower begins to fill and overflow onto the bathroom floor.

The tub quickly fills up with the acid, and soon overflows as well.

The sinks GUSH with the acid-like fountains, as does the toilet.

The acid quickly covers the bathroom floor. Steve's shoes SMOLDER as he stands in it.

Steve SCREAMS LOUDER and RAMS into the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Mikey and Peter run to the top of the stairs. Steve's SCREAMS (O.S.) catch their attention, and they run down the hallway.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/MIKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mikey and Peter run inside and immediately stop.

The walls have now morphed into STOMACH WALLS, with VEINS that bulge from the tissue. Orifices SQUIRT STOMACH ACID onto the floor.

PETER

What the fuck...

MIKEY

Holy shit...

Mikey snaps out of his trance and runs to the bathroom door. He RAMS into the door repeatedly.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steve stands on the sink counter top. The soles of his shoes have melted away. The floor is flooded with the stomach acid.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/MIKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mikey continues to RAM into the door. It begins to break.

Peter looks over at the bedroom door, which begins to close on its own. The back of the door is more STOMACH WALL.

Peter JUMPS toward the door and stops it from closing just in time.

He pries the door open and keeps it ajar as it attempts to force itself shut.

PETER

Mikey!

Mikey ignores Peter and continues to RAM into the door.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steve on top of the counter.

STEVE

Hurry up!

One sink's fountain of acid EXPLODES higher and SPRAYS AT STEVE. It splashes across his face and body.

He SCREAMS and falls onto the floor. Rags of his clothes begin to burn off of his body and onto the floor.

The door splinters partway open. Mikey looks inside, then continues to break through the door.

Blisters form on Steve's reddening skin, which smolders. He YELPS in pain.

More acid SPLASHES out of the sink, out of the tub, out of the toilet. The floor is submerged, and has filled up to Steve's ankles. His shoes MELT off.

Steve wipes the acid out of his eyes, only to have more yellow liquid SPRAY at his face from the sink.

He STUMBLES backward, toward the tub of acid!

He's about to fall in--

Mikey SNATCHES him!

He drags Steve out of the bathroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/MIKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mikey helps Steve to his now bare feet.

PETER

Guys!

They look over at Peter, who struggles to keep the closing door ajar.

MIKEY

C'mon!

Mikey pulls Steve toward the door. The three guys SPILL out of the bedroom. The door SLAMS shut.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

From inside the master bedroom comes the GHOSTLY MOAN of GROANING HUNGER.

Mikey and Peter help Steve up to his feet and they STUMBLE down the stairwell.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mikey and Peter lay Steve down on the couch. Blisters cover his burned skin.

MIKEY

God, that stuff smells like vomit.

STEVE

It's...it's fucking stomach acid.
What the fuck?!

PETER

He was right, Mikey...Kellen was right! The house! It's...it's fucking alive!

MIKEY

That can't be possible, it just can't!

PETER

Take a look around you! Look what's happened! And now we're trapped! We're fucking trapped inside!

MIKEY

No, there's gotta be another way out--

PETER
We're not gonna get outta here
alive. The house, it's...it's gonna
fucking eat us!

MIKEY
There has to be another way.
There's just gotta...

PETER
Fuck! We're dead! We're dead!

MIKEY
No we're not!

PETER
And it's all your fault! We're here
because of you!

MIKEY
Don't you pin this shit on me!

STEVE
Guys!

PETER
We're fucking dead and it's all
your fucking fault, Mikey!

MIKEY
Shut up, Peter! I didn't know this
was gonna happen!

PETER
We're gonna die!

MIKEY
God dammit, isn't that what you
wanted?!

STEVE
Mikey!

Peter tries to speak, but he's in too much shock. Tears fill his eyes, his face red with anger.

MIKEY
Peter, I'm sorry. I'm sorry...

Peter grits his teeth with rage. He backs away.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Pete...

PETER

I didn't deserve that.

Peter turns and rushes down the downstairs hallway.

MIKEY

I'm sorry, Peter!

STEVE

He's scared, Mikey. We all are.

MIKEY

Shit.

STEVE

We shouldn't leave each other alone.

Mikey looks at Steve with pleading eyes. Steve SIGHS.

STEVE

I feel like I look, but...I'll talk to him...

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steve walks into the room. Mikey hangs at the doorway.

Peter lies on the carpet floor. He CRIES. He stares at the carpet fibers and runs his fingers through them.

CLOSE UP: the carpet fibers TWITCH and WRIGGLE like the microvilli of human intestine.

BACK TO SCENE

Steve walks in.

PETER

Do you ever wonder what it's like to die? Not to be dead, but at the moment of dying.

Steve squats down next to Peter.

STEVE

Do you really think dying is the only way out?

PETER

Face it. We're not getting out of here alive.

STEVE

I'm not talking about getting out of here...

Peter sits up and looks at Mikey, who reluctantly leaves.

STEVE (cont'd)

I've tried before too, Peter. It's just not worth it. Do you really think killing yourself will solve all of your problems?

PETER

I wouldn't be here, so I wouldn't have any problems to begin with.

STEVE

So you'd just push them all onto other people?

Peter looks down in shame.

STEVE (cont'd)

I used to think dying was my only option. You know, pop a bottle of pills and wait to fall asleep, for forever. But people don't fucking forget.

Peter looks up at Steve.

PETER

Is that how...?

STEVE

You think it's the easy road out, but it's not. It just makes everything fucking harder. Did you hear your brother last night when he was talking about Connor? Did you feel the pain and guilt he has for it?

Peter looks back down in shame.

STEVE (cont'd)

You know, I once read that the path out of hell is through misery. By refusing to accept the misery that

(MORE)

STEVE (cont'd)
is part of climbing out of hell,
you fall back into it.

PETER
Is that what they teach you in med
school?

STEVE
Listen to me. There are people out
there who care about you. Your
brother, your parents, your
friends...you were given a second
chance.
(beat)
You can't give up now, Peter.

Mikey rushes into the room.

MIKEY
Guys, come look at this.

The two stand up and walk out of the room with Mikey.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The three walk into the room and look around.

The walls have turned yellow and OOZE with yellow liquid.
VEINS faintly appear within the walls, which undulate with
HUNGER.

PETER
Sooner or later the whole house is
gonna be like this.

MIKEY
Steve, you're a doctor...if the
house truly is alive, it's gotta
have a mouth, or something. Basic
anatomy, right?

STEVE
Right...a mouth...

PETER
This whole place is a mouth.

STEVE
No, this whole place is a stomach.
The mouth's gotta be somewhere.

PETER

Well it can't be the front door,
we've already found that out.

STEVE

Right, so it's gotta be somewhere
else.

MIKEY

The garage? It literally chewed up
Kellen.

PETER

Oh no, I'm not going in there.
Especially after what happened to
him.

STEVE

He's right. What about a brain? If
the house is alive, something's
gotta keep it alive.

MIKEY

You can't be serious. Like an
actual brain?

STEVE

I don't know what. But look at
what's happening to us. It's not
that farfetched.

PETER

Yeah, but where would that be?

STEVE

If this house has a...head? It
would be there. Maybe like...the
attic?

MIKEY

I don't remember seeing an entrance
to an attic.

STEVE

Did you look?

MIKEY

Well, no, but...

STEVE

We need to check. That could be our
only way out of this hellhole.

PETER

What about the other way out?

STEVE

What other way out?

PETER

You know...the ass?

Mikey and Steve look at him in disbelief.

PETER

I mean, if this place is eating people, it's gotta have an asshole, right?

STEVE

I'd rather find a mouth before dealing with that shit. No pun intended.

The house suddenly RUMBLES and GROANS.

ALIVE.

The walls QUIVER, and SQUIRT yellow liquid, which smolders on the floor.

MIKEY

We better make a decision quick!

STEVE

Upstairs, now.

The three run to the entryway.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Mikey and Steve run up the stairs. Peter stops halfway. The two reach the top and look back down at Peter.

MIKEY

What are you doing?!

PETER

I'm gonna stay here. I'll keep an eye out and shout if anything happens. I don't want you guys getting trapped up there.

MIKEY
Smart thinking.

PETER
I'm not useless.

MIKEY
I know you aren't. And Peter, I'm
sorry.

STEVE
This is beautiful and all, but we
don't have much time you guys. We
need to find the attic. Now.

MIKEY
(to Peter)
Stay here.
(to Steve)
Let's go.

Mikey and Steve run down the upstairs hallway bridge toward
Kellen and Richard's room.

Mikey takes Kellen's room, while Steve takes Richard's.

INT. JACK AND JILL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mikey and Steve meet up with each other in the bathroom.

MIKEY
Did you find it?

STEVE
No.

MIKEY
How are we even sure there is one?

STEVE
Maybe the master?

MIKEY
I'm not going back in there.

STEVE
Do we have a choice?

Mikey stares at Steve, then looks at himself in the mirror.
Something catches his attention. He looks up.

Above the two is an ATTIC ENTRANCE: a hole cut in the
ceiling with a board fitted perfectly acting as the door.

Mikey looks back down at Steve with a smile.

MIKEY
Nope. Lift me up.

Steve lifts Mikey up, who pushes the door up and slides it open. He pulls himself inside, then looks back out at Steve.

MIKEY
Stay here, make sure the doors stay open.

STEVE
You got it.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Mikey pulls out his cell phone and turns the flash on.

The attic is cluttered with dusty boxes and furniture covered in white sheets. Cobwebs hang low from the ceilings or cover the boxes.

The room looks like it hasn't been cleaned in years--even decades.

He walks through the clutter.

A human-shaped object sits beneath a white sheet. He walks toward it.

With a shaky hand, shaking BREATHING, he reaches for the sheet...

He YANKS the sheet off revealing--a mannequin.

He SIGHS and resumes looking through the attic. He continues forward.

Mikey sees a round WINDOW at the far wall of the attic. He walks up to it and opens the blinds. It's a VENT. That opens up to the OUTSIDE. NO GLASS.

The window looks big enough for him to squeeze through.

He LAUGHS in excitement.

MIKEY
Yo, Steve! I found a way out!

THUMP.

Next to Mikey, another large piece of furniture, covered with another sheet, MOVES.

It's tall and rectangular.

Mikey reaches out and grabs the sheet. He YANKS it off revealing--

HIMSELF. A mirror. Large and magnificent. The wooden frame carefully carved in an ornate fashion. Beautiful. Perfect. Untouched.

Mikey's BREATHING CEASES.

Behind him...A BODY HANGS BY A ROPE. The body faces away from him.

Mikey spins around and sees--

NOTHING.

He looks back at his reflection. The body continues to hang behind him.

He slams his eyes shut and turns away from the reflection.

MIKEY (cont'd)

It's not real. It's not real. It's not real.

Behind him, in the reflection, the body SLOWLY TURNS AROUND. The sound of the rope TWISTING and TURNING emits from... somewhere...

The B.G. is blurred, but we know it's CONNOR.

MIKEY (cont'd)

It's not real. It's not real. It's not fucking real...

CONNOR

(ghostly)

Mikey.

Mikey opens his eyes and sees--

A NOOSE. Empty. It slowly sways in front of him.

He turns around to look back at the mirror--

He comes FACE TO SWOLLEN FACE WITH CONNOR. DEAD. His puffy, purple tongue hangs from his mouth. His bloodshot eyes have rolled to the back of his head. His skin, a pale blueish color. The sight is HORRIFYING.

Mikey SCREAMS and falls backward.

Connor shuffles toward Mikey like a zombie, arms outstretched, head hanging limply to the side.

Mikey scrambles to his feet and looks around. He finds a metal coat rack.

He grabs it and holds it out in front of him like a battering ram.

MIKEY
I'm sorry, Connor.

He runs at Connor with the coat rack and--

PASSES THROUGH HIM. Connor dissipates into thin air. He was a GHOST.

Mikey trips forward. The coat rack SMASHES into the mirror. It CRACKS HEAVILY.

The house ROARS and SHAKES VIOLENTLY.

Mikey watches the attic shake. Stacks of boxes fall over. The house continues to GROWL. He looks back at the mirror.

Each broken piece of glass reflects the empty noose.

The house ROARS IN PAIN.

Mikey drops the coat rack.

STEVE (O.S.)
What the hell is going on?!

Mikey turns back to the attic entrance. The board covering slides by itself over the hole in the floor.

He DIVES for the attic entrance, slides through the hole and drops through...

INT. JACK AND JILL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steve catches him, but Mikey takes them both down onto the floor.

The house continues to SHAKE VIOLENTLY.

STEVE
What happened?!

MIKEY

We have to get out. Now!

Both doors of the Jack and Jill bathroom SLAM shut. The doorknobs detach.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Shit!

STEVE

Oh fuck!

MIKEY

C'mon, back into the attic!

Steve lifts Mikey back up, who bangs on the attic door board, but it doesn't budge. IT'S SEALED SHUT.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Shit! That was our only way out!

Steve drops Mikey, who runs to one door. Steve runs to the other. They begin to RAM into the doors at an attempt to break them down.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Peter!

INT. KELLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter runs inside and up to the bathroom door.

PETER

Mikey!

MIKEY (O.S.)

We're trapped!

PETER

Hang on!

Peter runs out of Kellen's bedroom.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Peter runs down the basement steps. He runs to the work tools on the wall and searches them.

PETER

C'mon, c'mon...

He spots what he's looking for. The AXE. He snatches it and runs back up the basement stairs, just as the door closes on its own.

Peter uses the axe to block the door from closing all the way. He pries the door open and squeezes through the crack.

INT. JACK AND JILL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mikey and Steve continue to RAM into the doors. Steve steps back, tired.

A GURGLE. More GURGLING. Coming from all directions.

STEVE
Oh shit. Not again.

The SINKS, TUB, AND TOILET all EXPLODE WITH STOMACH ACID.

The two guys SCREAM.

SMASH. A door SPLINTERS apart slightly as an axe head BLOWS through it.

Another BLOW and the axe tears a hole through the door. Peter looks inside.

PETER
Shit!

MIKEY
Peter!

Peter continues to use the axe to break the door down. Blow by blow. It's a painfully slow task.

The floor fills up with stomach acid. Steve's feet SMOLDER in it, while Mikey's shoes MELT.

STEVE
Fuck! Hurry up!

PETER
I'm trying!

More BLOWS as Peter SMASHES the axe against the door. He breaks a hole large enough for Mikey to climb through.

Steve climbs out after Mikey. The bathroom continues to fill with stomach acid.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Peter, Mikey, and Steve run down the hallway bridge. Peter begins his way down the stairs when--

The staircase SLIDES INTO THE WALL.

Peter is nearly crushed before he jumps over the railing and onto the downstairs floor.

The staircase disappears into the wall without a trace.

MIKEY

Peter!

PETER

Mikey! What are you gonna do?!

MIKEY

Don't worry about me! Get the hell out of here!

Mikey looks up at the giant chandelier that hangs above Peter. It swings. A bolt or two fall out from the fixture as it threatens to fall.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Peter look out!

The chandelier FALLS!

Peter jumps out of the way as the chandelier CRASHES onto the floor.

He gets up and looks at Mikey.

MIKEY (cont'd)

What the hell are you waiting for?!
Get outta here!

Peter runs away. Mikey looks at Steve helplessly.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Peter runs into the hallway. The moment he steps on the hallway rug, it SNAGS to his feet!

He trips over himself and falls to the floor. The rug STICKS to his body.

A gooey substance STRETCHES from beneath the rug as Peter pulls it from the floor.

He wriggles toward the basement door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Mikey and Steve look over the banister of the upstairs hallway bridge, and down into the living room.

The couch lies right beneath them.

STEVE

You're not thinking...

MIKEY

It's our only choice.

Mikey climbs over the banister and braces himself to jump.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Up ahead, a loud, low GURGLE catches Peter's attention.

The hallway bathroom door BURSTS open, and STOMACH ACID floods the hallway!

It washes into Peter and immediately begins to smoke on contact.

Peter squirms closer to the door, reaches for the knob--

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The door opens and Peter TUMBLES down the stairs, rug still stuck to him.

He CRASHES at the bottom of the staircase and quickly gathers himself. He RIPS the rug off of him.

The basement door SLAMS shut. The doorknob FALLS from the door.

PETER

Fuck.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Mikey jumps off the banister and onto the couch. He lands safely and hops off onto the floor.

He looks up at Steve, who climbs over the banister railing.

Steve braces himself, BREATHES once or twice.

MIKEY

C'mon, Steve. You got this.

Steve grits his teeth...and jumps! He falls toward the couch--

WHICH OPENS WIDE WITH A MOUTH FULL OF RAZOR-SHARP TEETH!

Steve lands in the couch's mouth, which CHOMPS shut on him. He SCREAMS as blood SPRAYS from his mouth.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Steve!

Mikey grabs Steve, who scrambles to pull himself out of the couch's mouth.

The couch SWALLOWS Steve, CHOMPS down once more.

Steve's arms DETACH FROM HIS BODY. Blood SPRAYS all over Mikey, who falls onto the coffee table, breaking it.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Peter runs across the basement toward the window that leads to the window well. He attempts to open it, but it won't budge.

He grabs the shovel and SMASHES the spade against the glass--but it remains intact. It BOUNCES off the glass.

He tries again. And again. No use.

He closes his eyes, thinks.

A GRINDING SOUND. Stone against stone. The walls...are MOVING.

A large metal shelf topples over, nearly crushing Peter. He jumps out of the way just in time.

The walls CLOSE IN, faster and faster.

Peter remembers--the door beneath the basement rug!

He yanks the rug off of the trap door, bound by that metal padlock. Peter uses the shovel to BANG against the lock as he attempts to break it.

The walls grow nearer!

Peter becomes more frantic.

CLANK! Peter looks at the metal shelf. It acts as a temporary wedge, keeping the walls from moving in any further. He goes back to hammering at the padlock.

The shelf slowly begins to bend.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mikey sits up just in time to see the couch flip over onto its front. The mouth CHOMPS with its razor-sharp teeth as it scoots closer to him.

He backs away from the couch as it draws closer.

Mikey backs into the FIREPLACE. He looks at the opening, then back at the couch, which scoots closer.

The sound of WIND flowing IN and OUT of the chimney catches Mikey's attention.

Of course! The windpipe of the house!

Mikey quickly crawls inside of the fireplace.

INT. CHIMNEY - DAY

He stands up inside and looks up, sees the opening of the chimney, the morning light shining through--

FREEDOM.

Mikey begins a Chimney Climb - back against one wall while pushing with his feet on the opposite wall.

He begins to climb.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Peter continues to frantically smash the lock with the shovel. The lock shows wear and tear...

The metal shelf GROANS under the immense pressure of the incoming walls. It bends more and more.

The lock breaks apart slightly. Peter hits it a few more times.

The metal shelf CRUMBLES within itself.

Peter BUSTS the lock open. He grabs the handle and FLINGS the door open.

He retches back in disgust at the horrible scent from the hole. It's dark in there, but he doesn't have much choice as the walls are JUST ABOUT TO CRUSH HIM!

He JUMPS into DARKNESS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The knob to the fireplace slowly begins to turn.

The fireplace IGNITES.

INT. CHIMNEY - DAY

The flames WHOOSH to life below Mikey, who's already nearly halfway up the chimney. He looks down and sees the flames.

MIKEY

This. Isn't. Happening.

He CRIES OUT in FRUSTRATION and continues to climb toward the top.

He SLIPS!

--but catches himself. The flames threaten to burn him below. Beads of sweat begin to form on his forehead as he struggles to continue to climb.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - DAY

Peter SPLASHES through a thick, dark substance.

He pulls out his phone and, miraculously, it still works. He turns on the flash, wipes away the substance so that it shines in front of him.

The liquid he is in is brown. Smelly. Chunks of...something float within it.

Oh god. It's SHIT.

Peter spins around. The walls of the crawlspace are...odd. Tissuey. Slimy.

It hits him. He's in the bowels of the house itself.

Peter GAGS. He nearly vomits when something catches his attention.

A ghostly MOAN.

Something moves beneath the surface of the shit. It moves toward him. He backs away to somewhere in the darkness.

A HEAD rises out of the shit. It's RICHARD.

He SLITHERS closer to Peter, who backs up against one of the slimy walls of the crawlspace.

Richard's eyes SNAP open and reveal MILKY WHITE EYEBALLS.

Peter GASPS.

Richard stands up from out of the shit. His body is half digested. Behind him, more CORPSES--VICTIMS OF THE HOUSE, also including KELLEN AND BRANDON.

CORPSES
(hissing)
Join us...

Peter SCREAMS.

INT. CHIMNEY - DAY

Mikey nears the opening of the chimney. He sweats from every part of his body. He COUGHS as it becomes difficult to breathe.

He looks down at the fire once more. Then back up.

He FREEZES.

Above him...is CONNOR. HANGING FROM A ROPE. DEAD.

MIKEY
No...

CONNOR
(ghostly)
Mikey.

MIKEY
No!! It's not real! You're not
real!

Mikey struggles to continue to climb. He SLIPS, but catches himself once more.

ZIIIIIIIPPPPP! Mikey looks up. Connor's corpse comes crashing down onto him!

Mikey slips and falls!--

--But latches onto Connor's body. The two hang in the middle of the chimney.

Mikey CRIES as he hangs on to the legs of his dead friend.

MIKEY (cont'd)
I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!

He begins to climb up Connor's body. When he reaches his face--

Connor's eyes SNAP open! Mikey GASPS.

CONNOR
Why, Mikey? Why didn't you help me?

MIKEY
I'm so sorry! I should've tried!
God damn it, I should've tried
harder!

He continues to CRY.

MIKEY (cont'd)
I'm not gonna let it happen again!
I'm not gonna let it happen to
Peter!

CONNOR
But you let it happen to me.

MIKEY
And I'll never forgive myself! I...
I would give my life to do it all
over again!

CONNOR
Then do it, Mikey.

MIKEY
What?

CONNOR
Do it. Give your life. Feed the
house.

MIKEY

No...

CONNOR

Feed it Mikey. It needs it.

MIKEY

NO. You're not real. This isn't
real!

Mikey begins to climb some more. He grabs the rope, and
climbs away from Connor--

WHO GRABS HIS FOOT! Mikey SCREAMS.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - DAY

The corpses shuffle toward Peter, who scrambles the walls,
moves along them as he tries to find a way out.

He CRIES out in FEAR.

The corpses draw nearer.

Peter turns and faces the corpses, empty of hope of finding
a way out.

BRANDON

Join us...

RICHARD

Come on, Peter...

Peter continues to inch along the wall as the corpses close
in.

KELLEN

Being dead is not so bad, Peter...

RICHARD

Join us...

BRANDON

Join us, Peter...

KELLEN

Join us...

RICHARD

Dying is worth it, Peter...

BRANDON
You should've done it...

KELLEN
Join us...

RICHARD
Join Us...

CORPSES
(hissing)
JOIN US!

PETER
NO!!!

Peter scrambles along the walls, attempts to climb them but it's no use.

He swims through the shit as the corpses lumber after him.

INT. CHIMNEY - DAY

Mikey attempts to shake Connor off, but he has a tight grip on his foot.

Mikey looks down at Connor with pleading eyes.

MIKEY
I'm sorry, Connor.

Connor looks up at Mikey.

MIKEY
I'll never forgive myself. But I'll never forget you either. You may not be real, but your memory always will be.

Mikey KICKS Connor in the face. Connor releases his grip and falls into the flames of the fireplace.

He SCREAMS as he BURNS. The flames SHOOT UPWARD, growing twice in size.

Mikey HISSES at the immense heat. He begins to climb up the rope. Toward the opening of the chimney. Toward the LIGHT...

INT. CRAWLSPACE - DAY

Peter runs into more CORPSES and turns back, only to find Richard, Kellen, Brandon, and other various corpses surrounding him.

He turns around and looks behind him at the sound of something SUCKING...

Gross, disgusting SUCKING.

It's a...SPHINCTER.

AN ASSHOLE.

Peter has no choice. He looks back at the corpses once more. Their arms are outstretched, just about ready to grab him!

He DIVES into the sphincter. Pries it open. SQUEEZES into it. The sphincter SUCKS on his body as he wriggles through.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Peter FIGHTS through the sphincter. Grabs at grass and YANKS himself out of the hole.

The sphincter opens up to the hillside that the house is built on. He looks down below--

It drops thousands of feet.

Down the hillside, PILES AND PILES OF HUMAN BONES AND SKULLS. Every victim of the house.

He manages to pull himself out of the asshole of the house.

He CRIES OUT, happy to be alive. For once.

Peter scales the hillside as he maneuvers his way back toward the front of the house. He continues to CRY in excitement.

EXT. THE VACATION HOUSE - DAY

Peter climbs up from the hillside and crawls along the ground toward the driveway.

He stops and rolls onto his back, exhausted.

A moment goes by.

Then, Peter notices something. Someone. Mikey, climbing out of the chimney.

He sits up and watches Mikey jump from rooftop to rooftop as he makes his way toward the ground.

Finally, Mikey reaches the first floor of the house.

He jumps off the roof and onto the ground, rolls. He crawls over to Peter. They HUG.

MIKEY

Pete.

PETER

Mikey.

Their hug lasts a moment. Finally, Mikey pulls away with a look of disgust on his face.

MIKEY

What the fuck are you covered in?

PETER

You don't wanna know.

Mikey thinks, then LAUGHS. Peter LAUGHS too. They hug again, and then stand up.

MIKEY

We did it, Pete. We made it out.

They stare at the house.

PETER

I told ya I was supposed to die in a plane explosion.

Mikey LAUGHS. He puts his arm around Peter.

MIKEY

C'mon. Let's get the hell outta here.

They begin to walk away from the house. Down the driveway. Down the road. The long journey to the bottom of the mountainside.

PETER

Hey...what are we gonna tell the cops?

MIKEY
Fuck if I know.

They continue walking.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THE VACATION HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

The staircase is back in its normal position. The chandelier hangs above the entryway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room has been put back into place. The couch is back where it needs to be. The coffee table is not broken. The walls are normal.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/MIKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Same as the living room, the walls are back to normal. Nothing out of the ordinary.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Everything is back in its place. The walls have moved back to their original placement. The rug is neatly spread on the floor.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

The cluttered attic. Stacks of boxes. Furniture covered in white sheets. Cobwebs. How it looked all along.

And then...

The mirror. Intact. As if it were never broken at all...

FADE OUT.

THE END.