GHOSTS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Ethereal morning mist drifts across a sun-kissed hay-field. Beautiful flowers decorate a colourful meadow. A wooden gate bars entry into a dense, dark woodland.

SUPERIMPOSE: HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, 1970

EXT. WOODS

A dry mud path leads past shrouds of bushes. Sunlight glares through overhanging tree branches.

EXT. FARMYARD

A cosy farmhouse nestled beside an immaculate tree-lined gravel road. Gathered crows squawk on an idle tractor.

CLICK-CLACK...

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Sunlit shards of glass sparkle on the ground.

CLICK-CLACK...

Unlatched smashed windows bop up and down periodically from gusts of wind. Each time they hit the frame-- CLICK-CLACK...

Front door smeared in blood. A puddle of red covers the porch. Blood drips down narrow wooden porch steps.

A trail of blood leads from the steps, across the ground, across the gravel road... and towards an old, distant barn.

EXT. BARN

Large, sturdy closed wooden doors appear as its mouth. Dark windows act as its eyes. MUTTERING, WHISPERING from within...

Closer to the dark windows...

INT. BARN - DAY

...and appear out from the dark, mesmerizing eyes of cult leader, OWEN OLIN. Blonde hair. Black hooded cloak. A chain dangles from his neck, a Celtic symbol representing AERON.

Owen, 37, holds his arms aloft. He smirks. Creepy.
He gazes at his adoring flock, a group of ten just-as-crazy looking FOLLOWERS knelt before him, draped in white gowns. Similar Aeron chains dangle from their necks.

Olin nods towards three Followers sat at the back. His wife, KAYLA, 36. His daughter, LILITH, 15. His son, MOLOCH, 11.

He blows a loving kiss to Kayla. She returns the gesture.

Followers sing a calm, almost sickly calm, charming hymn. Bliss-filled smiles. Distant, entranced, vacant eyes.

FOLLOWERS
(singing hymn)
When he comes a callin’, all of us
will die, I wish for this to
happen, blood from you and I...

An elderly FARMER and FARMER’S WIFE struggle, rope-tied to barn beams. Mouths gagged with shreds of bloody material. Beaten, bruised blood-covered faces.

Olin sings with his flock, urging them to raise their voices. Followers obey, repeating the hymn, louder and louder.

RADIO NEWS REPORTER#1 (V.O.)
The Order Of Aeron, a Satanic cult that have been making recent headlines with their violent acts, are reportedly holed up in a Hertfordshire barn...

RADIO NEWS REPORTER#2 (V.O.)
Police sources say The Order Of Aeron, lead by deranged serial killer Owen Olin, are mere moments away from capture, yet the fear is they have hostages...

RADIO NEWS REPORTER#3 (V.O.)
Formed by Owen Olin, with his wife Kayla, his daughter Lilith and his son Moloch, the self-titled Order of Aeron has embarked on a two week reign of terror, where countless innocent civilians have lost their lives.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - DAY

SIRENS blare. Police cars storm down a narrow woodland lane. Helicopters soar overhead.
INT. BARN - DAY

SIRENS grow louder. Farmer and Farmer’s Wife, doused in liquid, exchange a hopeful glance. Help is coming.

Followers, drenched in liquid, stop singing. Their trusting eyes look up at Olin.

Olin smirks, satisfied by their submission. Several emptied, disregarded gasoline canisters lay behind him.

He takes a saucier from the floor. Pours the contents, a thick liquid, over himself.

    OLIN
    We are gathered here today, a united family, to make the ultimate sacrifice to our Lord and saviour.
    May he bless us all by allowing us entry into the depths of paradise, so we may serve him for eternity.

Olin takes a lighter from his pocket. Grins. Closes his eyes. His blood covered thumb flicks the wheel of the lighter.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Police cars arrive.

BOOM!

An explosion within the barn. Furious flames rip through the building’s wooden frame.

Stunned POLICE OFFICERS can only watch in horror as the barn burns to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREENFIELDS, HERTFORDSHIRE - DAY

Quiet suburban utopia. Houses in a residential street. Behind a row of houses are hay-fields.

SUPERIMPOSE: GREENFIELDS, HERTFORDSHIRE.

EXT. PORTER’S HOUSE - NIGHT

House at the end of the street. Lights are out. No one home.

SUPERIMPOSE: DECEMBER, 24th.

A decorative garden path leads to the front door. A number plate above the door reads: “47”.

Pass through the front door--

**INT. PORTER’S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY/ FOYER - NIGHT**

A cramped small space by the front door, a typical English council house foyer. Enough room for a coat and shoe rack and that’s about it. A staircase leads upwards.

**INT. STAIRCASE - SUBJECTIVE POV**

Float up carpet-lined steps, pass through the thin gaps of a balustrade...

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

An open door reveals a bathroom. A door to the Master Bedroom is closed.

Move toward the top of the hallway. A girl’s bedroom. Turn at a sharp corner.

A half-open door reveals a boy’s bedroom. Just before it, is a ceiling attic concealed by a wooden hatch.

Retreat down the hallway.

Pass through the closed Master Bedroom door into--

**MASTER BEDROOM**

A couple’s room. Double-bed. Two wardrobes. Photos on a chest of drawers feature the happy PORTER family: JACK, NICOLE and their two kids, DAWN, and MICHAEL.

Glide over the bed and pass THROUGH THE WALL--

**INSIDE THE WALL**

Spiders crawl, feasting on all sorts of disgusting mites and insects too small for the human eye to detect.

We travel downwards, past this bizarre world of the unseen where insects constantly battle with each other, exiting through the other side of the wall...

**INT. O’CONNELL HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

Framed pictures of Christian iconography decorate walls. Jesus Christ in all his glory. The Last Supper. Hail Mary.

JOVIAL LAUGHTER. Christmas decorations adorn the room.

JACK PORTER (37) and his wife NICOLE (36) sit relaxed, drinks in hands. Their kids, MICHAEL (11) and DAWN (15) watch television: SCROOGE (1935).

The hosts, ALAN O’CONNELL (65) and his wife BRIDAY O’CONNELL (63), sit opposite their guests.

Alan stands, wobbles from the booze. He tops up Jack and Nicole’s glasses. They’ve all had a few already. Very merry.

ALAN
The O’Connells wish a merry Christmas to our dear neighbours and friends, the Porter family.

JACK
Hear, hear!

They toast to a merry Christmas.

BRIDAY
May the new year bring your family prosperity and good health.

Dawn nudges Michael.

DAWN
And another humiliating year of having your Mum and Dad teach at the same school.

Michael giggles.

An ad break interrupts the movie, a church commercial asking for donations to help the poor in Africa. COVENTRY CAROL serves as its theme tune.

JACK
Here they go again. You’d have thought they might have raised enough over the last few decades.

Briday, captivated, fails to register Jack’s comment.

BRIDAY
I simply adore this Carol.

JACK
Originates from frightened women rocking their babies to sleep, fearful Herod’s soldiers would hear their cries and slaughter them.
Nicole gives Jack a stern look. Cut it out.

NICOLE
Jack, please leave the history lessons in the classroom.

ALAN
All Jack needs is a bit of Christmas spirit.

Alan pours Jack another Scotch. Jack nods, appreciative.

Briday guzzles the remains of her sherry. She turns to refill Nicole’s glass. Nicole covers her half-full glass.

NICOLE
Oh, not for me Briday, thank you. Any more and I won’t get up.

BRIDAY
And we can’t have that, Nicole. Not on the birthday of our Lord and saviour. Which brings me to something I’ve been meaning to say. Highly intelligent people often feel no need for Jesus. Their own attainments have made them feel as if they are above or beyond...

Jack whispers to Nicole.

JACK
Change the subject. Quick.

Nicole coughs, grabs Briday and Alan’s attention.

NICOLE
Jack and I just wanted to say ever since we moved in you’ve been so kind and helpful. We couldn’t have asked for better neighbours.

BRIDAY
To know your home is a happy one warms my heart.

Alan proposes another toast.

ALAN
To the fifth year we’ve spent as neighbours--

BRIDAY
And nothing untoward happening.

They toast with a unanimous round of “CHEERS”.

6.
NICOLE
Nothing untoward happening?

Jack gestures to Nicole the O'Connells are bladdered.

BRIDAY
The little ones must be looking forward to tomorrow.

Dawn shrugs. Michael nods. Both engrossed in the film: *Scrooge is visited by the Ghost of Christmas Future.*

NICOLE
They’re tired. We’ll call it a night.

DAWN
I’m tired because I haven’t slept.

BRIDAY
Oh?

NICOLE
She’s excited about Christmas.

DAWN
Mum, I’m too old for Christmas.

JACK
Should have told Santa that before he went out shopping.

BRIDAY
I do hope you’re not coming down with anything, my dear.

NICOLE
She’s fine. She’s always had trouble sleeping this time of year. You might have outgrown Christmas, Dawn, but it’s an exciting time of year, even for oldies like us.

Dawn glares at Nicole.

DAWN
That’s nothing to do with it, Mum.
I saw something--

Jack stares sternly at Dawn.

JACK
Dawn. We spoke about this.

Jack detects Briday's intrigue. He smiles, hoping to dampen her potential pestering concern.
JACK
Overactive imagination.

Briday urges Dawn to tell her.

BRIDAY
What’s bothering you, dear?

Dawn glances at Jack and Nicole, checking for permission. Their expressions scream “no”. But she’s fifteen...

DAWN
I woke up the other night, and I saw something at the bottom of my bed. A dark figure, just standing there, staring at me.

Silence. Briday and Alan exchange shock.

JACK
Everyone has woken up at some point where you think you see something, but realize it’s still a dream. It’s called sleep paralysis.

DAWN
It wasn't a dream.

NICOLE
A nightmare, Dawn, that’s all.

DAWN
It wasn't a nightmare. I could see it, I was awake.

MICHAEL
Why didn’t you scream then?

DAWN
I couldn't move--

JACK
Like I said, sleep paralysis.

BRIDAY
Oh my...

ALAN
Don’t start, Briday. Not tonight--

BRIDAY
What did this figure look like?

DAWN
I dunno... it was dark... like it was kinda praying... had some sort of hood covering it’s face.
MICHAEL
Dreaming about your chav boyfriend?

Dawn, annoyed, nudges Michael with her elbow. He laughs.

Briday circles the room in contemplation, as if she’s some crime detective trying to work out the answer.

ALAN
Gotta admit, I’d be concerned if my daughter told me a strange guy appeared in her bedroom in the middle of the night.

JACK
We were very concerned the first time. This is nothing new.

NICOLE
She’s had this dream every Christmas for a few years now.

Briday sits, gulps down her drink. Wide eyes beam behind her glasses, the alcohol fuelling her imagination.

NICOLE
Briday, it’s nothing to worry about. We appreciate your concern--

Briday milks the moment. She holds a dramatic pause until all eyes are on her.

BRIDAY
Things happened in your house before you moved in. I’m not sure I should say...

Jack leans back, yawns.

JACK
Just spill it.

BRIDAY
One summer day, I was in the garden, planting flowers. I felt a sensation, like I was being watched. I looked up and I saw a dark figure staring down at me...

Briday gazes at Jack and Nicole.

BRIDAY
From your bedroom window.

EXT. O'CONNELL HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

A beautiful summer afternoon. Briday tends to her flowers.
She senses something... looks up at the house next door.

Sun reflects from the house next door’s Master Bedroom window. Briday shields her eyes from the dazzle. A dark hooded figure glides away from the window.

Briday's jaw trembles, her eyes wide with fright...

INT. O’CONNELL HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Briday snaps out of her reverie. She refills her glass, takes a sip to ease her nerves.

    JACK
    Probably the previous tenant.

    BRIDAY
    Oh no, they’d left long before.
    See, they had problems...

    NICOLE
    What problems?

    BRIDAY
    They moved because their requested exorcism failed.

    NICOLE
    An exorcism? In our house?

    MICHAEL
    Cool!

    ALAN
    That’s enough, Briday.

Briday sits back in her seat.

    NICOLE
    I think we should be going.

    ALAN
    Completely understandable.

Jack and Nicole stand up, preparing to leave. Dawn and Michael follow their lead.

    JACK
    I’m sorry, Briday. I just don’t believe ghosts exist.

Briday gazes at the Christmas tree lights.
BRIDAY
Ghosts may not exist, but what a person does in their life has far reaching consequences beyond the grave. A legacy can be enough to haunt the living for eternity.

INT. O’CONNELL HOUSE - HALLWAY/ FOYER - NIGHT
The Porters put on their shoes and coats, ready to leave. Embarrassed Alan opens the front door.

ALAN
Forgive my wife, she didn’t mean to scare the kids.

JACK
Don’t worry about it, Al. I think they enjoyed it. Thanks for the drinks, mate. Merry Christmas.

Alan smiles as he watches Jack and Nicole lead Dawn and Michael down the O’Connell’s garden path. He closes the door. His smile vanishes, replaced by a distant stare.

ALAN
And a happy new year.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT
The Porters take off their coats and shoes. Dawn and Michael sling their coats over kitchen table chairs.

NICOLE
OK you two, get ready for bed.

Michael chases Dawn upstairs, making ghost noises. Dawn fake screams as she entertains her little brother’s antics.

NICOLE
Well, that was a bit more interesting than usual.

Jack fetches a beer from the fridge.

JACK
That was the last time we go round there. I think the old hag got her dates mixed up and thought it was Halloween.

Nicole picks up Dawn and Michael’s coats and heads through an open doorway into the livingroom.

NICOLE
She had way too much to drink.
JACK
She always does. I don’t know how
Alan sticks with that bible-basher.
She’s nuttier than a fruitcake.

MICHAEL’S BEDROOM

A Christmas stocking hangs on the door handle. Football
posters cover the walls. Despite video game cases scattered
across the floor, various consoles are stored in tidy
cupboard compartments.

Michael lies in bed, the cosy glow of a desktop lamplight
highlights an excited gleam in his eyes.

Jack enters with a beaming smile. He takes a moment to look
at Michael. Reliving his childhood. He sits beside his son.

JACK
Santa’s on his way.

MICHAEL
Hope the ghost doesn't block the
chimney.

JACK
There’s no such things as ghosts.

MICHAEL
There’s no such thing as Santa.

JACK
Aww, poor Santa. Don’t say that,
tonight of all nights.

MICHAEL
He’ll be alright. Loads of people
say it and they still get presents.

JACK
Are you worried about what that
crazy old bat next door said?

Michael giggles.

MICHAEL
I think it’s funny.

JACK
Good lad.

Jack kisses Michael’s forehead, turns off his light and heads
to the door.

JACK
See you in the morning.
MICHAEL
What time?

JACK
Whatever time you wake up. It’s Christmas.

MICHAEL
Really? Three O’Clockish?

JACK
Uhmm, let’s try and make it bit later then that. More like seven.

TELEVISION AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

ON TV SCREEN:
A Christmas Eve Chat Show Host enjoys adulation from his audience.

DAWN’S BEDROOM
Dawn and Nicole laugh as they watch TV on her bed.

NICOLE
Maybe next year we should just stay in and watch the box.

DAWN
Maybe next year we should get drunk down the pub.

NICOLE
You’ll only be sixteen. No chance.

DAWN
Mum, everyone my age drinks.

NICOLE
You’re not everyone. I think Briday started drinking at sixteen...

DAWN
Is that supposed to be a deterrent?

Nicole smiles.

DAWN
It’s pretty effective.

Dawn slides into her bed. Nicole gives Dawn a good-night kiss on her cheek.

NICOLE
Don’t have bad dreams.
DAWN
Thanks, mum. Now I’ll have probably have bad dreams.

MASTER BEDROOM
Nicole and Jack settle into bed.

JACK
Kids alright?

NICOLE
Sound asleep.
Jack rubs his hands with glee.

JACK
Excellent.
Nicole switches her bedside cabinet light off.

NICOLE
You know what that means.

JACK
Oh, baby, I sure do.

NICOLE
It means we should be asleep too. I’ve gotta get up early, put the turkey in the oven--

JACK
Ahh, don’t worry about anything. It’s Christmas. Santa’s looking forward to delivering his load.

NICOLE
(faux prim and proper)
Oh, Jack!

Nicole and Jack giggle as they cuddle under the sheets.

JACK
There’s only one thing that goes bump in the night, baby...


JACK
Guess it won’t be us.
Jack rolls on to his back. He nestles down to sleep.
KITCHEN
Moonlight shines through the back door window. Plates, saucers and knives rest in a drying-board.

LIVINGROOM

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY
Coats hang on rails. Shoes in a rack. Front door secured by a dead-bolt. An unnerving feel about the staircase steps...

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
All doors are closed. Quiet. Dark.

DAWN’S ROOM
Dawn sleeps. Peaceful.

MICHAEL’S BEDROOM
Michael sleeps. A picture of innocence.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
Boiler room door. The attic hatch directly above...

MASTER BEDROOM
Nicole and Jack sleep peacefully.
SOMETHING gently blows a small patch of Nicole’s hair.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT
Jack, draped in a dressing-gown, creeps towards the attic.
He gently opens the boiler room door. He takes out a collapsible step ladder.
Jack places the step ladder underneath the attic hatch.
He climbs up the ladder. Opens the attic hatch... and carefully takes down wrapped presents.

**MONTAGE/ FAMILY VIDEO FOOTAGE**

A> Morning. The Porter family celebrate Christmas. Delight as they unwrap gifts.

B> Christmas dinner. Jack and Nicole share a tender kiss over candlelight. Dawn and Michael share mock disgust.

C> Jack’s asleep in his armchair. Nicole and Dawn wash dishes. Michael adapts to his new gift, uses a smart-phone.

D> Evening. Jack and Nicole drink merrily, watch Michael and Dawn have fun playing on a video game.

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The Porter’s jovial LAUGHTER carries through the closed livingroom door.

Creep up the stairs...

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

...float across the hallway.

The closed attic hatch door... RUMBLES lightly.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - POV - DAY**

Creeping up the staircase. Blurry, misty vision. SOUNDS of BANGING, DRILLING grows louder with every step.

Pause by the balustrade. Scan through the bars to see the upstairs hallway. A step ladder placed below the open attic.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - POV**

Moving across the hallway, slowly approaching the step ladder leading to the attic...
UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Michael relaxes his smart-phone, ending his cameraman operation that was modified by a “Spooky Ghost App”. He looks up at the dark attic, curious.

MICHAEL
Dad, what’re you doing up there?

Jack peers down from the attic.

JACK
Can’t tell you. I have to show you.

Jack extends his hand from the attic hatch.

KITCHEN

Nicole and Dawn eat a light lunch at the table. Dawn reads latest twitter messages on her Ipad. Nicole admires an article in ARTS WEEKLY magazine.

NICOLE
Oh, just look at this. Kaprinsky’s latest gallery.

Nicole shows Dawn the magazine page. A photo of an exquisite art gallery. Dawn grunts, less than enthused.

NICOLE
Not quite the awe inspired sigh I was hoping for.

Dawn shows Nicole her Ipad. A twitter photo page features a rugged handsome male model.

DAWN
This is what I call art, mother.

A loud THUD from upstairs. Dawn and Nicole look at each other. What the hell was that?

A SCREAM. Michael.

Dawn and Nicole rush into the livingroom.

STAIRCASE

Dawn and Nicole dart up the steps, panic stricken.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Michael cringes as Jack carefully removes a small nail from his bare foot, a disregarded bloodied sock nearby.
NICOLE
What the bloody hell--

JACK
It’s OK, he just stepped on a nail.
It’s just a flesh wound.

Nicole storms into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Nicole grabs a roll of toilet paper. She opens a cabinet and takes a bottle of antiseptic and a box of elastoplasts.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Nicole brushes Jack aside. She takes over attending to Michael’s injury. She wipes his foot clean with tissue, douses it with antiseptic and covers it with a plaster.

Jack stands and watches, like a guilty child awaiting discipline from a teacher.

JACK
At least he didn’t step on a rusty one.

NICOLE
(angry sarcasm)
Oh God, no, perish the thought.
(angry)
What were you thinking, letting him up there?

JACK
He wanted to take a look.

Dawn, realizing Michael is OK, mockingly mimics him stepping on a nail and gestures painful expressions.

JACK
Don’t wind up your brother, Dawn.

Dawn stifles her giggles. Michael scowls.

MICHAEL
It’s nothing, Mum. Chill.

Repaired Michael hobbles down the stairs in pursuit of laughing Dawn, who pretends to be scared of becoming infected by her crippled brother.

NICOLE
Would you two pack it in?
Michael and Dawn head into the livingroom. With the kids out of sight, Nicole aims her eyes on Jack.

NICOLE
What are you doing up there anyway?

JACK
Clearing out any vermin. I could convert the space into a games room for the kids.

NICOLE
As long as they don’t step on the floor I’m sure they’ll be fine.

Nicole storms off. Jack catches up with her. He grabs her arm, spins her towards him.

NICOLE
You’re a dick, you know that?

JACK
Absolutely.

Jack’s cheeky grin softens Nicole’s mood. Jack zooms in for a kiss, Nicole dodges it.

NICOLE
The kids are growing up, Jack. They want PS5’s, Ipad7’s. They don’t need a games room.

JACK
OK, OK. I’ll convert it into something else. Something for us... Maybe a sex dungeon.

Nicole laughs. Jack tries his luck again. Kisses her. She reciprocates... before she pulls away.

NICOLE
Just don’t let the kids up there again. Not until it’s finished and it gets my approval.

JACK
You’re the boss. Now gimme a cuddle to cement the deal.

Nicole gives Jack a warm hug. Jack squeezes her tightly, a loving embrace.

He kisses her forehead, gently blows her hair. His eyes distant, as if contemplating something else...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY

A gust of wind shakes growing blossom from a half-naked tree onto the pavement, where they drown in drizzle-formed puddles. The sun shines on this cold Spring day, creating a false warmth.

A group of weather-wrapped PARENTS pass the sidewalk, leading their joyful, playful CHILDREN on the way to school.

SUPERIMPOSE: MARCH 20th

INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A radio plays as Dawn and Michael, dressed for school, eat breakfast together at the table. They share humorous tweets on their I-phones.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Today’s equinox marks the moment the Sun crosses the celestial equator – the imaginary line in the sky above the Earth’s equator – from south to north. This happens on March 20th every year.

Nicole enters, dressed for work in teacher attire. She gathers her purse, fixes her hair in a mirror.

Jack enters, wearing a suit and tie. He taps a watch on his wrist, surprised the kids are still at the table.

JACK
Come on guys, we gotta go.

NICOLE
They’re walking.

JACK
Since when?

DAWN
Since today. Seriously Dad, being given a lift by your parents is bad enough, but when you add in your parents are teachers too...

MICHAEL
It’s not cool.

JACK
Dawn, you’re becoming a bad influence on your brother.

DAWN
He needs a role model.
Since you’re apparently taking that position, we trust you will look after Mike.

Jack hurries Nicole out of the back door.

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY

Nicole’s car leaves the driveway. Dawn and Michael wave bye from the house door. Nicole’s car drives off down the road.

Once the car is out of sight, Dawn turns to Michael.

DAWN
Look, Mike, I’ve gotta meet my mates. You don’t wanna hang around with a bunch of girls, do you?

MICHAEL
But, Dad said--

DAWN
I know what he said, but you’re old enough to walk to school on your own. Alright?

Michael nods.

Dawn sets off in an opposite direction to Michael.

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREET - DAY

A series of bushes line the quiet street. Dawn meets up with her boyfriend, JOSH (15). They share a lustful kiss.

Michael spies from behind a bush. He watches Josh rub his hands up and down Dawn’s body with curious eyes.

Dawn and Josh hold hands as they head on their way.

Michael smirks, amused at catching out his sister and smug he wasn’t detected. He turns around -- faces a trio of BULLIES.

BULLY#1
Oh look, it’s the teacher’s pet.

BULLY#2
What were you pervin’ at, you little gimp?

MICHAEL
Nothin’.

BULLY#3 looks down the street. Dawn and Josh in the distance.
BULLY#3
Urgh, the little creep’s stalking his own sister.

BULLY#1
I bet he wraps her dirty knickers round his face when he wanks off.

Michael stares at the ground, intimidated. Bully#1 punches Michael’s stomach. Michael double over in pain. Bully#2 trips Michael to the ground. The trio laugh.

BULLY#1
You better stay out of our way you fuckin’ faggot.

Bully#1 takes a knife from his school bag. He crouches above Michael, threatens him with the blade.

BULLY#1
If you don’t, I’m gonna do an ISIS and cut your fuckin’ head off.

The Bullies spot an OLD COUPLE, unaware of what’s happening, heading towards them. The Bullies run away, laughing.

Michael gets to his feet, dusts himself down, humiliated.

INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Jack teaches a class full of attentive fifteen/sixteen-year-old public school PUPILS. Chalk geographical drawings fill a blackboard dramatically headlined: “GCSE MOCK EXAM”.

JACK
Does anyone know where our town name, Greenfields, originated from?

The Pupils shrug. They don’t know. They don’t care.

JACK
Our houses, this school, all of the buildings we see everyday were built on acres and acres of farmland. Fields. Pastures.

PUPIL
(mocking)
I remember when it used to be all fields around here.

Good-natured Pupil laughter accompanies the joke.

JACK
Alright, settle down. I’m not that bloody old.

(MORE)
The point is, history and geography are great tools to understand the past.

PUPIL
Sir, I ain't interested in the past. I'm all about my future.

JACK
That's why history is important. You can craft your future based on things that have happened in the past. You can learn not to make the same mistakes, or you can learn what worked to reap the benefits.

Jack passes out exam sheets. He notices one desk is vacant. He pauses for a moment. He places a sheet on the desk.

JACK
Small steps create landmarks. Your future starts today.

A stunning pupil, ALICIA, enters late. Chewing bubblegum. Big earrings, make-up, short skirt, designer tights. Attitude.

JACK
Thanks for joining us, Alicia.

Alicia smirks, couldn't care less. She takes her seat.

JACK
I hope you’re better prepared for the real exam.

Jack sets a timer on his desk.

JACK
Thirty minutes. Begin.

The pupils work in silence. Jack settles into writing out a report. His concentration drops.

He looks at Alicia. She’s busy writing. She takes his attention a little more than it should-- her shoes, her legs, her thighs, her short skirt...

INT. SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY

Thirteen-year-old PUPILS sit at their desks, surrounding a fruit-laden table. A canvas displays an artistic sketch, a quality example, of the still life objects.

Nicole circles her class, observing her pupils illustrating the items.

Nicole grips a Pupil's wrist, taking him by surprise.
NICOLE
Don't use so much weight, you're gonna snap the pencil.

She guides his hand like it were her own, delicately drawing across the pupil's sketch-pad.

Nicole moves across the room. The silent pupils dread when she approaches them, as if a vulture's about to attack.

NICOLE
Use what you've been learning over the year. Study the colour, explore the shape. Shape what you see into something with colour.


EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights glow behind curtained windows. Merry LAUGHTER.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack and Nicole sit around the table with best friends, PATRICIA LEE (37) and KEVIN LEE (38).

A half-played game of Scrabble on the table. Various words, some well-thought out, others simple, occupy spaces on the well-worn board surface.

Nicole, a tad tiddly, refills everybody's drinks. Beers for the boys, wine for the girls.

Kevin sighs, stumped at the letters on his rack.

KEVIN
Who even plays this game anymore. I know it used to be our fave, but--

NICOLE
Welcome to the flirty-thirties, Kevin.

PATRICIA
Thirties? He’s pushing the naughty-forties.

KEVIN
Patricia, playing this game makes me feel like I’m close to pushing up daisies.
MICHAEL'S ROOM

Michael sits on the edge of his bed, his fingers and thumbs working overtime on an Xbox control pad. He stares at mesmeric graphics beaming from his TV screen, a violent first-person shoot-em-up, his eyes glazed in concentration.

DAWN'S ROOM

Dawn lies on her bed using her laptop, listening to music via connected headphones as she uses social media, Twitter.

She types the usual chit-chat with her school friend, Aimee, in a private message.

KITCHEN

Jack, Nicole, Patricia and Kevin carefully sort letters in their scrabble racks. They eye each other humorously.

Jack places his selected letters on the board. He spells out the word: **AERON**.

    PATRICIA
    Aeron?

    NICOLE
    Time to bust out the dictionary.

    JACK
    It’s legit. Aeron – A, E, R, O, N.
    The God of battle and slaughter.

Kevin's turn. He uses his letters to form the word: **BLOOD**

Cue curious slightly disturbed expressions.

Words linked across the board read: **BLOOD WILL FLOW**

Patricia laughs, breaking the uneasy silence.

MICHAEL'S ROOM

Michael plays on his Xbox, eyes glued to the screen.

ON TV SCREEN

First-person perspective game: Running through a series of dark tunnels.
MICHAEL’S ROOM

Michael shudders, looks over his shoulder as if someone or something had just touched him. Nothing there. He quickly diverts his attention back to the screen.

VOICE (V.O.)
(low unearthly cackle)
Michael.

Michael pauses the game. Listens, unsure if what he heard came from the game or somewhere in his room.

VOICE (V.O.)
(harsh cackle)
Michael.

Michael’s breathing intensifies, fear keeps him rooted to the spot. His frightened wide eyes scan over the room.

VOICE (V.O.)
Here...

Michael looks at the TV screen.

ON TV SCREEN

Game graphics divide into pixels, morphing from the animated dark tunnel into crystal clear real life.

A farmhouse. **POV** heads down a dried mud road. A distant barn.

MICHAEL’S ROOM

Michael watches, awestruck, transfixed...

ON TV SCREEN

**POV** leads to the entrance of the barn.

A BLINDING WHITE FLASH.

INT. BARN – MOLOCH’S POV – DAY

We’re standing at the back, a good view to see members of the Aeron cult gathered before Owen Olin on his make-shift stage. We see Kayla and Lilith, smiling distantly, by our side.

We head towards the cowering, heavily-beaten Farmer and Farmer’s Wife, huddled together in a corner.

We bind their hands behind their backs with thick rope. They offer no resistance. We tie them upright to a barn beam, the mark of Aeon visible on our wrists.
INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Drink-fuelled Jack and Nicole swap friendly banter with Patricia and Kevin as they enjoy another game of scrabble.

Patricia spells out: BUGATTI

JACK
Impressive. I didn’t realise you knew anything about cars.

PATRICIA
Cars? It’s the make of a new kettle I just brought. Bloody thing cost so much I expect it to turn water into wine.

DAWN’S ROOM

Dawn lies on her bed, using Twitter on her laptop, music playing in her headphones.

LAPTOP SCREEN

Dawn’s Twitter page. She chats in instant messenger with Aimee, whose glamorous photo appears in her picture.


FOLLOWERS (V.O.)
When he comes a callin’, all of us will die, I wish for this to happen, blood from you and I...

Dawn sits up, frowns. Music stops.

VOICE (V.O.)
Dawn.

Dawn rips off her headphones.

She looks at her laptop screen. Checks if the track has skipped. It’s still playing as per normal.

LAPTOP SCREEN

Aimee’s photo is of an OLD HAG. Dawn’s picture is of Lilith.

Aimee’s PM reads: Fuck your cunt with Daddy’s razor blades. He wants to see your whore hole bleed, slut.

Dawn gasps, shocked. What the hell is going on? Mesmerized, she stares into the photo of OLD HAG. Closer... closer...
BLINDING WHITE FLASH.

INT. BARN - LILITH’S POV - DAY

Sprinkles of dust descend from the ceiling. We’re on the barn floor. OLD HAG stares down at us. She’s naked. Revolting.

Old Hag straddles us. Her wrinkled hands force our rope-tied wrists above our head. Old Hag leans in, nuzzles our neck.

We turn away, whimpering. Followers are gathered around the barn, their writhing, naked bodies connecting together.

Olin watches us with a sinister smirk.

    OLIN
    It’s part of the process, Lilith.  
    It’s how families connect.

Olin begins to disrobe as he walks towards us...

INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Nicole see Patricia and Kevin to the door. They all say farewells. Very merry.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Nicole and Jack head up the staircase, Jack giggling in a drunken manner. Nicole, tipsy, hushes him. Both laugh.

Nicole heads towards Dawn and Michael’s bedrooms. Lights out underneath their doors.

        NICOLE
        They’re asleep.

Happy-drunk Jack gives her a thumbs-up.

MASTER BEDROOM

Jack sits on the bed and begins to undress. He chortles to himself, remembering something humorous from earlier.

He stands up, just about keeps balance. He glances in the full-size mirror. He double-takes, smile replaced by a frown.

Olin stares back at him in the mirror’s reflection.

Jack turns. No one behind him. He turns back to the mirror--

EXT. FARMHOUSE - OLIN’S POV - DAY

We head up the steps leading to the closed farmhouse door. We knock on the door.

Farmer opens the door with a pleasant, welcoming smile.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - OLIN’S POV - DAY

We gaze down at the Farmer, beaten, on the floor.

Several Followers trash the household. Three Followers drag Farmer’s Wife, SCREAMING, out of the house.

We look in a mirror. Olin reflects back. We lick our finger, gingerly correct a loose strand of eyebrow hair.

We turn to the Farmer.

OLIN
Do you know who I am and why I am here?

Farmer sways his head, no. Dismay on his bloodied face.

OLIN
I’m a messenger of God. And he has blessed us, the Order Of Aeron, with a safe haven.

FARMER
This is no act any God would desire.

We beat the Farmer. Repetitive, almost robotic, strong, firm unrelenting punches to his body and face.

Farmer wheezes, his eyes beg for mercy. A firm punch to his nose sends his head CRACKING down on the hard wood floor.

OLIN
You know not of my God.

INT. BARN - OLIN’S POV - DAY

We stand at the forefront, watching two Followers finish dousing the barn with petrol cans. They empty the last contents over themselves and join the rest of our flock.

We look at their faces. Young, middle-aged, old. They’re all under our control, submissively awaiting our commands.
OLIN
Our kingdom awaits, through
destruction of our limited,
physical shells, we shall receive
rebirth into our true form.

We raise our drenched hands above our head. We flick the
wheel of a lighter. Flames ROAR down our cloaked arms.

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Water runs from the basin sink tap. Nicole brushes her teeth.

She inspects her pearly-whites in the cabinet mirror as she
scrubs away the day's grime.

She spits toothpaste into the sink.

Looks back up at the mirror--

Kayla stands behind her.

Nicole spins around--

Nothing there.

Nicole, startled, turns back to the mirror. Just her own
reflection.

She shakes her head. Second wind from the booze.

She finishes scrubbing her teeth-- her motions slow down...

she seems mesmerized, as she glares in the mirror.

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT.

INT. BARN - KAYLA’S POV - DAY

We study the Farmer's Wife, tied upright against the barn
beam. She’s terrified, tearful, beaten, bruised.

FARMER’S WIFE
Why are you doing this to us?

We move closer to her. Reveal a cheese grater in our hand.

KAYLA
The flesh of your flesh will be the
blood of our blood. Don’t you
understand, silly piggie?

We grate Farmer's Wife's cheek, gripping her hair to keep her
head steady. She SCREAMS in pain.
A repetitive CHANT is heard: The Aeron Cult Chant.

We turn to see naked Followers chanting, dressing back into their robes. Orgy over. Back to prayer.

FOLLOWERS
(chanting)
He resides on a throne of blood and bones, we’ll crush your cities and destroy your homes.

We turn back to the Farmer’s Wife. We grate her cheek bone even harder, with malice, with eagerness to shed—

Blood drips from Farmer’s wife shredded skin.

We grate harder, enjoying Farmer's Wife's screams of pain, motivated by her whelps, invigorated by her agony.

Past the flesh, severing thin muscle, exposing bone...

INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole slumbers into the dark room. Jack is asleep. Nicole, dazed, zombielike, climbs into the bed. She falls asleep.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jack wakes up to the nightmarish cheerful chirping of morning birds. He murmurs, hungover. He rolls over to an unexpected empty side of the bed.

Nicole, also looking worse for wear, enters with a glass of fizzy water. She offers the Alka-Seltzer to Jack.

NICOLE
Let’s make sure we never drink spirits on a weeknight again.

Jack accepts the glass and guzzles down the contents.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jack slumbers into the bathroom. He slams the door shut.

Nicole, spruced up and dressed for work, heads towards Dawn’s bedroom door. She gives a warning knock before opening it.

DAWN'S ROOM

Dawn rises from her bed, knackered.

NICOLE
Good morning.
DAWN
Leave the good out of it.

NICOLE
Rough night?

DAWN
Must have had a nightmare. I just don’t remember it.

MICHAEL'S ROOM

Closed curtains. Room illuminated by flashing colours emanating from the TV screen. KNOCK on the door.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Morning, Michael. Rise and shine.

Nicole opens the door. She pokes her head inside.

Michael sits on his bed, playing an Xbox shoot ‘em up game. His eyes locked on the screen. Determined. Concentrating.

NICOLE
How long have you been playing that thing?

No response. Michael's absorbed in the game.

Nicole sighs.

NICOLE
At least you’re up.

Nicole closes the door as she leaves.

Michael plays, eyes glazed, his hands working incredibly fast on the control pad...

KITCHEN

Sombre-faced Nicole, Dawn and Michael sit around the table, gnawing their way through breakfast.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jack, half-dressed, opens the airing cupboard door. He grabs a shirt from the shelf. He closes the door.

He double-takes as he notices the attic hatch is ajar. A cold chill whispers down upon him.
KITCHEN

Nicole, Dawn and Michael are dressed ready to leave. Nicole, impatient, calls out for Jack.

Jack stomps through the livingroom and into the kitchen, face of stone, mood to match.

NICOLE
Finally! What took you so long?
We’re gonna be late--

JACK
Who’s been messing with the attic?
The hatch was open.

Nicole shrugs. Michael and Dawn stare blankly. No idea.

JACK
No one?

Jack chortles sarcastically.

JACK
I suppose we’re gonna blame Briday’s bloody ghost. No one goes up there. Understood?

Dawn and Michael nod. Nicole frowns, surprised by Jack’s temper.

INT. NICOLE’S CAR – TRAVELLING – DAY


JACK
(under his breath)
I hate this bloody song.

Nicole frowns at Jack.

NICOLE
Huh?

JACK
Nothing.

Nicole turns the radio off.

JACK
Why’d you turn it off?

NICOLE
You said you didn’t like the song.
JACK
You don’t have to turn it off just because I don’t like it.

NICOLE
I don’t like the song either.

JACK
It was gonna finish in a minute.

NICOLE
What is your problem this morning?

JACK
I don’t have a problem. I’m fine.

NICOLE
God, you’re a miserable so and so when you’ve had a drink.

JACK
I didn’t turn the radio off. I didn’t mess about with the attic--

NICOLE
Who cares about the fucking attic?

JACK
There you go.

NICOLE
There I go? There I go what?

JACK
(mimics Nicole)
I don’t want the kids anywhere near the attic, Jack. It’s your fault if they go up there, Jack.

NICOLE
Don’t you dare take the piss out of me, you grumpy bastard.

Jack scowls, stares out of the passenger door window. Nicole, almost tearful through rage, concentrates on the road.

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREET - DAY

Michael, tense, hides behind a hedgerow. BULLY#2 passes by with a group of CHAV SCHOOL-KIDS.

Relieved, Michael exits his hiding place. He bumps into BULLY#1 and BULLY#3.

BULLY#3
Hey watch it, fudge-packer.
Michael steps back, dreading the worst.

BULLY#1
I thought your Mum was a teacher, didn’t the bitch teach you manners, faggot? You gonna apologise, freak?

Michael breathes deep and fast, either too scared to move, or he’s trying to control an anger building from within.

BULLY#1
We need to teach this dickhead about respect, bruv.

Bully#1 grabs Michael in a headlock. He forces him to his knees, tapping the top of his head with his knuckles.

Bully#3 laughs. Michael squirms in Bully#1’s grip, anger building...

Michael bites Bully#1’s hand.

Bully#1 yelps in pain. He pulls away, releasing Michael.

Bully#1 looks at a bite mark on his hand. He shows a stunned Bully#3 before he tries to rub away the painful mark.

BULLY#1
Look what this fuckin’ psycho did!

BULLY#3
Weirdo thinks he’s Dracula!

The bullies retreat, staring back at Michael as they leave. Michael, pumped on adrenaline, keeps his eyes on them.

BULLY#1
I’m gonna cut your fuckin’ head off, blood, swear down.

Bully#1 and Bully#3 dart down an alley. Michael smirks.

INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Tentative pupils sit at their desks. Jack stands before them.

JACK
Remember, these are only the results of your mock exam. Don’t get too excited or too depressed.

Jack takes a pile of papers from his desk. He dishes them out to the class.

JACK
Very good, Mr. Barnes.
BARNES nods in appreciation.

JACK
Keep up the improvement, Jason.
Excellent work.

JASON breathes a sigh of relief.

JACK
I’m gonna need you to stay after class, Alicia.

Alicia scowls.

INT. SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY
Nicole addresses her attentive class from her desk.

NICOLE
Today, since your mocks were so impressive, mostly, we will be taking it a little bit easier.

Nicole pauses, lost in a daze.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. BARN - NICOLE’S DAYDREAM - NIGHT
Dusk clouds swirl overhead. Yellow light beams from barn windows. The barn’s double-doors burst open, revealing an impenetrable darkness inside.

INT. SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY
Nicole comes to her senses. Shaken, she sips a glass of water.

CONCERNED PUPIL
Are you alright, Mrs. Porter?

Nicole walks to the canvas. She begins to sketch.

NICOLE
I want to see each of you interpret what I’m about to draw. Don’t hold back. Free your mind.

INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY
Home-time bell RINGS. Alicia tuts, annoyed, as she watches her fellow pupils leave the classroom.
ALICIA

Sir, you gave me a C plus. It ain't even that bad, so why have I gotta stay behind?

Jack closes the door, sits on his desk. He stares dominantly at Alicia.

JACK

We need to raise the bar, Alicia. You have the potential to do that.

Alicia shuffles, unnerved by Jack's lustful eyes.

INT. SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY

Nicole, at her desk, snaps out of a distant gaze. Mystified Pupils leave the class, a mixture of mocking faces. Class emptied, Nicole sits back with a hefty sigh. She rubs her eyes, trying to scrub away her disorientation. She takes a sip of water. Rises to her feet, faces the empty classroom. Horrified.

Nicole moves around the room, looking at her pupil's art work. Each one shocks her even more.

PUPIL’S ART WORK: Massacres. Mutilations. Dead bodies.

Nicole turns to the centrepiece, her sketch on the canvas.


EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - DAY

Alicia, tear smudged make-up, runs distressed across the empty park.

INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Jack, tense, watches Alicia from the window. He sighs heavily as he rearranges his trouser belt.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

Nicole and Jack drive home. Awkward, moody silence.
INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nicole, brooding, prepares dinner. Dawn enters from the livingroom, dressed in a hockey outfit. She grabs a soda from the fridge.

NICOLE
Dawn, where’s your brother?

DAWN
How do I know?

NICOLE
You’re supposed to look after him.

DAWN
No, you said all I had to do was take him to school. No one said anything about walking him home.

NICOLE
Great, Dawn.

DAWN
He’s not my responsibilty, Mum. In case you forgot, I’ve got training to get to.

A car horn HONKS from outside.

DAWN
That’s Aimee. I’ll see you later.

Dawn leaves before Nicole can wish her luck.

Jack lingers at the livingroom/kitchen doorway.

NICOLE
Thanks for backing me up.

JACK
What did you want me to say?

Nicole slams a saucepan into the sink.

NICOLE
Nothing, Jack, I want you to say nothing.

Jack sulks back into the livingroom.

The door opens. Michael enters casually inside.

NICOLE
Finally. Where have you been?
School finished two hours ago.
MICHAEL
Just hanging out with some mates.

NICOLE
What mates?

MICHAEL
You don’t know ‘em.

NICOLE
Well, do they go to our school?

Michael takes off his school backpack. Removes his shoes.

MICHAEL
We just played football for a bit.

Michael wanders into the--

LIVINGROOM
Jack loafs in his armchair.

JACK
Let your Mum know next time.

Michael, nonchalant, nods. He heads upstairs.

KITCHEN
Nicole sighs, frustrated.

DAWN’S BEDROOM
Jack vigorously cleans Dawn’s windows. He overhears a car parking nearby. He stops cleaning, looks through the window. He watches Dawn exit the car and approach the house.

Jack’s eyes gaze at Dawn’s legs. Her short hockey skirt. Her budding figure.

MOMENT LATER
Dawn enters, dressed in her hockey outfit.

JACK
Hey, pumpkin. How’d you get on?

DAWN
How long are you gonna be?

JACK
All finished. No need to thank me.

JACK
Daddy likes that.

DAWN
Huh?

JACK
Nothing. I’ll get out your way.

Jack leaves, confused, embarrassed as why he made that remark. Dawn stands bewildered, unsettled.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole sits on her bed, contemplating the day’s events, her gloomy mood shadowed by the low glow of a bedside table lamp.

She grabs a portfolio case propped up against her wardrobe. She takes out a bunch of her pupil’s drawings.

She flicks through them, aghast at each and every creation.

She stares at the final one -- her original sketch.

She shakes her head, dismayed.

Nicole rubs her arms from a sudden chill. She puts her hand to an aching, throbbing vein in her neck.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jack, tired, dusty, fixes the attic hatch firmly in place. He steps down a ladder, work finished for the day.

He unbucks his tool-belt. His attention turns to the closed bathroom door. Light seeps from underneath. Gentle SPLASHING.

Jack turns to Dawn's bedroom. The door is open. He peeks inside. Dawn's clothes strewn across her bed.

BATHROOM

Bubble-covered Dawn relaxes in the tub.

The door bursts open.

Startled, Dawn sits up and covers herself with her hands.

Jack takes in an eyeful. Much longer than he should.

DAWN
Dad!?
Jack finally shields his eyes, turns away.

JACK
Sorry, Dawn, I didn’t know you were in here.

Jack darts out, shuts the door behind him.

Dawn gathers her breath, shocked by the intrusion.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jack leans against the staircase balustrade, confused at his actions, sickened by his lustful tendencies.

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT - TIME LAPSE

Night to dawn. Dawn to day.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nicole, sleep-deprived dark rings under her eyes, waits at the open door, ready to leave for work.

Michael, school shirt untucked, dishevelled hair, wanders in from the livingroom.

NICOLE
Tuck your shirt in, Michael, bloody hell. Look at the state of your hair, did you even comb it?

Nicole takes a brush from her handbag. She tries to fix his hairstyle.

MICHAEL
Mum, it’s fine, leave it.

Jack enters, applying rushed, finishing touches to his tie.

NICOLE
How’s Dawn?

JACK
Still not fit enough for school. She’s got a temperature, think something’s going around.

NICOLE
Poor baby.

JACK
That’s three days in a row. Attendance record’s gone to pot.
Jack notices Michael’s appearance.

JACK
Speaking of gone to pot, Mike, tuck your shirt in, for Christ’s sake.

Michael begrudgingly tucks his shirt inside his trousers.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

School kids enter the grounds.

INT. SCHOOL - HEADMISTRESS’ OFFICE - DAY

Nicole, nervous, sits at the Headmistress’ desk, opposite MISS. SARAH CLARKE, 60.

Clarke analyses one of Nicole’s pupil’s drawings, laid out across the table. The typically childish sketch features depictions of death, destruction and blood.


MISS. CLARKE
I’m glad you bought this to my attention, Nicole, because I would have had to call you in here myself. I’ve received complaints from three concerned parents, rightly so, that their art teacher made them draw pictures of... well, whatever the hell this is.

NICOLE
I wanted to explain myself--

MISS. CLARKE
I’m all ears. This better be good.

Nicole swallows a lump in her throat. It's called guilt. She composes herself, about to tell a lie she probably spent the whole night dreaming up.

NICOLE
Sarah, I went against the curriculum to give the kids a break. They've been working hard all year, and I felt with the talent they have, I needed to see them express their own creativity.

MISS. CLARKE
Why this stuff?

Clarke nods to the picture on the desk. Nicole clasps a throbbing vein in her neck. She hides her discomfort.
NICOLE
Art needs to be expressed, we live in a violent society, we can't keep the kids wrapped in cotton wool. And they're not stupid... in a way, through what they draw, we can see what that child is thinking, what they may be holding back. It's a key to understanding how they think and feel.

Clarke sighs admirably. Nicole’s shocked. She can't believe she’s buying this bullshit.

MISS. CLARKE
I would have preferred you spoke to me before about this. I'm certainly not happy about that.

NICOLE
I apologize, it was ill-judged.

MISS. CLARKE
Accepted. However, any future misconduct of this nature will result in a suspension.

Nicole nods, trying hard to remain demure, and not delighted by the low-level caution.

NICOLE
Thank you.

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY

Nicole’s car parks into the driveway. Nicole and Jack step out of the car, sombre-faced. They enter the house.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - DAWN’S ROOM - DAY


JACK
Hey, how you doing, pumpkin?

DAWN
Not great. Just gotta sweat it out.

Jack crouches beside her. He wipes her hair, concerned.

JACK
You’re doing a good job of that. Nasty bugger, isn’t he?
Dawn nods weakly.

**JACK**
I’ll let you get some rest.

Jack moves to the door. He pauses. Takes out a smartphone from his pocket. He snaps a photo of Dawn.

**DAWN**
Why did you take a picture of me?

Jack, tense, puts his phone away. He perks up.

**JACK**
I’ve got a present to give you later. It will make you feel better.

Jack leaves and closes the door behind him.

Dawn frowns, confused, before she drifts to sleep.

**KITCHEN**

Nicole, anxious, scrubs grime off dinner plates at the sink. She looks over at the wall clock. It reads: *6:30PM*.

Michael, scruffy, enters through the door.

**NICOLE**
Where the hell have you been?

Michael takes off his shoes and schoolbag. He shrugs.

**NICOLE**
What does that mean?

Nicole sniffs something in the air. She moves closer to an increasingly irritated Michael.

**NICOLE**
You stink of smoke.

**MICHAEL**
It’s probably from one of my mates.

**NICOLE**
And look at the state of you--

Michael’s hands and clothes are smudged in ash and a dry, crusty, red residue.

**NICOLE**
What is that? Blood?
MICHAEL
I found a dead cat on the road. I couldn’t just leave it there.

NICOLE
Oh, for God’s sake!

Nicole forces Michael to the sink. She scrubs his hands clean under steaming hot water. Michael cries out in pain.

Jack, sweaty and dusty from working in the attic, enters, disturbed by the commotion.

JACK
What’s going on now?

Nicole stops washing Michael’s reddened hands, oblivious to his pain. Michael cools his hands in cold water.

NICOLE
Michael touched a dead cat. I can only hope he hasn’t picked up an infection, some disease--

JACK
You been smoking, boy?

Michael sees Moloch, standing in the corner. Moloch’s clothes are burnt. His deathly-pale skin blotched by blue marks.

Moloch smirks. He puts his finger to his lips, gestures Michael to keep silent. Michael smiles.

NICOLE
Apparently his friend smokes.

MICHAEL
I didn’t say that.

JACK
What friend?

Michael dries his hands on a towel.

MICHAEL
We cremated the cat.

Jack and Nicole frown at each other, speechless.

MICHAEL
It was just gonna rot otherwise.

Nicole throws her hands up, shakes her head in dismay.

JACK
I’ve got work to do in the attic. I don’t need this crap.
NICOLE
Michael, go to your room.

MICHAEL
But--

JACK
Do as your Mum tells you.

Michael skulks into the livingroom. He slams the door shut behind him. His footsteps BOOM up the staircase.

NICOLE
I don’t know what’s gotten into him lately.

JACK
At least it wasn’t dope.

NICOLE
He just burnt a fucking cat.

JACK
It was dead.

NICOLE
And that makes it OK?

JACK
As usual, I don’t know what you want me to say.

NICOLE
There’s something poisonous around here. Can’t you feel it, can’t you see what’s been happening to us?

JACK
I haven't got time for this shit.

NICOLE
You haven’t got time...?

Nicole throws a glass at Jack. It narrowly misses him as it smashes against the wall.

NICOLE
I’m sorry...

Jack sways his head, shocked. He heads into the livingroom.

NICOLE
Jack, where are you going? We need to talk about this, we need to sort out what’s going wrong.

Livingroom door slams shut. Footsteps stomp up the staircase.
Nicole slumps on a chair. She sinks her head in her hands.

EXT. PORTER’S HOUSE - NIGHT

A nearby broken street lamp flashes on and off... Finally, the light bulb fizzles out and dies.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - DAWN’S ROOM - NIGHT

Dawn, weak, half-awake, lies in bed, room lit by her bedside cabinet lamp.

A KNOCK. Dawn looks at the door. Before she can answer, Jack enters inside. He gingerly closes the door behind him.

He smiles. Nervous. On edge. He grips a carrier bag with something inside.

DAWN
Dad?

JACK
Hey, honey. Just wanted to give you that present we were talking about.

Jack crouches beside her. He hands her the bag. Dawn sits up, curious. She pulls out a sexy red nightie.

She looks at Jack, tentative, confused.

DAWN
This is for me?

Jack nods. A distance in his leering eyes. He speaks with a demanding, dominant tone...

JACK
Why don’t you put it on.

Dawn laughs, nervous. She puts the nightie back into the bag.

DAWN
Dad, I’m--

Jack grabs her wrist.

JACK
It’s OK, honey.

Dawn looks at him with fearful eyes. Jack’s hand relents-- he strokes her arm, his hand gently rising to her shoulder.

JACK
Behold, I have a daughter who have not known any man.

(MORE)
JACK (CONT’D)
Let me bring her out to you, and do
to her as you please.

Jack caresses Dawn’s shoulder. His hand travels inside her
nightie, delving snake-like down across her chest... and
further below where her body is covered under the bed sheets.

INT. BARN - NIGHT (SERIES OF SHOTS)
1> Squirming female thighs drenched in blood.
2> Multiple blood drenched dead bodies lined up side by side.
3> Followers worship a giant upside down crucifix.
4> A blood soaked new born baby screams.
5> Sweeping fire consumes the cult of Aeron.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT
Nicole jolts up in bed, sweating. She regains her breath,
looks over at Jack asleep next to her. She calms down, lies
back and drifts back to sleep.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY
Nicole’s hands tremble as she sips a cup of coffee. She looks
opposite the table at a sympathetic, concerned Patricia.
Radio plays music in the background.

PATRICIA
Sweetheart, this is awful, I had no
idea you and Jack were having
problems.

NICOLE
It's been one thing after another.
Dawn's still poorly. Michael's out
all the time, doing God knows what
and Jack won't even talk to me.

PATRICIA
You've got to reign it in, honey.
Put your foot down. Be the boss.

NICOLE
I've tried. I just don't know what
to do. Jack's not happy anymore...

PATRICIA
He wouldn't cheat. Would he?

Nicole’s eyes water. Patricia consoles her. Nicole bravely
laughs her concerns away. Radio announcer goes unnoticed...
RADIO NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Greenfield Police are anxious to speak with anyone who can help them with their enquiries regarding the disappearance of a fourteen-year-old boy.

PATRICIA
You've got to talk it over with Jack. It's your only option.

Nicole sighs. She's tried that.

NICOLE
He's always busy in the attic, or out.

PATRICIA
Out? Where?

NICOLE
If I ask, he gets the hump. Clearing my head, is all he says.

PATRICIA
I'll talk to Kevin, he could have a word with Jack.

NICOLE
No, no. I just needed someone to talk to, someone who'd listen. Thank you, Pat.

INT. O'CONNELL'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Briday hums a merry tune as she gracefully dusts shelves containing her collection of oddities.

She admires a human skull. She gently flicks her duster over the top of its cracked, bony surface.

KNOCK on the front door.

Briday smirks.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY/ FOYER

Briday opens the front door. Nicole stands at the doorstep, hesitant, embarrassed to ask for help.

LIVINGROOM

Nicole, uptight, sits on the settee. Briday brings in a tray of afternoon tea and places it on a table. She pours herself and Nicole a cup.
NICOLE
I really had no one else to turn to, Briday. I'm sorry if this sounds a little nuts...

Briday sits close to Nicole, eager to hear her concerns.

BRIDAY
Not at all dear, tell me all about it. Good neighbours watch over each other.

NICOLE
We've been having some family problems lately. I think... I think we need an exorcism.

Briday chokes on her tea.

LATER
Briday adds a healthy amount of whisky in her tea. Offers Nicole a top up. Nicole declines.

BRIDAY
Exorcisms are no longer available.

Nicole's spirits are dampened.

NICOLE
But, I remember last Christmas. You said you witnessed an exorcism take place in our house.

BRIDAY
The church outlawed them long ago. The priest that conducted the rite died in a car accident. Terrible news, it really hit me hard.

Nicole sighs. She tried, but now has no idea what to do next.

NICOLE
I best not keep you any longer.

BRIDAY
I do know of someone who may be able to help.

Nicole's curious. Anything.

BRIDAY
Her name is Elizabeth Zogo. She rents an office down at Wood-Green Lane. I can call and let her know you would like to see her.
Wait, what does she do?

She's a therapist--

I don't need a therapist--

She's a past life regression therapist. There's a difference.

Nicole stands to leave. Briday takes a sheet of paper from a noteholder on a nearby desk. She writes down an address and gives it to Nicole.

Try her.

Nicole's car drives past offices and shops.

Nicole checks the note Briday gave her. It reads: 15 Wood-Green.

Nicole parks opposite an office block.

Nicole presses a buzzer on a keypad. A high and mighty voice CRACKLES over an intercom speaker.

Madame Zogo.

Nicole frowns. A bit sceptical.

Hello, my name is Nicole Porter. I called you earlier about--

The door CLICKS ajar.

Floor three, room one.

Nicole knocks on a door which has a name plate: ELIZABETH ZOGO - SPIRITUAL REGRESSION THERAPIST.
ELIZABETH (V.O.)
You may enter.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Low Ambient music. Dim blue lighting. Tacky beads drape from walls decorated in Rorschach Test paintings.

Nicole sits at a velvet tablecloth covered circular table, a fake, cracked crystal ball placed in the middle. Opposite Nicole sits ELIZABETH ZOGO, 50.

NICOLE
Thank you for seeing me at such short notice.

Nicole eyes the cheap crystal ball.

NICOLE
I've gotta be honest with you, Madame...

ELIZABETH
Call me Elizabeth.

NICOLE
I've gotta be honest with you, Elizabeth. I'm not entirely convinced this is the help I need.

ELIZABETH
This is a free consultation, Mrs. Porter, a discussion about any problems you have. If I can help, we will arrange a suitable session.

NICOLE
I don't have to cross your palm with silver do I?

ELIZABETH
You just need to talk.

NICOLE
I'm not sure where to start.

ELIZABETH
From the beginning.

LATER

NICOLE
Every Christmas, my daughter Dawn says she sees something in her room. We all thought nothing of it, a bad dream, a nightmare.
Elizabeth writes notes.

NICOLE
Everything was fine until a few weeks ago. Ever since then, everyone’s been acting... strange.

ELIZABETH
Strange how?

NICOLE
Dawn’s never leaves her room. Michael’s rarely at home, and Jack...

ELIZABETH
Go on...

NICOLE
Jack’s like a completely different person.

ELIZABETH
Do you believe in ghosts?

NICOLE
I’m sorry?

ELIZABETH
Christmas and late March are a period where ghosts are commonly seen by prepubescent children.

NICOLE
Even if I believed, how would seeing a ghost explain why my family has... changed?

ELIZABETH
Have you been experiencing any changes in yourself?

NICOLE
This sounds crazy, but, yes. I’ve been seeing things, sometimes.

ELIZABETH
Tell me what you see, how you feel.

NICOLE
It’s difficult to explain. Brief moments, flashing images. I know they’re not real, it’s just a daydream. But just for that second-- that moment-- I can feel somebody else’s emotions. Like I’m in somebody else’s body.
ELIZABETH
Déjà vu?

NICOLE
Yes. Exactly.

ELIZABETH
Déjà vu is temporary possession. It is attempted by spirits that lived or died in that area. In most cases, it's harmless. We all experience it at some point. Entities are not strong enough to take over a living body, thus you experience a fleeting sensation.

NICOLE
The feelings are becoming stronger, visions more vivid. Yet I'm the only one that can see something is wrong.

ELIZABETH
You should not be afraid. Ghosts envy the living. I can offer you my hypnotic regression sessions that may help you to understand the spirit inside--

NICOLE
Of course.

ELIZABETH
Excuse me?

Nicole stands to leave. She's being duped, fallen into this con-woman's trick.

NICOLE
Thank you for your time, I really need to get going.

Nicole heads to the door.

ELIZABETH
Nicole.

Nicole looks back.

ELIZABETH
Don't be afraid to come back if you change your mind.

Nicole flashes a smile. Yeah, I don't think so.
She leaves and closes the door behind her.
Elizabeth sits back in her chair, legitimate concern.
EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY

Jack trudges aimlessly through a muddy, knee-high, wind-blown field. Bleak dusk clouds hover above.

He mutters, disorientated, eyes glazed.

JACK
For you alone, O Lord, make me to dwell in safety.

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Jack's eyes open. He sits up, confused at his whereabouts. He's in a muddy ditch surrounded by trees.

Jack gets to his feet, stares out at the field. Bewildered.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Nicole sits in the dark, the only light flickers from a black and white horror movie on TV. She's not really watching the movie, merely looking at it, lost in her own thoughts.

The sound of a key unlocking the back door wakes Nicole from her stupor. She turns her head, gazes into the dark kitchen.

She hears the back door slam shut.

Nicole turns back to the television.

Jack enters the livingroom, tries to disguise his weariness.

JACK
Why are you sitting here with all the lights out?

NICOLE
I was just going up. Suddenly realised I have a husband out somewhere doing God knows what with God knows who.

JACK
I just went for a walk to--

NICOLE
Clear my head, yeah, I've heard that before.

Jack takes off his jacket, opens the door and hangs it on the downstairs foyer coat rack. He sighs heavily.

JACK
I'm not arguing, it's late, I just wanna go to bed.
NICOLE
Whose?

JACK
You're being stupid.

NICOLE
What's going on!?

JACK
Nothing is going on.

NICOLE
Are you blind, Jack? Can't you see something is happening in this house? Can't you see we need help?

JACK
One of us does, and it ain't me.

Jack heads up the stairs. Nicole fumes.

MASTER BEDROOM

Jack sits on the bed to remove his socks.

He pauses-- his eyes flutter, his body wavers. He grabs his face with both hands...

JACK's HALLUCINATION BEGINS

EXT. SWAMP - POV - NIGHT

Trudging through knee-high marshland, a whisperish mist hangs in the silent air.

The mist clears, revealing a murky desolate landscape.

A strange figure sits on a floating dolls house, its back turned toward us. It wears a horned mask, its tatty burnt clothing reveals seeping wounds on its skin.

Droplets of blood secrete from its injuries, creating red lily-pads on the water.

The lily-pads float away, where they make living plants whither and die on contact.

We approach the figure.

The figure turns around - Owen Olin.

OWEN
Welcome...
Something about his gaze disturbs us, so we turn around--face to face with a blood-soaked, crazed-looking Jack.

OWEN
To you.

END HALLUCINATION

EXT. THE ALCHEMIST’S INN - DAY
A quaint village pub.

INT. THE ALCHEMIST’S INN - DAY

Kevin and Jack sit at the bar. Kevin sips his half pint of lager as he watches Jack curiously.

Jack downs his beer like no tomorrow. He slams his empty glass on the bar, grabbing an anxious BARMAN’s attention.

JACK
Another.

BARMAN
You got it, Jack.

JACK
How about a double JD to go along with it.

Barman nods, raises an eyebrow at Kevin before he puts together Jack’s order.

KEVIN
Hey, slow down, man. What's the rush? You're gonna be pissed before dinner time at this rate.

JACK
What difference does it make.

KEVIN
Look, Jack, I'm your mate. I know I said we should meet up for a few beers so you can forget about everything for a few hours, but I didn't mean get paralytic.

JACK
Desecrate your temple, so a new one shall be rebuilt.

Kevin frowns, concerned.
INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nicole irons a shirt, taking her anger out on the material. She pauses for a moment--lost in her own thoughts.

Steam rises. The iron hisses. Nicole cusses as she removes it. A burn in the shirt.

Nicole replaces the iron on its base, crumples up the destroyed shirt and tosses it across the kitchen.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
I'm going out for a bit.


NICOLE
Where...? And why are you going out dressed like a bloody terrorist?

Michael shrugs, heads out and closes the door behind him.

Nicole rushes to the door, furious. She tries to open the door. The handle won't budge. Stuck.

Nicole wrestles with the handle, infuriated. The handle finally gives way. The door opens.

Michael's gone.

Nicole heads back inside, reaching the end of her tether.

NICOLE
Fuck!

DAWN'S ROOM

Dawn lies in bed, groggy, sweating. Nicole places her hand over her head to feel her temperature.

NICOLE
That's it, I'm calling the doctor.

LATER

DR. ROGERS gives Dawn a medical test. Shines a penlight in her eyes. In her mouth. Checks her breathing and temperature.

Nicole watches, anxiously.

Dr. Rogers finishes, packs medical items away in his case.

NICOLE
Well?
DR. ROGERS
Heart-rate's fine. Healthy lungs. I'm pleased to say there's nothing seriously wrong.

NICOLE
But there's something wrong?

DR. ROGERS
Nothing physically.

NICOLE
Then how do you explain her temperature?

DR. ROGERS
May I have a word in private?

DAWN
I wanna hear it.

Dr. Rogers looks at Nicole. She nods her approval.

DR. ROGERS
Have you been feeling stressed lately? Run down, problems at school or in your private life?

Dawn frowns. Shakes her head no.

DR. ROGERS
It is quite common, especially in young people of your age, when your body and mind are still developing, to experience growing pains. This can cause a range of effects.

DAWN
I'm not a kid, Doc. I'm fifteen.

DR. ROGERS
I agree. But the mind can often become confused with what the body is going through, so it sends signals that bring on symptoms very similar to what you're experiencing. It's a very normal and natural stage, and nothing to worry about. It's mild anxiety.

NICOLE
So what can we do?

DR. ROGERS
I'm afraid there's not a lot that can be done.

(MORE)
I'm against prescribing medication for a fifteen year old, they can have adverse effects and risk increasing or developing a mental problem that may not even exist.

Nicole runs her hands through her hair. Frustration.

DAWN
So, I'm nuts?

DR. ROGERS
No, not at all. But if things don't improve within a week or so, come and visit me and we can discuss consultation with a psychologist.

Dawn and Nicole gaze at each other, teary-eyed.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY**

JANET, 45, stands anxiously at the top of the garden path. She eyes the house, fearful. She adjusts a scarf tighter around her neck, zips up her winter-coat with shaky hands.

She takes a deep breath. Heads down the garden path.

Janet knocks on the front door. She takes a tissue from her handbag, dabs perspiration from her forehead.

The front door opens. Nicole answers, curious.

NICOLE
Can I help you?

JANET
Mrs. Porter, on the contrary, I think I might be able to help you.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

Nicole gestures tense Janet to sit on the settee.

NICOLE
You said your name was Janet?

JANET
Yes, Janet Cole, I live a few houses down the street. It's funny, I've lived here all my life and we've never spoken.

Janet takes a seat, but she remains on edge.
NICOLE
Janet, I really am sorry to sound rude, but I have a lot on my plate, if you'd kindly tell me why you came round--

JANET
Yes, yes of course.

Janet fidgets with her handbag, nervous as she looks around at the room. Nicole can sense her stress. She’s intrigued.

JANET
Rumours spread fast in a small town. When I heard about some of the things...

NICOLE
What have you heard exactly?

JANET
I've been in this house before. I will never forget what I... Mrs. Porter, have you been seeing things, feeling strange sensations--

NICOLE
What are you talking about?

JANET
Something evil lives in this house.

Janet takes a note out of her handbag. She offers it to Nicole. It has a written address: Ben Carver, 1 Glendales.

JANET
I recommend you visit this man. He might be able to help you.

Nicole accepts the note. She’s not sure what to say. Janet stands up, eager to leave.

JANET
I wish you God’s luck, Mrs. Porter.

Janet leaves. Nicole stands, stunned, bewildered.

EXT. BEN CARVER'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Nicole's car drives up a gravel road surrounded by fields. An open gate leads to a farmer’s house. Nicole parks outside.

Nicole exits her car. She looks around. Quiet. Desolate. She walks past the gate and enters on to the grounds.

A CHOPPING sound grabs Nicole’s attention.
She turns to see BEN CARVER, his chequered-shirt back turned, struggling with some object in the far corner of the grounds.

Nicole cautiously approaches him.

NICOLE
Ben Carver?

Ben’s engrossed in his work, muttering aggressively under his breath. Whatever he’s chopping up is stressing him out.

Nicole edges closer to Ben. Gravel cracks under her feet. Ben swings around, mad-as-a-hatter, axe in his hand.

Nicole’s eyes bulge in horror-- before Ben relaxes his axe.

BEN
You'd better be careful, Miss, creeping up on people like that.

Nicole breathes a sigh of relief.

NICOLE
I'm sorry, I tried calling out to you--

BEN
This is private property and right now, you're trespassing. I'd advise you to leave.

Ben tightens his grips on the axe. Frowns. Menacing.

NICOLE
I need to talk to you. My name is Nicole, Nicole Porter.

BEN
Didn't you hear me, Miss? I told you to leave.

NICOLE
It’s about forty-seven Greenfields.

Ben’s shaken by the sheer mention.

BEN
I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

NICOLE
Janet Cole told me to come see you.

Ben freezes. Another blast from the past.

NICOLE
She said you'd tell me about the house. What happened there.
BEN
What business is it of yours?

NICOLE
I live there. It's my house.

BEN
You might live there. But it sure ain't your house.

NICOLE
Meaning?

Ben gestures her to sit on a nearby picnic bench.

Nicole sits. She looks over at what Ben had been chopping up. Piles of wood. Ben catches her gaze.

BEN
Devil don't like fire, that's why God sent him to hell. I always make sure my place is burning. Hot.

Ben remains standing, his eyes drifting into the distance as he remembers...

BEN
I've been a farmer all my life, Mrs Porter. Just like my father and his father. Did you know all this land would have been turned into another residential street if I never outbid the bastards?

Nicole sways her head. Not sure where he's going but willing to listen.

NICOLE
Modernization. It creates houses, homes, shops.

BEN
Whatever you wanna call it. Whatever makes money, right?

NICOLE
I'm not sure what your point is.

BEN
They don't care what they build or where they build it. They don't care about history. If me and you dropped dead right now, they'd take our bodies away, demolish this place and build something over it.

NICOLE
I'm getting a little lost, Ben...
BEN
They say when your body dies, your spirit stays in the same place.

Nicole ponders. Ben picks up on it.

BEN
Now you're getting it, ain't ya?

NICOLE
Ghosts?

BEN
Sounds crazy, I know. But I know... because I lived there. I was the tenant before you moved in.

NICOLE
You were the one who called in an exorcism?

BEN
I discovered the land the house had been built on used to be a barn. A barn where a devil worshipping cult, the Order Of Aeron, sacrificed themselves to the Devil.

Nicole gasps.

NICOLE
But newspapers reported the council renovated the area into a stream...

BEN
And waste such prime land? Don't believe everything you read.

NICOLE
What happened to you, Ben. What made you call in an exorcist?

BEN
My wife and I were having problems. I met Janet. She was also married, unhappily. One day, whilst my wife was at work, Janet and I were upstairs in the bedroom...

INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - BEN’S FLASHBACK

Sunlight sneaks through a gap inbetween closed curtains, creating shadows on sickly yellow kitsch wallpaper.

Ben and Janet make love underneath bed sheets. Ben climaxes. He rests his head next to Janet, her eyes closed, pleased.
A shadow crawls over Janet’s face. She opens her eyes. Horrified.

A FACELESS FIGURE draped in a hooded cloak looms above her.

Janet SCREAMS. Ben, startled, spins round.

Faceless Figures are lined up against the walls, watching Janet and Ben. Curtains flap wildly. Scratch marks shred the wallpaper as if an invisible animal were ripping it apart.

Ben grabs Janet’s arm. He drags her through the open door--

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

--and into a hallway crowded with Faceless Figures, their postures directed towards Ben and Janet.

Janet SCREAMS, hysterical. She runs down the staircase, Ben following closely behind her.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BEN CARVER’S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Ben rubs his hands together, chilled by the memory.

BEN
I felt... I could feel what they were feeling, I could see what they were seeing... it was pure evil.

He chortles to himself.

BEN
Neighbours must have thought we were mad, a couple of naked lunatics screaming and yelling in the back garden.

Ben turns to Nicole, expecting her to think he’s nuts. She gently pats his shoulder, urging him to continue.

BEN
I never told my wife, I figured it was a one-off, a warning from God not to mess around. But it didn’t matter. They came back. Haunted us for weeks, months. Tormented us until we couldn’t take no more.

NICOLE
You asked the Father for help.

Ben nods, stares into the distance. Fearful.
BEN
He obliged, started performing his little ritual...

INT. PORTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY - BEN’S FLASHBACK

FATHER LEE, 66, takes slow steps up the staircase. He uses an aspergillum to sprinkle holy water, a silver crucifix in his other hand. Ben and his wife, KATHY, follow behind him.

FATHER LEE
In the name of Jesus Christ, I command all demons and spirits of isolation to flee, may the power of eternal light bless this house--

Father Lee reaches the top of the staircase. He pauses, sensing a sinister presence. Silence...

BEN
Father Lee?

Father Lee trembles. Something ahead of him, something only he seems able to see...

BEN
Father Lee, are you alright?

Father Lee turns around. Vacant expression. Eyes black. He thrusts the crucifix into his throat.

Ben and Kathy watch in horror. Father Lee screams, a disturbing animalistic noise, as he rips the crucifix downwards, splitting his chest in two.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BEN CARVER’S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Ben snaps back to reality. He takes a deep breath.

BEN
He killed himself. Right there in front of us. Blood everywhere.

Nicole’s stunned, speechless.

BEN
The police arrested me, then let me go due to lack of evidence... the whole thing got covered up. You ask about Father Lee and everyone says he died of a heart attack. A heart attack ain’t gonna make you split your goddamn body apart.
NICOLE
How’s your wife after all this?

BEN
I don’t know where Kathy lives.
I’ve given up trying to find her...


BEN
Get your family out of that house.
Don’t wait for tomorrow. Do it now.

EXT. WOOD-GREEN HIGH STREET - DAY

Nicole's car drives past offices and shops. Nicole parks opposite Madame Zogo’s office block.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens. Nicole enters. She marches to the table.

NICOLE
Elizabeth, you've got to help me.

ELIZABETH
I can tell by your voice you carry a weight on your shoulders, my dear. Please have a seat.

Nicole remains standing, impatient.

NICOLE
I don't have time. Can you help me or not?

Elizabeth eyes Nicole curiously.

NICOLE
Tell me what troubles your mind.

ELIZABETH
I've been speaking with someone, a former tenant who lived in my house. He told me why he left, he told me what ground my family are living on, and who died there.

ELIZABETH
Spirits are harmless--

NICOLE
Ever heard of the Order Of Aeron?
Elizabeth’s taken aback by the mere mention.

NICOLE
Don't try and tell me they're harmless spirits, I'm not dealing with Casper the fucking ghost.

ELIZABETH
OK, try and relax, Mrs. Porter.

Nicole takes a deep, calm breath.

ELIZABETH
I can offer my regression hypnosis service for a discounted fee--

Nicole sighs. Shakes her head in disappointment. What a fraud. She storms to the door.

ELIZABETH
Wait.

Nicole stops at the door. One last chance.

ELIZABETH
I can feel your pain, Mrs. Porter. Please, take a seat.

Nicole sits opposite Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
Listen, you wouldn't believe the type of people that come to see me. I don't make a great deal of money from this job, but that's what this is. A job. So I have to accept just about anybody who comes through that door regardless. Most of the time, they have a simple psychological block which can be cured through normal hypnosis. I try to maximize my profits by selling them more of a sizzle.

NICOLE
So all this is just a facade.

ELIZABETH
I haven't felt a sensation like this since I began. The same sensation that made me want to do this type of work. I feel it with you, I don't want to let it go. Help me to help you.

Nicole studies Elizabeth’s eyes. She’s sincere.
NICOLE
What’s your price?

ELIZABETH
You've given me my belief back, Mrs. Porter. We call it evens.

NICOLE
So what now?

ELIZABETH
I want to try a session. I want to see if I can contact who may be inside you.

LATER
Dim light. Nicole lies on a sofa. Elizabeth places a lit candle on the table and sits opposite her.

ELIZABETH
Fix your gaze on the candle-light. Let your eyes drift out of focus. Take a deep breath. Relax, let go.

Nicole’s eyes grow heavy as she stares at the candle-light.

ELIZABETH
Your eyes are becoming heavier. Don’t fight it. Let them close.

Nicole's eyelids close.

ELIZABETH
All tension is leaving you, draining away. You are so very comfortable and drowsy now. Listen attentively to what is being said, listen only to my voice.

Nicole drifts into hypnosis.

ELIZABETH
Let go, deeper with each breath. Deeper and deeper. Now imagine that you are standing at the top of a staircase. See the steps in front of you. I will count backwards from ten to zero. Start walking slowly down as I count. Ten...

INT. STAIRCASE - NICOLE’S HYPNOTIC STATE - NIGHT
Nicole, surrounded by darkness, descends glowing white steps.
ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Each count takes you deeper. Nine, eight, seven, six. You are going deeper and deeper. Five, four, three, much deeper. Two, one, and zero. Now, step off the staircase and onto a lighted stage.

Nicole steps onto a glowing white platform. The staircase behind her fades into darkness.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Imagine vividly the existence of inner senses, perceive an inner world. You have been blind to this world all your life, but you are now gaining sight within it.

Nicole’s eyes detect moving shapes within the darkness. Her ears prick, hearing the smallest of sounds.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
I am going to snap my fingers. When you hear the sound, you will be fifteen years old. Only pleasant episodes will be remembered.

A loud SNAPPING noise echoes.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
How old are you?

NICOLE
Fifteen.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Where are you?

INT. NICOLE’S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVINGROOM - DAY

TEEN NICOLE (15) sits with her MUM and DAD. They’re enjoying time together, laughing at a show on TV.

NICOLE
I’m at home. In the livingroom.

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE - DAY

Elizabeth carefully monitors Nicole on the sofa. Nicole’s eyes are closed, blissfully asleep.

ELIZABETH
Who is with you?

Nicole smiles.
NICOLE
My mum and Dad.

ELIZABETH
What year is it?

NICOLE
Nineteen ninety five.

ELIZABETH
What are you doing?

NICOLE
Laughing.

ELIZABETH
I am going to snap my fingers. Now as odd as this might seem, when you hear the snap, you will see scenes from a time before you were born.

Elizabeth snaps her fingers together.

ELIZABETH
How old are you?

NICOLE
Thirty.

ELIZABETH
Where are you?

NICOLE
Somewhere... sacred.

ELIZABETH
Who is with you?

NICOLE

ELIZABETH
What year is it?

NICOLE
Nineteen seventy.

ELIZABETH
What are you doing?

A distorted smile creaks across Nicole’s face.

NICOLE
Something horrible.

ELIZABETH
What is your name?
NICOLE
Kayla.

Elizabeth gulps, unnerved yet eager to know more.

ELIZABETH
Tell me what you see.

NICOLE’S POV — VARIOUS

FIELD: A new born baby burns in a huge bonfire. Naked cult members dance around the flames, screaming praise for Satan.

DARK CORNER OF A ROOM: Our hands clasp a terrified, crying CHILD’s face. She holds a toy rabbit in her hands, petrified.

FIELD: A NAKED MAN lies on the ground, screaming in pain, wooden stakes nailing his hands and feet to the ground. We teasingly trace a knife from his neck down to his stomach... NAKED MAN screams in agony.

DERELICT WAREHOUSE: Fire burns from a bonfire constructed from junk material. A burnt CORPSE hangs above it, tied from chains connected to the ceiling.

Flames create shadows against the walls, shadows of multiple bodies writhing against each other, some kind of sex orgy, each participant wearing a huge, animalistic horned mask.

BARN: We look at Moloch and Lilith, doused in petrol and blood. They turn and smile.

Olin stands in front of his devoted cult members, arms outstretched. He smiles, before he ignites himself in flames.

A huge explosion. Waves of ferocious fireballs fry everyone in front of us, before they cover all that we see.

INSIDE FIRE: SCREAMS of PAIN. Skin melts from our burning hands, exposing skeletal fingers, as we clasp our face.

DARKNESS

Silence. Death.

Yet, something moves within this black void. Small shapes, dots, flickers of light in the distance.

A terrifying DRONE, as if something’s about to hit us...

INT. THERAPIST’S OFFICE — DAY

Nicole’s eyes flutter. Elizabeth gets up from her chair. She looks down at Nicole. Closer...
ELIZABETH
Nicole...? Kayla...?

Nicole’s eyes open. Pure white. She GRABS Elizabeth, speaks in a possessed tongue.

NICOLE
The order of Aeron shall live.

Elizabeth pushes Nicole down.

ELIZABETH
I am going to count from one to five. When the count is completed you will be back in the present time. You will be Nicole Porter, thirty-six years old.

Nicole claws at Elizabeth’s face. Elizabeth turns her head, keeps Nicole pinned to the sofa.

ELIZABETH
One, Two, Three, Four, Five.

Nicole’s body relaxes. Her eyes close. Her breathing returns to normal.

ELIZABETH
Very good. Now breath deeply. Do you feel fully awake?

Nicole snaps out of her regressed state. She looks confused.

NICOLE
Did it work?

Elizabeth catches her breath, nods, relieved.

LATER

Nicole sits, astonished.

NICOLE
I don't remember any of it.

Elizabeth, still shaken, trawls through her phone.

ELIZABETH
Good. Listen, I know some friends of mine who might be able to help. They're paranormal specialists, they've been searching for an opportunity to prove the existence of the spirit world. I'd like them to visit your house.
NICOLE
When do we start?

Elizabeth finds her contact. She puts the phone to her ear.

ELIZABETH
I recommend immediately.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM/ KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dawn and Michael place packed suitcases on the floor.

Nicole watches the kitchen back door, anxiously awaiting Jack’s arrival.

DAWN
Seriously, Mum, the day I feel better and you’re sending us away?

NICOLE
It’s just for a few days.

The kitchen back door opens, Jack enters. He’s staggered to see the suitcases, fears the worst.

JACK
What’s going on?

Nicole turns to Dawn and Michael.

NICOLE
Go upstairs.

MICHAEL
I want to see Dad--

NICOLE
Now.

Dawn takes Michael’s hand. She leads him out of the room. Their footsteps can be heard climbing the staircase.

JACK
If you’re leaving before we’ve talked this out--

NICOLE
I’m sending them to live with my Mum, until we can get this sorted. I’ve cleared it with Social--

JACK
Christ, you’re overreacting. What about Dawn? She’s still ill--
NICOLE
And she's not gonna get any better
living under this roof.

Jack shakes his head in dismay.

NICOLE
I've discovered a few things, Jack,
about this house.

JACK
Go on.

NICOLE
We're living on the exact site
where the Order Of Aeron committed
suicide thirty years ago. The
previous tenants left because they
were haunted. This place is cursed,
Jack, don't you understand?

Jack's gobsmacked. He thinks she's nuts.

NICOLE
I went to see a past-life
regression therapist.

JACK
You went to see a... Christ, take
out the past-life regression
nonsense and I'd say
congratulations.

NICOLE
She's sending over a specialist
team to help us.

JACK
Specialists in what? Decorating?

NICOLE
They specialise in the paranormal.
They're going to help us get rid of
the poison inside this house.

JACK
If you think I'm letting a bunch of
fucking fruitcakes enter my house--

NICOLE
It's not up for debate, Jack. They
come in or I leave.

Jack gazes into Nicole's teary but stern eyes. She's serious.

JACK
OK. OK, whatever you want.
INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Jack, despondent, stands at the window. He watches Nicole await their guests outside. He frowns.

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY

A car parks opposite the house. Nicole smiles as energetic Elizabeth exits the vehicle. They greet with a hug.

NICOLE
I'm glad you could make it,
Elizabeth. I feel lost without you.

Elizabeth clutches Nicole's hand in a motherly fashion.

ELIZABETH
I shall have no such talk. I
wouldn't miss this for the world.
(correcting herself)
The opportunity to help someone.

Elizabeth takes a long, hard look at the house. Examining.

NICOLE
Will the specialists be here soon?

ELIZABETH
Oh yes, any moment now. Tell me,
Nicole, is everyone home?

NICOLE
Jack. He wasn't thrilled with the
idea, but I talked him round.

ELIZABETH
Good, good. And the children?

NICOLE
Spending a few nights with their
grandmother.

Elizabeth sighs, disappointed.

NICOLE
Oh...?

ELIZABETH
Oh... no, that's perfectly
reasonable. It's just--

A white van pulls up.

The drivers door opens. ZACK KENYON (45) steps out. He
surveys the area with a sniff of fresh air, euphoric at his
chance of making science-fiction science-fact.
He slides open the van door. Three SPECIALISTS, all dressed in white containment suits, step out.

ED JONES (33), CARLY BRENNAN (30) and PAUL PETERS (41).

Elizabeth takes Nicole over to meet the new arrivals. Nicole shakes their hands as Elizabeth introduces them.

ELIZABETH
This is Zack Kenyon, commander in chief of the operation.

ZACK
Thank you so much for allowing us this opportunity, Mrs. Porter.

Nicole nods, slightly unnerved by his eagerness.

ELIZABETH
Over here we have Ed Jones. Ed specializes in all the gadgetry.

ED
Technical supervisor and cameraman. Not that complicated.

ELIZABETH
Carly Brennan, senior investigator.

CARLY
Nice to meet you.

NICOLE
Likewise.

ELIZABETH
Paul Peters has been searching for scientific proof of the paranormal for almost twenty years.

PAUL
From what we’ve been briefed, I believe we will find it here.

NICOLE
I only hope you can get rid of it.

PAUL
We’ll do the best we can.

NICOLE
Thank you. Please come inside.

Nicole leads the enthusiastic group inside the house.
INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Jack stands at a distance as Nicole leads Elizabeth and the paranormal specialists inside.

Jack shakes his head in disapproval. Ridiculous.

Nicole introduces Elizabeth and Zack to Jack.

NICOLE
Jack, this is the therapist I was telling you about, Elizabeth Zogo.

ELIZABETH
A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Porter. It's unfortunate we must meet in such circumstances.

Jack nods, keeping his brooding demeanour. Zack reaches for an ice-breaking handshake.

ZACK
I want you to know we will be doing the best we can to help you.

JACK
Which one are you, Egon Spengler?

Zack smiles.

ZACK
Zack Kenyon. Paranormal academic.

JACK
They actually teach that shit?


Nicole frowns at Jack. He softens... a little.

JACK
Just do what you gotta do, then get outta my house.

That's good enough for Zack. He turns to the group and starts giving them directions.

ZACK
OK, guys. We're gonna be spending the next four hours here so let's get acquainted with the place.

Jack takes Nicole aside.
JACK
If I knew you were gonna go this far, I would have preferred going to a marriage counsellor.

NICOLE
And how long would that have taken, Jack? I can't even remember the last time we "talked".

Carly heads upstairs with Paul. Zack and Ed examine the livingroom and kitchen.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
Carly approaches Dawn's bedroom. She rubs her arms from a chill. She opens Dawn's bedroom door. She peeks inside.

DAWN'S BEDROOM

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
Carly BUMPS into something, startling her. It's Zack.

ZACK
Jumpy today?

CARLY
Notice how cold it is up here?

ZACK
Even colder than the reception Jack Porter gave us.

Zack and Carly look at Michael's room. Door closed. Above it, the attic, wooden hatch shut. Cold.

Paul exits the master bedroom. He heads downstairs.

Through the staircase balustrade, Paul notices Zack and Carly gazing at the attic.

PAUL
Want me to start bringing in our equipment?

A breeze drifts from the attic, chilling Carly and Zack. A RUMBLE drones beyond the attic hatch... before it fades.

ZACK
Paul, pronto. Get our stuff.
EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY

Paul and Ed rush excitedly towards their van.

ED
What the hell happened up there?

PAUL
This place is either spook house central or they've got some serious heating problems. Finally we've got a chance to prove, scientifically, the existence of a spiritual realm.

Paul and Ed grab bags of equipment from their van.

EXT. O'CONNELL’S HOUSE - DAY

Briday spies through a downstairs window. She watches Paul and Ed with suspicious, curious eyes.

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY

Paul and Ed head inside the house with their equipment bags.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY


Nicole and Elizabeth watch with interest. Jack sways his head, chortles at the ridiculousness.

MONTAGE

Ed sets up tripods and cameras around the house. The Master Bedroom. Carly’s room. Upstairs Hallway. Everywhere... except the attic.

ED (V.O.)
We leave most cameras static. Our handycams record any movement from changes in the room. We have night shot plus, assisted by an external infra red light attached besides the camera. The trail camera, which we set in each room, takes three photographs within a sixty-second period once the motion sensors have activated. It also records audio and video footage once activated.

Carly sets up Infrared trip beams around the house.
CARLY (V.O.)
Infrared Trip beams are strategically set up to detect any unseen movement in a room. You’ll hear a chime when the beam is broken.

Paul sets up portable lights and voice recorders around the house.

PAUL (V.O.)
We’ve set up several digital voice recorders. As we might not be in the same place as the spirits at the same time, and they may want to talk to us, this is a must-have piece of equipment.

END MONTAGE

INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

The specialists strap equipment into their suit belts.

JACK
You forgot the proton pack.

Zack grins. It’s a confident smile, one that makes Jack look away and feel foolish.

The specialists display their more obvious items. Zack flicks his flashlight on and off.

ZACK
We might want to turn the lights off, explore more intimately. Other times, you never know, a sudden power cut and these simple things become life savers. We also use ultra violet. There’s a theory that spirits are attracted to UV light.

Carly checks her walkie-talkie.

CARLY
These are another necessity. You’d be amazed how many times we’ve heard of ghost activity interrupting mobile phone connections. We play safe.

Ed reveals a digital thermometer.
We each have one of these. You can read surface or air temperature using the laser attached. Vital for detecting hot and cold spots.

Finally, Zack displays his KII meter.

ZACK
KII meters detect electromagnetic fields. The lights change when a spirit is in close proximity. Ghosts can use the lights to give us a yes or no answer.

Elizabeth and Nicole are impressed. Jack’s calm facade drops.

JACK
I’m sorry. I don’t believe in all this bollocks.

Jack heads for the back door.

NICOLE
Where are you going?

JACK
I need a drink.

Jack leaves. Slams the door shut behind him.

Nicole sighs, disappointed. Hurt. Elizabeth consoles her with an overbearing motherly hug.

ELIZABETH
These spirits are drawn, attracted by the prospect of splitting you two apart.

Nicole separates from Elizabeth. She smiles, grateful for the gesture, but needs a moment by herself.

NICOLE
I just need a few minutes.

Elizabeth nods, understanding. Nicole walks into the kitchen.

KITCHEN
Nicole’s alone. She’s temporarily relieved. Temporarily as in the next thing she knows, her hands are shaking and tears are forming in her eyes.

She takes out her mobile phone. Dials a number.
PATRICIA (V.O.)
(on phone)
Hey, Nicole.

NICOLE
Patricia, thank God.

PATRICIA (V.O.)
Babe, you OK? You sound a little distressed.

NICOLE
Jack's gone out, I've sent the kids away and I've got a bunch of strangers crawling around my house setting up God knows what...

PATRICIA (V.O.)
Say that again?

NICOLE
I know, it sounds crazy. It is crazy, but it's real and I just don't have anyone--

PATRICIA (V.O.)
I'll be round in a tick.

NICOLE
No, Pat, look, you don't have to do that. I don't want to interrupt--

PATRICIA (V.O.)
I'm on my way.

NICOLE
Thank you.

Nicole hangs up her call. She sighs, relieved.

EXT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - DAY

An upmarket home nestled in a cosy, safe cul-de-sac.

INT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Patricia's ready to go out.

KNOCK, KNOCK from the front door.

FOYER

Patricia answers the door. Briday stands at the doorstep with a mile-wide smile. Patricia looks confused, surprised.
PATRICIA
Oh... Briday...?

BRIDAY
Patricia, lovely to see you again.

Patricia's gazumped.

PATRICIA
Can I help you?

BRIDAY
We need to have a chat, dear.

PATRICIA
I'm just heading out--

BRIDAY
It won't take long.

Briday enters the house, smiling at a stunned Patricia.

LIVINGROOM
Patricia, dumbfounded at Briday’s intrusion, follows Briday as she marches through the livingroom into the kitchen.

KITCHEN
Briday looks around, casually inspecting the place.

PATRICIA
Excuse me, but what do you think you’re doing?

Briday takes an expensive Bugatti metal kettle to the sink and begins to fill it with water. She smiles at Patricia.

BRIDAY
Let’s just get a cup of tea on the go and we’ll talk all about it.

Briday places the filled kettle on its base. Clicks it on.

PATRICIA
I don’t have time... I’m on my way out, Briday, this is most inappropriate and your behaviour--

BRIDAY
We need to talk about Nicole.

The kettle boils. Steam rises from it’s funnel.

PATRICIA
What about Nicole... is she OK?
Briday takes the kettle in her hand. She sways her head, shrugs her shoulders at Patricia’s question.

PATRICIA
What does that mean? Yes or no? I need a bloody answer--

Briday removes the kettle lid. She hurls the kettle’s boiling hot water in Patricia’s face.

Patricia SCREAMS, covers her face with her hands as she falls to her knees in pain.

Briday slams the kettle repeatedly over Patricia’s head.

Patricia falls face down on the floor, unconscious.

BRIDAY
Don’t get involved in things you have no idea about.

Briday, eyes crazed, spots a collection of knives hanging on a wall rack. She walks to the sink and puts on a pair of marigold gloves. She takes the butcher knife and looms over Patricia, aiming the blade to the back of her head.

BRIDAY
I’ll let Nicole know you were concerned about her.

Briday grips the knife handle with both hands. She thrusts the blade down.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ed scans Michael’s dark, open doorway with his meter. He looks up at the attic hatch.

ED
We’ve gotta check up there.

Zack scans Dawn’s bedroom with his meter.

ZACK
That’s the hot spot. Let’s make sure other areas are secure first.

LIVINGROOM

Paul takes a gadget from one of the equipment bags. He runs up the stairs. Garbled technical talk descends from upstairs.
KITCHEN

Nicole sighs, clasps her head in her hands. The noise and constant movement is upsetting. Annoying. Irritating.

Elizabeth pats her shoulder, sensing her unrest.

ELIZABETH
It's only for a few hours. They're here to help, remember?

NICOLE
Just not used to all this commotion. It used to be my home. It's been taken over.

KNOCK, KNOCK on the front door.

NICOLE
Finally.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY/ FOYER

Nicolé opens the door, expecting Patricia.

LISA, 68, stands at the doorstep. Michael and Dawn head sheepishly inside and sit on the staircase steps.

Nicole's stunned.

NICOLE
Mum?

LISA
I can't look after them, I won't tolerate another night. They're constantly making noise, keeping me awake. You mentioned Dawn was recovering, but I really think you need to take them both to a doctor.

Nicole looks at Michael and Dawn. Heads bowed.

LISA
I'm sorry, Nicole. I won't have language of that sort in my house. I thought I raised you better.


Nicole turns to Dawn and Michael.

NICOLE
What the hell did you say? What did you do to keep her awake all night?

(MORE)
NICOLE (CONT'D)
You know she's an old lady, I told
you to be on your best behaviour.

Michael sniffs, teary-eyed. Dawn shuffles awkwardly.

Nicole relents. She knows why. Christ, she’s got a bunch of
paranormal specialists practically renovating her house.

NICOLE
Come here.

She hugs Michael and Dawn.

NICOLE
We're gonna get through this. All
of us, together.

LIVINGROOM
Michael and Dawn sit on the sofa. Michael plays a game on his
I-phone. Dawn, puzzled, watches the specialists perform
analysis around the room. She raises her eyebrows. Cynical.

NICOLE
I’m really sorry.

ZACK
We don’t normally perform
experiments with children in the
vicinity, but it's perfectly safe.

NICOLE
You can guarantee that?

ZACK
If it wasn't safe, we wouldn't be
here. Ghosts can’t hurt you
physically. Look at it like this.
They're like a bad odour. We're
like Vanish, the deodorant cleaner.

A KNOCK on the front door.

NICOLE
That's gotta be Patricia.

FOYER/DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY
Nicole opens the front door. Briday stands at the doorstep,
handbag over her shoulder.

BRIDAY
Oh, Nicole. I was just checking to
make sure everything was alright?
NICOLE
Everything's fine.

Briday tries to peek inside.

BRIDAY
Are you sure, dear? There's seems an awful lot of commotion...

Nicole checks her watch. Sighs. Where's Patricia?

NICOLE
There's a few things I'm trying to get done with the house.

BRIDAY
You look upset, sweetie. Why don't we have a cup of tea and you can tell me all about it.

Nicole shrugs. Sure. She could do with some support.

NICOLE
Why not.

Nicole allows Briday inside.

LIVINGROOM

Nicole leads Briday through the room. Briday observes Carly, Ed and Zack as they work with their equipment. She counts the number of specialists in the room with her fingers: 1, 2, 3.

BRIDAY
My, what is going on, Nicole?

NICOLE
Long story.

KITCHEN

Nicole introduces Briday to Elizabeth.

NICOLE
I believe you know Elizabeth.

They smile at each other, nod politely.

BRIDAY
Yes, how wonderful to see you again. It's been a while.

ELIZABETH
It has indeed.
A loud BANG upstairs. Paul's voice crackles over the walkie-talkies in the livingroom.

    **PAUL (V.O.)**
    It's OK, I just dropped something.

    **BRIDAY**
    Nicole, may I use your lavatory?
    I'll be just a tick.

Nicole puts the kettle on.

    **NICOLE**
    Sure, go ahead.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Paul roams, sways his meter. BLIP-BLIP. *Something’s* detected.

He flicks a wall switch, ceiling light turns off. Infrared beams spread out across the floor.

Paul turns on his UV torch. He follows the BLIP-BLIP on the meter. It grows stronger, louder. He kneels down by a corner. The meter reaches peak levels.

**STAIRCASE**

Briday tiptoes up the steps. She slowly unzips her handbag. She takes out a pair of large scissors.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Paul gazes at the meter. BLIP-BLIP-BLIP-BLIP! Paul, excited, turns to grab his walkie-talkie from the bed.

Briday lunges towards him. Paul opens his mouth in shock.

Briday thrusts her scissors through Paul's mouth. Blood-soaked blades slice through the back of Paul's head.

She takes out a pack of tissues from her handbag. She wipes away splattered blood from her hands and face.

Briday whispers the Aeron hymn, praying for something to happen. She's sweating, anxious.

    **BRIDAY**
    When he comes a callin’, all of us
    will die, I wish for this to
    happen, blood from you and I...

Eventually --
Blood, pooled around Paul's head, trickles up the wall. Letters form from the liquid. Words read: **KILL THEM ALL**

Briday smiles, delighted. She senses a presence.

She turns -- a transparent dark hooded figure, the **DARK SHAPE**, stands by the window.

**BRIDAY**

Welcome home.

---

**EXT. THE ALCHEMIST’S INN - NIGHT**

Warm cosy light glows from within.

**INT. THE ALCHEMIST’S INN - BAR - NIGHT**

Kevin and Alan sip beers at a corner table. Jack's slumped in his chair, eyes bloodshot.

Kevin and Alan raise eyebrows at each other, concerned.

**ALAN**

What's happened to him?

**KEVIN**

Jack, come on mate, cheer up.

**JACK**

I'm fine.

An awkward silence.

**KEVIN**

So, Al, how's your grandkids?

**ALAN**

Good. I spoke to Karen the other day, she's moved into a flat in Broxbourne with her new fella.

**KEVIN**

She invited you to see the place?

**ALAN**

God, no. I think she's glad to see the back of us. Briday will be telling her how to decorate the place. It'll drive her to murder.

Kevin laughs, trying to spur some energy into glum Jack.

**KEVIN**

Family's important. Sometimes it's all we've got. Right, Jack?
Jack frowns. He downs the remains of his beer.

JACK
(slurring)
Family? Family can be either heaven or hell. Why be a slave in heaven, when you can reign in hell.

Kevin and Alan exchange concerned expressions.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ed arranges scrabble letters on the back of the board game surface. He sets up a makeshift Ouija board.

He takes a soap bar container from the sink and places it upside down on the board.

MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

Carly runs some tests with her equipment. The door is open, behind her Zack places a ladder underneath the attic hatch.

Carly grabs her walkie-talkie.

CARLY
Ed, any luck with the Ouija?

ED (V.O.)
(via walkie-talkie)
We'll find out. I'm using a soap box, ironically, as a planchette.

CARLY
Hope you don't rub the spirits up the wrong way.

Zack removes the attic hatch. He climbs up inside. COUGHS.

CARLY
Be careful up there, Zack.

ZACK (V.O.)
(via walkie-talkie)
Dusty as hell up here... Oh Jesus--

STATIC interrupts Carly's walkie-talkie. She frowns.

BATHROOM

Ed places his fingers on the soap dish.
ED

Spirit, spirit, are you there? If so, go to yes. If you go to no, I’ll just assume you’re dyslexic.

Dark Shape looms behind Ed.

Ed feels a presence. He turns around. Face to face with-- the porcelain toilet.

Ed sighs, chortles at his own stupidity.

ED

Get a grip, man. Scared of a haunted toilet? Curse of the turd?

Cracks form across the porcelain. Water pipes behind the toilet shake, a deep GURGLING within them. Pipes bulge. Crack’s spread. Ceramic tiles split, fall into the bathtub.

Ed grabs his walkie-talkie. STATIC on every channel. Frustrated, Ed throws the worthless device.

ED

Guys... you’d better get in here.

Ed gets to his feet. He opens the door.

ED

Paul? Zack? Carly?

Ed looks down the hallway. Dawn’s bedroom door opens...

MICHAEL’S BEDROOM

Carly kneels in a corner, inspecting a high BLIP-BLIP-BLIP reading on her meter, attached headphones covering her ears.

From her position she’s unable to see behind her... where Briday darts from Dawn’s bedroom toward the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Briday marches towards Ed with a tripod gripped in her hands. Ed looks at her, confused.

Briday slams the tripod over Ed’s skull. Ed falls to the floor, his head CRACKING violently against the toilet base.

Briday mercilessly beats Ed with the tripod, battering his head repeatedly. Ed’s crushed skull splits apart, blood and brain matter splashes out across the ceramic floor.
MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

Lights cut out. Infrared rays beam across the room. ALERT CHIMES wail.

Carly removes her headphones. Grabs her walkie-talkie. Tries to contact someone. Nothing but STATIC.

Multiple incomprehensible demonic VOICES speak from digital voice recorders set around the room.

Carly panics. The door slams shut.

Carly’s digital thermometer freezes in her hand. The meter cracks, then boils itself into a mushy mess.

Carly’s meter, stuck in her shaking hand, explodes.

Carly SCREAMS in pain. She looks at her hand. Shreds of plastic embedded into her palm.

CARLY
Help me! Someone help me!

LIVINGROOM

Dawn and Michael relax on the settee watching TV. Nicole sits on the edge of her seat, head in her hands, deep in thought.

Elizabeth gives Nicole another cup of tea.

ELIZABETH
Don’t worry, Nicole. Everything will be sorted soon enough.

Nicole offers her a smile.

MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

Carly cowers against the wall. Blue light flickers from alert lamps, MENACING GHOSTLY FIGURES appear between flashes.

Ghostly fingers reach for Carly’s hair, eager to torment, eager to tease. Carly feels their cold touch. She SCREAMS, runs to the door and tries to open it. It won’t budge.

Dark Shape appears before Carly, rendering her speechless.

Dark Shape points to the door. It opens.

Carly shakes in terror, unable to move through fear. Dark Shape points to the door again.

Carly gets to her feet. Without taking her eyes off the figure, she backtracks out of the room into--
UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Carly steps away from Michael’s room.
Zack's dead body falls from the attic.
Carly SCREAMS. She runs across the hallway. Stops midway, horrified at the sight in front of her.
Ed's body in the bathroom. Dark Shape lingers in the doorway. He points down, gesturing the staircase.
Carly darts into the master bedroom, SCREAMING hysterically.

LIVINGROOM


DAWN
What are they doing up there?

MICHAEL
I bet they're going through all our stuff.

DAWN
Oh no they're not.

Dawn's pissed off. She runs for the stairs. Michael follows.

NICOLE
Get back here! Both of you!

Dawn and Michael ignore her, open the door and head upstairs. Nicole rushes after them.

STAIRCASE

Blue UV-lamp lights cast menacing shadows as Nicole storms up the stairs. She stops halfway, suddenly cautious of safety.

NICOLE
Michael? Dawn?

She continues up the stairs. She reaches the--

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Nicole gazes down the hallway, unnerved. Flashing lights create deceiving, ever-changing shadows.

NICOLE
Anybody?
Nicole opens the bathroom door.

BATHROOM
Blood covered walls. Ed's contorted body lies in the bathtub.
Nicole backs away, shocked--

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
Nicole steps back from the bathroom. SOMEONE grabs her, pulls her into the--

MASTER BEDROOM
The door slams shut. Nicole frees herself from her assailant. It’s Carly.

CARLY
Everybody’s dead...

Dawn and Michael sit together on the edge of the bed. Nicole hugs them, relieved. They’re unresponsive. Shocked.

Nicole sees Paul’s dead body in the corner of the room.

NICOLE
What happened?

CARLY
They’re everywhere...

NICOLE
Who?

Cold breath exhales from the group’s mouths. Ice forms across the walls. Cracks appear. Small parts of the wall fall and shatter on the floor.

Nicole grabs Dawn and Michael. They’re hyperventilating, too scared to move.

NICOLE
Get up, move!

DAWN
They’re coming.

MICHAEL
No. They’re already here.

HOODED GHOSTS materialise, their faces recognizable from the cult of Aeron that sacrificed themselves in 1970.
Nicole and Carly grab Michael and Dawn. The four run out of the room--

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

-- where the stairs are blocked by Hooded Ghosts.

Nicole, Carly, Dawn and Michael dart into Dawn's room. They close the door behind them.

**DAWN'S BEDROOM**

Michael and Dawn scramble on to the bed, Nicole and Carly drag a chest of drawers to block the door.

Nicole and Carly look at each other. Horrified. Shocked.

Carly opens the window, peers down at the drop.

**CARLY**

It’s doable. We'll lower each other down, your kids first.

Nicole gently takes Dawn and Michael's faces in her hands.

**NICOLE**

Everything’s gonna be OK.

Wardrobe door bursts open. Briday stands inside the closet, scissors poised to strike. Michael and Dawn SCREAM.

Carly puts her hands up to defend herself. Briday attacks, stabs her wrist, drags her to the floor.

Nicole pushes the chest of drawers from the door, knocking it over, spilling contents everywhere.

Michael and Dawn rush out of the door.

**NICOLE**

Michael! Dawn!

Nicole runs after them.

Briday stabs Carly repeatedly, a demented satisfied grin on her blood splattered face.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Michael and Dawn, scared stiff, gaze at a group of Hooded Ghosts that stand before them.

Nicole protectively wraps her arms around Dawn and Michael.
She looks back at Dawn's bedroom. Briday looms in the doorway, bloody scissors in her hands, demonic smile.

Nicole guides Michael and Dawn across the hallway, directly towards the ghosts.

Nicole passes through GHOST #1 and GHOST #2.

**INT. VOID #1/ SPIRIT REALM #1**

A long dark corridor. Light teases exit at the far end. Translucent black and white walls. A demonic DRONE. Fluttering speckled images, Ghost #1 and Ghost #2’s faces in ever increasing pain, appear and fade.

Nicole runs towards the end of the corridor, her pounding footsteps echoing on the barely visible ground.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Nicole, Michael and Dawn emerge from the back of Ghost #1 and Ghost #2. They face Ghost #3 and Ghost #4.

Reinvigorated that she and her kids made it through, she guides Michael and Dawn towards Ghost #3 and Ghost #4.

**INT. VOID #2/ SPIRIT REALM #2**

Flames surround a long corridor. Sporadic blobs of lava spit from a pit, each blob engraved with images: Children suffering; rotting bodies; men and women screaming in pain.

Nicole runs through the flames.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Nicole, Michael and Dawn emerge from the back of Ghost #3 and Ghost #4. They’re at the top of the staircase. Frowning Ghosts loom on every step.

Nicole guides Michael and Dawn down the steps, through the Ghosts...

**INT. VOID #3/ SPIRIT REALM #3**

Nicole’s hands scratch frantically against a wooden surface. She punches the surface, wood splits apart.

Nicole rips through her coffin. She's in a pit. A grave. Nicole climbs out.

A barren landscape. A thick mist haunts the air. Bodies hang on dead trees.
Hundreds of decayed corpses, ZOMBIES, rise from shallow graves. They lurch towards Nicole, surrounding her.

Nicole, fearless, runs towards them--

INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER/DOWNSAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nicole, Michael and Dawn emerge from the Staircase Ghosts on to the foyer.

Nicole tries the front door. It won’t open. She turns to Dawn and Michael, about to reassure them.

Michael and Dawn attack Nicole, clawing at her, trying to drag her down to the floor.

Stunned and confused, Nicole defends herself by blocking their eager, repetitious attack.

Briday heads down the stairs, scissors poised to strike.

The door leading to the livingroom opens. Elizabeth stands with a butcher knife. She smirks at Nicole.

ELIZABETH
Going somewhere, dear?

Nicole SCREAMS.

EXT. PORTER’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet. Peaceful.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Nicole stands ambushed, her back against the front door. Dawn and Michael linger with their heads bowed, docile.

Briday grabs Dawn, shoves scissors against her throat. Elizabeth snatches Michael, puts her knife to his neck.

NICOLE
Why are you doing this?

ELIZABETH
We're doing what has to be done.

NICOLE
What... what do you want?

BRIDAY
Follow us.
STAIRCASE

The Ghosts have gone. Ghoulish Briday leads Dawn up the steps. Nicole follows in the middle. Elizabeth takes Michael.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Briday leads them to the attic. She takes a ball of rope out from her handbag.

BRIDAY
We won’t take any chances. The little runts might come round.

Briday ties Dawn’s hands. Elizabeth ties up Michael’s hands.

Michael cries a loud shriek, as if waking from a nightmare. Dawn stirs, weary. The possession effects are wearing off.

Briday slaps Dawn into submission. Nicole moves to confront her—Elizabeth places her knife to Michael’s throat.

ELIZABETH
One wrong move, cunt, and your little rat pack bleed.

Nicole relents, steps back. Briday picks up the ladder, places it below the open attic hatch.

EXT. THE ALCHEMIST’S INN - NIGHT

A last orders bell rings from inside.

INT. THE ALCHEMIST’S INN - NIGHT

Kevin and Alan listen to Jack as he rambles oddities. They share a concerned look. This guy’s losing it.

JACK
...through a corridor of darkness, we meet the Saviour, the flames will nourish our souls, and we will rise from the afterlife...

ALAN
Right, I think you’ve had enough--

Alan reaches to take Jack’s beer. Jack slams Alan’s hand down on the table.

JACK
Don’t ever touch another man’s beer, you cunt.
KEVIN
Hey, that’s enough, Jack.

JACK
Don’t tell me what to do. I tell you what to do, got it?

KEVIN
Get the fuck out of here.

Jack stands, confrontational. He throws a drunken punch towards Kevin -- misses. Kevin retaliates, punches Jack in the face.

Jack hits the wall, slumps to the floor. Alan and Kevin rush to his aid.

Barman watches on, sways his head as he wipes beer glasses.

BARMAN
You might wanna take him out for some fresh air.

ALAN
Yeah, no problem. He’s just had a few too many.

Kevin crouches beside Jack, gives him a gentle wake-up slap.

KEVIN
Come on Jack, what has gotten into you, man?

Kevin and Alan help Jack up.

JACK
I’m sorry...

Jack covers his face, ashamed. Kevin consoles him.

KEVIN
Jack, you’re losing Nicole, mate. You’ve gotta sort yourself out.

Realization hits Jack.

JACK
You’re right. Christ, you’re right.

Jack grabs his jacket.

JACK
I’ve gotta get home, my family need me.
EXT. THE ALCHEMIST’S INN - CAR PARK - NIGHT

Alan and Kevin help drunk Jack exit the pub. They enter a quiet car park.

They find Kevin's car. Alan props Jack up whilst Kevin finds his keys. Kevin opens the back door for Jack.

ALAN
Don’t stick him in there, he’ll lie down and puke his guts up.

Alan and Kevin help Jack into the passenger seat.

Kevin's car exits the pub car park.

INT. KEVIN’S CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Kevin yawns as he drives down a quiet dim lit country road. Jack stirs in the passenger seat, sobering up from the booze. Alan sits in the back, eyes fixated on the road.

JACK
I've gotta make it up to Nicole, man. To Mike, to Dawn...

KEVIN
You're sounding more like your old self, Jackie-boy.

JACK
Maybe you’re right, I should see a doctor. I mean I can’t even remember... I can’t even remember what I did earlier today.

KEVIN
Maybe Nicole has a point with all this ghost stuff.

Jack scoffs, not dismissing Kev’s point but trying to put a more realistic spin on things.

JACK
Probably brain cancer or some shit, What you reckon, Al?

ALAN
Some things happen for a reason. Sometimes you shouldn't interfere with what you don’t understand.

KEVIN
What?

Alan takes out a switchblade from his pocket, flicks open the blade.
He grabs Kevin's head, forces it back against the seat and cuts his throat. Blood spurts everywhere.

Jack yells, horrified. Alan smiles in delight.

Kevin’s leg spasms, his foot slams the accelerator.

The driver-less car spirals out of control.

Jack tries to grab the steering wheel, he’s blinded by a spurt of blood, restricted by his seat-belt...

**EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT**

Kevin’s car hurtles off road. The car descends down a grassy ditch, smashes into a tree.

The passenger door creaks open. Jack slumps out. He wipes blood from his face, checks himself for injury. He's OK.

Jack peers inside the car.

Kevin's dead body slumped in his seat. The backseat is empty. Door wide open.

Jack scans the area. No sign of Alan.

He heads up the road. He takes his phone from his pocket. He turns it on... the phone turns off. Out of battery.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Gloomy light from lit candles. Dead animals hang from the rafters. Aeron symbols etched into wooden support frames.

Nicole, Dawn and Michael sit beside each other, hands tied behind attic beams.

Paul's body has been nailed to the low ceiling in crucifixion pose. Elizabeth watches Briday hammer the final nail into Paul’s wrist.

**BRIDAY**

The time for reincarnation draws near.

**DAWN**

Are you gonna kill us?

**ELIZABETH**

Why, no, my dear. Your bodies are most important to us...

**BRIDAY**

And to the Order Of Aeron.
ELIZABETH
You should be happy. You're sacrificing your physical shell to a superior being.

BRIDAY
Owen Olin and his clan will live again. In your bodies.

NICOLE
Why us?

ELIZABETH
We've been waiting for the ideal hosts for a long time. We had to make sure the spirits were satisfied. They've been with you for quite some time now, this is a sign they're pleased.

DAWN
What happens to us... when they take control of our bodies?

Briday and Elizabeth smirk.

BRIDAY
Focus on happier memories, my dear. You won't have them much longer.

Briday carefully takes a human skull from a shelf. Elizabeth's eyes gleam in excitement.

ELIZABETH
The master himself.

BRIDAY
I was the only survivor of the 1970 suicide sect. I was chosen to collect the Master's remains.

Elizabeth slices her knife across Paul’s neck. Briday collects his blood inside the skull.

BRIDAY
This offering's blood contains an essence of The Order Of Aeron. When his life was sacrificed, his body became a vessel for the Order.

Briday and Elizabeth turn to the Porters.

BRIDAY
You have felt the touch of the Order, been deemed suitable hosts. The test period is over.
ELIZABETH
We will transfer the blood and soul of the Order to their new bodies and the Old Ones shall live again.

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT
Jack rushes toward the house. He stops by the garden path, notices the specialist’s van is still parked outside.

All lights are off inside the house. Something’s wrong.

Jack rushes to the--

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT
Jack tries the back door. It’s locked.

He takes a key from his pocket. Tries it in the door lock. The key melts in Jack’s hand. He lets go, stunned.

Jack backs away, watches the sizzling remains of the key mould inside the door lock.

He looks up at the dark bedroom window. Frustration grows.

JACK
NICOLE!

Jack picks up a rock from a collection of decorative garden patio stones. He smashes the back door window with the rock.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT
Jack climbs through the smashed window.

He presses the light switch. Nothing happens.

He cautiously steps through the kitchen, aided by the infrequent flashing light from the specialist’s equipment.

GHOST VOICES
Jack... Jack...

Jack turns-- no one there. He steps further into the kitchen.

GHOST VOICES
We don’t need you yet, Jack...

JACK
Get the fuck out of my house!

A beastly, ferocious, angry ROAR.
Glasses, mugs, cups rattle in a cutlery holder. Cupboard doors swing open and shut. Table chairs SCRAPE across the floor. Plates fly from cupboards, smashing against the wall.

Jack narrowly dodges several plates, forks and knives thrown at him by an invisible force.

Jack rushes toward the livingroom -- the Dark Shape stands in the doorway. Jack pauses. The kitchen commotion stops.

Owen Olin's face emerges underneath the Dark Shape's hood.

**DARK SHAPE**

You can't deny destiny, Jack. Accept your fate. Join us.

**JACK**

Fuck you.

Dark Shape's face morphs into the spitting image of Jack.

**DARK SHAPE**

I'm you. You are me. Don't reject the pleasure you enjoyed, embrace it. All those sordid little things we did together, Jack. All those sordid little things we did...

**JACK**

FUCK YOU!

Jack storms **through** The Dark Shape, entering the--

**LIVINGROOM**

OLD GHOST FIGURES, illuminated within the glowing lights of the equipment lamps. Mean, angry, mutilated faces.

**GHOST VOICES**

You belong here. Don’t fight us.

Old Ghosts chant the Order Of Aeron hymn.

Jack holds his ears, the echoing chant deafening. He falls to his knees.

Old Ghosts circle around him.

Jack stands up, strong and determined.

The Dark Shape, at the kitchen doorway, raises his arms.

Chair and sofa lift off the ground. They smash against the door leading to the foyer, barricading the entrance.

Jack, undeterred, moves towards the door.
He passes through the old ghosts--

INT. VOID #4/ SPIRIT REALM #4

Jack’s startled as he appears in a desolate red landscape. Empty, barren.

HELLISH SCREAMS. Blood rains down, each drop sizzling on impact with the ground.

Several Old Ghosts, in naked human form, emerge from the crusty ground. They surround Jack.

Jack runs past them.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Jack emerges from the back of the Old Ghosts. He hastily removes the furniture from the door. He enters into the--

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY / FOYER

Dark. Quiet. Jack looks up at the staircase.

JACK
Nicole!? Dawn!? Michael!?

Jack storms up the staircase.

STAIRCASE

Jack reaches the top of the steps. A loud HISSING noise behind him. Jack turns, looks down at the foyer.

Sat on the floor of the foyer, looking up at him, is a hideous, naked OLD GHOST WOMAN.

OLD GHOST WOMAN
You disgusting vile pig.

Jack tries to turn away-- his feet are stuck on the step. Jack lifts his foot but it’s glued to the step by strong strands of ooze.

OLD GHOST WOMAN
Everyone’s dead, Jack. Your whole family are burning in hell, and it’s all your fault.

Old Ghost Woman’s size has grown. Obese.
OLD GHOST WOMAN
It wouldn't stop you though, would it? It wouldn't stop you fucking your daughter one last time.

Jack tries to free his foot with his hand. Not happening.

OLD GHOST WOMAN
Fucking your dead daughter’s pussy one last time? I bet you'd love to fuck that tight, teenage pussy one last time.

Old Ghost Woman’s obesity has expanded. Her entire frame fills the foyer... and she’s still growing!

OLD GHOST WOMAN
Your dead daughters cunt. Fuck it, Jack. Fuck your baby’s cunt before she’s buried in the pits of hell.

Old Ghost Woman explodes! Fat splurges from the foyer, coating Jack in huge chunks of sick grease and bile.

FLASHBACK

INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY
Jack crouches besides Alicia. He gropes her thigh. Alicia bolts from her chair, storms out of the classroom.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - DAWN’S ROOM - NIGHT
Jack feels Dawn under her bed covers. Realization hits him. He removes his hand, disgusted at himself.

He takes the red nightie and leaves the room, shocked.

END FLASHBACK

INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

A menacing, taunting ghostly laugh CACKLES.

Jack hears movement, unclear voices above him. The attic.

Jack darts to the attic. The hatch is closed. Light flickers between its edges.

FLASHBACK
EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jack roams aimlessly, as if in a trance. He stops, looks down curiously at something on the ground.

He picks up a dead rat and a dead rabbit.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Jack, obsessed, fixes shelves to the walls. Scratches the Aeron symbol on wooden beams with a penknife. Hangs dead animals from ceiling hooks.

END FLASHBACK

INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jack grabs the ladder from the floor, props it against the wall. He steps up the ladder towards the attic hatch.

A loud ROAR -- Jack turns behind.

Alan runs towards him, stabs a knife into Jack's calf.

Jack yells in pain, falls from the ladder to the floor.

ATTIC

Elizabeth and Briday hear Jack and Alan below. They share an anxious look.

Elizabeth holds Michael’s head firm in her hands, forces his mouth open.

Briday pours blood from the skull down his throat. Briday and Elizabeth chant the Order Of Aeron hymn.

NICOLE

Don’t swallow it, Michael!

Michael has no choice, the gunk slides down his throat. Briday removes the skull from Michael's mouth. He vomits.

Briday and Elizabeth move towards Dawn.

Nicole tries to free her hands. Behind the beam, her ropes hit splintered wood. Nicole rubs her binds against it.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Alan lunges at Jack, knife poised to strike. Jack grabs the ladder, swipes it in more hope than anything, but it hits Alan, knocking the knife from his hand and onto the floor.
Adrenaline kicking in, Jack scrambles off the floor and attacks Alan, bundling him up against the wall.

Jack headbutts Alan, viciously forcing his head to smack back against the wall with a vile CRACK. Alan sinks to his knees.

Jack picks up the knife. He sets the ladder, about to climb into the attic--

Alan runs at Jack. Jack turns, instinctively thrusts the knife out. The blade connects with Alan’s throat.

Alan sinks to the floor, dead.

MOMENTS LATER

Jack climbs the ladder. He opens the attic hatch just a little. He peers inside.

He sees Nicole, Dawn and Michael tied to the beams. Nicole looks down at the hatch.

NICOLE

Jack, don't come in, they're...

A knife slices through the hatch, the blade misses Jack's head by inches.

Jack angrily pushes the hatch upwards, adrenaline driving him inside the attic.

ATTIC

Jack invades the attic, pushes the knife-embedded hatch against Briday. Briday falls to the floor, overpowered.

Jack’s stunned by the sight of the ceremony in hand.

Elizabeth stands over Dawn, rushing her Order Of Aeron hymn words, forcing Dawn to drink from the skull.

Dawn turns her head, spits the blood out.

Jack runs towards Elizabeth, punches her face, knocking her flat on the floor.

Jack unties Nicole, a large wooden splinter breaks off onto the floor.

NICOLE

Oh, Jack. Thank God.

Nicole and Jack untie Michael and Dawn. The Porters share a group hug. Unified.
JACK
It's over. It's finally over.

Behind them, Bridy rises.
Bridy attacks with her knife, screams wildly.
Nicole pushes Jack aside just as Bridy's about to strike.
She grabs the splinter shard, stabs Bridy in her throat.
Bridy collapses, blood spewing from her mouth.
Jack covers Michael and Dawn’s eyes, turns them away from the gruesome sight.

JACK
Let’s get outta here.

DAWN
What about the ghosts?

NICOLE
They can’t hurt the living. They just envy us.

MICHAEL
Are you sure?

JACK
I'm gonna make sure.

Jack scans the attic. A horrific museum of death catered for the Aeron cult. He's angered he created it.

He punches the wooden beam, covered in symbols of Aeron, releasing his anguish.

Jack tears down the hanging dead animals, disgusted. He stares at Paul’s dead body. Anger. Sadness.

Jack drops to his knees in pain.

NICOLE
Jack?

JACK
Get out... Get out now...

Nicole hurries Michael and Dawn toward the attic hatch. They descend the ladder.

Last to leave, Nicole looks up at Jack.

NICOLE
Come on, what are you doing?
Jack turns to her. His eyes, face, bulge -- something unnatural, something evil, monstrous deep within.

JACK
GET OUT NOW.

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Nicole helps Michael and Dawn through the back door window. She follows.

They dart into the garden, far away from the house.

Nicole looks at the house, scared, worried about Jack. It's quiet, dark, lonely. As if nothing is happening inside.

NICOLE
Look after your brother.

DAWN
You're not going back in there.

NICOLE
I have to.

DAWN
Mum...

Nicole runs to the back door of the house. The broken window is rebuilt in BONE.

Nicole tries the windows. BONE smashes the glass, rebuilding the pane, making the house impenetrable.

INT. PORTER HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Jack’s slumped on his knees, weak, frail.

Elizabeth’s huddled in a corner of the room. She dangles a pendant over a symbol of Aeron engraved into the floor.

ELIZABETH
Comfort me in my time of pain, use my body as you wish.

She drinks the remains from the skull, thrusts a knife inside her gut. Blood spills over the symbol.

Elizabeth’s blood sinks inside the symbol, as if the pentagram were absorbing her very soul.

Jack watches, horrified.

Elizabeth’s body shrivels, dissolves into a mass of liquid. The slime disappears inside the symbol.
Beams throb, as if pulsating veins re-energized by a new source of life. The floor pounds up and down. Dust falls from the ceiling as the attic pulsates like a heartbeat.

Jack tries to get to his feet. He crumbles to his knees.

Ghosts rise from the floor. The whole Aeron clan gathered...

The Dark Shape emerges in front of Jack. Smirks.

DARK SHAPE
I'll always be with you, Jack. I am you, you are me. Accept it.

The Ghosts grow larger in number, gathering for a celebration. As the numbers grow, Jack weakens.

Jack pushes a candle onto the floor... the flame hits exposed blanket insulation. Fire spreads across the room.

The Ghosts back away, terrified of the flames. They disappear, engulfed by the fire.

The Dark Shape looks at Jack, horrified, as the flames burn the attic.

JACK
I'll see you in Hell.

Jack smiles before he too is engulfed in the fire.

EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT


FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. NICOLE'S NEW HOUSE - DAY

Sunshine glorifies a pleasant house. Beautiful garden.

A removal van parked outside. REMOVAL MEN take furniture from the back of the van into the house.

Removal Men pass by Dawn, sat on the doorstep. She fiddles with a wrist bracelet, mind occupied by deep thoughts.
INT. NICOLE'S NEW HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Removal Men pass through the house.

Nicole nods politely to the Removal Men as she talks on her mobile phone. It's a strain to even smile.

NICOLE
It's gonna take time. Everything's a struggle, it's difficult to--

Nicole steadies herself, heaves. She take a deep breath to prevent herself crying. Again.

NICOLE
Sorry, I'm still here, Mum...
Dawn's doing OK, considering...
Michael's coping the best out of all of us...

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Sun-kissed hay ripples from a gentle gust of wind. A shadowy grove of trees in the distance.

GROVE OF TREES

Michael sits underneath a tree, shaded in darkness.

He's staring at something opposite him, fascinated. He cocks his head to the side, smiles curiously.

NICOLE (V.O.)
He's quiet, but he likes to go out for walks. I think it helps him clear his head.

Opposite Michael, placed on a mound, sits the charred, decapitated head of BULLY#1.

Michael smiles menacingly. The Mark Of Aeron emerges on his wrist.

CUT TO BLACK.