

**Ghosts II**

by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SKY - NIGHT**

Dark clouds drift past a bright full moon. Wind HOWLS.

**EXT. FARM - NIGHT**

Windmill wheels CREAK, stirred by a gust of wind.

A quiet, dark farm nestled between endless fields.

A windswept farmhouse door BANGS against its doorway frame.

A gravel road leads towards a distant barn.

**EXT. BARN - NIGHT**

Light flickers in windows. SATANIC CHANTING from inside.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - NIGHT**

Surrounded by woodland. Quiet. Peaceful.

A police car ROARS past, breaking the silence. Three police cars and a police van follow.

**INT. BARN - NIGHT**

White-cloaked CULTISTS kneel before OWEN OLIN, 35, a dark-cloaked hooded figure at the forefront.

Owen, the cult leader, presides over a makeshift Satanic alter, a blood-soaked haystack. A crudely-drawn pentagram, made from blood, covers the top of the alter.

CULTIST#1 places a screaming BABY on the alter.

Owen smiles. He grips a dagger, aims it above the baby.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - NIGHT**

Police vehicles speed down the road.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Proceed with caution. These sickos  
have women and children held  
hostage in there.

**INT. BARN - NIGHT**

A Cultist removes her hood. A WOMAN, 22.

She storms to the alter, grabs the baby.

Owen frowns, furious.

WOMAN

How can you do this?

She turns to the Cultists, eyes the MOTHER, 30.

Mother is nonchalant, eyes lazed, head swaying as if in a trance.

WOMAN

How can you let this happen to your own child?

Woman scowls at Owen.

WOMAN

And you? You're his father!

OWEN

To enter paradise, we must make an offering to the Master. Now put the baby back.

WOMAN

No... NO.

Woman runs past the Cultists.

OWEN

Seize her!

Four Cultists chase after her.

Woman opens the barn door, runs for freedom.

**EXT. BARN - NIGHT**

Woman looks out at acres of moonlit fields.

She panics. No place to hide.

Police SIRENS wail in the distance.

Hopeful, Woman runs to a water-well.

She places the baby inside a well bucket, lowers it down.

**EXT. FARM ENTRANCE ROAD - NIGHT**

Police vehicles speed towards the farm.

**INT. BARN - NIGHT**

Flames spread throughout the barn.

Cultists chant and sing joyfully.

CULTISTS

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

Owen raises his arms in praise.

Woman lay on the alter, dead, dagger imbedded in her chest.

Flames engulf the cult.

**EXT. FARM - DAY**

Smoke drifts from the burnt barn's remains. FIREFIGHTERS douse the smouldering wood with fire engine hoses.

A POLICE OFFICER passes by the water-well.

He hears a baby SCREAMING.

He peers into the well. He wheels the bucket up, calls out for assistance.

POLICE OFFICER

Hey, over here!

Police Officer takes the baby from the bucket, comforts it in his arms. He looks mystified by what has happened.

The burnt barn smoulders...

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. STREET - GREENFIELDS - DAY**

A modern day suburban neighbourhood. October leaves decorate trees and pavement sidewalks.

SUPERIMPOSE: *GREENFIELDS, PRESENT DAY, HALLOWEEN*

**EXT. DAVIES' HOUSE - DAY**

A plush pathway between a well-maintained garden leads to the house. A Grim Reaper decoration hangs on the front door.

**AMY'S NIGHTMARE**

## FLASH CUTS:

A grimy stone tunnel leads to darkness.

A newborn baby screams.

Skeletal fingers scratch a chalk pentagram on stone ground.

Blood sprays across a wall.

Indescribable CHANTING.

A faceless boy and girl kiss.

A faceless man and woman make love.

A grimy stone tunnel leads to a bright light.

**INT. DAVIES HOUSE - AMY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

AMY DAVIES, 17, jolts awake in her bed. She takes a deep breath. Calms down. Just a nightmare.

She looks around her room, regaining her bearings.

Walls draped in posters of Gothic imagery.

Shelves lined with all sorts of Gothic, magic, fantasy inspired items - Fairy tale books. Books on the occult. Dolls dressed in cute pixie outfits, others in black with tear-smearred cheeks.

A Mark Twain plaque hangs on the wall. The text reads: "*The two most important days in your life are the day you are born and the day you find out why.*"

Amy grabs a glass of water from her bedside cabinet and takes a sip.

She watches the hands tick around the face of a Goth inspired alarm clock: 7:29.

She waits a few seconds: 7:30. She hits the alarm button just as it starts to ring.

Amy slides, begrudgingly, out of her bed. She checks her smart-phone for any new messages. None.

She sighs, disappointed. She shrugs. No real surprise.

A voice booms from downstairs.

JOHN (O.S.)

Amy! Time to get up, doll.

Amy calls back with a curt reply.

AMY  
I'm awake already.

Amy takes her laptop, opens the lid. The computer is still running from the last time she used it. Two window tabs display website content:

FIND TRUE LOVE and ADOPTION 101 - FIND YOUR REAL PARENTS.

Amy clicks on Find True Love, a dating site.

#### DATING SITE SCREEN

Amy's profile picture, draped in Gothic make-up. She's using an alias: PRINCESS DARK.

The cursor clicks on her inbox.

One new message by a profile user: DarkLordOfNight.

The message reads: "Hey, Amy. Enjoyed chatting last night. Can't wait to meet up. We share a bond, we share trust. Won't let you down. Love you babe xxx"

#### BACK TO SCENE

A KNOCK on the door. The door opens. JOHN DAVIES, 45, enters. Amy slams the laptop lid shut, angry at the intrusion.

JOHN  
Morning, Amy, just making sure  
you're ready for school.

AMY  
God, why even knock if you're just  
gonna burst in anyway?

JOHN  
Sorry, honey--

AMY  
(venomous)  
And it's college, not school.  
Christ, Dad.

John lingers, uncomfortable with her tone.

JOHN  
About last night. Your mother and I--  
-

AMY  
She's not my mother, remember? And  
you're not my Dad.

JOHN

We had to tell you at some point,  
Amy. I'm so sorry it's hurt you,  
it's hurt us--

AMY

Got the point. Can you go now,  
please? I've gotta get dressed  
before Donna gets here.

**EXT. DAVIES' HOUSE - DAY**

A car pulls up in front of the house.

**INT. DONNA'S CAR - DAY**

DONNA, 17, sits in the driver's seat. She honks the horn.

LEE, 17, sits in the passenger seat.

LEE

Donna, you've got something smeared  
on your lip, babe.

Donna looks into the rear view mirror to check. Lee gently  
takes her head, kisses her lips.

LEE

It's gone now.

Donna smiles, playfully slaps his arm.

DONNA

You're such a cheesemeister, Lee.

LEE

Saying I've got bad breath?

DONNA

No, it tasted pretty good.

They gaze in each others eyes. Young love.

HARRY, 17, sitting in the back, pokes his head between Donna  
and Lee, breaking their moment.

HARRY

There's three of us in this car,  
and the third leg don't wanna see  
that unless it's getting some too.

He poses a kiss for Donna. She pushes him away, reviled.

LEE

Any more moves on my girl, you'll  
be walking, Harry.

HARRY

You can't do me like that, my brother from another mother. It's Halloween, I might get kidnapped by some kinky K-K-K motherfuckers.

Harry sits back, lights a joint. Donna's furious.

DONNA

Don't smoke that shit in my Dad's car, you dickhead!

Harry flicks the cherry of his joint out the window.

HARRY

Boom! Soooorry! I didn't know I was hanging around with the geek squad. Since when did you care about--

DONNA

It's my Dad's car, moron. That stuff hangs around like a bad odour...

Donna and Lee turn and stare at Harry.

HARRY

Oh me? Yeah, very funny. You wanna talk about bad influences...

He nods towards the Davies house.

HARRY

Crazy Amy, for one.

DONNA

Don't call her that.

HARRY

I'll say what I want. We've known each other since we were kids, why's she gotta get preferential treatment--

LEE

Because you're being a bellend.

Harry sits back in his seat. Shrugs. Fair enough.

DONNA

Come on, Amy.

Donna honks the horn again.

DONNA

Finally.

Amy storms out of the house front door.



HARRY  
Face of thunder.

LEE  
She looks pissed off.

DONNA  
Don't say anything, guys, I think I  
know why.

Lee nods. Donna looks at Harry. Serious.

DONNA  
I mean it, Harry.

Harry nods, shrugs as if to suggest "I'd say anything?"

Amy gets in the back of the car, sits next to Harry.

Harry shifts over as far as possible. Amy gives Harry a dirty  
look. These two despise each other.

**EXT. DAVIES' HOUSE - DAY**

Donna's car drives away.

**EXT. COLLEGE - DAY**

A further education college. BELL rings for lunch.

**INT. COLLEGE - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Students exit classrooms, meet with friends. Hectic.

**INT. COLLEGE - CAFETERIA - DAY**

Laughter and idle teenage chat fills the room. Students line  
up to be served grog by stern DINNER LADIES and take it to  
their tables.

Donna, Lee, Harry and Amy share a table as they eat. Harry  
frowns at Amy as she reads an assignment.

HARRY  
Take a break, girl.

AMY  
I need to get this done.

HARRY  
Shit's still gonna be there after  
lunch. The dictionary ain't gonna  
get kidnapped or something.

AMY

No, but with the right words you can elevate a B to an A. Words are magical. Right time, right place, you can alter someone's mood. Just by using the correct--

HARRY

Only words I like to hear are moans, groans and fuck me harder.

DONNA

Give it a rest, Harry.

HARRY

So what we all doing tonight?

LEE

We'll decide when everyone's here.

HARRY

Reckon Kristen's gonna come out tonight?

DONNA

Why not? She has every year.

AMY

This year she's got Marcus.

DONNA

Her boyfriend?

Amy nods. Donna shrugs. So what?

HARRY

Did you know he's thirty-six?

LEE

Fuck off.

DONNA

It's true. She told me.

Lee's shocked. He chuckles, taken aback by the news.

AMY

What does it matter? If Kristen's happy, so be it.

Lee and Harry look at each other, trying not to laugh.

DONNA

True, it's the happiest I've seen her for ages. Don't ruin it.

LEE

Don't ruin what? The fact she's going out with--

AMY

A paedophile?

Lee and Harry nod. Yes.

AMY

Correct term would be ephedophile, but you wouldn't know that. Heaven forbid female empowerment, right?

LEE

Female empowerment? Some guy old enough to be her Dad sticks his dick in her every night and you think she's being empowered?

AMY

Older guys offer much more than silly little boys. Boys like you, who would have no problem going with an older women, only in your dreams of course, but vice versa, it's an issue.

HARRY

Christ, Amy, that's harsh.

LEE

She has a point.

Harry leans back, covers his mouth from being seen by Amy and mouths to Lee: "Thirty-six?". Lee pretends to itch his eyebrow, makes a grossed-out face in response.

DONNA

Apart from the age gap, I did hear rumours. Apparently he owns abandoned houses and uses them as--

AMY

Crack dens and whore houses. Yeah, and he's also a transvestite serial killer that likes to dress up in the skin of his victims.

Harry, Lee and Donna stare at Amy, silenced.

AMY

I'm joking...

The group are joined at the table by their three friends.

KELLY, 17, four weeks pregnant. TYLER, 17, camera hanging from his neck. KRISTEN, 17, a living Barbie doll.

Tyler snaps a photo of the group.

KRISTEN

Do you have to do that whilst we're eating? You've been doing it all week, Tyler, it's really grating on my nerves.

TYLER

Pet project for my photography course. I'm trying to warn the youth of today about obesity.

KRISTEN

Are you insinuating I'm fat?

Harry strokes Kristen's hair.

HARRY

You got nothing to worry about--

Kristen strikes Harry's unwanted hand away.

KRISTEN

My God, you are so annoying.

Harry chuckles. Tyler eggs him on.

KRISTEN

Marcus would kick the shit out of you.

The group "OOOH" in mock intimidation.

Kelly scoffs her food.

HARRY

Damn, Kelly. I know you're eating for two but--

KELLY

Don't even start, dumbass. I'll eat what I want.

HARRY

You're gonna raise a monster.

Kelly flicks him her middle finger.

KELLY

Anyone got any spare cigs?

Harry nudges Tyler.

HARRY

New project, bro. Smoking, booze-guzzling teenage pregnant mother to be--

KELLY  
Shut up, Harry.

KRISTEN  
Shut up, Harry.

Kristen takes a compact mirror from her bag, checks her make-up. She applies concealer to her face... even as she eats.

AMY  
Don't put so much on, Kristen.  
You're gonna end up looking thirty  
before you're twenty.

KRISTEN  
*Duh*, the point is to look older,  
Amy, but thanks for your advice.  
Especially since you're oh so  
experienced at how to attract men.

Amy looks down, hurt. Kristen hugs Amy playfully.

KRISTEN  
Sorry, babe. You know I respect  
your opinion, but I'm a lil' bit  
more experienced regarding the  
birds and the bees.

DONNA  
Right, guys, come on. What's the  
final decision on tonight?

Amy's eyes widen, interested in the topic.

LEE  
I'm down for whatever.

TYLER  
I say we grab some booze, go down  
the Baker Street fields, smoke a  
few phatties and make fake ghost  
pictures.

Groans.

KELLY  
I'm game.

DONNA  
Aren't we a bit too old for that?

KRISTEN  
Abso-fucking-lutely.

HARRY  
Everyone's going to the Gresty's,  
it's Halloween tradition, baby.

All the cool people go there, which means--

AMY

I'm not. Count me out.

KRISTEN

Marcus is taking us to a party.  
It's all been arranged.

She packs her make-up into her bag, stands to leave.

DONNA

Oh, OK... so no one else has a say?

KRISTEN

If you wanna get high in a dark,  
cold, muddy field and drink battery-  
acid-tasting cider, be my guest,  
honey.

DONNA

Where's this party?

HARRY

Ain't an O.A.P home, is it?

KRISTEN

Want me to tell him you said that?  
I will, you know.

Harry follows Kristen as she leaves, begging her for forgiveness. The group chuckle. Amy sneers in disgust.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Excited TRICK OR TREATERS, dressed in ghoulish costumes, rush down street-lamp lit sidewalks.

Chants of "Trick or Treat" fill the misty air. Tissue paper wrapped around lamp poles flap wildly in the wind.

**EXT. DAVIES HOUSE - NIGHT**

Trick Or Treaters dart up the garden path. They knock on the Grim Reaper clad door.

The door opens. John greets his visitors with mock shock. The Trick Or Treaters giggle with childish glee. John smiles as he dishes out a bowl of sweets.

**INT. DAVIES HOUSE - AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Amy and Donna, macabre make-up, dress into sexy costumes.

DONNA

We're getting all tarted up and we  
don't even know where we're going.

AMY

It's gotta be the Gresty house.

Amy struggles with her dress zipper. She leaves it half undone, storms over to her make-up desk.

AMY

Screw it.

She checks her make-up in the mirror. She sighs, frustrated.

DONNA

Calm down.

Donna zips up Donna's dress, reassures her.

DONNA

You look hot, babe, what's wrong?  
I've never seen you so flustered.

Donna raises her eyebrow, leans in close to Amy. She knows she's trying to impress someone. Amy breaks into laughter.

DONNA

Who is it?

AMY

Just someone I've been chatting with online. He's interested in what I have to say, about my beliefs, and best of all... he's fucking fit.

Donna smiles, delighted for her.

DONNA

Oh, go Amy! You really do keep your dark little secrets locked away!

Amy's smile fades. She cries into her hands. Donna hugs her.

DONNA

Is it about the...?

AMY

Adoption. You can use the word, Donna, it's not forbidden.

DONNA

I can't pretend to know how you feel. You find out, like so suddenly, that your Mum and Dad ain't your real parents...

AMY

It's a head-fuck. But tell me, if it *did* happen to you, what would be the first thing you'd do?

Donna picks up a bottle of vodka. Amy smiles.

**LATER**

Spirits risen, Donna and Amy give themselves one last dress check and prepare to go.

A KNOCK on the door.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Hey, girls--

AMY  
No, Dad, you can't come in.

JOHN (O.S.)  
I know. I just want you to be  
careful tonight, both of you.

Amy's about to launch a verbal assault. Donna covers her mouth with her hand. Sways her head, no. Amy frowns. Donna gestures to give her "one moment" with her finger.

Donna opens the door.

**INT. DAVIES HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Donna closes the bedroom door behind her. She offers John a warm smile.

DONNA  
Thank you, John, I appreciate it.  
Don't worry, I'll take care of her.

JOHN  
She hates me right now...

DONNA  
I won't let anything happen to her.

John tries to smile. Sadness in his voice.

JOHN  
Thank you, Donna. You're a good  
friend to her.

John skulks down the stairs. Donna watches him, a doleful look on her face.

MUSIC blares from Amy's room.

AMY (V.O.)  
Donna! Get your fine ass back in  
here, biatch!



Donna smiles, re-enters the bedroom, preparing to party the night away.

**EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREET - NIGHT**

Quiet. Houses draped in Halloween decorations, jack-o'-lanterns glowing in their windows.

A van ROARS down the road.

**INT. VAN - TRAVELLING - NIGHT**

MARCUS, 36, drives. Black shirt. Black jeans. Dark eyes. Constant scowl.

Kristen sits in the passenger seat, smug, dressed in a sexy costume. Sat in the back-- a bit like luggage -- sits Harry, Lee (simple shirt and trousers), Tyler and Kelly. They are all dressed for Halloween.

The group pass each other beers from a crate. Marcus swigs on a bottle of Mad Dog 20/20.

Silence. An air of tension.

MARCUS

These two better be ready.

HARRY

Knowing Amy, she'll back out.

MARCUS

I don't wanna be wasting my fuckin' time.

LEE

It's cool, man. Just chill out.

KRISTEN

Don't tell Marcus what to do.

LEE

I wasn't. But maybe it's not a great idea to drink at the wheel.

MARCUS

My van, my rules. You got a problem with that, you can walk.

Harry smirks at Lee, stifles a nervous giggle. Lee shoots him a serious look. Harry composes himself.

Kelly gazes out of the back door window. She turns to the group, alarmed.

KELLY

There's a car behind us.

HARRY

It's called traffic.

Marcus looks in his wing mirror. The car behind flashes its headlights, indicating for Marcus to pull over.

MARCUS

Can you see a cop in the car?

KELLY

I can't tell, it's dark.

MARCUS

Can you see a fucking uniform?

TYLER

We can't see, man!

MARCUS

Shit. Stash the booze.

Marcus hands his bottle to Kristen. She passes it to Tyler who, along with everyone else, hides their open bottles inside the crate.

MARCUS

Everything away?

KELLY

Yeah, but it reeks of booze.

LEE

Anyone got any deodorant?

Kristen takes out a bottle of perfume from her purse. She sprays the contents into the air.

Marcus pulls over.

#### **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Marcus' van pulls over. The car from behind drives past, slows down, parks in front of the van.

DETECTIVE WELLS, 50, trilby, trenchcoat, steps out of the car. He walks towards the van.

#### **INT. VAN - NIGHT**

Kristen watches Wells approach. She frowns.

KRISTEN

He could be anybody. How do you know--

MARCUS

He's a cop.

Wells taps on the driver's side window. Gestures Marcus to roll it down. Marcus, silently fuming, does as instructed.

MARCUS

Evening, Detective Wells.

WELLS

Marcus.

MARCUS

Didn't expect to be seeing you again so soon. What's the problem?

WELLS

Routine stop.

Marcus sneers.

MARCUS

Yeah, right.

WELLS

Let me see your drivers license.

MARCUS

Are you for real?

Wells stares at him. Serious.

Marcus hands over his details.

Wells peers inside the van. Notices the oddly silent group in the back. Sniffs the perfumed air.

WELLS

Alright in there, kids?

The group nod.

MARCUS

You gonna check it or what?

Wells hands the license back to Marcus.

WELLS

Nah. I've seen enough.

MARCUS

Enough? You didn't even look at it.

WELLS

Where you off to tonight?

MARCUS

None of your concern.

WELLS

You kids all of legal age? I can have you all show me your ID if I need to.

The group nod.

Wells notices Kristen.

WELLS

New girlfriend?

MARCUS

Look, have you got a reason for pulling me over or do I have to report you for harassment?

WELLS

Like I said. Routine stop.

MARCUS

Anything else, or am I free to go. Again.

Wells frowns.

WELLS

For now.

MARCUS

Accept it, Wells. I won. You lost.

WELLS

For now.

Wells gives Marcus a stern look. He heads back to his car. Marcus rolls up the window.

MARCUS

Fuckin' asshole.

KRISTEN

Hell was that about?

Marcus watches Wells drive away. He smirks.

MARCUS

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

**EXT. DAVIES HOUSE - NIGHT**

Marcus' van pulls up outside. HORN honks repeatedly.

KRISTEN (O.S.)

Baby, you're gonna wake the dead.

Donna and Amy emerge from the house, giggling, excited.

The van back doors open. Donna and Amy enter inside.

**INT. VAN - TRAVELLING - NIGHT**

Amy and Donna sense the unease among the group.

DONNA

Are we pretending to be a hearse parade or did someone actually--

HARRY

We had an incident.

LEE

Cops pulled us.

AMY

Oh, shit.

Marcus takes a big swig of Mad Dog.

MARCUS

Relax, people. It was one cop and he's gone now. So pass out the booze and enjoy the night.

Harry passes out the beers. The mood is lightened.

KELLY

I heard the Gresty house is gonna be having a pool party.

TYLER

In October?

KELLY

Inside, Tyler. Inside heated pool.

Harry salutes Lee and Donna as he downs a bottle. Lee looks at Donna. Why not? They both smile, grab a beer each.

HARRY

Halloween, baby! Whoo! This night's gonna be wild. I can feel it.

Marcus stares dead ahead, concentrating on the road... or other things on his mind.

MARCUS  
Yeah, it's gonna be wild.

**EXT. GRESTDY HOUSE - NIGHT**

MUSIC booms from inside. Excited party-goers dressed in costumes swarm towards the entrance.

Marcus' van drives past.

**INT. VAN - TRAVELLING - NIGHT**

Kristen looks at Marcus.

KRISTEN  
I think you missed it, babe.

Marcus keeps his eyes on the road.

DONNA  
That was the Gresty house...

TYLER  
We just passed the house, dude.

LEE  
Hey, Marcus.

MARCUS  
We're not going to the Gresty house.

DONNA  
Where are we going?

MARCUS  
The Porter house.

Silence...

HARRY  
The *what* house?

AMY  
The Porter house. A few years ago, the father of the house, Jack Porter, went crazy. He killed four paranormal investigators and two of his neighbours, trying to get to his wife and two kids. He died in a fire, the family haven't been heard of since.

MARCUS  
Spoken like a true angel.

Kristen frowns.

HARRY

What the fuck are we gonna do there?

MARCUS

You'll see.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Boarded up windows. Overgrown garden. A weed infested path leads to the front door. A sign hangs on a gate: *NO ENTRANCE PERMITTED. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.*

Marcus' van pulls up outside.

**INT. VAN - NIGHT**

Marcus turns to the group in the back.

MARCUS

Harry, there's a backpack next to the crate. Bring it with you.

Harry salutes Marcus, picks up the backpack.

HARRY

Aye, aye, captain.

MARCUS

Tyler, bring the booze.

Tyler nods, picks up the beer crate.

MARCUS

Don't fucking drop any.

Marcus points to a large rectangular package.

MARCUS

Lee, bring that along.

LEE

I ain't your servant, mate.

Amy takes the package.

AMY

It's cool, I've got it.

The group exit the van. Marcus has a last word with Lee.

MARCUS

Are you gonna be a problem?

LEE

What's that supposed to mean?

MARCUS

Do I need to say it twice?

LEE

Do I need to answer to you?

The two stare at each other. Donna emerges at the back of the van, coerces Lee down. Marcus smirks.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT**

The group gather around the garden gate.

TYLER

How come they haven't torn this  
dump down?

Marcus slaps his back.

MARCUS

Maybe someone still owns it.

Marcus takes the package from Amy. He gives it to Harry in exchange for his backpack. He hands out flashlights.

HARRY

I have a flashlight on my phone.

Marcus takes the flashlight off Harry.

MARCUS

So don't waste my equipment.

Harry accidentally scrapes the package against a loose nail in the gate, tearing the paper. Marcus snatches the package off him, revealing a Ouija board.

DONNA

Ain't you a bit old to be playing  
with board games?

MARCUS

It's not a game.

Marcus opens the garden gate. He leads the group up the path to the house door.

Marcus tries to open the door. Locked. He takes a lock-pick from his pocket, works on the door.

Tyler takes photos of the house. Kelly drinks a beer. Kristen postures, impatient, growing annoyed at their destination.

Lee and Donna wait at the gate.



LEE  
I don't know about you, but I'm  
ready to go. K-F-C and a movie?

DONNA  
Oh yeah. Sold.

Amy overhears.

AMY  
No, don't go yet.

DONNA  
Amy, he's breaking into a house. We  
could all end up in deep shit.

AMY  
Just give it a little while. For  
Kristen's sake.

Kristen applies make-up to her face.

LEE  
Since when did you start worrying  
about Kristen?

Marcus looks back at the group. No one is watching him. He  
smirks, puts the lock-pick and a ring of keys in his pocket.

MARCUS  
Booyah!

Marcus opens the door -- he smiles as a mist of released dust  
flows into the air.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Marcus enters, followed by the group. A staircase leads  
upwards. Marcus opens a door leading to the--

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The group follow Marcus inside, exploring the room with their  
flashlights.

Dusty. Rotten. An old fireplace. Spacious. No furniture.

Donna flicks a mouldy light switch. Not working.

Marcus tries to force open a closed door.

Eager to please, the group shine their lights on the door in  
a bid to aid Marcus.

Marcus gestures them away.

MARCUS

I can see what I'm doing. Just examine the room for a second.

The group turn to exploring the room.

Marcus takes out his lock-pick.

Marcus opens the door. It leads to a kitchen.

Marcus gathers the group together.

HARRY

So what now?

MARCUS

Check the place out.

KELLY

Why? I thought you just wanted to do the Ouija board thing. Let's just get it over with and go.

MARCUS

Gotta make sure no one's here.

DONNA

I don't think anyone has lived here for a long, long time.

MARCUS

Makes it the perfect place for some crack-head to call home.

LEE

And you expect us to scare off a bunch of junkies?

MARCUS

I don't expect you to scare off anything, I just want you to take a look around. We'll all stick close by. If anything spooks you out, I'll deal with it. OK, pumpkin?

Lee smirks at Marcus' condescending tone. Donna gives him a reassuring hug.

LEE

Sure.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Marcus and Kristen shine their lights over dust shrouded, wall-mounted cupboards. Paint peels from the walls. Whatever appliances were once here, have long been removed.

They tread over cracked floor tiles. Kristen's disgusted by the sight and smell.

Marcus swipes dust from a window. A garden outside.

He tries to open a door leading to the garden. The stiff handle CREAKS... finally gives way. The door opens.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

Lee leads Donna and Amy up the stairs. He grips a grimy bannister, pulls his hand away, disgusted.

LEE

Don't touch the rail, there's some sticky, slimy shit on it.

Lee wipes the muck from his hand on his trousers, continues to lead Donna and Amy upwards.

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

Lee, Amy and Donna nervously explore, floorboards creaking beneath their feet.

A THUD from above.

They shine their lights at the ceiling. An attic hatch.

DONNA

What was that noise?

LEE

A bird, maybe. Probably rats. Must be nests up there.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Kelly and Tyler shine their lights over the skeletal bare frame of a bed. Moonlight seeps through a boarded up window, where one of the rotten wooden planks has tilted.

Tyler slides the plank aside, dusts the window with his hand and looks out at the dark, lifeless street.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Spacious. Empty. Derelict.

Harry treads across the floorboards. Speckles of dust fall from the ceiling with every step he makes.

He opens a pair of ragged curtains, revealing a window which looks out on to the garden below and fields beyond.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Marcus leads the group across an overgrown, unkempt garden. Wooden fences on either side, built to keep out prying eyes.

Birds flee from the top of two tall, weather-degraded, out-of-place Roman-style pillars.

A large shed stands at the end. Beyond the shed, overgrown thorn bushes deny access to an endless field.

HARRY

Looks like the home owners never wanted anyone to get in.

KELLY

Or anyone to get out.

Donna stops by a stone-based water well. The bucket is raised, rope taught. She taps the well wheel, curious.

Amy joins her, awestruck.

AMY

Like something out of a fairy-tale.

DONNA

Or a horror movie.

Marcus claps, grabs the group's attention.

MARCUS

Gather round, everybody.

The group assemble around Marcus.

MARCUS

Seance time. Has anybody found a suitable place?

The group are reluctant to involve themselves.

KELLY

This whole seance thing...

TYLER

It's creeping us out, man.

Marcus laughs. Taunting.

HARRY

The story, what happened here--

MARCUS

Is just a story. It's Halloween. You've got the rest of your lives to get drunk, stoned, fuck about.

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

This is a night to try something different. Something exciting.

KELLY

No offense, but I don't get excited when I'm scared, Marcus.

Marcus grins, winks at Kelly.

MARCUS

Sure you do.

LEE

I don't believe in any of this ghost shit, but one thing I do know is that you don't go fucking with things you know nothing about.

MARCUS

Eloquent as always. Aren't you intrigued? You might learn something... about yourself.

Marcus heads inside the house.

MARCUS

We're doing it in the living room.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marcus organises the group to kneel around the Ouija board, which is placed in the centre of the floor. Propped up flashlights serve as candlelight.

MARCUS

Take this seriously. No moving the planchette, no funny business.

Tyler snaps photos. Marcus frowns. Tyler slides his phone in his pocket.

Amy's eyes widen, excited. Kelly downs her beer. Lee and Donna exchange concerned looks. Harry giggles as Kristen checks her make-up in her compact mirror.

HARRY

Gotta look your best for the dead, right, Kris?

Kristen laughs mockingly.

KRISTEN

Shut up, idiot.

Light flashes through the window from a passing car.

Marcus frowns, anxious.

HARRY  
 Maybe the neighbours alerted the  
 home owner. What if--

MARCUS  
 Focus on the board.

Marcus places his fingers on the planchette, encourages the  
 others to do the same. They do as told.

MARCUS  
 Spirit, spirit, are you there?

HARRY  
 What if it goes to no? Motherfucker  
 might be dyslexic.

MARCUS  
 Quit the clown act. I won't tell  
 you again.

Harry drops his head, intimidated.

MARCUS  
 Spirit, spirit, are you there?

The group concentrate on the board.

Flash of light passes the window. A car driving past.

The group sigh, concentration broken.

KELLY  
 Someone's gonna see our flashlights  
 and wonder what's going on in here.

LEE  
 And then we'd all get busted for  
 breaking and entering.

DONNA  
 What about the shed?

Lee looks at Donna, surprised at her intrigue.

Marcus grins.

MARCUS  
 Perfect.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Lee takes Donna aside as the rest of the group follow Marcus  
 towards the shed.

LEE  
 Hey, are you OK?

DONNA  
Yeah, of course. Why?

LEE  
You wanted to leave a minute ago,  
now you're offering up locations  
for seances.

DONNA  
This is right up Amy's street,  
she's into this type of stuff.

LEE  
Forget Amy. What about you?

DONNA  
Let's just see what happens.

**INT. SHED - NIGHT**

Cobwebs hang from empty, dusty, nail-ridden wooden shelves.

The group sit around the Ouija board, fingers on the  
planchette. Marcus leads the way.

MARCUS  
Spirit, spirit, are you there.

Tyler snaps a photo. Camera light splashes across the board.

MARCUS  
Put that fucking thing away!

Tyler fumbles his camera into his pocket.

TYLER  
Sorry, dude, just thought it would  
be cool to document any evidence--

MARCUS  
We'll see any fucking evidence with  
our own eyes.

Tyler, intimidated, puts his phone in his pocket. He places  
his shaking fingers on the planchette.

AMY  
Is there anybody here that you  
would like to communicate with?

Everybody looks at Amy. They shiver from a sudden chill.

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

The attic hatch rumbles. Something inside wants to get out.

The hatch scrapes against it's foundations, forcefully slides open. A cold mist descends.

Bedroom doors burst open.

**INT. SHED - NIGHT**

The planchette slides across the board, moves to YES.

Marcus licks his lips in anticipation.

MARCUS

Is it someone... important?

Planchette swipes across the board, settles on YES.

Marcus stares at Kristen. Ask a question.

KRISTEN

Who are you? What's your name?

The planchette moves to the letters: M. A. N. Y.

KELLY

How did you--

MARCUS

No. Don't ask that.

KELLY

Are you... OK?

The planchette remains motionless. The group sigh at Kelly's waste of question.

DONNA

How long have you been... away?  
What year did you leave?

The planchette moves to numbers on the board. It spells out:  
1-9-7-0.

AMY

Can you describe what it's like  
where you are?

The planchette spells out: D. A. R. K.

TYLER

You don't mind us calling you up at  
this time, do you? Don't want to  
disturb you or anything.

Planchette remains still.



TYLER

Is there anything we can do for you?

Planchette moves to: YES

TYLER

What?

Planchette spells out: D. I. E.

The group gasp, shocked. Marcus gestures them to keep quiet. He nods at Lee. Lee shakes his head. No.

HARRY

Am I gonna get laid tonight?

The planchette flies off the board.

MARCUS

You fucking idiot!

Marcus squares up to Harry.

Lee pulls Harry away.

Kristen, Tyler and Donna drag Marcus out of the conflict.

HARRY

I was just trying to lighten the mood, Marcus. Shit's getting pretty tense in here, what with the damn thing spelling out DIE.

MARCUS

You took the piss, now it might never come back!

LEE

With the direction it was taking, I'd say that's a good thing.

HARRY

Why the fuck are you so interested in this bullshit anyway?

Amy sticks up for Marcus.

AMY

Don't you see? It works. There is an afterlife...

HARRY

If the afterlife means I end up wandering around a cold-ass shed for eternity, and the only way I can communicate with people is by some dumbass board game, send me on a one way trip to Hell--

Marcus lunges at Harry, accidentally knocking Kelly against the wall. She scrapes her arm against a rusty, protruding nail.

Kelly screams.

Everyone turns their attention to Kelly. The upper arm of her shirt is ripped, revealing torn, bleeding skin.

Kristen, Amy and Donna rush to her aid.

DONNA

What happened? Are you OK?

Kelly clutches her arm, afraid to look at the damage.

KELLY

It hurts bad, like really bad, it feels like it's burning.

KRISTEN

That's not the shirt I lent you is it?

Amy, Donna and Kelly stare daggers at Kristen.

MARCUS

It's just a scratch.

LEE

You'd better hope that's all it is. If she ends up catching an infection--

MARCUS

You'll do what? Sue me? Let's get back to the house. Rub some alcohol over it, it'll act as an antiseptic.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

The group leave the shed, relieved to breathe fresh air.

Donna comforts Kelly, still shaken by her wound.

Marcus leads the group towards the house.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The group gather around Kelly. Donna carefully drips MadDog over her swelling scratch. Kelly squirms in pain.

Lee and Marcus exchange frowns, hatred boiling.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Detective Wells' car drives down a quiet road.

**INT. WELLS' CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT**

Wells talks on his CB radio as he eyes the streets.

WELLS

I'm off duty now, Linda.

LINDA (V.O.)

(through the radio)

Lucky for you, Detective. Any plans for Halloween?

WELLS

Nothing exciting, just gonna drop in on an old friend.

**INT. DAVIES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

John twitches uneasily as he watches a grisly horror movie on TV with his wife, OLIVIA, 40. She's knitting, paying little attention to the film.

JOHN

Do we have to watch this crap?

OLIVIA

Would you stop worrying about Amy?

JOHN

I can't. We had that argument last night, another small blow up this morning, she's not answering my texts...

OLIVIA

So she's gonna go out and let off some steam. That's good.

JOHN

Olivia, she didn't take the news as well as I'd hoped. The fact she's gone out, God knows where, to let off some steam is exactly why I'm so concerned.

OLIVIA  
You've never been good with  
subtlety, John, never. It's not  
what you say, it's how you say it.

JOHN  
Meaning?

OLIVIA  
Amy's been fine with me.

DOORBELL rings.

John groans, disgruntled, as he gets up to answer.

**INT. DAVIES HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

John opens the front door.

Wells stands at the doorstep, greets John with a smile.

JOHN  
Foster... what an unexpected  
surprise.

WELLS  
When is a surprise ever expected,  
John.

JOHN  
Of course, sorry, I'm a bit  
flustered tonight. How are you?  
Come in!

WELLS  
Afraid I can't, John.

JOHN  
There's nothing wrong, is there?

WELLS  
No, no. I just wanted to come  
round, as a friend, and let you  
know that I saw your daughter  
earlier with Marcus Groves.

JOHN  
What..?

WELLS  
That's right.

JOHN  
Christ, didnt you try to stop her?  
That guy's an animal--

WELLS

An animal that convinced the crown prosecution not to go ahead with a trial. I told you about him off the record, John. I can't do anything above the law, and, at the moment he's keeping his beak clean.

JOHN

He's a predator, a sick fucking-- Amy hasn't been answering my calls, Foster. I've got to find her.

WELLS

We're taking my car.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT**

A gust of wind sweeps leaves across the ground.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marcus stares introspectively through a crack in the barred window.

Kelly, agonized, sits against the wall, a bubbling blister swollen across her arm. Lee, Tyler and Donna comfort her.

TYLER

I think that's enough for one night. Time to bail.

Lee nods in agreement.

Kristen wanders over to Marcus, touches his shoulder.

KRISTEN

Are you OK, baby?

Kelly cries out in pain.

DONNA

We need to get Kelly help, it's only gonna get worse.

Amy, huddled in the corner, takes a swig of MadDog. She studies everyone's movements and reactions.

LEE

We all wanna go, so let's go.

Marcus turns from the window, faces the group.

MARCUS

Hold on, hero. I didn't give my permission.

Lee seethes with anger. Harry holds him back.

LEE  
I don't fucking need it.

MARCUS  
We're staying.

TYLER  
Marcus, what is your beef, man?  
We've gotta go, party's over.

MARCUS  
Only when I say it is.

TYLER  
Have it your way.

Tyler takes out his phone, dials 999.

Marcus storms towards Tyler, slaps the phone from his hand.  
The phone hits the floor.

Enraged, Tyler goes for Marcus -- bad idea. Marcus  
effortlessly shoves Tyler to the floor.

Lee bundles in, confronts Marcus toe to toe.

Kristen pulls Marcus away, Donna drags Lee to the side.

KRISTEN  
Tyler started it.

Tyler looks up, startled.

TYLER  
Excuse me?

KRISTEN  
You threatened Marcus.

HARRY  
How did you come to that fucked up  
conclusion?

Kristen nods spitefully towards Tyler.

KRISTEN  
That loser was gonna call the  
police. He made Marcus react.

Tyler gets up, shakes his head.

TYLER  
Fuck this. I'm out.

Tyler searches for his phone. Can't find it.

DONNA

Me too. This has gone too far.

Kristen tries to coax Marcus away from the group. Marcus stares at Tyler, furious. Kristen steps back, intimidated.

Marcus looks at Kristen, realises the effect he's having on her. He drops his head, takes her hand. Kristen leads him to a quiet corner of the room.

Amy watches, eyes excited by the chaos.

Harry's had enough. He heads for the door.

Tyler searches for his phone, mystified at its disappearance.

TYLER

Hey, wait up, Harry.

(to Marcus)

You owe me a phone, man.

Marcus smirks.

Donna and Lee return to aide Kelly.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Harry tries the front door. It won't open.

HARRY

What the flying fuck...?

Bemused, he returns into the--

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Harry's stunned expression grabs the groups attention.

HARRY

The door won't open.

LEE

What do you mean it won't open, that's how we got in.

HARRY

It ain't opening now.

Lee frowns at Marcus.

LEE

What have you done?

MARCUS

(dismissively)

Fuck you.

Lee shakes his head at Marcus as he moves into the foyer. Donna follows him.

Kelly hyperventilates, sweat drips down her face. The blister covers her entire arm.

HARRY  
Keep an eye on her.

Tyler and Amy try their best to calm Kelly down. Harry heads into the--

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Lee tries the door. Pushes. Pulls. Won't open.

HARRY  
See what I'm sayin'?

Lee storms into the living room, followed by Donna and Harry.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Lee tries to pull apart the wooden boards covering the windows. They are too tough to dislodge, nailed in tight.

TYLER  
You're saying we got in, but we can't get out?

LEE  
Ridiculous, I know.

Lee shrugs.

LEE  
We'll climb the fence.

Lee heads towards the kitchen. Marcus blocks the doorway.

LEE  
Get out of my way.

MARCUS  
No one's going anywhere.

DONNA  
Kelly's getting worse, Marcus, we need to get her medical help. Christ, Kristen, say something!

Kristen bites her lip.

Harry backtracks, intimidated by Marcus.



HARRY  
I'm gonna check the windows  
upstairs. I don't care if I gotta  
jump from this bitch, I want out.

Harry heads into the foyer.

Tyler follows Harry, pointing a trembling, hardly-threatening  
finger at Marcus.

TYLER  
You owe me a phone, man. Serious.

MARCUS  
Look harder.

Lee squares up to Marcus. Donna pulls Lee back.

DONNA  
He's not worth it.

Lee takes out his phone.

LEE  
You gonna take this off me?

Marcus smirks.

No phone reception. Lee cusses under his breath.

LEE  
No signal.

DONNA  
What now?

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

Harry's smart-phone light guides him towards--

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Harry enters. He directs his light at the boarded up window,  
searching for any signs of weakness. None.

A GHASTLY FIGURE, deathly pale face, demonic black eyes,  
stares at him malevolently from behind.

Harry feels a creepy presence...

He spins round. Shines his light across the room.

A child-size CLOWN DOLL rests against the wall.

Harry rushes out of the room.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Harry bursts into the room.

HARRY

The field looks like the best bet--

He freezes in his tracks.

Marcus holds Lee in a headlock, flick-knife to his throat.

Lee gestures Harry to keep calm.

LEE

Keep cool, Harry. Don't do anything to make this psycho go psycho.

HARRY

I think we've crossed that line.

MARCUS

Shut the fuck up. I'm restoring a bit of order around here.

HARRY

Anything you say, boss.

Kristen, alienated by the group, stands in a corner.

KRISTEN

Marcus, don't hurt him...

Marcus sniggers her weak protest away.

The group are tense, quiet. Amy grins, excited.

Kelly squirms in agony. Her blister covers her arm and neck.

MARCUS

Right. We're gonna sort this out, and we're gonna do it my way. Anyone got a problem with that?

Silence.

MARCUS

Good.

Marcus points his blade at Tyler and Harry.

MARCUS

You two, pick her up.

Tyler and Harry approach Kelly.

DONNA

What are you gonna do?

MARCUS

If what she has is contagious, I  
sure as shit ain't catching it.

Tyler and Harry gently pick Kelly up. She SCREAMS in pain.

DONNA

She needs a doctor--

MARCUS

She needs to shut the fuck up. Take  
her to the shed.

Tyler and Harry look shocked at the demand.

DONNA

You can't be serious...

MARCUS

Am I laughing? I said take her to  
the shed. NOW.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Tyler and Harry carry Kelly towards the shed.

Donna, Amy and Kristen follow, horrified.

Marcus marches behind them, keeping his flick-knife to Lee's  
throat, making sure his orders are obeyed.

Tyler and Harry reach the shed. They place Kelly gently on  
the ground. Harry opens the shed door.

TYLER

I'm so sorry, Kelly.

HARRY

It's only for a little while.

Tyler and Harry lift Kelly, and take her into the shed.

**INT. SHED - NIGHT**

Harry and Tyler delicately prop Kelly against the wall.

Tyler takes off his coat. He places it on the floor.

Harry and Tyler place Kelly on Tyler's coat. Harry takes off  
his jacket and covers Kelly.

KELLY

Don't leave me alone in here...

TYLER  
It's OK, Kells. Everything's gonna  
be OK.

Harry takes Tyler to the side.

HARRY  
We gotta sort this psychopath out.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Marcus releases Lee from his grip, shoves him away.

MARCUS  
No hard feelings.

Lee frowns at Marcus, steps away. He's comforted by Donna.

Kristen checks her make-up in her compact mirror, much to  
Donna and Amy's disgust.

Lee approaches Marcus.

LEE  
(to Marcus)  
Before I met you I was willing to  
give you the benefit of the doubt.

MARCUS  
Then you're a bigger dickhead than  
I thought.

Tyler and Harry emerge from the shed, shamefaced.

MARCUS  
Tyler, keep guard.

TYLER  
What?

MARCUS  
Is everyone fuckin' deaf? Do I have  
to repeat every word I say?

TYLER  
Dude, it's freezing out here.

MARCUS  
Bit of cold air never hurt anybody.  
But if you make a run for the  
field, I'll find you. Remember  
that.

TYLER  
I'm not going anywhere until I find  
my phone, Marcus. Either that or  
you buy me a new one.

MARCUS

Fuck your phone. Just make sure she's alright in there. If anything happens to her, it's on you.

Marcus heads back inside the house. The sheep/group follow.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marcus slams the door leading to the kitchen shut. He locks it with a key on his chain.

LEE

Where did you get that?

MARCUS

I found it.

LEE

Bullshit.

MARCUS

Ever heard of a skeleton key? Some just fit the right holes.

Marcus leers at Donna. She turns away, disgusted.

LEE

Why don't I believe you.

MARCUS

Why don't I give a fuck.

Marcus hands out beers to the group.

MARCUS

Come on, guys. It's Halloween.

LEE

Is this your idea of a good time?

Marcus takes Kristen in his arms, kisses her, runs his hands over her body. She breaks free, repulsed.

MARCUS

This certainly is.

Donna looks away, revolted. She notices Tyler's phone on the floor where Kelly had been resting.

Donna crouches over the phone, fakes a stomach-ache.

LEE

You alright?

DONNA  
I'm used to partying hard, I get  
cramps if I stop drinking. Maybe I  
will have a beer after all.

MARCUS  
That's the spirit.

Marcus turns to grab a beer from the crate. Donna grabs  
Tyler's phone and conceals it in her pocket.

She stands up. Marcus hands her a beer.

MARCUS  
Looks like we're finally  
understanding each other.

#### **LATER**

Marcus and Kristen kiss in a corner of the room.

The group sit on the floor, sipping beer in silence.

Amy stares angrily at Marcus and Kristen.

Donna takes Tyler's phone from her pocket. No reception.

Unfamiliar with the layout of the icons, Donna tuts as she  
accidentally clicks on PHOTOS instead of MESSAGES.

The first photo piques her interest.

#### **MOBILE PHONE SCREEN**

PHOTO 1: The living room seance. The group huddled around the  
Ouija board.

PHOTO 2: Group faces. Fear. Concentration. Amy smiles.

PHOTO 3: The Shed seance. Ouija board bathed in light.

PHOTO 4: Shed seance. Dark translucent hooded figures  
surround the group, watching them.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Donna gasps, spooked by the sight.

#### **EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Tyler rubs his arms to keep warm as he wanders the garden,  
cursing under his breath.

**INT. SHED - NIGHT**

Kelly, covered in blisters, lies on the floor. She's gasping, suffering laboured breathing.

Translucent dark hooded figures, GHOSTS, surround her, gesticulating, encouraging *something* to "rise".

Kelly's stomach expands until it bulges like a baby bump.

Kelly is sucked inwards -- being divulged by the bump as it feeds off her.

The bump swells, growing, forming into the shape of a figure.

Kelly's body has been absorbed by the shadowy figure that now stands-- THE DARK SHAPE.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Tyler knocks on the shed door.

TYLER

Kelly, you alright in there?

Silence.

TYLER

OK, I'm coming in.

Tyler opens the door and enters inside.

**INT. SHED - NIGHT**

Tyler enters, stepping on a sticky liquid on the ground. He pauses, shines his flashlight at the ooze-drenched floor.

He backs away-- into the Dark Shape.

Tyler turns, horrified.

Dark Shape's skeletal fingers thrust inside Tyler's eyes. He rips Tyler's skull apart.

Tyler falls to the floor. His body evaporates into liquid. The ooze seeps into the Dark Shape's feet, being absorbed.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Amy, infuriated, watches Kristen and Marcus make out in the corner of the room. She stands up, storms towards them.

Kristen turns to Amy, looks at her quizzically.

Amy slaps Kristen's face.

AMY

Slut!

The group are stunned. Marcus pulls Amy away.

KRISTEN

What the fuck, bitch?

MARCUS

(to Amy)

It's OK, baby.

Donna, Lee and Harry look at each other, speechless.

KRISTEN

Marcus?

MARCUS

Shut up, Kristen.

Marcus strokes Amy's cheeks, wipes away her angry tears. She smiles, giggles, like a love-struck little girl.

DONNA

Amy, what the hell is going on?

AMY

I've been meaning to tell you...  
the guy I chat with online, the  
boyfriend you all think I've been  
making up... well, here he is.

HARRY

Groomed like a pony-tail.

AMY

Shut the fuck up, Harry.

Kristen, still smarting from Amy's slap, stares at Marcus, crestfallen. It's a double whammy.

KRISTEN

How long's this been going on?

MARCUS

I told you from day one we'll have  
an open relationship. Some  
relationships fit requirements,  
like sex, that's you. Others--

AMY

-- are more meaningful.

Marcus grabs Amy, gropes her body. She loves it.

MARCUS

And you fulfil every requirement.



KRISTEN

I don't know either of you... I don't know who you are...

MARCUS

I didn't know who I was. Until I met Amy. And then we just--

AMY

Clicked as soon as we started chatting together.

Marcus and Amy stand together, relishing the stunned response from the group.

MARCUS

We met on an adoption site, looking for our real parents, both of us trying to discover who we really are. Not only did we share a connection, we both shared an interest in the dark arts.

LEE

Why did you bring us here?

DONNA

He's related to the Porters.

MARCUS

Oh, no. My bloodline drips much thicker, beyond the people that lived in this house. The house I inherited.

HARRY

No wonder it was never sold or bulldozed down. You never gave away the right to do it.

LEE

What's so special about this house, Marcus? What kind of asshole relatives of yours owned this property before the Porters?

MARCUS

They didn't own it per say. They more or less possessed it. Like Amy, I hated my foster parents. I found out my real family were members of the Order Of Aeron.

HARRY

The order of what?

AMY

Aeron. We worship the fire of Hell,  
the bringer of true Heaven, the  
dark angel of life.

DONNA

You believe in a cult?

Amy stares daggers at Donna.

AMY

We believe in resurrecting the dark  
messenger, a being that will kill  
all living scum, cleanse and purify  
the Earth.

HARRY

Thanks for clearing that up. Now  
please explain why you would want  
to bring a motherfucker like that  
into the real world.

MARCUS

It's my destiny to bring the Order  
back. I have to.

DONNA

At what cost?

MARCUS

We only live once, right? Maybe we  
don't. Tonight, we find out.

LEE

Your foster parents must have  
really fucked you up. You're  
crazier than I thought.

MARCUS

I'm fulfilling a prophecy, my  
birthright. You get the chance to  
see it, to tell the story, to prove  
I was right, that the psychiatrists  
and the police were wrong about me--

KRISTEN

You cheatin' bastard.

Kristen, tears smudging her eyeliner, bolts towards the door  
leading to the foyer.

DONNA

Kristen, wait!

Kristen runs into the--

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Kristen tries the door. Won't open. She stomps her feet.

She storms up the stairs, crying, screaming with frustrated rage. Anywhere away from Marcus.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

Amy smiles, delighted Kristen has gone. She's won.

Amy kisses Marcus, her hands all over him. Obsessed.

Harry's had enough.

HARRY

Anyone actually buying this ghost  
shit? These two motherfuckers are  
nuttier than a packet of peanuts.

Donna shows Harry and Lee the photos on Tyler's phone. They are both shocked, speechless.

Marcus, kissing Amy, notices the group's interest in Tyler's phone. He storms over, grabs it from Donna's hand.

He shows Amy the photos. They smile, excited.

DONNA

Amy-- he's using you.

AMY

Jealous that we have a meaningful  
relationship, Donna?

DONNA

What are you talking about? You're  
not resurrecting Mother Theresa,  
you've brought back a bunch of  
murderers.

Amy snuggles up to Marcus.

AMY

Destiny brought us together. The  
spirits will guide us, make us  
stronger, untouchable.

LEE

You really believe that?

MARCUS

We're gonna find out soon enough.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Kristen sits on the toilet seat, sobbing into her hands.

She composes herself, sniffs a bad odour in the room.

She takes a bottle of perfume from her handbag, sprays the contents in the air. Kristen fails to see a ghostly face appear within the mist, before it fades away.

She gets up, looks at her miserable reflection in the cabinet mirror. She takes a tissue from her pocket, wipes her tears.

Kristen looks in the mirror. Her reflection reveals blood swiped across her cheeks.

She looks at the tissue. Covered in blood.

Kristen panics, aghast.

She takes out another tissue. Dabs her face. Checks the mirror. Even more blood covers her face.

She panics, takes out the entire packet of tissues and wipes her face.

Kristen looks up at the mirror.

Her reflection looks fine, normal.

The mirror shakes...

She backs away, confused, frightened...

She backs into something. She spins around.

The Dark Shape.

Kristen SCREAMS.

SMASH! The mirror breaks. Glass shards fly into Kristen's head, protruding through her face like spikes.

Kristen drops to the floor.

Her body melts into a mess of liquid. The liquid seeps into the Dark Shape's feet as he absorbs her soul.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The startled group hear Kristen's scream.

AMY

She's probably found a rat.

DONNA  
I never realized you were such a  
heartless bitch, Amy.

AMY  
She's seeking attention, Donna. She  
can't handle the fact--

LEE  
We've gotta make sure she's OK.

Lee moves towards the foyer door. He stops beside Marcus.

LEE  
You OK with that, Marcus? I mean I  
wouldn't expect you to give a shit  
about the girl you just dumped five  
seconds ago, but, hey.

MARCUS  
We'll all go. I'll lead.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

Marcus leads Amy, Donna, Lee and Harry up the steps,  
flashlights guiding their way.

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

The group call out to Kristen.

Moonlight shimmers from broken glass in the bathroom.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The group enter inside.

A liquid stain on the floor. Scattered glass. Kristen's bag.  
Her flashlight.

DONNA  
It's Kristen's stuff...

HARRY  
She found a way out.

LEE  
And left her shit here?

AMY  
She wouldn't leave without this...

Amy picks up a compact mirror and make-up.

LEE

Maybe your ghosts are not the Casper the friendly type.

MARCUS

Becoming a believer, mate? I don't expect you to understand, but--

A door BANGS.

They turn to the hallway.

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

The group emerge from the bathroom, huddled together.

They call out for Kristen. Silence.

HARRY

She can't have left, all the windows are boarded up.

MARCUS

Search the rooms.

LEE

This has gone beyond you giving orders--

Marcus draws his flick-knife from his pocket. A soft JINGLE of keys hitting the floor. Marcus flashes the blade.

MARCUS

I'm still in charge.

HARRY

Hey, chill, man. I'll check the first room.

Harry strides towards the girl's bedroom, confident the room he visited previously won't hold any sinister tricks.

Harry enters inside.

The door slams shut behind him.

The group are shocked. They call out for Harry.

Doors open and slam shut.

Marcus looks at Amy. She's nervous.

AMY

It's happening.

Lee and Donna rush down the hallway. They try to open the girl's bedroom door. It won't budge.

A ghastly CACKLE echoes throughout the house.

Lee and Donna turn to the boy's bedroom near the attic. Dark open doorway...

A GHOST FIGURE materializes.

The group turn and run to the stairs -- it is occupied by hood covered ghosts/ spectral beings.

The group run into the master bedroom and close the door.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Dust falls from cracks in the ceiling. Moonlight seeps through gaps in the boarded-up window.

Lee, Marcus, Amy and Donna direct their flashlights across the grimy room. It's all clear.

They look at each other, shock setting in.

MARCUS

OK, let's calm down a sec.

LEE

Calm down? What the fuck just happened to Harry?

Marcus eyes Amy. She's scared.

DONNA

You've summoned demons.

Marcus heads to the window. He tries to pry apart the boards, but they refuse to give way.

Donna gives Amy an icy stare of disgust. She moves to the window, looks through a gap.

Her visibility is poor, only a small amount of the garden can be seen. She shouts out of hope.

DONNA

Tyler! Run and get help!

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Harry tries to open the door, it won't budge.

One by one, sinister looking apparitions appear behind him.

Harry senses their presence. He slowly turns around...

An audience of scowling, creepy-looking old people. Charred clothing. Dark eyes. Rotten skin. Ghosts.

HARRY

OK, I'm just gonna say this, so no one feels awkward. That bad odour in the room, kinda smells like someone shit themselves, ain't none of you.

The ghosts smirk. Amused.

Harry tries the door again. Won't budge.

HARRY

Just making sure it's shut, so no one can disturb us.

Scared, but feeling a sense he can joke his way out of this, Harry tries another gag.

HARRY

Since you're here, most of you...

Harry looks at a Ghost whose leg and arm are missing.

HARRY

I'd like to offer you all a bit of constructive criticism. I think you guys get a bad rap, and I think that's down to kinda the entrance you all make... you know, no real introduction, no formalities exchanged, you all kinda just appear... like BOO!

Harry lurches forward, waving his hands around in an attempt to scare the Ghosts.

The ghosts sneer, deadly serious. Harry gulps, nervous.

HARRY

Couldn't I tickle your funny bone? Maybe you ain't got one...

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lee, Amy, Marcus and Donna overhear Harry in the girl's bedroom.

DONNA

Who's he talking to?

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - GIRL'S BEDROOM**

The Ghosts stare at something behind Harry. He slowly turns around.

The Dark Shape.



HARRY

Oh, shit.

Harry screams.

Dark Shape rams his fist inside Harry's mouth.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The group step back, startled by Harry's scream.

DONNA

Oh my god... Harry!

AMY

They're gonna come after us next...  
they're gonna come in this room  
whenever they want! They're gonna--

Marcus grips Amy's shoulders, shakes her into silence.

MARCUS

Shut up!

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Harry's throat bulges grotesquely as Dark Shape's hand travels past his windpipe.

Dark Shape rips out Harry's skeleton through his mouth, leaving the skin of his body to shrivel on the floor like a deflated balloon.

Dark Shape throws Harry's bloody bones to the ground. Harry's remains melt into a liquid. The liquid flows into Dark Shape's foot, being absorbed.

The Ghosts smile, approving of the deed.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Amy sits on the bed, eyes wide with fear. Donna keeps her focus on the window. Cabin fever hits Lee as he watches Marcus march up and down the room.

LEE

Nice, Marcus. You've invited us all  
to get killed.

MARCUS

You don't know what happened in  
there.

DONNA

You heard Harry!

MARCUS

I didn't expect--

LEE

What did you expect? You've brought back a group of merciless killers from the dead. They sure as fuck ain't playing a game of tiddlywinks.

AMY

We were supposed to be protected.

DONNA

Tell that to Harry.

MARCUS

Think I've got anything to do with this shit? If I had any say I'd open this fucking door--

The bedroom door creaks open.

The group are stunned at the reprieve.

Marcus creeps towards the door, peers through the gap. The staircase is clear.

MARCUS

Let's get out of here.

They follow Marcus into the--

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

Girl's bedroom door swings open.

The group stop in their tracks, horrified. Ghosts point at them from inside the blood-covered room.

The group run down the stairs.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Lee tries to open the front door. Won't budge. Donna tries to open the door leading to the livingroom. It won't move.

Marcus looks at Amy. She's a nervous wreck. He looks around, trying to find and communicate with unseeable spirits.

MARCUS

Open the door.

Marcus pushes Lee aside. He tries to pull the door open.

MARCUS

I said open the fucking door! What, do you want me to say open fuckin' Sesame?

GHOST VOICE (V.O.)

*You will never leave.*

Marcus tries the door leading to the livingroom. It opens. Marcus leads the group into the--

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Donna, Marcus, Lee and Amy rush inside the room.

Donna slams the door shut.

Marcus darts to the door leading to the kitchen. It's closed.

Marcus tries to open the door. Won't budge. He searches his pockets for the key.

DONNA

C'mon, Marcus, open the door!

Marcus turns to the group. He pats his pockets, shrugs.

LEE

What? You've lost the key?

MARCUS

I.. don't know how that happened...

Donna, Lee and Amy run to the window. They scream for help.

Marcus backs against the wall, sinks to his knees, head in his hands.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT**

Well's car drives down a neighbourhood littered with trick or treaters.

**INT. WELL'S CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT**

Wells drives, John rides shotgun.

JOHN

Son of a bitch should never have been let out.

WELLS

Lack of evidence meant he was never caged in.

JOHN

How the hell did that monster get off with raping a minor?

WELLS

Marcus was never prosecuted because his groomed fifteen-year-old victim went back on her story and denied anything happened.

JOHN

You knew she was covering up. She was just a kid. Scared to tell the truth. Christ, she probably thought she was in love with him.

WELLS

I don't need proof, but the crown prosecution service does.

JOHN

Tell me about him. Everything you know.

WELLS

He was found in the old farm, only survivor of the Order Of Aaeron, a cult suicide pact. He was adopted. Growing up, he'd always be in trouble. His foster parents kicked him out and he ended up in and out of juvenile detention centres. Eventually, he ended up inheriting a large amount of money from a terminally ill woman he had been seeing. He used the cash to buy property, dingy shit-holes to set up drug-dens and whore-houses.

JOHN

How did the girl get away?

WELLS

On her initial statement, Lil' Lucy said he tied her up, but he wasn't the greatest at ropes. She managed to escape.

JOHN

And here we are now, not even a year later and he's up to his old tricks... with my Amy.

WELLS

I intend to stop him before he can strike again.

JOHN

Can you prove any of this, Wells?  
Anything that will stick?

WELLS

Not a damn thing. All I know is  
Marcus is a bad seed. He's got the  
Devil in him.

JOHN

Christ, Foster. How do you intend  
to stop him when he laughs in the  
face of the law?

WELLS

I'm off duty and you're a concerned  
parent. How else do you think I  
plan to stop him? If we end up in  
court, we'll win the sympathy vote.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The group gather together as a menacing GROAN echoes  
throughout the room. CREAKS from underneath.

Amy grabs everyone by the hand, one at a time, forces them to  
the middle of the room.

AMY

Form a circle, it's the only way we  
can defend ourselves.

The group form a circle in the middle of the room so they  
cover all angles.

Ghosts materialize from the floor, surrounding the group.

DONNA

What do you want?

GHOSTS

For you to die.

MARCUS

Even me?

GHOSTS

Sacrifice yourselves in the name of  
Aeron. Appease the Master.

LEE

Why the fuck would we do that?

GHOSTS

Make the Master live inside flesh  
once more... We want to live... we  
want to live...

Ghosts point at Marcus.

GHOSTS

The Master chooses you to be the  
last to die.

AMY

You want us to kill ourselves, give  
you more power and then leave  
Marcus to become possessed by the  
leader?

GHOSTS

Yessss....

Amy's finally twigged it. She lowers her head. Regret. Shame.

DONNA

Still holding on to that fairy-tale  
of you and Marcus ruling in Hell?

AMY

I'm... I'm sorry...

LEE

Bit late for that now.

Amy postures, strong. Steps forward. She chants, trying to  
invoke a spell.

AMY

Daemones de luce in tenebras  
Dissapear.

LEE

Amy, seriously, give up with that  
crap!

AMY

Spiritus tenebrarum protegas me,  
mandata mea salute neglexit Dominum  
Deum vestrum.

The Ghosts HOWL in agony, writhe in distress and pain.

DONNA

It's working!

The Ghosts vanish.

Amy can't believe it. She's stunned, delighted.

The group cheer victoriously -- except Marcus. He's  
ponderous, contemplating.

MOCKING LAUGHTER.

The Ghosts reappear. Sombre faces.

The group quickly reform their circle.

A dark, gloopy puddle forms in the middle of the circle. The group grip each other's hands.

AMY

Don't break the circle.

Dark Shape materializes in the middle of the circle. He stares at Amy, transfixing her with his gaze.

DARK SHAPE

Oh yee of little faith, thou who  
changes allegiance hath none.

Amy's hands slump to her sides...

Circle broken. Lee rushes to confront Dark Shape.

Dark Shape raises his arms -- Marcus, Lee and Donna are swept off their feet, forced against the wall.

Marcus, Lee and Donna struggle against an invisible force, keeping them stuck against the wall.

Ghoulish arms burst from the foundations, wrapping around Marcus, Lee and Donna, pinning them against the wall.

Dark Shape places his skeletal hand over submissive Amy's head -- her eyes laze back. She falls to her knees.

Dark Shape looms over Amy, his hands clasping her head.

DARK SHAPE

Witness what I have seen, see what  
lie in store for you, nonbeliever.

FLASH CUT:

#### **A SERIES OF IMAGES**

-Blood drips down pulsating white padded walls.

-PRISONERS of all ages trapped in a fiery locked cell BURN from frequent blasts of fire coming at them from assorted angles. SCREAMS. HYSTERIA. CHAOS.

-Maggots crawl over a mutilated CORPSE. The corpse rises, it's facial skin burnt, lets out a SHRIEK of horror.

-A red skyline overlooks burnt, destroyed cities and dried out oceans.

FLASH BACK TO:

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Amy trembles, tears drip from her entranced wide-open eyes.  
Her HEARTBEAT THUMPS.

Amy SCREAMS...

Lee and Donna call to Amy, trying to wake her from her state.

DONNA

Fight what you see, Amy! It's not  
real!

Amy's HEARTBEAT POUNDS harder... her eyes widen further...  
She takes a sharp intake of air... whatever she's seen is the  
most horrifying thing possible...

**DARK SHAPE'S POV**

Looks down at Amy. Translucent vision. Amy's inner organs  
pulsate inside her skeletal frame.

Amy's heart beat pounds inside her chest... SPLATTERS apart.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Blood bursts across Amy's chest. She drops to the floor.

The group fall silent, crestfallen.

Amy's body dissolves, turns to mush.

The mush trickles inside Dark Shape's foot as he absorbs her  
body and soul.

Ghosts glow, energized by their leader's feast.

The Dark Shape stares at the group. He points at Marcus.

Marcus watches, horrified, as Owen Olin's face materializes  
inside The Dark Shape's hood.

Marcus instinctively realizes who it is.

MARCUS

Father...

DARK SHAPE

Choice is yours. Death by your own  
hands, or death by mine.

Ghosts and Dark Shape vanish. The group's binds dissolve and  
disappear. Marcus, Lee and Donna fall to the floor.

Donna cries, devastated.



Lee hugs her.

MARCUS

I didn't expect this... I didn't want this to happen.

LEE

What were you expecting? You're gonna raise the dead and expect them to grant you some special amazing power as a thank you?

MARCUS

I had to find out who my real parents were. Who I really am.

DONNA

Hope it was worth it.

Donna regains her composure. She wipes away her tears.

LEE

Why didn't they just kill us?

MARCUS

They want us to kill ourselves. Suicide, it's more potent, would give them more strength.

DONNA

Why don't you lead the way, Marcus? Or is it because you did plan this from the start, and you know, as their son, you'd be protected?

LEE

Why do they need him? They seem pretty capable themselves.

DONNA

They can't leave this house. They need a body, a human vessel so they can carry on the cult's work on the outside.

Marcus walks solemnly to the window.

MARCUS

Believe what you want.

Lee and Donna step further away from Marcus.

Marcus gazes through the slats of the boarded up window. He eyes the empty street. Glowing lamp-lights. Nothing else. Deserted. Empty. Just like him.

Lee watches Marcus from the corner of his eye as he whispers to Donna.

LEE  
We've gotta take him out.

DONNA  
With what?

Marcus overhears. Grins.

Lee eyes the empty Mad-Dog bottle.

LEE  
They want him more than us. If we  
make it to the field, they can't  
stop us.

Marcus turns.

MARCUS  
They can't stop you...

He opens his flick-knife.

MARCUS  
But I can.

DONNA  
Marcus--

MARCUS  
This is my destiny, to restore the  
order of Aeron, continue my family  
tradition. Home truly is where the  
heart bleeds.

Marcus charges towards Donna and Lee with his knife.

Lee picks up the bottle of Mad Dog, and hits Marcus' face  
with it. The bottle smashes on impact, cutting Marcus's face  
in various places.

Marcus stumbles back. He falls to his knees, dazed.

Lee and donna escape into-

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Lee and Donna run up the stairs.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marcus clambers to his feet.

Dark Shape appears before him.

DARK SHAPE  
Bring them to the attic, my son.  
Deliver them to us.

Marcus smirks. He now has a role in life.

MARCUS  
I won't let you down.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

Lee and Donna rush up the stairs, both using the staircase bannister for extra leverage.

They pause, stunned, unable to remove their hands from the bannister.

They both try to lift their hands -- sticky, black ooze extends from their palms, keeping them glued to the spot.

Eerie, mocking ghostly LAUGHTER echoes.

DONNA  
I can't move!

LEE  
Keep trying!

Ooze seeps from the top of the staircase, dripping down the steps, coating Lee and Donna's shoes in sticky, black gunk.

The ghostly laughter stops. Silence.

A CREAK from above.

Lee and Donna look up to the top of the staircase.

The CLOWN DOLL stares at them with menacing, alive eyes.

CLOWN DOLL  
(repeatedly chanting)  
*When he comes a calling, all of us  
will die, I wish for this to  
happen, blood from you and I.*

Lee and Donna clench their eyes closed, cover their ear with their free hand.

CLOWN DOLL  
(faster, intense)  
*When he comes a calling, all of us  
will die, I wish for this to  
happen, blood from you and I.*

Lee and Donna moan in agony, drop to their knees.

DONNA  
Block it out!

Lee clenches his fist in anger, forces his hand free from the bannister. He looks up, about to charge at the Clown Doll.

It's not there. There's no liquid on the steps, no ooze on the bannister.

He regains his bearings, gives Donna, just as shaken as he is, his hand.

LEE  
They're fucking with us. Come on.

Lee and Donna rush up the stairs.

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

Lee and Donna head into the boy's bedroom.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lee slams the door shut.

Donna looks for something to block the door -- the room is empty. She heads to the boarded up window.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

Marcus walks up the steps, knife in hand.

MARCUS  
And God said let there be light.

Lights spring on upstairs.

MARCUS  
Lead me to the promised land.

Marcus smirks as he walks up the staircase.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lee and Donna try to pry the slanted wooden slate from the window. It's nailed in good, won't break free.

Glowing eyes appear in the darkness behind them.

Lee and Donna spin around.

They are confronted by a group of Ghosts.

Mocking LAUGHTER fills the room.

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

Marcus reaches the top of the stairs.

A Ghost points towards the boy's bedroom.

Marcus walks to the boy's bedroom door.

He looks up at the attic hatch.

The hatch dislodges itself. A step ladder crawls down.

Marcus smiles. Power. Control. He's God.

GHOST VOICE (O.S.)  
Dead or alive, deliver them to us.

Marcus opens the boy's bedroom door --

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marcus enters, knife poised to strike, expecting a fight.

Lee and Donna, surrounded by Ghosts, kneel on the floor, hands up in surrender.

Marcus lowers his knife.

MARCUS  
You've seen the light.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Lee and Donna kneel next to each other as Marcus, excited, finishes tying their hands behind wooden beams.

Marcus stands in front of Lee and Donna, inspects his work. He smiles. The bounds are good. Tight.

Marcus drifts, like a puppet being mastered by a puppeteer, across the attic.

He finds a hooded cloak. Dons it.

Marcus drags an upturned table to the centre of the attic, turns it upright and swipes dust from the surface.

He places several half-burned candles, slotted inside holders, on the table. It's a makeshift alter.

Donna notices Lee rubbing the rope around his hands up and down against the wooden beam.

Lee whispers to Donna.

LEE

Do the same. If we get the chance,  
take him when his back's turned.

DONNA

What good is it gonna do? We're not  
gonna get out of the house.

LEE

We have to try. Don't give up.

Marcus' makeshift altar is prepared. He raises his hands,  
drops to his knees. He closes his eyes, smiles gratefully.  
It's as if he's receiving a gift, a blessing, from the devil.

MARCUS

(repeated chanting)  
*When he comes a calling, all of us  
will die, I wish for this to  
happen, blood from you and I.*

Donna and Lee rub their binds against the beam. The rope  
slackens, their ties are loose.

Lee gives Donna a nod.

LEE

On my count, we rush him.

**EXT. DERELICT STREET - NIGHT**

Well's car cruises past rundown houses.

**INT. WELL'S CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT**

Wells and John scan the quiet neighbourhood.

JOHN

Amy's into all this witch crap. I  
just thought it was a teenage fad.  
If she's with this schizo, and he's  
put thoughts into her head--

Wells spots Marcus' van outside the Porter house.

WELLS

Son of a bitch...

JOHN

What?

WELLS

That's his van.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Well's car pulls up by the side of the quiet, dark house.

Wells and John exit the car.

They walk up the garden pathway towards the front door.

Wells peers through the boarded-up windows. Too dark.

Wells tries the front door. Won't open.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Lee and Donna free their hands.

Lee charges into Marcus like a bull in a china shop, forcing him against the frail wall. Dust pours down on both of them.

Donna tries to open the attic hatch - there's no handle and she can't find a grip in between the edges.

Lee repeatedly punches Marcus in the stomach, trying to take advantage of his surprise attack.

Marcus smashes Lee in his face with a right hook a boxer would be proud of. Lee tumbles away, dazed by the blow. He falls near Donna.

Donna helps Lee up.

Marcus approaches them with his knife.

Donna and Lee back away into the darkest region of the attic.

Marcus steps towards them, breathing deeply. Furious.

Donna and Lee step on creaky, uneasy foundations.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Wells and John both try to open the door by barging into it at the same time. It's not working.

Wells holds John back from giving it another go.

WELLS

Time for plan B. I've got a  
battering ram in the trunk.

John massages his aching shoulder.

JOHN

Why didn't we just use that in the  
first place?

WELLS

I'm not supposed to have it.  
Between me and you, it's--

The door creaks open.

Wells and John look at each other, puzzled, wary.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Marcus rushes towards Donna and Lee.

A loud CREAK...

The floor underneath Donna and Lee gives way.

Donna and Lee fall into--

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Donna and Lee crash onto the hard floor, surrounded by debris from the attic.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Wells and John rush up the staircase.

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

Wells and John peer inside the master bedroom doorway.

Dust swirls from within. The damaged ceiling CREAKS as the room settles.

Frail WHIMPERS alert Wells and John.

JOHN

Amy!?

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

John bursts into the room. Wells follows him.

Donna and Lee lay injured amongst the fallen debris.

Wells and John help Donna and Lee to their feet.

Donna erupts, frantic.

DONNA

We've gotta get out of here!

Wells gestures her to calm down.



WELLS

It's alright, you're safe now. I'm  
with the police.

John recognizes Donna and Lee. He hits panic mode.

JOHN

What's going on here? Where's Amy!?

Lee's dazed.

DONNA

She's gone. Everybody's gone.

John's eyes fill with anger. Wells senses his torment.

WELLS

John, we've got to get these two an  
ambulance and call for backup.

John turns to Donna.

JOHN

What do you mean she's gone?

WELLS

Marcus?

Donna nods.

John looks like he's about to erupt.

JOHN

Where is the bastard--

LEE

You don't understand! Marcus isn't  
alone. We've just got to get out of  
this house!

Wells pans his eyes over the frightened, traumatised faces of  
Donna and Lee. He looks up at the fallen ceiling.

WELLS

Agreed. Everyone out now.

He turns to John.

WELLS

That includes you too, buddy.

John takes a deep breath, calms his emotions. He nods.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

John and Wells help Lee and Donna down the stairs.

The front door is open, flapping in the wind.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Marcus, head lowered in shame, kneels before The Dark Shape.

MARCUS  
I've failed.

DARK SHAPE  
You have another chance.

Marcus lifts his head, grateful for the reprieve.

GHOST VOICES (O.S.)  
Kill the intruders. Sacrifice the  
lambs.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Wells, John, Donna and Lee reach the bottom of the staircase.  
They approach the doorway.

Front door slams shut.

Ghostly, mocking LAUGHING echoes around the foyer.

Wells and John look at each other, startled.

DONNA  
Come on!

Lee and Donna lead Wells and John into the--

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Lee and Donna circle the room, anxious, looking for any signs  
of Ghosts.

DONNA  
We're never gonna get out of here,  
they could be anywhere.

John grabs Donna.

JOHN  
Where's Amy?

Donna and Lee remain silent, their eyes dart over the room.

John shakes Donna aggressively.

JOHN  
What the fuck happened?

Wells intervenes, splits John and Donna apart.

WELLS  
That's enough, John!

Donna, stirred back to reality, moves close to Lee. They hold each other comfortingly.

DONNA  
Marcus summoned... something evil.  
Ghosts, demons, whatever they are--

JOHN  
Ghosts murdered my daughter? Is that what you're saying?

LEE  
I know it sounds crazy--

JOHN  
You're covering up for that son of a bitch.

DONNA  
You've gotta believe us!

John storms to the foyer door. Wells grabs his arm.

WELLS  
Where are you going?

JOHN  
To do something you should have done a long time ago.

John shrugs Wells aside. He storms through the doorway.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

John rampages up the steps.

JOHN  
Marcus!

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

John storms towards the attic.

A balustrade railing bursts out, blocking his path.

John steps over it. He continues toward the attic.

Another balustrade railing bursts out -- stabbing John through his leg, impaling him against the wall.

John, pain etched on his face, struggles to keep balance.

Another railing bursts free. It strikes John's other leg, nailing it to the wall.

Marcus emerges from the Girl's bedroom, walks past John.

John tries to grab Marcus. Marcus passes beyond his clutch.

Marcus turns to John, sways his head, tuts tauntingly. He swaggers down the stairs, whistling the AERON HYMN.

Dark Shape appears in front of John.

DARK SHAPE

Invite only. I don't believe your name was on the guest list.

A balustrade railing strikes John through his head, splatters out the back of his skull.

DARK SHAPE

Consider yourself barred.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Wells heads towards the kitchen door.

DONNA

It's no use. It's locked.

WELLS

You tried kicking it down?

LEE

Never had the chance. Besides, that old trick only works in the movies.

Wells remembers his earlier attempt at trying to barge through the front door.

WELLS

Not necessarily true, but you make a valid point. However...

Wells sizes up the door.

WELLS

If at first you don't succeed...

Wells boots the door.

The door creaks open, much to Wells' astonishment.

WELLS

You try again.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Wells follows Donna and Lee as they rush towards the door leading to the back garden.

Lee tries the handle. Won't open.

WELLS

Gonna have to have a word with the landlord.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Landlord's here.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Marcus stands in the living room, knife gripped in his hand. He frowns at Wells.

MARCUS

(seething)

Wells.

Wells gestures Lee and Donna to stand back. They obey.

WELLS

Marcus. This has gone far enough.

MARCUS

Gonna read me my rights?

WELLS

You already know 'em.

MARCUS

What's the charge?

Marcus walks menacingly towards the kitchen.

MARCUS

Or are you gonna make one up like last time?

WELLS

Bit more serious this time, Marcus. Murder.

MARCUS

I haven't killed anyone. Yet.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Marcus lunges at Wells, knife raised.

Wells grabs Marcus's hand. He strains to keep Marcus at bay, forced back against the wall.

Donna and Lee try to pull Marcus off Wells, hitting and kicking him -- but Marcus seems possessed by super strength. He swipes them away with his arm, giving Wells a reprieve.

The DARK SHAPE appears.

He raises his arms, summoning his powers -- sends Donna and Lee spiralling against the wall.

Ghoulish arms break free from the walls, clasping their revolting hands around Donna and Lee, holding them against the wall.

Dark Shape encourages Marcus.

DARK SHAPE

Kill him.

GHOSTS (O.S.)

Kill, kill, kill...

Wells hits out at Marcus -- Marcus blocks his fist with his arm, smiles. He pushes Wells against the wall.

MARCUS

You've always wanted to nail me, pig. Now you've got something to pin on me, it's too late.

WELLS

You raped that girl, Marcus. You made her lie about what you did--

MARCUS

I didn't touch her--

Wells knees Marcus in his groin, making him double over and drop his knife.

Wells goes to the floor, eager to grab the blade.

Marcus steps on the knife. Grabs wells by his collar and pulls him up face-to-face.

MARCUS

I protected her from the pimps... I made hostels for the homeless so beaten women and abused girls had a refuge... I know all about being homeless... the pimps set me up, made her accuse me. They knew you'd target me instead of them, a successful young guy that came from nothing--

WELLS

You're lying--

MARCUS

You were gonna retire a bitter old man, Wells. A poor, bitter old man. You can't accept when you're wrong.

GHOST VOICES (O.S.)

KILL HIM, KILL HIM, KILL HIM!

Dark Shape points at the knife. Using his powers, he levitates the object towards Marcus.

Marcus grabs the handle.

Marcus aims the knife to Well's throat, Wells grabs Marcus' wrist. The blade edges closer to Wells' throat, Wells overpowered.

The knife point strikes Well's neck, draws blood.

WELLS

You're nothing but a killer, Marcus. Burn in Hell.

Marcus stops, realisation hits him.

He reels away from Wells.

MARCUS

Get up and out. GET OUT!

Wells clammers to his feet.

DARK SHAPE is having none of it.

DARK SHAPE

KILL HIM.

MARCUS

No. I'm no murderer.

DARK SHAPE

So be it.

Dark Shape materializes in front of Wells.

Wells backs up against the wall.

Dark Shape closes in. They stare at each other, face to face.

WELLS

This can't be... It's you.

Dark Shape sticks his fingers deep in Wells' eyes. He tears the skin off his face. Wells sinks to his knees.

DARK SHAPE

Seeing is believing.

Dark Shape points to Donna and Lee. Their heads smack against the wall, rendering them unconscious.

Donna and Lee drop to the floor.

Dark Shape points a threatening finger in Marcus' face.

DARK SHAPE  
Strike three and you're out. Do not  
dare disappoint me again.

He points to Donna and Lee.

DARK SHAPE  
Prepare the ceremony.

Marcus, shaken, nods... but there's a look in his eye that reveals he's not so convinced this is his destiny.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Marcus lights the top of the decorative pillars with fire-lit torches under the watchful eyes of Dark Shape.

Lee and Donna, now conscious, squirm as they are tied -- firmly this time -- against the pillars.

Ghosts gather, forming an audience, their ghoulish faces awash with menace and anticipation.

Dark Shape takes his place between the pillars.

He signals Marcus to kneel with the rest of the Ghosts.

Marcus frowns, not keen on being told what to do. He looks at Lee and Donna. Their eyes plea for help.

Marcus bows his head in shame, joins the ghostly flock and kneels before Dark Shape.

Dark Shape turns to Donna and Lee.

DARK SHAPE  
In death, you will be given  
rebirth... as my son and daughter.

Tears stream down Donna's cheeks. Lee looks to the ground. Defeat.

DARK SHAPE  
(to Donna)  
You will become my daughter,  
Lilith.

DARK SHAPE  
(to Lee)  
You will become Moloch, my son.



Dark Shape points at Marcus.

DARK SHAPE

And you, my youngest child, will  
become me.

Marcus frowns, confused... angry... manipulated...

DARK SHAPE

It is your destiny. The family must  
live on. Aeron must rise again.

DONNA

Marcus, they're just using you.  
They don't care about you!

Dark Shape raises his arms, his skeletal digits point to the  
moonlit sky. Pillar flames dance from a sudden gust of wind.

DARK SHAPE

Oh, holy Satan, the Lord of which I  
obey, bless this decayed form,  
transform my blood and bones of  
which I gave to you as an offering  
in my final days into those of  
which I choose!

Leaves scatter across the lawn, bushes are blown side to side  
from a whistling wind. Ghosts watch on in awe. Lee and Donna  
look terrified. Marcus frowns, anger growing.

Silence. Stillness.

Dark Shape's arms rest by his side. He points to Marcus,  
beckons him.

DARK SHAPE

Join me, my son.

Marcus takes a deep, heavy breath.

He stands up, joins Dark Shape by his side.

Dark Shape gives Marcus his flick-knife.

DARK SHAPE

Kill the female first.

Marcus grips the handle of the flick-knife.

He walks to Donna.

LEE

Marcus, please, don't do it.

Donna tearfully pleads with Marcus.

DONNA

No...

Marcus smirks as he traces the blade across Donna's throat, his eyes wild with excitement.

He looks at Dark Shape. The crowd of expectant Ghosts.

DONNA

Marcus... they will kill you too.

Marcus examines Donna... tearful eyes. Hopeless. Helpless.

Marcus steps back. Confused.

He stares at the knife in his hand... loosens his grip...

DARK SHAPE

DO IT NOW! PROVE YOU ARE ONE OF US!  
PROVE YOU ARE FIT TO FULFIL YOUR  
DESTINY! KILL HER!

Marcus snaps out of his possessed state. He turns to Dark Shape, fury in his eyes.

MARCUS

This is not my destiny... I'm not  
one of you.

Marcus slashes Donna's ropes, freeing her.

Dark Shape seethes. Ghosts ROAR with anger.

Dark Shape grabs Marcus by his shoulders, gripping him tightly. Marcus drops his knife, frozen by the impact.

Donna picks up the knife.

She cuts Lee's ropes, freeing him.

Dark Shape turns Marcus towards him, eye to eye, furious.

He throws Marcus like a disregarded doll -- Marcus flies across the garden, through the kitchen and ends up--

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marcus CRASHES against the wall. He collapses on the floor.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Ghosts seize Donna and Lee.

The Ghosts hold Lee and Donna to the ground.

Dark Shape looms over them.

DARK SHAPE  
So be it. If I am not to be given  
life... I will take it.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marcus wakes.

He crawls to the Ouija board.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Dark Shape lingers over Donna and Lee.

He places his skeletal hands on their heads...

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marcus grabs the planchette. He swipes it across the board.

MARCUS  
Spirit, spirit, I call to you...

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Dark Shape pauses, shocked by a sudden feeling.

The Ghosts, fearful, fall back...

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marcus can barely control the planchette as it spins crazily across the board. He grips it tight with both hands.

MARCUS  
Spirit, spirit, I control you. You  
must obey the living, you must obey  
my command...

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Dark Shape and the Ghosts are rooted to the spot. Dark Shape clenches his fists, releases an agonized, angry ROAR.

Donna and Lee dart past the Ghosts, run past the shed, towards the fence at the end of the garden.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marcus strains to keep hold of the planchette.

MARCUS

Spirit, I call on you... I demand  
you to transfer your spirit into  
mine... from father to son...

The board SIZZLES, turns bright red. Marcus struggles to keep  
the planchette on the board, his face contorts in pain.

The board dims, turns a cold blue... as if all energy has  
been drained away.

Marcus releases the limp planchette. He removes his hands,  
tugging away melted strands of skin stuck to the board.

Marcus, shrouded in dark shadow, whimpers as he backs away in  
a dark corner.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Ghosts vanish.

Dark Shape vanishes.

Donna and Lee look at each other, stunned, unable to believe  
what happened. They hug each other, relieved it's over.

DONNA

Marcus...

LEE

He stopped them.

They rush towards the house.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Donna and Lee enter the room. Lee grips the knife cautiously.

DONNA

Marcus?

A WHIMPER.

Donna and Lee turn to see a figure, his back turned, moping  
in the dark, far corner of the room.

Donna and Lee slowly approach the figure.

LEE

Marcus...?

The figure turns -- it's Marcus possessed, half his face  
resembling his father, the other half himself.

Marcus grabs the blade, pulls it with all his might. Lee tries to pull the knife away, the blade slices Marcus's palm apart... blood drips... yet Marcus smiles.

Marcus takes the knife from Lee. He restores the knife to striking poise, heads towards Lee and Donna.

Donna and Lee backtrack into the kitchen and then out into --

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Marcus heads towards Donna and Lee, knife clenched in his hand.

Donna and Lee back away.

DONNA

Marcus, you don't have to do this!

LEE

Marcus, stop! It's over!

Marcus continues towards them, forcing Lee and Donna to back up against the shed.

DONNA

Marcus, you're not a murderer,  
you're not your father!

Marcus stops, perplexed, fighting his inner demons.

Marcus' body shakes, his muscles bulge as if something inside him is trying to regain control.

Glimmering Ghosts claw at Donna and Lee, but they're weak, unable to sustain their form. One after another, they fade away as soon as they materialize.

Marcus grips his knife, veins bulging in his hands. He points the blade towards himself. He aims for his stomach -- but his movements pause mid-strike.

Bones bulge beneath Marcus' arms. Dark Shape's skull materializes over half of Marcus' face.

Marcus edges closer to Donna and Lee, struggling to fight off the effects of his possession.

MARCUS

Kill me... kill me now!

Lee grabs the flame torch from a pillar.

He confronts Marcus. Looks him in the eyes.

MARCUS

Do it.

Donna looks away, Lee sets Marcus ablaze.

Flames engulf Marcus. Lee backs away, covers Donna.

Marcus burns... yet he still comes at Donna and Lee...

A horrific SCREAM -- Marcus and Dark Shape combined...

Marcus turns, runs away from Donna and Lee...

He jumps into the well.

Ghosts vanish.

Flames from the pillars and bird tables extinguish.

Donna and Lee hug each other, relieved their ordeal is over once and for all.

A LOUD CREAK....

Donna and Lee turn behind, fearing the worst.

The fence at the end of the garden collapses. The field awaits. Freedom.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Dawn sunrise.

Donna and Lee approach the well. They peer inside.

#### **INSIDE WELL**

Dark, endless...

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Lee wraps his arm around Donna.

LEE

Let's get outta here.

#### **EXT. FIELD - DAWN**

Lee and Donna, morose and morbid from their ordeal, head across the golden sunlit field.

#### **EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAWN**

Ambient dawn noises. Birds singing. Gentle wind.

The well...

**INSIDE WELL**

Deep down...

Cold, slimy stone brick walls...

Darkness...

Expecting a jump scare... ?

FADE TO BLACK.

**END.**