

BLACK HOUR

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A two-story home, perfect for a family. The orange glow of Halloween lights by the front door. Above, a crescent moon behind dark, rolling clouds.

In the front yard, a lone scarecrow on a stake.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Clean and cozy.

EVAN (39), sits by the fireplace, tense, face full of worry. He holds a half-empty rocks glass while a near full bottle of Jack rests on the floor.

The doorbell RINGS.

Evan ignores it. He downs his drink, pours some more. A bead of sweat rolls down his temple. His foot taps endlessly.

FOOTSTEPS approach, then --

CAROL (37) steps into view behind Evan. Her expression sours as she takes him in.

CAROL

Are you kidding me, Evan? Shit.

Evan turns, heart in his throat. Can't speak. Barely even reacts. He looks right through her.

Taken aback momentarily, Carol turns and grabs a basket of candy. She looks back once more, then walks away.

Evan turns, stares into the fire as the front door OPENS to a chorus of --

CHILDREN (O.S.)

Trick or treat!

But the SOUND Evan hears is noticeably different. A raspy VOICE chants unintelligibly. Almost a whisper. Almost human. Definitely evil.

Evan claws at his head. Make it stop!

The front door SHUTS. Then, Carol reappears behind Evan, arms folded. She shakes her head.

From somewhere deeper in the house, a baby CRIES.

CAROL
Unbelievable.

She storms off.

Evan shifts in his seat, his leg continues to bounce.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Same cozy feel, same crackling fire. But the bottle of Jack is now empty, as is the chair. In the --

KITCHEN

Evan stands at the sink, head lowered and arms spread. He whimpers, shakes uncontrollably.

A large grandfather clock stands tall against the far wall. It's face reads: 11:50 PM. Its TICK-TOCKS echoing through the room.

Finally, Evan looks up, eyes glazed and face wet with tears.

HALLWAY CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Evan grabs down a box from behind some towels. He opens it, pulls out a pistol. 9mm.

He flicks the safety off, then crosses the room and ascends the stairs.

BABY'S BEDROOM

Carol holds her swaddled BABY in her arms, gently rocking and singing. Her momentum turns her to the door. She shrieks at the sight of --

Evan. He stands in the doorway, sweating profusely. The pistol is gripped tight in his hand.

EVAN
Carol... Put it down.

Carol grips her baby tighter.

CAROL

Evan!? What -- Jesus!? What are you doing!?

A hint of sadness flashes behind his eyes.

EVAN

I'm sorry... I've tried so hard to ignore it. Tried to believe it's not real. I'm so sorry. I tried... Now, put it down.

CAROL

His name is Corey, Evan. Our son. Corey.

Evan shakes his head.

EVAN

No. No, it' not.
(exhales, scared)
It's a host for the Devil.

Carol takes a step back, tries to comprehend, but can't.

CAROL

Evan, you're not yourself. Put the gun down. Put the gun down now.

EVAN

It never stops.

CAROL

What doesn't stop? What the hell are you talking about!?

EVAN

For the past week... Every night and day. It won't stop.

CAROL

What won't stop!?

Evan looks around the room.

EVAN

The devil. Speaking to it, constantly. He thinks I don't hear, but I do. Whispering evils I dare not repeat. It's in my head and I can't turn it off. Can't make it stop.

His eyes fall on Carol and the baby. He raises the pistol in their direction.

EVAN

(voice trembles)

That's not our son. It's the devil's. I've heard them talking. Black speak coming from the walls. In the ceiling. Midnight. The black hour. It has to happen now... Now, put it down, Carol. Just put it down.

Carol, pistol trained on her, has had enough.

CAROL

You're fucking crazy, you know that..?

(trails off, sobs)

You're crazy... You're gonna have to shoot me, too.

Resigned, Evan takes aim when suddenly --

The grandfather clock CHIMES from downstairs.

Evan glances over his shoulder, at the open bedroom door.

KITCHEN

CLOSE ON the grandfather clock as it's pendulum swings back and forth. The face reads: 12:00 AM.

The CHIMES are deafening.

BABY'S BEDROOM

Evan turns back to Carol and the baby just as a shadow creeps across his face. His eyes widen.

On the wall, behind Carol and the baby, the contour of two wings grow larger. Bat wings. The devil's wings.

The shadow grows larger still, casts Evan in darkness.

Carol sees the fear in his eyes.

CAROL

Evan...

Evan shudders. Spasms. He moans, lowers the pistol. His eyes fixed on the evil before him.

The shadow disappears. All goes silent.

CAROL
Evan, let me call someone. Let me
help you. I'll --

EVAN
Bye.

He places the pistol under his chin, squeezes the trigger.
The report deafens. In a flash, blood, brains, and skull
matter smack the ceiling.

Carol screams as Evan crumples to the ground.

Quivering, she hugs her baby tight. Her breath is ragged.
Face contorted. Uncertain of what to do next.

The baby coos.

Carol looks to the nightstand. Her phone.

She tentatively places her baby in his crib and reaches for
her phone.

Blood seeps out of the hole that used to be Evan's face,
puddles up around his head.

Carol dials, backs up near the window. The curtain shimmers
from an incoming breeze.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)
Nine-one-one, how can I direct your
call?

CAROL
(stammers)
Yeah... My husband... He just...

A low GROWL comes from the crib. Small, almost like the yawn
of an animal.

Carol lowers her phone, stares at the crib.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)
Your husband what? Ma'am, are you
there..?

With her phone gripped tight, Carol edges to the side of the
crib, peers inside. Terror spreads across her face.

Inside the crib, the sheets are covered in fluid, pale red
and shiny. A kick from under the blanket.

Carol reaches out, slowly raises the sheet to reveal --

The legs of a baby goat, hairy and wet. Cloven hooves sopped in afterbirth.

Carol grabs her head and screams out in horror.

SMASH TO BLACK.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ma'am? Ma'am, are you in danger..?

A long, unnerving silence. Then --

Another GROWL.

FADE OUT.