

Manchineel House

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOXGLOVE ROAD - NIGHT

TIM and CLAIRE (mid 20s) walk down a quiet street in the countryside. It's foggy, dimly lit by yellow street lights. The usual horror look.

TIM  
Even the street is creepy.

CLAIRE  
Well, we'll see.

TIM  
Don't underestimate this Claire.  
Apparently this is the real thing.

CLAIRE  
(sarcastically)  
Yeah, yeah.

Beat.

They continue walking down the street.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
They said that about Ballygally  
castle and the Dover Inn... and  
what did we see? Nothing.

TIM  
I definitely felt something at  
Dover Inn.

CLAIRE  
You would you big wuss.

Tim is a big wuss.

TIM  
HEY! I'm doing this for you. This  
one genuinely scares this shit out  
of me. I found it on the dark web.

CLAIRE  
This could be good then.

TIM  
I hope so.

Claire stops walking. She grabs Tim's hand.

CLAIRE  
This could be the best birthday  
present ever.

TIM  
Could be.

CLAIRE  
You're the best boyfriend.

TIM  
(cheekily)  
I really am... I went on the dark  
web for you. I've seen shit I can  
never unsee!

She smiles, kisses him, they continue to walk.

EXT. FOXGLOVE ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As they walk they reach a row of three old terrace houses. A  
man (late 30s) sits on the wall of the middle house. He  
stands to his feet as they approach.

CARL  
Hi, you must be Tim and Claire?

They shake hands.

TIM  
We are.

CARL begins to real off his usual speech, he's done this  
before.

CARL  
So I'm Carl and I own the house. My  
family the Manchineels, has passed  
this house down for centuries. In  
the mid eighteen hundreds a lot my  
ancestors we're massacred one night  
and now a lot of people believe  
their spirits live in the house.  
(To Tim)  
I presume it was you I spoke to on  
the phone?

TIM  
Yes.

CARL  
Did you bring the disclaimers I  
asked you to sign?

TIM  
I did.

Tim rummages in his pockets and pulls out two pieces of paper, he hands them to Carl.

CARL  
Brilliant.

He double checks them.

CARL (CONT'D)  
OK, so you'll be spending the  
night. There isn't anything in  
there except a couple of camping  
beds and candles, maybe some old  
furniture. I'm not sure I haven't  
been in for years. There is  
electricity... you can try turn on  
the lights but... well you'll see.

Tim gives Claire a worried look, she looks back at him sceptically.

CARL (CONT'D)  
As you go in light your  
candlestick. They're on the side  
with matches.

TIM  
So is this place genuinely haunted?

Claire laughs at his cowardice. Carl doesn't understand what's funny.

CARL  
So genuinely this house is haunted,  
people have got badly physically  
hurt. I myself have never spent  
more than twenty minutes in there.  
Things will happen in there and you  
will see things. The doors are  
always unlocked and you can call me  
anytime... You've got my number. If  
you don't want in... say now.

Tim and Claire look at each other once again. Tim is still bricking it. Claire cool as a cucumber.

TIM  
What do you think?

Claire grins.

CLAIRE  
Let's do it.

CARL  
OK, best of luck.

Claire and Tim walk along the path to the front door. The house is very creepy. The front windows are boarded up. They open the front door, it has a loud squeak, you can tell it doesn't get opened much.

INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Tim enter. The house is in darkness. It's eerie.

Claire reaches around to her left and picks up a box of matches and a candlestick. Tim lights the match, we get our first glance of the house. The floors are wood the walls are dark and damp.

He lights two candlesticks and they begin walking down the hall. The staircase is on their left. The kitchen door is front of them and the living room just to the right.

CLAIRE  
You OK Timmy?

TIM  
Fuck me this place is creepy.

They reach the living room door. Tim sees a light switch.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Worth a try?

Claire shrugs, Tim flicks it. BINGO, we have light. Weirdly the house looks even creepier.

INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Four camp beds sit in the middle of the room, nothing else. The walls are bare and floor is plain old wood.

Tim and Claire take a seat on the beds, they place their candlesticks on the floor. Tim removes his backpack and takes out a flask, he pours himself and Claire a drink.

TIM  
Well this isn't too bad.

CLAIRE  
I know. I told you, you've been  
sucked into another haunted house  
scam.

TIM  
There was reviews though. People  
we're saying this is the scariest  
place on earth.

CLAIRE  
Of course they would. It was  
probably Carl and his mates.

Tim looks disappointed.

TIM  
This place cost a fortune.

Beat.

TIM (CONT'D)  
I tell you one thing. He was wrong  
about the...

POP!

The lights go out with the sounds of bulbs blowing.

TIM (CONT'D)  
(scared)  
Oh shit.

The candles the set down illuminate their worried faces.

CLAIRE  
Well this just got interesting.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

Loud bangs come from the house next door.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Sounds like we've got noisy  
neighbours.

TIM  
(cautiously)  
Nobody lives next door...

CLAIRE

Hmm...

Claire's excited.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Shall we go investigate?

TIM

Do we have to?

CLAIRE

Yes!

Claire stands to her feet and picks up her candlestick. Tim hesitantly does the same.

TIM

Stay close Claire.

INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As they enter the hall again a cellar door is in front of them, Claire holds the candle to the door handle. She grabs it.

TIM

We are not going down there.

She smiles as she twists the handle. It's locked. Thank god!

CLAIRE

That's a shame.

TIM

Is it?

CLAIRE

Lets have a look upstairs.

TIM

You better love me for this.

Claire and Tim make their way slowly up the staircase. The stairs creak as they move, their candlesticks lighting the way in front of them.

TIM (CONT'D)

I could really do with the toilet actually.

CLAIRE

Come on then.

They reach the top of the stairs, the toilet right in front of them. The couple pause and look at each other.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You doing OK?

TIM  
I think so.

Beat.

TIM (CONT'D)  
I'm going in. Wish me luck.

CLAIRE  
I'll wait outside the door for you.

INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tim stands in front of the toilet and begins to urinate. A steady stream flows.

The bathroom is small and cramped, very old and outdated like the rest of the house. The top half of the window is open.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE - TOP OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Claire waits outside the bathroom door, the slight sound of Tim's stream can be heard.

UNTIL... A faint sound of a child laughter is heard at the bottom of the stairs. Super creepy!

It's followed by a thud of something moving down there!

It has Claire's full attention. She begins to slowly move down the stairs. A grin from ear to ear on her face. She really does live for this shit!

As she gets to the bottom of the stairs, SCURRYING is heard across the old wooden floor. The cellar door is open... A motionless arm is on the floor, just visible outside the door. This wipes the grin of Claire's face.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tim puts his little man away and goes to wash his hands. As he's doing so he gets a chill... He reaches up to the bathroom window to close it, but just as he does so A WHITE LEATHER HAND grabs his! It pulls on his arm. Tim screams at the top of his lungs.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Claire's eye is drawn away from the arm by the muffled screams of Tim from upstairs. As she looks back at the arm it moves back into the cellar, SLAMMING the door shut as it does.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tim pulls with all his might, still screaming. Eventually the hand releases him. Tim flies out of the bathroom.

INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE - HALLWAY/STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Tim looks around for Claire. No sign of her.

TIM

CLAIRE!!

CLAIRE

DOWN HERE!

Tim launches himself down the stairs. He's left his candlestick behind.

TIM

(frantic)

Let's get the fuck out of here.

CLAIRE

Agreed.

Tim grabs a hold of the handle on the front door. IT'S LOCKED.

TIM

Oh no, oh no.

Even Claire is panicking now.

CLAIRE  
There was a fucking hand behind  
that door!

TIM  
A fucking hand grabbed me!

CLAIRE  
Back door?

Tim and Claire sprint to the kitchen door in front of them.

INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tim kicks it open with his foot. The kitchen is poorly lit with just a little moonlight coming through a window.

Claire's candle has been blown out by all the running. Tim frantically tries the back door, but of course, it's locked. He's getting desperate, an old wooden chair sits in the middle of the kitchen.

TIM  
FUCK! What do we do?

CLAIRE  
I don't know but I'm genuinely  
fucking scared.

Tim breaths heavy now. He retrieves his phone out of his pocket. NO SIGNAL!

TIM  
One more fucked up thing happens  
and that chair's going straight  
through that window.

They embrace. The house is silent for a minute.

CLAIRE  
This house is seriously fucked up.

TIM  
Happy birthday.

THUD!! From upstairs. Tim and Claire look up.

The thudding gets louder as if it's coming down the stairs and QUICK!

TIM (CONT'D)  
What the fuck...

Tim panics and runs for the chair. The couple stand in front of the window as the bit moonlight lights the hallway in front of them.

Something moves in the dark at the end of the hall. Claire cries, closely followed by Tim. Neither of them can take their eyes off the end of the hall. They're paralysed with fear.

Something begins to move closer until it is just visible. It's some kind of demon creature. It moves on the floor like a dog, it's all black but its face is all white, it has no mouth or any other facial features other than eyes... Big unsettling hollow eyes!!

CLAIRE  
(hysterical)  
OH MY GOD!!

Tim begins to swing the chair at the window. It bounces off with a loud bang. Claire runs towards the kitchen door, the creature runs on all fours towards Claire! She just about gets the door before the creature does. SLAM! She shuts the door in it's face.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Come on Tim!

Tim is swinging and swinging. The creature bangs against the kitchen door until...

SMASH! Glass everywhere. Tim's done it. He runs to Claire to take her position. The creature still banging against the door.

TIM  
GO! I'll hold the door.

Claire doesn't even question him, she's out of there! On to the worktop and out of the window. Tim using all his force to keep the door shut.

Claire's now outside the house.

CLAIRE  
COME ON!

Tim braces himself to run for his life. Big deep breath... and he's off. He sprints towards the window, as he does the kitchen door flies open and the creature gives chase. IT'S QUICK! As Tim dives for the window a WHITE LEATHER HAND reaches out and grabs him by the ankle! Pulling him back into the house! Claire screams as the creature drags Tim.

Tim manages to swivel round and BANG! Sticks his foot into the creatures face. He's not a wuss! It releases it's grip on him. Tim has enough time to get up and get out!

EXT. BACK YARD/PATH - CONTINUOUS

Tim and Claire leg it, still screaming. They run through a little back yard and onto a path. We watch as they run at lighting speed until they get more and more out of sight and we slowly...

FADE OUT.

Until we...

FADE BACK IN:

EXT/INT. MANCHINEEL HOUSE/BACK YARD - LATER

We see Foxglove road, it's quiet not a soul in sight. The camera approaches Manchineel house and we follow as it moves through the front door slowly and into the hallway. It continues to make its way down the hall and into the kitchen. The house is quiet, the camera continues as we make our way through the broken kitchen window until we relive Carl and a friend stood in the back yard.

They're dressed in all black holding white leather gloves in their hands. Carl's friend has two pieces of bloody tissue stuck up his nose... It looks sore. They stand leaning against the back wall of the house, smoking cigarettes.

CARL

WOW, we really got them good tonight.

CARL'S FRIEND

Yes we did.

(beat)

I can't believe that little bastard busted my nose though.

CARL

Occupational hazard, don't you remember the other month when I took that birds claws to the face.

CARL'S FRIEND

Oh shit, yeah... That was bad.

CARL

Anyway, we'd best get this window boarded up.

CARL'S FRIEND

Yeah.

They stamp their cigarettes out on the floor and begin to pick up a big wooden board.

As they do so we begin to pan out and reveal the full back of the house... In one of the top windows looking directly at us is a somebody/something, it has a white face with no facial features other than big unsettling hollow eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.