N.D.E. (Near Death Experience)

by

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FADE UP:

INT. CHARLES WILLIAMS’ HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens.

CHARLES WILLIAMS, early 40’s, black, and his six year old son, MIKE, come through the door.

Charles resets the ADT home security system.

INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLIAMS’ HOUSE - SAME

The living room is a mess with kids toys everywhere.

Mike runs in and FLOPS down on the floor.

He turns on the big screen TV and imitates the dance moves on a BET Hip-Hop video.

   CHARLES (O.S.)
   Mike!

   MIKE
   Huh?

Charles enters. The TV is turned up FULL BLAST.

They both have to SHOUT over the TV.

   CHARLES
   You want to turn it down, buddy!?

   MIKE
   What, pop!?

   CHARLES
   I said turn it down!

   MIKE
   No way! Check this out, pop!

Mike does some fancy DANCE MOVES.

   CHARLES
   Show me that again.

The kid does.

Charles does some very funny, OLD SCHOOL MOVES of his own.

It cracks Mike up.

The phone RINGS. Charles goes to catch it.

(CONTINUED)
CHARLES
That’s probably your momma, buddy!

MIKE
What, pop!?

As he goes to the phone.

CHARLES
Turn it down, Michael!

Mike gets disgruntled.

MIKE
Yes, sir...

He turns the TV down.

Charles catches the phone.

CHARLES
(phone)
Yeah?

CHANEL (O.S.)
(phone)
Hey, Charles, it’s me.

CHARLES
How you doing, Chanel?

Mike runs to Charles’s side.

MIKE
Let me speak to ma!

INT. CHANEL WILLIAMS’ CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

She is WEAVING through traffic, like a bat out of hell.

CHANEL WILLIAMS is an early 30’s, black, statuesque woman.

CHANEL
(phone)
I’m good, Charles. Listen, I should be there to pick up Mike in about twenty.

CHARLES (O.S.)
(phone)
I hope so. He’s been bugging me all day about seeing you.
(imitates Mike)
(MORE)
CHARLES (O.S.) (cont’d)
"Oh, pop, what time is ma coming?
Are you two ever getting back together?"

Mike can be heard in the background NAGGING Charles to talk.

CHANEL
Can I talk to him?

The phone is heard exchanging hands.

Then Mike’s EXCITED VOICE:

   MIKE (O.S.)
   (phone)
   Hey, ma!

   CHANEL
   Hey, boy. What you doing?

   MIKE (O.S.)
   (phone)
   About to finish my movie.

Chanel very nearly avoids wrecking her car. But she remains cool, obviously she is used to driving like this.

   CHANEL
   That’s right. The Red Spider had your boy Gargoyle trapped in the Maze Of Death.

   MIKE (O.S.)
   (phone)
   Are you still going to play The Red Spider, ma?

   CHANEL
   How come I have to play the bad guy?

Mike GIGGLES over the phone.

   MIKE (O.S.)
   (phone)
   Because you always make the funny voice for The Red Spider!

Chanel LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)
OK, Mike, tell your momma you’ll see her after awhile.

MIKE (O.S.)
(phone)
Pop said I’ll see you after--

CHANEL
I know...I heard him, baby.
Alright, man, I love you!

MIKE (O.S.)
(phone)
Gargoyle’s still going to kick your ass!

Chanel SNICKERS.
Charles SNAPS.

CHARLES (O.S.)
(phone)
Michael! You watch your mouth, boy!
Now, tell your momma ’bye!

MIKE (O.S.)
’Bye, ma.

CHANEL
Hey, Mike?

MIKE (O.S.)
(phone)
Huh?

She does her infamous and hilarious Red Spider voice.

CHANEL
(funny voice)
The Red Spider’s gonna kick Gargoyle’s ass!

Mike LAUGHS. Chanel LAUGHS with him.

The phone switches.

CHARLES (O.S.)
Now I see why he curses so much.
His momma is a big kid!

They LAUGH together.

BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THEIR CONVERSATION:

(CONTINUED)
CHARLES
He misses you.

CHANEL
I miss you both.

CHARLES
Chanel, we’ve been through this. It’s been a year since the divorce.

CHANEL
I want us to get back together. I want my family back. Is that such a bad thing?

Charles SIGHS.

CHANEL
Charles, listen to me for a minute, I made some mistakes. I messed up with you...with us. I know that. But I pray to God every night that--

Charles is getting agitated.

CHARLES
That what, Chanel?

Chanel is silent, still WEAVING through traffic.

CHARLES
I had some sexual problems after Mike was born. You couldn’t deal with that. You chose to go out and sleep with a younger man, remember?

His words sting her. But she takes it.

CHANEL
I remember...

CHARLES
Good! Then don’t come off like it was some mutual misunderstanding between us or something.

CHANEL
I’m not...it’s just...

It hurts her too much.

(CONTINUED)
CHANEL
This has been hell for me.

CHARLES
Sweet heart, sometimes we create our own hell.

CHANEL
What does that even mean, Charles?

He says nothing.

CHANEL
You know what? Let’s just change the subject, please.

CHARLES
Fair enough. Still taking Karate?

CHANEL
Kick Boxing. And yeah, it’s been about four months now. It’s relaxing for me, you know?

CHARLES
Is that good for your heart condition? All that fighting?

CHANEL
My hearts fine. I’m taking my medication.

CHARLES
Good. Look, I’m going to go and start getting this kid ready for you.

CHANEL
Hey, Charles?

CHARLES
What is it?

CHANEL
I heard about your case this morning. I’m sorry you lost.

CHARLES
Yeah...me, too. I’ll see you.

CHANEL
’Bye...

They hang up.

(CONTINUED)
INT. LIVING ROOM, WILLIAMS’ HOUSE - SAME

Charles stands for a few moments, staring at the phone.

Mike is behind him, watching his father. After a beat he goes into the

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mike opens the ‘fridge door. He takes out a can of soda, and shuts the door to reveal:

A SCARY MAN--

wearing frightening white face paint.

Mike GASPS and drops his soda.

The scary man SHUSHES Mike.

SCARY MAN

Hi, Mike.

MIKE

You scared me.

SCARY MAN

I know. I do that sometimes.

MIKE

My mama told me not to talk to strangers. You’re a stranger.

SCARY MAN

That’s true. I guess maybe I am. How about I tell you my name? That way we won’t be strangers. We’ll be friends.

MIKE

I guess so...

The Scary Man smiles.

SCARY MAN

Well, Michael Williams, you can call me The Skeleton Man.

The Skeleton Man offers his gloved hand. They shake.

SKELETON MAN

Pleased to meetcha, kid.

(CONTINUED)
MIKE
Why do they call you The Skeleton Man, sir?

SKELETON MAN
Well, let’s just say...I make a lot of bones.

Mike LAUGHS, totally amused by this weird stranger.

MIKE
You’re funny! Did you come to see my daddy?

SKELETON MAN
Eh, kinda, sorta, Mike. I really came here to do a little magic. You like magic, Mike?

MIKE
Oh, yeah! Magic is cool. Like Criss Angel magic?

The Skeleton Man’s eyes seem to shine with a sinister light.

SKELETON MAN
No...better. I’m talking about real magic, Mike. Can I show you, Mike?

The Skeleton Man leans dangerously close to the kid, eyes sparkling with insanity.

SKELETON MAN
Don’t you want to see what real magic is, Mike? Want to see a trick?

Mike is a little spooked, but nods, "yes"

The Skeleton Man does a cool magic trick.

Mike is all smiles...and trust.

MIKE
Cool! Do it again!

SKELETON MAN
Let’s play a trick on your dad, huh?

Mike frowns, unsure.

The Skeleton Man grins.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SKELETON MAN
Close your eyes for me, Mike.

MIKE
OK...

Mike’s eyes close.

The Skeleton Man rises to his feet and brings out an AX he was hiding behind his back.

SKELETON MAN
No peeking, kid.

MIKE
I never peek.

The Skeleton Man raises the ax, WHISPERING:

SKELETON MAN
I know you don’t, Michael. I know you don’t...

SWOOSH! He SWINGS the ax.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM, WILLIAMS’ HOME – SAME
Charles is WASHING his hands.

He opens the medicine cabinet, removes a bottle of prescription pills and MUTTERS to himself:

CHARLES
An impotent black man. The damn world must be coming to an end.

He SIGHS, downs the pills, exits.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS
Charles is headed down the hall to MIKE’S ROOM--

CHARLES
Yo! Mikey, let’s go, buddy! Your momma is going to be here in a minute.

INT. MIKE’S BEDROOM – SAME
The door is wide open.

Charles comes in and FLICKS on the light.

(CONTINUED)
He stops, something is wrong.
He sees MIKE’S FOOT poking from under the bed. Not moving.

    CHARLES
    Mike? Don’t play like that, son.

He goes to the bed, KNEELS and FLIPS THE COVERS UP.
Charles is about to vomit.

    CHARLES
    M-Michael? Son...

The Skeleton Man eases from behind the bedroom door.
Charles is so wrapped up in his own horror that he never sees his own death.
The Skeleton Man raises the bloody ax, WHISPERS:

    SKELETON MAN
    Wanna see a trick?

SWOOSH! He SWINGS the ax.

DOWNSTAIRS--
There is a KNOCK at the front door.
The doorbell RINGS.
Finally the door opens and Chanel steps inside.
She calls out...

    CHANEL
    Hey! It’s me! Door’s unlocked!

She heads for the
LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And finds the TV on.

    TV REPORTER
    Samuel White was released today, after a Chicago judge found the evidence against White to be insubstantial.

Chanel can only shake her head at the report.
CONTINUED:

TV REPORTER
White is the alleged serial killer known as The Skeleton Man, who supposedly targeted and executed eight Chicago families. Our cameras tried getting a comment from prosecuting attorney, Charles Williams. Williams however declined comment...

Chanel CLICKS off the TV.

CHANEL
Poor Charles.

Suddenly, the LIGHTS GO OUT.

The Skeleton Man LOCKS the front door.

CHANEL
OK! That’s not funny, Charles!

The Skeleton Man WHISTLES a sad ballad.

Now Chanel is getting spooked.

A DARK FIGURE comes into the living room, carrying something that is...DRIPPING.

DARK FIGURE
Hey...

Chanel keeps a good distance.

CHANEL
Who is that?

The figure is The Skeleton Man. He holds up a DRIPPING, plastic bag containing the severed heads of Mike and Charles.

Chanel SCREAMS and bolts.

The Skeleton Man is faster. He catches her.

They STRUGGLE. Chanel proves to be a tough customer.

She uses her KICK BOXING MOVES, drops him and bolts.

She tries to get through the front door. Not happening. It’s locked.

The Skeleton Man POPS UP and grabs her.

(CONTINUED)
During their struggle, she HITS THE BUTTONS on the ADT system.

Chanel manages to KNOCK THE SKELETON MAN UNCONSCIOUS and escape his grip.

She makes a mad dash for the stairs and TWISTS HER ANKLE in the process.

UPSTAIRS--

Chanel, a desperate, LIMPING mess, scrambles along the darkened hallway to CHARLES’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chanel SLAMS the door and BARRICADES herself inside.

She tries the phone. Dead.

CHANEL
Shit! My cell phone is in my car!

Her eyes dart around the dark room; frantic, paranoid, terrified.

There has to be something...

The window!

She unlatches it, PUSHES the screen out and looks:

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW--

At least a twenty foot drop down into pitch blackness.

Fuck it! She sticks one leg out the window...then hesitates.

Chanel pauses; thinking, wheels visibly turning in her mind.

CHANEL
(to herself)
You killed my baby, you son of a bitch. You won’t get off this time...

She climbs back into the room; turning it upside down looking for something.

She finds Charles’s gun.

Is it loaded? She checks...it is!

OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM--

(CONTINUED)
Chanel can be heard removing the barricade.

The bedroom door opens; Chanel cautiously LIMPS out into the hallway, gun ready.

A SHOWER IS RUNNING, O.S.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chanel comes in. The bathroom is STEAMY.

She looks in the tub and SCREAMS.

Mike and Charles’s HEADLESS CORPSES are slumped in the tub.

The Skeleton Man appears. He grabs Chanel.

They FIGHT; he THROWS her out into the HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chanel keeps a grip on the gun.

The Skeleton Man STOMPS her mercilessly, then rolls her over onto her back.

Surprise! She PUMPS THREE SLUGS into him.

The Skeleton Man STAGGERS, then drops.

After painful effort, Chanel gets to her feet.

CHANEL
You...piece of shit...

The Skeleton Man lies on his side...unmoving.

Chanel glances in the BATHROOM--

And sees Mike’s hand dangling over the lip of the tub.

She turns, drops the gun and drunk-walks to the LANDING RAIL - SAME

Below is a fifteen foot drop to the hardwood floor.

Chanel leans over it, CRIES. Exhausted, beaten and bloody.

Then...she VOMITS.

Approaching SIRENS can be heard.

(CONTINUED)
The Skeleton Man PICKS UP CHARLES’S GUN and gets to his feet, COUGHING up blood.

SKELETON MAN
Want to...see a trick...little girl?

Chanel, holding her busted ribs, turns to face him. She wipes puke from her mouth.

He points the gun at her.

SKELETON MAN
My brother always did magic tricks for me.

Chanel’s eyes fill with tears.

CHANEL
My brother did a good thing for me too, once. Why? Why did you kill them?

SKELETON MAN
Because...that’s what I do...

COPS BURST through the front door.

SKELETON MAN
...I’m The Skeleton Man...

CHANEL
Go to hell.

COP’S VOICE (O.S.)
Mr. Williams! This is the police...

Chanel CALLS OUT:

CHANEL
He’s up here!

The Skeleton Man STUMBLES a bit, gun still aimed at her.

He’s dying...

SKELETON MAN
So...so...tired.

Chanel is weak also.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 15.

CHANEL
Yeah...me too.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS appear on the stair case; flashlights BEAMING everywhere.

COP
(gun aimed)
Drop it, you fuck! Drop that gun, now!

The Skeleton Man doesn’t move. He just BREATHEs slowly; in...and out. Fading fast...

SKELETON MAN
Tired now...

Without warning, he FIRES AT CHANEL; the bullet GRAZES the side of her head.

She PINWHEELS BACKWARD, over the railing and down...

She LANDS HARD on the floor below; BLOOD POOLS around her head.

The cops on the stair case UNLOAD on the maniac.

The Skeleton Man is cut down in a bloody fusillade of GUNFIRE.

His bullet-riddled corpse drops. He’s finished.

The Skeleton Man dies; CHOKING and SPITTING up blood.

DOWNSTAIRS--

Uniformed officers surround Chanel’s unmoving body.

A cop TAPS his walkie talkie:

COP
I need an ambulance at thirteen-twenty four south Saint Louis...hurry that!

CHANEL’S UNBLINKING EYE--

Wide open, staring at nothing.

A LIGHT appears in her dark pupil.

Chanel is suddenly LIFTED FROM HER BODY...

SHE SEES:

(CONTINUED)
--Paramedics load her body into an ambulance.
--Cops TALKING.
--one cop leans over The Skeleton Man’s corpse.

COP
Burn, motherfucker...burn.

A BURST OF WHITE.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT
The MEDICS work frantically to keep Chanel alive.

MEDIC #1
Stay with us, Chanel!

MEDIC #2
Just hold on!

Her LIFE LINE goes flat...Beeeeep.

BLACK.

IN THE DARKNESS--
The sound of the medics VOICES:

MEDIC #1(O.S.)
We’re losing her!

MEDIC #2(O.S.)
I need oxygen! Stat!

FADE UP:

INT. WARREN LEWIS’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

WARREN LEWIS, 30’s, black, good-looking, is asleep.

Next to his bed, the phone RINGS.

Warren snaps awake, groggy and frustrated. He is a doctor; it’s easy to tell because he is still wearing his doctor’s scrubs.

He picks up the phone, still half asleep.

WARREN
Yeah? What?

(CONTINUED)
PHONE VOICE (O.S.)
Dr. Lewis?

WARREN
Yeah...who’s this?

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)
Doctor, your sister, Chanel, was admitted to Saint Jokari’s hospital about an hour ago.

Warren is fully awake now. He sits up.

WARREN
She alright?

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)
Maybe you better come, doctor.

WARREN
On my way.

He hangs up.

INT. INTER-DIMENSIONAL AFTERLIFE - NIGHT
NO bright lights, no heavenly angels, or streets of gold.
The afterlife here resembles Charles Williams’ house.
Chanel is on the floor; in the exact spot where she fell in real life.
She comes to...confused.

EXT. FRONT STOOP, WILLIAMS’ HOUSE - SAME
Chanel comes out.
She looks at the empty, lifeless neighborhood.
The world seems to be...completely barren.

MIKE (O.S.)
Hi, ma.

Mike is on the porch swing.
Chanel rushes to her son; they hug, a tearful reunion.
She KISSES his face.

(CONTINUED)
CHANEL
You OK, Mike? Are you hurt?

MIKE
No. I’m dead, ma.

CHANEL
Where’s your daddy?

MIKE
Gone...

CHANEL
Mike, look at me! What do you mean he’s gone? Gone where? To heaven?

Mike shakes his head. "No"

CHANEL
To hell?

Mike shakes his head. "No"

CHANEL
Tell me something, Mike. Because I’m scared enough as it is.

MIKE
Me and pop, we...

CHANEL
You were together?

Mike nods. "Yes".

MIKE
It hurt for a minute, ma. It hurt a lot.

Chanel breaks, takes Mike into her arms.

CHANEL
I know, baby.

MIKE
It grabbed pop...he told me to run. I got lost and then the angels came for me. I told them I wasn’t going without my pop. Because you told me not to talk to strangers. Is an angel a stranger, ma?

Chanel LAUGHS, in spite of herself.
CONTINUED:

CHANEL
No, baby, an angel is not a stranger. Mike, what grabbed your daddy?

MIKE
A monster...

Terror shoots through Chanel.

CHANEL
What?

MIKE
A monster grabbed pop! It’s looking for us, ma! The monster is looking for me and pop!

CHANEL
I thought it grabbed your daddy?

MIKE
It did. But pop got away somehow.

Mike gives her a strange look.

MIKE
And you...

CHANEL
What about me?

MIKE
It knows you’re here, ma. And now...it wants you, too.

A BOOMING VOICE suddenly YELLS:

VOICE (O.S.)
(like God’s)
CLEAR!

Chanel suddenly JOLTS as if she were being electrocuted.

Mike panics.

MIKE
No, ma! Don’t go! I’m scared--

WHITE.

FADE IN:

(CONTINUED)
CHANEL’S EYES pop open, she sees; DEE CARTER, 50’s, black, a nurse and her brother Warren. They stare down at her. Both look happy.

DEE
We got her back! Listen to me, Chanel, my name is Dee, I’m a nurse. You’re going to be fine. Just relax, OK?

Chanel is frustrated, but she is too weak and disoriented to do anything but MOAN.

CHANEL
Michael...monster...

Warren kisses her sweaty forehead.

WARREN
Rest, Chanel. Just try and rest awhile.

BLACK.

FADE UP:

INT. CHANEL’S ROOM, HOSPITAL - TWO WEEKS LATER

Warren is at her bedside, sleeping.

Chanel is sleeping also. Her head is wrapped in bandages.

She slowly comes to and rubs Warren’s head.

He STIRS, wakes up.

WARREN
Hey?

They hug, kiss.

CHANEL
Hey, Warren.

He just holds her and CRIES for a moment.

After he pulls it together:

WARREN
You thirsty? Hungry? Got to pee?

(CONTINUED)
CHANEL
Yes. Yes. And hell yes!

She tries to move and WINCES at a head pain.

CHANEL
Ow! My head is killing me.

WARREN
Try and relax, Chanel.

She’s stubborn. She tries to get out of bed and can’t.

Chanel looks at Warren, horrified.

CHANEL
Warren? I can’t...feel my legs!

WARREN
You’re paralyzed from the waist down.

CHANEL
What the hell happened to me? Why don’t I remember!?

Her head aches. Warren looks useless, unable to help her.

WARREN
You’ve been in and out for the past two weeks. You got shot in the head, Chanel. It was the--

CHANEL
Skeleton Man...

WARREN
Right. He’s dead. The cops shot him.

Realization dawns on her. She looks at Warren; tears in her eyes, hopeful.

CHANEL
Charles! Mike! What--

WARREN
Their funeral was this past Sunday. They’re dead, Chanel.

She cracks, big SOBS.

Warren holds her tight.

(CONTINUED)
Both in tears...
BLACK.
FADE IN:
INT. CHANEL’S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY - SOMETIME LATER
Warren and Chanel are LAUGHING. She is in a wheelchair.

CHANEL
...I remember that!

They LAUGH some more.

WARREN
I brought you a present.

CHANEL
What is it?

He pulls out a Kit Kat candy bar. Chanel beams.

Warren gives it to her.

WARREN
Don’t tell Dee. If she asks you how you got it--

CHANEL
Chill, big bruuh. I can keep a secret.

She winks at him and opens the candy bar.

WARREN
Ready to take your medication?

CHANEL
I guess. Can you get me a cup of water?

WARREN
OK.

He grabs the water pitcher from the stand next to her bed.

WARREN
It’s empty. I’ll go fill it up.

CHANEL
Warren?

He turns to her.

(CONTINUED)
CHANEL
When can I go home? I need to see Charles and Mike’s...I need to go to the cemetery.

WARREN
A couple of days. Three max.

He smiles at her.

WARREN
Finish that Kit Kat before Dee comes in here or we’ll never hear the end of it.

He leaves.

INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE CHANEL’S ROOM - SAME

Warren is at the water fountain, filling up the pitcher and talking on his cell phone.

WARREN
(phone)
You’re sure everything is cool? I love you for this, Dee. Yes, I know you deserve a raise. And no, I’m not giving Chanel candy. Yes, I know what you’ll do to me if you found out.

He LAUGHS.

WARREN
(phone)
All right. You too. ’Bye.

He flips his phone closed.

VOICE (O.S.)
Younger siblings. They can get you in so much trouble, huh?

Warren turns to see a MAN standing behind him.

The man is homicide detective STANTON MCCULLUM; late 40’s, gruff. A dark mirror version of Lt. Colombo.

Warren clearly dislikes Stanton. Stanton is cheerful.

STANTON
We meet again, Dr. Lewis!

He extends his hand to Warren.

(CONTINUED)
Warren doesn’t shake it.

WARREN
Detective McCullum...what do you want?

STANTON
Call me Stanton, doctor.

WARREN
What do you want? I gave a statement. I told you that my sister is not well enough to--

STANTON
That your Jaguar with the license plate...

Stanton removes a notepad, READS:

STANTON
...W.L.M.D?

WARREN
What about it?

Stanton shrugs.

STANTON
Nothing. I just think it’s a sexy car. No shittin’! I love cars. Not these new fuck bugs they call automobiles nowadays. I hate ’em! I’m old school, doc.

Warren could care less.

WARREN
That’s interesting, detective.

STANTON
Stanton...

WARREN
Stanton, then. Excuse me...

Warren turns to walk away.

Stanton GRABS Warren roughly by his upper arm. The old cop’s face is serious.

(CONTINUED)
STANTON
Don’t ever walk away from me when I’m talking to you, boy!

Warren looks at the hand gripping him like a vise.

Warren keeps his cool.

WARREN
You mind?

Stanton’s thunder cloud of anger suddenly turns sunny and cheerful once again.

STANTON
Hey, doc, I’m sorry about that. I just want to talk. No shittin’.

INT. CHANEL’S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Chanel, remote in hand, is FLIPPING through the channels on the TV monitor, as she MUNCHES away on her Kit Kat.

The room begins to change, EERIE NOISES are heard.

Chanel feels sick. Her nose BLEEDS.

CHANEL
W-Warren...

OUT IN THE CORRIDOR--

Warren and Stanton continue talking.

STANTON
I just need to ask your sister a few routine questions, doc.

WARREN
About what? Three uniformed police officers saw Samuel White shoot her in the head, Stanton. What the hell else do you need? She’s paralyzed and scared, OK?

STANTON
Listen, I had a younger brother. He was killed. I know how you feel. Girl lost her family to a sick bastard like The Skeleton Man. But I got to do my job, doc. No shittin’. Sometimes I hate it, but I got to do it.

(CONTINUED)
Silence.

Stanton looks thoughtful.

STANTON
Like when you got to pull the plug on some poor bastard on life support. Dirty job and all that crap!

WARREN
Look, I’ll talk to her. See if she’s up to it. No promises, detective.

STANTON
Stanton.

Warren walks off with the pitcher of water.

Stanton looks after him, face hard.

WARREN
Hey, Stanton?

STANTON
What is it?

WARREN
What kind of car you drive?

Stanton is proud.

STANTON
A sixty-four, blue, Catalina. Mint! That’s my baby girl. No shittin’!

Warren is impressed.

Stanton approaches him. Gets in Warren’s face.

STANTON
I want you to know, doc, that I know about you and your sister.

WARREN
Come again?

STANTON
I know about the dark little secret you two keep in the closet. No shittin’.

Warren stares at him, pissed.
IN CHANEL’S ROOM--

She has TUMBLED out of her wheel chair; on the floor, having a nasty SPASM.

Then...

CHANEL ASTRAL PROJECTS--

Leaving her body and FLOATING away.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM #14 - DAY

A YOUNG ORDERLY, 20’s, glasses, innocent face, comes into room 14. He carries a tray of food.

The PATIENT in bed is SENATOR GEORGE EDMOND, 60’s. He is asleep and hooked up to machines.

FLASH TO:

CHANEL’S POV:

She witnesses the orderly put ARSENIC POISON into the old man’s lemonade.

BACK TO:

STANTON AND WARREN--

WARREN

You stay the hell away from us.

Stanton removes an iPod, sticks the ear pieces in his ears. He winks at Warren.

STANTON

I’ll be in touch, Warren.

He strolls off WHISTLING a familiar sad ballad.

INT. CHANEL’S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Warren enters, sees Chanel on the floor.

He drops the pitcher and rushes to help her.

He grabs her, FLIPS her over, checks her heart and pulse.

WARREN

Help! Somebody help us in here!

Chanel’s eyes are rolled up to the whites, foam on her lips.

(CONTINUED)
CHANEL’S SPIRIT--
Sees SOULS, ANGELS, and BEINGS OF LIGHT everywhere.

Warren’s voice is heard:

      WARREN (O.S.)
       Come on, Chanel! Don’t you leave
       me, girl!

WHITE.

INT. CHANEL’S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER
Chanel comes back, her eyes open, nose bleeding.
She stares at Warren and the TWO DOCTORS behind him.
Warren cleans her bloody nose. Chanel is frantic.

      CHANEL
      Room fourteen, Warren! You need to
      go there now!

      WARREN
      Chanel, listen--

      CHANEL
      No, you listen! He’s trying to kill
      that old man in room fourteen,
goddammit!

The two doctors trade surprised looks.

      DOCTOR #1
      Room fourteen? That’s Senator
      George Edmond’s room.

      DOCTOR #2
      How the hell did she--

Warren gets to his feet.
Chanel looks at him, pleading.

      CHANEL
      Go.

      WARREN
      (to doctor #1)
      Come with me, doctor.
      (to doctor #2)
      Stay with her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Doctor #1 and Warren exit in a hurry.

A SECURITY OFFICER appears in the doorway.

    DOCTOR #2
    (to guard)
    Room fourteen, hurry! That’s the senator’s room!

The guard leaves in a rush.

INT. ROOM 14 - SAME

George Edmond wakes up, groggy.

The orderly is standing over him, looking like the nicest guy in the whole world.

    GEORGE
    Oh, hello, Kenny.

"KENNY THE GOOD ORDERLY" is all smiles.

    KENNY
    Good morning, Senator Edmond. How you doing, sir?

    GEORGE
    Shitty, son. Just shitty. I’ll be glad when this Triple Bypass business is over and done with.

Kenny LAUGHS.

INT. STAIRWELL, HOSPITAL - SAME

Warren, Doctor #1 and the security guard are racing down the stairs.

IN GEORGE EDMOND’S ROOM--

Kenny helps the aging senator out of bed.

    GEORGE
    Thanks a lot, Kenny. I got to take one mean pisser.

    KENNY
    No problem, senator.

    GEORGE

(CONTINUED)
KENNY
George it is.

IN THE STAIRWELL--
The three heroes are almost there.

IN GEORGE’S ROOM--
The senator is in the bathroom, taking one mean pisser.
Kenny is preparing his food and smiling to himself.

KENNY
You OK in there, George!?

GEORGE (O.S.)
Pipes drain a lot slower these days, but they still work, son!

Kenny LAUGHS. He sets the poisoned cup of lemonade on the food tray.

The toilet FLUSHES. George comes out and climbs painfully back into bed.
Kenny sets the food tray in front of the old man.

GEORGE
(off the food)
What do we got today? Alpo, or Gravy Train?

Kenny LAUGHS.

KENNY
We got you some runny eggs, burnt toast and hash browns.

GEORGE
Kenny, I swear...I think they want me dead.

Kenny LAUGHS.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -SAME
The three heroes race down the corridor.

IN GEORGE’S ROOM--
George is NIBBLING on his breakfast.
Kenny lingers about the room. Watching closely.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
Hey, Kenny?

KENNY
Sir?

GEORGE
Who won the Nuggets/Lakers game?

KENNY
Nuggets. Iverson scored thirty-one points.

GEORGE
I love that kid! Any coffee?

KENNY
Not today. Laverne down in the kitchen sent up a nice cup of homemade lemonade.

GEORGE
Well, let’s have a taste.

KENNY
I thought you’d never ask.

He hands George the lemonade.

George puts it to his lips, then starts COUGHING.

Kenny frowns.

George sets the cup down. He is having a HEART ATTACK.

KENNY
I don’t fucking believe it...

Warren and the others BURST in.

SECURITY GUARD
(to Kenny)
Don’t move!

Kenny is still. Hands raised.

Warren and doctor #1 check on the senator.

DOCTOR #1
He’s dead. Coronary.

All eyes go to Kenny.

The orderly shrugs:

(CONTINUED)
KENNY
Shit happens, man!

Warren picks up the cup of lemonade and approaches Kenny.

WARREN
Take a sip.

Kenny smiles.

KENNY
Not thirsty, man. Thanks anyway.

WARREN
You drink or I force you to drink.

DOCTOR #1
(to Warren)
The senator died of Coronary Heart Failure. He didn’t do anything.

WARREN
Because he didn’t get the chance.  
(to Kenny)
Did you?

KENNY
I’m a little freaked out right now,  
man. Can I go?

WARREN
Sure. After you take a sip.

Kenny SNATCHES the cup and DOWNS THE ENTIRE THING.

He BURPS and hands the cup back to Warren.

KENNY
Do you want me to taste his food,  
too?

SECURITY GUARD
(to Kenny)
Get out of here.

Kenny LAUGHS in Warren’s face and exits.

INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE GEORGE EDMOND’S ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Stanton McCullum is leaning against the wall, SIPPING on a cup of lemonade.

Kenny comes out and almost KNOCKS him over, in his unusual rush to get away from the scene.

(CONTINUED)
KENNY
Sorry, pops!

STANTON
You almost made me spill my homemade lemonade... sonny.

Kenny gives him a look, then heads off quickly.
Stanton looks after him. A half smile on his face.

INT. WARREN’S SUMMER HOME - DAYS LATER
The front door opens and Warren wheels Chanel inside.
She GASPS in surprise.
The whole house is decorated as a surprise birthday party for her; a gag banner reads - "Happy 85th Birthday!"

It is only the two of them.

WARREN
Surprise!

Chanel is speechless, she can only cry tears of joy.

WARREN
Well, what do you think?

Chanel looks from the gag banner, to Warren. She makes a "Very funny" face.

CHANEL
Happy eighty-fifth? Ha-ha, you should have been a comedian.

He kisses the top of her head.
Warren wheels Chanel further in. The house looks beautiful.

WARREN
I love you, lady.

CHANEL
Love you too.
(teasing)
So this is where you take your freaks, huh?

Warren LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WARREN
I’m going outside to get the rest of your stuff.

He leaves.

The phone RINGS.

Chanel wheels over to a writing desk and answers it.

CHANEL
(phone)
Warren’s House Of Freaks.

It is Stanton McCullum’s voice on the other end:

STANTON(O.S.)
(phone)
That was a hell of a trick, Mrs. Williams.

CHANEL
(phone)
Who’s this?

STANTON(O.S.)
(phone)
I’m sorry. My name is detective Stanton McCullum, ma’am. I’m a homicide--

CHANEL
(phone)
I know who you are, detective. My brother told me about you.

STANTON(O.S.)
(phone)
Call me Stanton, Mrs. Williams. Please.

She is clearly irritated.

CHANEL
(phone)
How did you get this number?

Stanton SNICKERS over the line.

STANTON(O.S.)
(phone)
I don’t know how you knew that orderly tried to poison senator
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
STANTON (O.S.) (cont’d)
Edmond. But I sure hope you can
tell me, Mrs. Williams.

CHANEL
(phone)
What are you talking about? That
orderly was innocent. The senator
died of a--

STANTON (O.S.)
(phone)
The senator, Mrs. Williams, died of
a coronary, true indeed. But that
orderly was found an hour later
dead of Arsenic poisoning.

A chill runs through Chanel.

CHANEL
(phone)
What?

STANTON (O.S.)
(phone)
You were right, Mrs. Williams. That
fucker wanted to assassinate our
senator Edmond, but your brother
got there just in time.

Chanel is stunned.

STANTON (O.S.)
(phone)
It was just too bad the senator’s
ticker stopped working at that
exact moment. The orderly was found
in a men’s room stall, slumped over
the toilet bowl with a finger down
his throat. Luck of the devil. No
shittin’.

CHANEL
(phone)
I...I don’t...

STANTON (O.S.)
(phone)
You and I need to talk, Mrs.
Williams. Don’t you agree?

Warren comes in and sees Chanel on the phone, breaking down.
He SNATCHES the phone out of her hand.

(CONTINUED)
WARREN
(phone)
McCullum? You son of a bitch!

LAUGHTER from Stanton McCullum’s end:

STANTON(O.S.)
(phone)
Take it easy, Warren. I was just having a little chat with--

CLICK! Warren SLAMS the phone down, hanging up in his face.

WARREN
Piece of shit.

Chanel wheels into the
FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is a huge spacious area, complete with a stone fire place.

Mike’s toys and action figures are on the floor.

Chanel picks up the toy maze and The Red Spider action figure.

Warren appears.

WARREN
I’m sorry about that, boo. That cop is a real asshole. I’m thinking about reporting him for harassment.

She holds up The Red Spider.

CHANEL
This ugly thing always gave Mike nightmares.

She drops The Red Spider into the toy maze and presses a button on the side; the action figure is swallowed up by a trap door.

WARREN
Chanel, you OK?

CHANEL
Did you know?

(CONTINUED)
WARREN
Did I know what, hon?

CHANEL
That the orderly died of Arsenic poisoning?

Warren looks away, guilty.

CHANEL
Why the hell didn’t you tell me?

WARREN
Let it go, Chanel.

CHANEL
Don’t tell me to let it go, Warren!

Tears fill her eyes.

CHANEL
Look at me, Warren.

When he does:

CHANEL
We need to talk...

INT. SITTING ROOM, WARREN’S SUMMER HOME - NIGHT - LATER

The house is dark, except for a fire in the fire place.

Warren is on the couch, having a beer, drunk.

Next to him on the couch are books on; Near Death Experiences, Out Of Body Experiences and The Astral Projection Phenomenon.

Chanel sits directly in front of the fire, hooked up to medical equipment. Her eyes are closed.

WARREN
Chanel--

CHANEL
Shh, Warren, I got to concentrate. I don’t know how Astral Projection works. But the books say that I need silence.

WARREN
What’s my part again?

(CONTINUED)
CHANEL
When something happens I need you to monitor my heart rate and pulse.

And?

CHANEL
And pull me back if I...you know.

WARREN
You said "when" something happens. Don’t you mean "If"?

CHANEL
You’re going to have to trust me on this, Warren. Just chill, OK?

Warren is fed up. Probably a little spooked, too.

He turns on the lights with a remote control.

WARREN
I’m a doctor. I don’t believe in Astral Projection and Out Of Body Experiences. That all sounds like a lot of bull to me.

He DRAINS the rest of his beer.

WARREN
That type of shit don’t happen to black folks. I’m sorry, Chanel, I just don’t believe in that stuff.

CHANEL
Do you believe in your sister?

WARREN
I trust you, girl. I love you. But all of this is too wild. We’ve been trying for three and a half hours, Chanel. Time to go to bed.

CHANEL
I saw Michael.

WARREN
What?

CHANEL
When The Skeleton Man...when he shot me, I saw Michael. He told me

(MORE)
CHANEL (cont’d)
that something grabbed Charles and they got separated or...lost or something. I need to help them, Warren.

WARREN
That’s enough, Chanel.

CHANEL
Warren--

WARREN
I said enough, OK!?

CHANEL
But--

WARREN

CHANEL
You don’t believe me?

WARREN
Hell no!

Chanel is hurt.

CHANEL
You really think I’m making all this up? Are you serious?

WARREN
Do you remember when we were kids and you told me that you saw an angel in the park by our house?

CHANEL
I--

WARREN
Everybody, even momma and daddy told you that you didn’t see an angel. And you cried because no one believed you...

Something begins to happen; Chanel starts BREATHING hard.

(CONTINUED)
Continued: 40.

CHANEL
S-Something...

Warren is totally oblivious, he keeps TALKING.

WARREN
But I did. I believed you, girl.

Chanel is near a heart attack:

CHANEL
S-Something is...happening...

Warren continues, not hearing her.

WARREN
I said to myself Chanel believes
she saw an angel, so I believe her.
You were my sister, I’m your big brother, I’ll always get your back...

THE MEDICAL EQUIPMENT--

Is going berserk; lights FLASHING in the red, pulse rate needle in the danger zone.

CHANEL
Warren...it’s happening...

Warren stops.

WARREN
What!?

Chanel has a seizure, her body JOLTS.

CHANEL
Happening...

Blood spills out of her nostrils. Her eyes roll up to the whites.

Warren, frantic as hell, checks her heart rate and brain wave activity.

WHITE.

EXT. MAZE, INTER DIMENSIONAL AFTERLIFE - NIGHT

The outside of a gigantic, nightmarish maze; similar, but not quite, to Mike’s toy maze.

CHANEL--
Approaches the grand entrance to the maze.

The maze is in the middle of Nowheresville. It seems to pulsate with unholy evil.

It looks quite literally in some ways like the entrance to hell. Chanel is thunderstruck.

**CHANEL**
(echo's Charles)
Sometimes we create our own hell...

She enters the mouth of the

**MAZE - CONTINUOUS**

Dirty, steamy, claustrophobic. The inside of this place is truly something frightening; the walls and floors are in constant motion.

A bell TOLLS, sinister VOICES WHISPER.

**VOICE (O.S.)**
Ma!

Chanel turns, sees; racing towards her out of the darkness, a SMALL FIGURE.

**CHANEL**
Michael!

It is Michael. They hug.

**CHANEL**
Where’s your daddy, Mike?

Mike is in tears.

**MIKE**
Lost. I’m scared here, ma. I want to go home.

**CHANEL**
I know you do, baby. But we have to find your daddy, so both of you can go home.

**MIKE**
I saw another angel, ma. This one was funny. He told me that you tried to save him, but you couldn’t because he had a bad ticker. What’s a ticker, ma?
CHANEL
Bad ticker? Is that what the angel said, Mike? Are you sure it was an angel? Because that sounds a lot like--

She stops...sensing something.

Mike looks up, tense.

SOMETHING is behind them. Something big and scary.

MIKE
It’s here.

A thick silence.

Chanel is frozen, on her knees, holding her son tight to her chest.

She can’t help it...she has to turn around and see.

Chanel looks back. Her eyes widen; seeing something unrevealed.

There is a GARGANTUAN ROAR and a BURST of evil light.

Chanel and Mike SCREAM.

INT. SITTING ROOM, WARREN’S SUMMER HOME - REAL TIME

CHANEL’S HEART RATE is going beyond normal.
Warren goes into action.

He is losing her...fast.

WARREN
Don’t you dare die on me, Chanel!

The entire time Warren scrambles around desperately trying to save his sister HE TALKS TO HIMSELF:

WARREN
I don’t believe this crazy bullshit! I’m a doctor. A damn M.D.
I shouldn’t be having these kinds of problems. You hearing me, Chanel!?

Chanel is SEIZING.
WARREN
Bitch, if you die on me I’m going
to fucking kill myself, find you in
the afterlife and kill your ass
again!

He lays Chanel on the floor and does CPR.

It’s not working. She doesn’t respond.

Warren grabs the Defibrillator cups, to jump start her heart.

WARREN
(imitates Chanel)
"I got to do this, Warren. I got to
do that, Warren. I got to help
Michael find his daddy, Warren"!
And I actually went along with this
cartoon shit!

As he prepares to jolt her, he FLIPS and KNOCKS over shit.

WARREN
I swear on everything I love,
Chanel, you better come back to me!
You hear? You better wake the hell
up, girl! ’Cause you’re never
hearing the end of this one!

He rips her blouse open.

The Defibrillator Cups are ready.

He leans over Chanel, WHISPERS something unheard in her ear.

Warren RUBS the cups together, closes his eyes and says a prayer.

His eyes open, focused. Places the cups over her chest and
looks down at Chanel.

She is fading fast. Soon she will be beyond help.

Warren’s eyes narrow...ready.

Chanel is barely BREATHING.

The Defibrillator machine BEEPS...ready.

    WARREN
Clear!

(CONTINUED)
The cups come down on Chanel’s chest, her body JOLTS from the shock.

Still no reaction; HEART RATE FADING.

Warren JUMPS her again. Nothing.

Then...she FLAT LINES.

BLACK.

IN THE BLACK--

The faint "Beep, beep, beep" of a pulse machine...

FADE UP:

INT. BEDROOM, WARREN’S SUMMER HOME - EARLY MORNING

It is about three in the morning.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW--

A storm is brewing in the distant skies.

Chanel is in bed; weak, but awake.

She is staring at the steady BEEP of her lifeline on the pulse machine.

Standing over her is Warren. He takes her hand.

CHANEL

It got my baby, Warren...

Silence from Warren.

Chanel turns her head, looks at him:

CHANEL

I need to go back.

Warren shakes his head. "No"

She looks away, frustrated, CRIES.

After Chanel pulls it together:

CHANEL

Help me, Warren. Please, God...

He shakes his head. "No"

Chanel, exhausted as she is, SNAPS.

(CONTINUED)
CHANEL
Are you even listening to me?
Something grabbed my child, Warren.

Warren has to fight tears.

WARREN
That doesn’t make any sense, Chanel.

CHANEL
You’re preaching to the choir. Tell me something I don’t already know, Warren! None of this shit makes any sense. But it’s real. It’s real and it’s happening to me!

She turns away from him, a broken woman.

CHANEL
You should have let me die.

WARREN
You do it again and you will die.

She turns on him, hurt and angry:

CHANEL
I don’t give a shit! Hear me? I. Don’t. Care.

WARREN
The further you cross over, the more strain you put on yourself. The harder it is to get back. Plain and simple? Your heart can’t take it, Chanel. I barely got you back this time!

Chanel looks at him; eyes burning with contempt.

CHANEL
Do you know what I saw over there, Warren? Do you? Do you really want to know what happens when you die?

Warren is silent.

CHANEL
Guess what? No angels, no God, no nothing. Just pain! You hear what I’m saying? There’s nothing over there but pain...and nightmares!
Warren holds up a bottle of pills.
Chanel looks from Warren, to the pills, back to Warren.

WARREN
No more.

She doesn’t get it:

CHANEL
What are you talking about?

It dawns on her...

CHANEL
What did you do to me? What did you give me? Answer me, Warren!

His eyes water.

WARREN
No more...

He leans over to kiss her. Chanel SLAPS his face.

CHANEL
What did you give me? You fucking tell me, Warren!

WARREN
It’s called Triachnol. It’s a kind of relaxer. It’ll keep you doped up. It’s addictive as hell, but as long as you’re doped you won’t have the will power to concentrate and Astral Project or do that Out Of Body shit anymore.

Chanel’s eyes water, she can only shake her head in disbelief.

WARREN
Like I said, no more. No more pain and nightmares. It all stops now.

CHANEL
You son of a bitch!

WARREN
I love you, Chanel.

She rolls over and CRIES into her pillow...all is lost.

(CONTINUED)
You rest now. Dee is downstairs. She’ll be up to check on you. I gave you a heavy dose of Triachnol, it takes awhile for it to kick in.

Chanel SOBS silently.

I got to go to the hospital. I’ll be back as soon as I can.

(beat)
Charles and Mike are dead, Chanel. You’re going to have to deal with that sooner or later.

He wants to say more, can’t, and sets the pills on the nightstand next to Chanel’s bed.

Warren exits, closing the door behind him.

Chanel WEEPS.

INT. SITTING ROOM, WARREN’S SUMMER HOME - SAME

Dee, the nurse from earlier, is picking up the place.
Warren appears, an emotional wreck.

She’s getting worse, Dee.

Lightening FLASHES outside.

Dee looks up, startled.

Warren! Boy, if you want to kill me, a gun would be better than trying to give me a damn heart attack!

Sorry. Didn’t mean to sneak up on you.

You said she’s getting worse?

Yeah...that’s a professional diagnosis.
DEE
What’re you going to do?

WARREN
What are you supposed to do when shit like this happens? I hope you can tell me, Dee. Because I’m scared and running out of answers.

Dee looks at him, heartbroken.

WARREN
Things are all out of control. Her husband and child got killed by a maniac. She’s having delusions of visiting them in heaven...hell, or wherever we go when we die.

As he talks, Dee POURS him a drink.

Warren sits on the couch, a broken man.

WARREN
I just don’t know what to do anymore.

Dee sits next to him, hands him the drink.

DEE
Drink.

He does.

DEE
Do you believe in God, Warren?

WARREN
You want my honest medical opinion? I don’t know. I really don’t.

DEE
Your sister does. She might, in fact, be one of those rare people that the good Lord has blessed to see this life and the next. She might be torn too.

WARREN
I don’t think I understand you.

DEE
There’s no peace over there for her. She wants to be there for her
DEE (cont’d)
husband and son, but at the same
time she doesn’t belong there.

She takes his hand.

DEE
She belongs here, with you. Her
other family. But Chanel is torn,
Warren.

Warren’s tears fall.

DEE
There are two worlds, one of life,
the other death. Normally, when we
die we cross over to the other
side. To death. And that, usually,
is the end of your story. Are you
with me so far, baby?

WARREN
Yes.

DEE
Sometimes, very rarely, a soul can
become displaced and find itself in
another place.

WARREN
What kind of other place, Dee?

DEE
A place that’s not quite life. But
not quite death either.

WARREN
What do you mean? Like limbo or
something?

DEE
No. Limbo is a kind of death. This
other place is like another world.
A soul finds itself there, it can
be a wonderful experience...

WARREN
But?

DEE
But sometimes something so horrible
can happen to that displaced spirit
that this other world can be
(MORE)
DEE (cont’d)
transformed into a frightening place.

WARREN
Something so horrible...like a Near Death Experience?

DEE
That’s right, baby.

Warren thinks, taking it all in.

DEE
My grandmother called it the "World between Worlds". Because over there, the rules are different. Not like the rules of life and death. Just different. You understand?

Warren nods. "Yes".

WARREN
If this is what’s happening to Chanel, Dee, then how do I help her? How can I make her well again?

DEE
Find your faith. If not in God, if not in the supernatural, then find your faith in her, boy. If you can do that, then maybe both of you can have a little peace.

WARREN
Part of me wants to commit her to a mental hospital. Shit, part of me wants to commit myself to a mental hospital.

DEE
What about the other part of you?

WARREN
What other part of me?

DEE
The other part of you that wants to believe all of this is real? That what your sister is going through, is real?

Warren tosses back the rest of his drink. checks his watch.
WARREN
I’m running late.

Dee gives him a smile:

DEE
She’ll be here when you get back. I promise.

WARREN
I love you, old woman.

DEE
I love you back, little ol’ boy.

They hug.

WARREN
There’s Triachnol on her nightstand. Give her one pill every four hours.

DEE
You got it.

EXT. FRONT STOOP, SUMMER HOME – SAME

It begins to DRIZZLE out here.

Warren comes out, gets in his car and drives off.

DEE--

Is watching him through a window. After he is gone, she closes the curtains.

INT. STANTON MCCULLUM’S CAR – SAME

Stanton is doing a card trick with one hand, as he watches Warren leave.

PHIL COLLINS is on the radio.

Stanton takes out a knife, checks it’s sharpness; satisfied, he tucks the knife away.

He then removes a GUN; checks the chamber and stuffs it in a holster inside his rain coat.

EXT. MCCULLUM’S CAR – SAME

He gets out, goes to his trunk and removes a LONG OBJECT wrapped in a cloth. Stanton closes the trunk.

(CONTINUED)
He heads towards the summer house.

Stanton stuffs one hand into his pocket, WHISTLING the same sad ballad as The Skeleton Man as he strolls along.

INT. CHANEL’S BEDROOM, SUMMER HOME - SAME

Dee is SINGING a gospel tune. She closes the curtains over the big windows.

DEE
Nasty storm coming...

Silence from Chanel. She is sleeping.

The lights FLICKER.

Thunder BOOMS. Lightening FLASHES.

DEE
Power might go out, Ms. Chanel.

But Chanel is knocked out.

Dee smiles at her and covers Chanel with a blanket.

DEE
Get your rest, girl.

The old nurse kisses Chanel’s sweaty brow.

ON THE STAIRS--

Dee is heading down when she HEARS A NOISE.

She stops, listening.

OUTSIDE--

The wind really picks up. Thunder CLAPS.

INSIDE--

The power FLICKERS. Dee shakes it off.

DEE
Nothing but the devil got you spooked, old girl.

She continues down the stairs; going to the KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dee opens the refrigerator, grabs a beer.

(CONTINUED)
DEE
Nobody works more over time than the devil..

The power FLICKERS again.

As Dee cracks open the beer and takes a SWIG, her eyes happen on something unseen.

IN CHANEL’S ROOM--

She begins to BREATHE hard in her sleep. Her nose bleeds.

IN THE KITCHEN--

Dee is at the patio door; it is open just a crack. Dee gives it a suspicious eye. She shuts it and locks it.

Dee removes her cell phone, dials her house.

As she TALKS on the cell phone, she goes WALKING through the huge downstairs area.

DEE
(phone)
Justin, don’t answer my phone like that, boy! What’s wrong with you?
(beat)
This is your mother, ol’ retarded boy!
(beat)
Make sure you kids have the windows and doors closed and locked. And tell Monica to keep her little fast butt off my phone!
(beat)
Because it’s thundering and lightening out there...and because I said so!

The power FLICKERS.

In the flicker of light; a DARK FIGURE is glimpsed moving in the shadows over Dee’s shoulder.

DEE
(phone)
I got to go. Do what I told you to do, boy.

She hangs up.

INT. WARREN’S CAR - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

(CONTINUED)
Warren is searching for something and trying to drive at the same time.

It dawns on him:

WARREN
Shit, I left my phone.

INT. CHANEL’S ROOM - SAME

Chanel ASTRAL PROJECTS through the house; from the bedroom, through the hallway, to...

DOWNSTAIRS--

The lights are out.

Dee is lying on the couch, staring at the DARK SHAPES surrounding her.

One of the SHAPES seems to be MOVING...towards her!

Dee sits up, terrified.

Suddenly, the SHADOWY FIGURE is on top of her. They FIGHT.

The dark figure BEATS THE HELL out of the old woman.

CHANEL’S ASTRAL P.O.V--

Observes this dark shape ASSAULT Dee.

The mysterious figure comes into the dim gloom, revealing;

STANTON MCCULLUM--

He pulls out his knife and stands over Dee, looking down at her.

STANTON
I’m real sorry about this, ma’am. 
But, you see, Sammy wants her dead. 
He won’t let me sleep at night or ever, until I kill Chanel.

Dee MOANS in pain.

STANTON
That bitch got my brother shot by those cops. A thing like that don’t rest, no shittin’.

(CONTINUED)
DEE
W-What the hell do you want?

Stanton LAUGHS. His face turns serious.

STANTON
What was human in life can become something frightening in death.

IN CHANEL’S ROOM--

She still lies in bed. Then:

Whoosh! She is back in her body.

Her eyes open, looking horrified and drugged at the same time.

CHANEL
Oh, my God...

DOWNSTAIRS--

Stanton leans over Dee, knife in hand.

STANTON
I’ll try and make this quick, ma’am.

Dee is ready for him; she turns over and MACES the bastard’s face.

Stanton SCREAMS.

Dee KICKS him in the balls. He drops the knife.

She grabs the knife and buries it in Stanton’s thigh.

He WAILS like a Banshee. Pulls the knife out of his thigh.

Dee CRAWLS away; beaten, bloody and desperate to live.

Stanton refuses to give up; he catches her, they STRUGGLE on the floor until...THE KNIFE goes into one of them.

Silence...they lock eyes.

Dee SPITS blood into his face. She falls still.

Stanton, with intense effort, gets to his feet, looks down at the knife sticking in Dee’s stomach.

He HOCKS and SPITS on her.
CONTINUED:

STANTON
You had to be a bitch, huh?

He looks to the ceiling, SHOUTS:

STANTON
I’m coming to find you, Mrs. Williams! Olly, Olly, Oxen, free!

IN CHANEL’S ROOM--

She DRAGS herself across the floor to the bedroom door, barely able to keep her eyes open.

She tries, but she can’t reach the lock.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM, SUMMER HOME - SAME

Stanton enters and turns on the light. It FLICKERS.

IN THE MIRROR--

He looks at his mug; the skin is red and irritated.

STANTON
She got me good with that mace, Sammy.

SCARY VOICE(O.S.)
That’s OK. Just find that bitch Chanel and make her suffer.

Stanton turns on the faucet, water runs in the sink.

Behind him, a DARK FIGURE moves among the FLICKER of shadows, TALKING:

DARK FIGURE
I want you to make her scream, Stanton. Make her bleed...

STANTON
Oh, I will, Sammy. I will...

The dark figure vanishes.

Stanton cleans himself up. He sits on the toilet and checks the wound in his leg. It’s pretty bad.

He removes a bullet from his gun, takes the gun powder from it, pours it into the wound and BURNS the wound closed.

Stanton SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)
IN CHANEL’S ROOM--

She is trying like hell to reach her purse. It is sitting on a table top, along with the bottle of Triachnol.

Chanel manages to get both; she digs through her purse, finds her cell phone. She DIALS, stuffing the Triachnol into her bra.

Chanel lies flat on her back; exhausted, terrified and doped up as she listens to the phone RING on the other end.

CHANEL
Answer the damn phone, Warren...

DOWNSTAIRS--

Sitting on the table in the sitting room, is Warren’s cell phone. It RINGS, with a funny ring tone.

Stanton uses a hankie to pick it up and answer it.

He says nothing, just listens, hearing:

CHANEL(O.S.)
(phone)
Warren? It’s me! Listen, somebody is in the house! Whoever it is they just killed Dee!

Stanton listens, smiling.

IN CHANEL’S ROOM--

She is running off a mile a minute on the phone:

CHANEL
Warren, I’m scared! Warren?
Warren?!

DOWNSTAIRS – WARREN’S CELL PHONE--

Is sitting by itself on the table top, Chanel’s desperate VOICE can be heard.

CHANEL(O.S.)
(phone)
Warren?!

Stanton is gone.

IN CHANEL’S ROOM--
Chanel hangs up, tries 9.1.1. Her vision BLURS. She drops the cell phone. The medication kicks in.

She looks at the bedroom door, alone and shaking with pure terror.

Fuck this! She drags herself back to the

BEDROOM DOOR - SAME

And after a lot of struggling, Chanel cleverly locks the door.

Then the house falls very silent...eerie.

The only sound is the "SPIC-SPAC" of rain outside.

Then...a CREAKING on the steps, beyond the bedroom door.

Chanel GASPS, he’s coming! She DRAGS herself under the bed to hide.

OUT IN THE HALLWAY--

Stanton LIMPS painfully to the top of the stairs.

He holds the cloth-wrapped OBJECT on his shoulder, lumberjack style.

He UNWRAPS it, revealing...THE SKELETON MAN’S AX!

STANTON
Gonna find her, Sammy. I’m going to find her and show her what happens to bad little girls that do bad little things, no shittin.

SCARY VOICE(O.S.)
Find her...make her bleed...

Stanton grins, LIMPS onward.

DOWNSTAIRS--

Dee STIRS, MOANS, still alive...barely.

HER BLOODY FINGERS reach up and grip Warren’s cell phone.

IN CHANEL’S ROOM--

She lies on her stomach, under the bed, trying not to breathe.

She hears MIKE’S VOICE in her head, calling her:

(CONTINUED)
MIKE (O.S.)
Ma! Ma, help, please!

CHANEL
Mike?

She removes the Triachnol from her bra; pours out seven blue gel caps.

CHANEL
Please, God...please don’t send me to hell for this. This isn’t suicide. I just want that clear on your records, Lord...

She pops the pills, struggles like hell to SWALLOW them.

CHANEL
My baby is in trouble, God. If you won’t help...I will.

She looks at the LIGHT under the bedroom door.

CHANEL
(fading)
Don’t worry, Mike. I’m coming.

A PAIR OF SHOES appear under the door crack.

Chanel’s eyes are heavy.

The DOOR KNOB JIGGLES, but doesn’t turn. He’s right outside.

STANTON (O.S.)
Open up, Mrs. Williams. Let’s make this quick.

Chanel can’t hold on much longer; over dosing fast.

CHANEL
Please...God...a little help...just...a little help...

Smash! The ax hits the door.

Stanton smashes his way into the room with the ax, leaving the bedroom door in splinters.

He stands, ax raised. His cold, evil eyes survey the room.

STANTON
Are you hiding from me, little girl?

(CONTINUED)
UNDER THE BED--

Chanel’s eyes open...close...open...close...
The FAINT THUMP of her heart beat slowing.
Stanton checks the closet. Nothing!
He KNOCKS over things, pissed.

STANTON
Where are you!? I’m going to find you and when I do...
(holds up ax)
...I’m going to give you more than a Near Death Experience, bitch!

His eyes fall on the
BED--

Ah, ha! Stanton grins.

He approaches the bed, WHISTLING.

STANTON
I know where you are, Mrs. Williams
(lifts the ax)
I got a message from The Skeleton Man...

UNDER THE BED--

CHANEL’S EYES close, then open and stay open in a dead stare...she’s gone.

A LIGHT appears in her pupil.

STANTON--

Is about to bring the ax down on the bed, WHISPERS:

STANTON
Wanna see a trick?

When HEADLIGHTS SPLASH the room.

Stanton pauses.

STANTON
Company...

EXT. MAZE - INTER DIMENSIONAL AFTERLIFE - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)
Chanel is on the ground, unconscious.
She snaps awake, sits up.
Before she can assess the situation:

MIKE (O.S.)
No! Ma, help!

In a flash, Chanel is on her feet. She runs into the

MAZE - CONTINUOUS

CHANEL
Michael!

EXT. WARREN’S SUMMER HOME - EARLY MORNING - REAL TIME

It is really POURING DOWN out here.

Warren’s Jaguar pulls up in front of the house. He gets out.

Warren is about to head into the house, when he spots something...

A BLUE ’64 CATALINA--

Stanton’s car, partially hidden by some trees. It is parked across the road from his house.

WARREN
I’ll be damned...

Warren crosses the road to Stanton’s car, peeks inside.

The car is empty. Something isn’t right.

WARREN
What the hell are you doing here, McCullum?

Warren goes back to his car. He removes a loaded GUN from his glove compartment.

He SNEAKS around to the back of the house, in the rain.

INT. MAZE, AFTERLIFE - NIGHT

The interior of the maze looks like a hellish, nightmare version of Charles’s house.

Chanel stands in the front doorway, looking around, nervous.
She enters, eyes wide, alert.

(CONTINUED)
THE FRONT DOOR--
SLAMS shut on it’s own. Startling Chanel.
She finds Mike lying on the hallway floor, unconscious.

    CHANEL
    Michael!
She starts forward, then freezes...
Mike is surrounded by DEMON SNAKES, with glowing eyes. They HISS at Chanel.
EVIL LAUGHTER drifts from upstairs. Then WHISTLING.
Chanel, scared out of her mind, looks up, sees;
A FIGURE, appear at the top of the staircase.

    FIGURE
    You committed suicide to come to this party. I like that. You got balls, little girl.

    CHANEL
    Fuck you.
The figures eyes glow.

    FIGURE
    Wanna see a trick?
Chanel GASPS:

    CHANEL
    Oh, my God...
INT. WARREN’S SUMMER HOME - REAL TIME
Warren unlocks the patio door, sneaks inside.
The place is a mess; signs of a fight, things knocked over.
Warren stops, looks down at a wide pool of blood.
Without warning, a gun is fired, POW!
Warren is hit in the leg, he drops, SCREAMING.
WARREN’S GUN--
Goes SKITTERING off somewhere in the darkness.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 63.

STANTON--

Comes out of the shadows, smoking gun pointed.

STANTON
That hurt? Need a doctor, doctor?

Warren is lying near the heart monitoring equipment, bleeding.

STANTON
Remember I told you about the dark secret you and that bitch sister of yours kept in the closet, doc?

Silence from Warren.

STANTON
I was wondering; why did you hide something like that?

Stanton begins to WALK forward, being careful.

STANTON
You killed your own mother, doctor. How does that affect you?

Warren listens; emotional, bloody.

STANTON
Me and Sammy, we’re crazy, no shittin about that, but to kill your own mother? I got to know, doc...did you come on yourself after you did it?

WARREN (O.S.)
Stanton...you’re The Skeleton Man’s brother?

STANTON
His only living relative. Spent a lot of my career as a cop covering up Sammy’s messes. But...what can you do? Family has to look out for family. Right, doc?

WARREN (O.S.)
You son of a bitch!

Stanton puts his gun away, removes his knife.

(CONTINUED)
STANTON
Your mother was a crack whore, doctor. But that’s not why you strangled her to death, is it?

WARREN
Fuck you...

STANTON
No, you were protecting little Chanel. Your mother had a knife; a lot like this one, huh?

Warren tries not to listen, but he can’t help it.

STANTON
She was cutting on Chanel. There was blood all over the damn place, right? She would have killed your sister, by then she was fried from all the bad drugs she was putting into her system...

Warren covers his ears, he can’t take it.

STANTON
So, what does little fourteen year old Warren do? He breaks his mother’s back with a baseball bat. Then climbs on top of her and literally chokes the life out of her.

Stanton creeps around the room as he talks, searching for Warren.

STANTON
And why? Well, to protect his little sister, of course. That is so beautiful. I almost want to fucking cry...

Stanton finds a bloody, SOBBING Warren. He smiles at the doctor.

STANTON
No shittin...

He kneels over Warren, all smiles.

Warren looks up at Stanton, teeth grit, nostrils flared:
WARREN
Where is she?

STANTON
Where is who, doc?
(it hits him)
Oh, you mean Chanel? She’ll soon be dead too. Just like that nigger nurse of yours.

WARREN
McCullum, I’m going to--

STANTON
Yeah, yeah, you’re going to fucking kill me, right. They say it in the movies all the time.

Stanton smiles; cold, evil.

STANTON
Except, this is real life, doc.

IN THE AFTERLIFE--

Chanel still stands where she is; confused, scared. Her eyes go from Mike to the figure and back to Mike.

Slowly, the shadowy figure comes down the stairs.

FIGURE
You look scared? Maybe you should be, little girl.

CHANEL
How?

The figure stops, curious.

CHANEL
How come you’re not in hell?

FIGURE
Good question. I’ll answer yours if you can answer mine.

Chanel tries to look brave.

FIGURE
What was it like to watch your momma get killed by your own brother?
The figure sits down on the steps, waits for an answer; eyes glowing, deeply intrigued.

This throws Chanel off her game. She doesn’t know what to say.

    FIGURE
    (inhuman voice)
    Answer me!

Chanel CRIES, shaken:

    CHANEL
    I don’t know...

A LIGHT appears, bright as the sun.

IN THE LIGHT--

A figure is seen.

Chanel recognizes the figure, her eyes grow big:

    CHANEL
    Momma?

The shadowy figure on the staircase stares at Chanel, burning eyes, grinning mouth.

CHANEL’S MOTHER--

Steps out of the light, carrying a KNIFE.

IN WARREN’S SUMMER HOME--

Stanton is still running his mouth.

    STANTON
    I got to know, Warren, how the hell did Chanel know that that orderly was trying to off the senator?

Warren says nothing.

Stanton rises, smiling.

    STANTON
    OK, you know what? Fuck it! I’m going to torture you. See how you like a little pain--

Without warning, a gun is fired.

POW! Stanton is SHOT in the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)
DEE--

Appears out of the shadows, holding Warren’s smoking gun and holding her bleeding stomach.

    DEE
    How do you like a little pain, fucker?!

She COLLAPSES to her knees, weak from blood loss.

Stanton RISES, bleeding:

    STANTON
    Now...I’m pissed.

He TWIRLS the knife and BULL-CHARGES Dee.

They go down PUNCHING and SCRATCHING. Dee tries to fight him off.

WARREN--

Turns on the defibrillator, full power, picks up the cups.

Stanton’s knife blade is inches from Dee’s face, but she’s a fighter.

Out of nowhere, Warren appears behind Stanton. 

Stanton is too preoccupied with trying to kill Dee.

Warren SLAPS THE CUPS on the sides of Stanton’s face, SHOUTS:

    WARREN
    Clear!

ELECTRICITY JOLTS THROUGH STANTON’S HEAD; his tongue FRIES, his face blackens, one eyeball goes POP! He SCREAMS.

IN THE AFTERLIFE--

Chanel is frozen with fear.

    CHANEL
    Momma?

Her mother stares at her; a dead, frightening version.

    CHANEL
    No, please...

(CONTINUED)
MOMMA
Come here.

Chanel shakes her head, "No".

MOMMA
I SAID COME HERE, NOW!

CHANEL
No, momma. You’re dead. You’re dead!

MOMMA
What, no kiss for your momma, you little bitch?!

CHANEL
No, momma! Go back to hell, where you belong!

MOMMA
Fine...

Momma raises the knife, eyes burning red.

MOMMA
...then let momma finish what she started!

Momma BOLTS toward Chanel, knife raised, SCREAMING like a hellcat.

Chanel can’t move, too horrified.

At the last second - poof! - momma VANISHES just inches before the knife can plunge into Chanel’s face.

The figure on the staircase LAUGHS; a blood-chilling sound.

Chanel drops to her knees, not crying, but terribly quiet.

Then...A VOICE; Charles’s ghostly voice speaks in her mind:

CHARLES (O.S.)
Chanel...

She looks up, hopeful.

The figure is at the bottom of the staircase now.

CHARLES (O.S.)
Listen to me, grab Mike and get out of there. Don’t worry about the (MORE) (CONTINUED)
CHARLES (O.S.) (cont’d)
snakes, they can only hurt you if
you believe they can.

Chanel responds to Charles’s voice, out loud.

CHANEL
What about him, Charles? Can he
hurt me?

CHARLES (O.S.)
Not anymore, sweetie. The rules are
different over here. Over
here...you can hurt him, Chanel!

A small smile appears on Chanel’s lips. She likes the sound
of that.

The figure comes into the dim light, revealing;

THE SKELETON MAN--

He frowns at Chanel, suspicious.

SKELETON MAN
What are you doing? Who the hell
are you talking to?

Chanel RISES, moves towards Mike, taking careful steps; the
demon snakes HISS at her, but don’t attack.

BACK IN THE SUMMER HOME--

Stanton is dead, electrocuted.

Warren is at Dee’s side, the old woman may be dying.

WARREN
Ambulance is coming, Dee!

DEE
I’m so sleepy, Warren...

WARREN
Don’t leave me, old girl!

DEE
I ain’t going nowhere. But I want a
raise for all this shit, boy!

Warren LAUGHS, teary-eyed.
WARREN
You got it! I promise...

DEE
Go! Get up there and see to Chanel!

Warren kisses her forehead. He goes.

Meanwhile...

IN STANTON’S REMAINING EYE--

A LIGHT appears in the pupil.

STANTON’S SOUL--

Is WHIPPED through a huge, sinister TUNNEL of smoke, light and GIGANTIC DEMON FACES.

Stanton SCREAMS.

IN THE AFTERLIFE--

The snakes SLITHER away from Chanel as she approaches.

CHANEL
Though I walk through the Valley Of
The Shadow Of Death, I shall fear
no evil...

Bravely, she picks up her son, turns and looks at a confused Skeleton Man.

CHARLES (O.S.)
He’s scared of you now, Chanel.

CHANEL
(to Skeleton Man)
You look scared? Maybe you should be...

The Skeleton Man looks confused, angry:

SKELETON MAN
You’re not walking out of here.

She actually LAUGHS at him as she heads straight for the FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The Skeleton Man comes at her from behind, eyes glowing.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SKELETON MAN
I said--

Chanel looks back quickly, her eyes now GLOW.

CHANEL
Back off!

Whoosh! Just like that, The Skeleton Man is BLOWN off his feet, FLYING backward.

He HITS a wall, rebounds and CRASHES to the floor, dazed and fucked up.

Chanel wakes up Mike.

CHANEL
Mike? Come on, baby, I need you to wake up and listen to me!

Mike is groggy, but awake.

Chanel talks quickly:

CHANEL
When I open that door, I want you to run! I want you to find your daddy, OK?

MIKE
But--

CHANEL
No buts! Do what I tell you, OK?

Mike nods, "OK".

The Skeleton Man RISES, shaking off that last hit.

SKELETON MAN
(to Chanel)
Hey!

Chanel opens the door. Mike takes off.

SKELETON MAN
Where the fuck are you going, bitch?!

Chanel turns to face him; her eyes glow, a woman filled with power.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHANEL
Nowhere...
(smiles)
Wanna see a trick?

IN THE MAZE--
Mike is RUNNING for his life.
Meanwhile...

CHANEL AND THE SKELETON MAN--
Confront each other.

SKELETON MAN
I’m--

CHANEL
Burn!

Whoosh! Instantly The Skeleton Man BURSTS into flames, he SCREAMS.

CHANEL
Back off!

Whoosh! The Skeleton Man is BLOWN through a wall.

Chanel BOLTS out the front door.

INT. CORRIDORS, MAZE - CONTINUOUS
The walls and floors constantly shift and change...

Chanel is HAULING ASS, with no idea where she’s going.

She stops, trying to get her barrings.

CHANEL
Charles? Help me!

CHARLES (O.S.)
Go right!

Chanel looks up, no time to be thankful, she takes off down a right corridor.

As she RUNS, CHARLES’S VOICE guides her:

CHARLES (O.S.)
Left...

She hangs a left.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHARLES (O.S.)
Left...
Another left.

CHARLES (O.S.)
Straight ahead, baby...

Chanel obeys.

CHARLES (O.S.)
Duck!

Chanel does a TUCK/ROLL maneuver, barely avoiding an OBJECT sticking out of a wall.

INT. CIRCULAR ROOM - AFTERLIFE - CONTINUOUS
The room is a huge semi-circle of stone doorways.
Only one of the doorways is sealed up.

CHARLES--
Stands in the middle of the room, holding Mike in the crook of one arm. An ax in the other hand.
Chanel comes through one of the doorways.
They hug. A family reunited.

Chanel eyes the ax:

CHANEL
What’s with the ax?

CHARLES
I took it from The Skeleton Man the first time he tried to grab me and Mike.

CHANEL
I’m impressed.

CHARLES
You have to go back, Chanel.

CHANEL
No.

CHARLES
You don’t get it. You committed a suicide, Chanel. Suicides go to

(MORE)
CHARLES (cont’d)
another place. A dark place; it
ain’t quite hell, but it ain’t no
heaven for the dead either.

Silence from Chanel.

CHARLES
Warren can bring you back, but if
you stay here you’ll suffer.

CHANEL
I don’t belong there, Charles!

Charles is very tender with her.

CHARLES
Yes you do. Me and Mike...this is
our world now, honey. Not yours. At
least, not yet anyway. Someday, but
not now. You have to try and
understand that, Chanel. You have
to live. And live good, baby.

She is in tears:

CHANEL
I can’t...I don’t want to...

CHARLES
Yes you can! You have to. Just--

Charles trails off. He looks away, sensing something...

He looks up, instantly scared:

CHARLES
Oh, God! No! No, no, no!

CHANEL
Charles, what--

CHARLES
He’s changed!

CHANEL
What? Who?

CHARLES
He’s coming!

Charles grabs Chanel, petrified.

(CONTINUED)
CHARLES
You have to go now, Chanel!

CHANEL
Why?

CHARLES
Because, what was human in life can become something frightening in death. Go! Now!

She shakes her head, "No".

An INHUMAN ROAR is heard.

CHANEL
What was that?

CHARLES
The Skeleton Man...the real Skeleton Man.

THE SKELETON MAN--
Appears in an EXPLOSION of light.

The Williams family SCREAMS.

A MONSTROUS SHADOW falls over them.

CHANEL
Jesus!

CHARLES
Chanel! Run!

The Skeleton Man has TRANSFORMED into an almost real life version of The Red Spider; hideous, real, frightening.

The creature ROARS at them.

VOICE (O.S.)
Kill 'em, Sammy!

Everyone turns to find

STANTON--
In the doorway, watching them. Now a dead man.

Chanel SNATCHES the ax from Charles.
CONTINUED:

CHARLES
The door, Chanel! Hit the door!

Charles bull-charges The Skeleton Man/Red Spider creature. They FIGHT.

Chanel HEAVES the ax at the sealed doorway. It SHATTERS.
The Skeleton Man/Red Spider TOSSES Charles aside, ROARS.
A POWERFUL WHIRLPOOL of light and wind BURSTS from the shattered doorway.

Stanton appears behind Chanel:

STANTON
Guess it’s too late to kill you!

Chanel looks around. Stanton GRABS her and begins DRAGGING her backwards towards the whirlpool doorway.

STANTON
But at least we can go to hell together, bitch!

Chanel STRUGGLES.

Charles looks up, sees; Chanel and Stanton.

CHARLES
No! Chanel!

The Skeleton Man/Red Spider ATTACKS Charles.

MIKE--

Is in a corner, SHIVERING, scared.

CHANEL
Mike!

Mike looks up.

Chanel KICKS the ax over to him.

CHANEL
(to Mike)
Gargoyle kicks...Red Spider’s--

MIKE
Ass!

Chanel nods, "yes". Stanton DRAGS her towards the hell entrance. It’s almost over for her.

(CONTINUED)
Mike picks up the ax.

The Skeleton Man/Red Spider DRAGS Charles towards the hell entrance. Almost over for him.

Mike lifts the ax...

MIKE
(to all)
Hey!

Stanton and The Skeleton Man/Red Spider look up in time to see...

MIKE--
FLING the ax with all his might; it WHIPS through the air. Chanel manages to DUCK at the last minute, just as

STANTON--
Is DECAPITATED by the FLYING AX.

The ax keeps FLYING, it is on a mission; heading directly towards

CHARLES--
Who manages to DUCK at the last minute.

THE SKELETON MAN/RED SPIDER--
Is DECAPITATED.

The headless spirits are SUCKED into the whirlpool.

The Williams family have to fight not to be SUCKED into hell themselves.

MIKE
Gargoyle kicked The Red Spider’s ass!

Whoops! Mike is SNATCHED off his feet by the SUCKING WIND. He SCREAMS, heading for the hellish whirlpool.

Meanwhile...

CHANEL--
Is gripping the edge of another doorway entrance with one hand. Clutching for dear life.

Behind her, GRIPPING her other hand is...

(CONTINUED)
CHARLES-- Trying his best not to be sucked away into hell himself.

CHARLES (shouts)
Chanel?!

CHANEL (shouts)
What?!

CHARLES (shouts)
Let me go!

CHANEL (shouts)
No! Never! You go, we all go!

MICHAEL-- Comes flying by Chanel, SCREAMING.

Charles grabs his son’s arm at the last possible second. Saving the kid from hell.

Now the Williams family is a human chain.

Chanel is weakening. He fingers are SLIPPING away. She can’t hold on forever.

CHANEL (shouts)
I...can’t hold on, Charles!

CHARLES (shouts)
Let us go, Chanel! You have to!

CHANEL (shouts)
Then we burn together, baby!

Chanel closes her eyes, she visibly thinks. Mind going back. Remembering...

BACK TO:

WARREN--

WHISPERING in her ear as she lay in a seizure:

(CONTINUED)
WARREN
(in Chanel’s ear)
I know you can hear me, Chanel.
Hear my voice, hon. I love you. You were always strong. I want you to be strong now. And fight like a bitch to live...for me...

BACK TO:

CHANEL--

Her EYES OPEN. She now looks determined. A renewed strength.

CHANEL
(shouts)
No! My family is not going to burn!
Not on my watch!

Behind her, Charles looks at her, confused.

CHARLES
Chanel, what--

CHANEL
(shouts)
Not now Charles! I have to concentrate!

CHARLES
(shouts)
Say what? Concentrate on what?

CHANEL
(to herself)
Making a call for help...

CHANEL’S EYES--
drift close. She focuses.

Behind her; Mike is SLIPPING out of Charles’s hand.

MIKE
(shouts)
Pop?! Pop, I’m slipping!

CHARLES
(shouts)
Hold on, Michael! Chanel?!

But Chanel is totally focused. She hears nothing.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHANEL
(to herself)
I know you can hear me. You don’t owe me anything, but I really could use your help. Please...

Then...just as Chanel’s grip on the doorway is about to give...

A HAND--
grabs her wrist and pulls the whole Williams clan out of harms way.

They make it through one of the other doorways. Safe.

THE DOORWAY TO HELL CLOSES.

INT. CHANEL’S BEDROOM - REAL TIME

Warren has pulled Chanel’s body from under the bed. He does CPR on her.

DOWNSTAIRS--
Dee is still holding on for dear life.

Approaching SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

IN THE AFTERLIFE--

Chanel and Charles reunite with Mike, very tearful.

CHARLES
Good job, Mike.

MIKE
That was cool, pop!

They all LAUGH.

Chanel turns to the GLOWING BEING who saved them.

CHANEL
Thank you for that, sir.

GLOWING BEING
Not a problem. You did try and save me, young lady. I at least owe you for that much.

Charles and Mike approach. Mike smiles at the glowing being.

(CONTINUED)
MIKE
Hey, you’re the angel who tried to help me when I was lost. The one with the bad ticker!

GLOWING BEING
You got it, kid. But I’m no angel.

MIKE
Ma says you’re not a stranger either.

Chanel hugs Mike. She smiles at the being:

CHANEL
No. He’s not a stranger at all. He’s a good man.

Charles moves away from his family; he approaches the still mysterious being.

CHARLES
Wait a minute. I know you.

The Glowing Being smiles, revealing himself to be:

SENATOR GEORGE EDMOND--

now a spirit of light. He smiles at the Williams family.

CHARLES
Senator Edmond! God, thank you so much, sir. And I’m sorry about...you know, what happened...

GEORGE
What? Being dead? Well, don’t be Mr. Williams, ’Cause I sure as hell ain’t.

The sound of a HEAVENLY CHOIR is heard.

George looks up at a brilliant LIGHT overhead.

GEORGE
Well, time for me to get back to my wife. That woman’s been dead for fifteen years and she’s still ticked about me getting re-married.

The Williams family LAUGH.
GEORGE
You all take it easy. I’ll be seeing you, huh.

The senator is bathed in a white light. He VANISHES.
Another HEAVENLY LIGHT appears, it bathes the Williams clan.
ANGELIC BEINGS appear in the brightness; majestic and holy.
.Charles turns to Chanel, sad.

CHARLES
It’s time, honey.

The tears begin to flow.

MIKE
I love you, ma.

Chanel kneels in front of her son, kisses his face.

CHANEL
I love you, man. I’m so proud of you. You saved us, Mike.

Mike wipes away her tears.

CHANEL
You take good care of your daddy, OK?

MIKE
Yes, ma’am.

Smiling through her tears, she WHISPERS:

CHANEL
Gargoyle did kick The Red Spider’s...
  (eyes the angels)
  ...butt, huh?

It works, Mike LAUGHS.

Chanel rises, goes to Charles.

CHARLES
I love you forever, lady.

CHANEL
You better.

They hug, kiss.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHANEL
I love you too.

IN CHANEL’S BEDROOM--
Warren is in a frenzy, trying to save Chanel.

WARREN
Dammit, Chanel! You better come back to me!

But she is not responding.

IN THE AFTERLIFE--
Mike and Charles are BATHED in a brilliant LIGHT.

Time to go.

Mike waves. Chanel blows them a kiss.

VOICE (O.S.)
(like God’s)
CHANEL!

It is Warren’s voice.

Chanel looks up, shocked:

CHANEL
Warren?

She looks at Charles, he smiles at her:

CHARLES
Go...

He and Mike, and the Heavenly Host all vanish in a spectacular EXPLOSION of white.

Chanel turns and vanishes...

INT. CHANEL’S BEDROOM – REAL TIME
Warren has given up hope. He CRIES on Chanel’s chest.

OUTSIDE THE SUMMER HOME--
A MEDICAL UNIT and POLICE CARS arrive.

IN THE SITTING ROOM--
Dee is fading fast, barely BREATHING.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Police officers BREAK through the front door. They find Dee.

POLICEMAN
Need a medical unit in here!

IN CHANEL’S ROOM--
Warren is CRYING over Chanel. She is gone.
But...

IN CHANEL’S EYE--
A pinprick of LIGHT appears in the pupil.
Then...

Chanel’s fingers reach up and touch Warren’s head.
Warren looks up, stunned.
Chanel is conscious, but very weak. She smiles at Warren.
Both CRY tears of joy.

CHANEL
Warren?

Warren leans close to hear her.

WARREN
Yeah?

CHANEL
I want a Kit Kat...

Warren LAUGHS through his tears. He hugs Chanel.

FADE TO WHITE.

END.