

ORANGE IS THE NEW WHITE

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Inspired by a True Horror Story

FADE IN:

EXT. SOLITARY LANE - NIGHT

A full moon shines over an enormous white-painted HOUSE perched on a hill.

A SIGN creaks in the wind: *"The People's House Est. 1820"*

Clouds drift in. Lightning FLASHES. Thunder ROLLS.

Three GHOST HUNTERS, JOEY (20s, the serious one), CAL (20s, the tech geek) and TRISHA (early 30s, the paranormal expert) approach, their path lit only by a LANTERN and FLASHLIGHTS.

JOEY

Wow, was this the front yard?

What was once a lawn is covered by cracked concrete. Dead SHRUBS line the perimeter.

CAL

Love what they've done with the place.

The three shake their heads and continue up the front steps into...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

Cobwebs, old portraits, peeling wallpaper highlight the room.

Trisha looks around, glances down at her notes.

TRISHA

According to legend, the citizens kept this old mansion painted white to honor tradition and ward off evil.

Cal smirks.

CAL

Worked for two hundred years.

JOEY

It was more likely to preserve the original stonework.

Cal shrugs.

CAL
I like the "ward off evil" legend
better. Explains why we're here.

The trio continues into the...

FOYER

Lines of portraits of former residents adorn the walls, each splashed with hideous orange, faces distorted, eyes empty, mouths stretched in silent screams. And everywhere...MIRRORS. Hundreds of mirrors.

Joey begins setting up recording equipment. Cal prepares the camera, Trisha takes a last look at her notes.

The camera alights, directed toward Trisha.

CAL (CONT'D)
And we're rolling.

TRISHA
(directly to camera)
Good evening and welcome to this
podcast of "America's Haunted
Mansions".

The camera pans the foyer as Trisha continues.

TRISHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We've been asked to investigate an
eerie presence in this house,
described by the townsfolk as an
"eerie orange glow" along with evil
laughter that emanates from these
walls in the wee hours of the
morning.

The camera closes in on the walls.

TRISHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
One of the most concerning signs of
demon possession is the mysterious
appearance of the orange stained
walls, along with the cheap gold
filigree invading the ceilings,
which were previously kept an
immaculate white for generations.

Back to Trisha. She hesitates, shivers, wraps her sweater
closer around her.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Another mystery has come to be
known as the hall of mirrors. No
one knows where they came from nor
what they portend.

Trisha's hair moves as if suddenly blown by a wind.

A FIREPLACE behind her suddenly erupts into ORANGE FLAMES.

A disembodied VOICE booms.

DEMON (O.S.)
Who dares invade my house?

The flame morphs into a menacing ENTITY with glowing eyes
like lumps of coal and a puff of orange-hued hair.

The camera view wobbles as Cal's hand visibly trembles.

A beat as Trisha gathers her bravado, takes a deep breath.

TRISHA
Who are you? Are you a spirit?

DEMON
Spirit? No, I am no spirit, but if
I was, I would be the greatest
spirit. Like no one has ever seen
before.

TRISHA
You have no right to be here, how
did you get in?

DEMON
The only way possible of course. I
was invited.

TRISHA
Invited? You mean like a Vampire?

Maniacal laughter from the demon.

DEMON
Yes, very much like that.

Joey and Cal exchange uncertain looks. Trisha, wary, peers
around the room, spies a glass-walled TERRARIUM, walks toward
it.

Inside the case, hundreds of WORMS, writhing in fetid soil.

TRISHA
What the hell is this?

The demon's flaming orange hand caresses the glass.

DEMON
My pets.

TRISHA
Those aren't pets, they're worms!

DEMON
I prefer to surround myself with
invertebrates.

Trisha makes a disgusted face, continues...

TRISHA
I'd like to ask a few questions...

DEMON
I don't answer questions from third
rate reporters. And it's time for
you to leave my house.

TRISHA
Your house? This is not "your
house". It has belonged to the
citizens for more than two hundred
years.

DEMON (O.S.)
Ha! It is mine now, and I'm not
giving it back. Ever. Now leave! I
command it.

TRISHA
And if we don't?

DEMON (O.S.)
We can do this the easy way or the
hard way. Leave now, or trust me,
you will be sorry.

Another maniacal laugh. The orange glow from the fireplace ebbs. Where the Demon once stood only an orange SCORCH on the carpet remains. The three reporters are left alone once again.

JOEY
Did that just really happen?

TRISHA

Yes. It's definitely a demon. A strong force. Undeniably evil.

CAL

So what do you make of all these mirrors?

TRISHA

It feeds on vanity. Admiration. When others don't provide that, it admires itself. That is its power...and its curse.

She considers the mirrored hallway.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

I have a plan.

Joey and Cal glance at each other, then back to Trisha.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Rid the house of the mirrors, rid the house of the demon.

She looks about again, searching.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Come on. We have to make sure we know where they all are. All of them must be destroyed. Every. One.

The three make their way through the darkened, orange-stained rooms, more portraits, more mirrors. Trisha pushes a door which creaks open into a...

PARTIALLY DEMOLISHED WING.

JOEY

What the hell happened here?

TRISHA

A classic case of a demon tantrum. They feed on destruction.

The three consider the carnage. Trisha sighs, wipes a tear, pulls the creaking door shut.

The three continue on. Down rickety steps to the...

BASEMENT.

Joey shines his flashlight over piles of clutter and debris stopping on a large pile of empty PAINT CANS. Joey peels off a faded label: "*Eternal Enamel/Infernal Tangerine*".

CAL

So, this color isn't supernatural,
it's painted on. Everywhere.

JOEY

Like a DIY haunted house. And from
the color of that demon, looks like
he splashed a little on himself
just for good measure.

Trisha shines her flashlight around, examining the room.

TRISHA

Okay, no mirrors down here. It
looks like they're all upstairs.
Let's get back up there and get to
work.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

A large pile of mirrors are amassed on the floor.

CAL

Okay, now what?

TRISHA

We destroy them.

CAL

How?

TRISHA

We smash them so they no longer can
provide a reflection.

JOEY

Doesn't breaking a mirror bring
seven years of bad luck?

TRISHA

Eight. If you're lucky.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT - LATER

A pile of broken frames and shattered glass lay heaped on the floor. The orange glow has faded, the darkness only pierced by the lantern's light. Eerie quietness falls.

CAL
Do you think it's gone?

TRISHA
It has to be. With its reflection
destroyed it has no power.

Trisha aims her flashlight toward the portraits lining the wall. The orange stain fades and the faces return to their former noble visage.

JOEY
You're right. It's gone.

CAL
Ok, enough of this. Our job is
finished here. Let's get out of
this creepy place.

He pans once more with the camera. Shuts it off, places it back in its case.

The three head back into the...

ENTRYWAY

Joey and Cal cross the threshold to the outside. Trisha stops, hesitates, turns back. Joey spies her.

JOEY
Trisha! No! Don't ever look back!

Too late.

A hidden DOOR creaks opens. A solitary mirror gleams orange. The demon's reflection leers out in a flaming glow.

DEMON
Miss me yet?

A flaming hand reaches out, grabs Trisha in its fiery orange grasp and bodily pulls her into the shadowy depths.

DEMON (CONT'D)
Let's go visit my pets. They're
hungry.

Trisha's face contorts akin to the former distorted portraits, eyes hollow, mouth twisted into a primal scream.

A maniacal laugh echoes as we...

SLAM TO BLACK.