

SMITH'S FARM

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EXT. SUBURBAN RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A lone TRICK OR TREATER (13, mask, carrying a pillowcase full of candy) walks down the empty street.

A PICK UP TRUCK drives towards him. He doesn't pay it any mind. He's fixated on all his candy. Tonight was a very good haul.

SPLAT

An egg hits him in the face. It surprises the hell out of him.

He wipes the yolk out of eye as the Pick Up truck speeds away. Laughter can be heard coming from its occupants.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

MARK, JOHN, and JAY (college age, white) are laughing their asses off. John is driving.

JAY
Pull over here.

John pulls over. Jay jumps out of the car. Mark and John follow.

EXT. SMALL CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

The cemetery has about twenty old tombstones and its surrounded by a small chain linked fence with a locked gate. It's in the middle of the neighborhood and has been there much longer than the cookie-cutter houses.

Jay climbs over the fence. Mark and John follow.

JAY
How many more are left after this?

MARK
(checking a scavenger hunt list)
Just the stop sign and license plate.

John packs a bowl with weed.

JOHN
Which one should we take?

Jay surveys the tombstones. All have the family name Smith and are from the 1600s through early 1900s.

John lights the weed and takes a hit. He passes it to Mark.

Jay finds his target.

JAY

That one.

The group walks to the grave of Jonas Smith 1626-1687. Mark takes a hit.

MARK

You think he was a colonist?

JAY

We're all colonists according to the fucking libtards.

Mark hands Jay the weed and he takes a hit.

JOHN

This guy has been here for over three hundred years.

JAY

It's the oldest one here so it should be the easiest to remove.

Everyone stays still.

JAY (CONT'D)

Are you guys just going to stand there?

MARK

I don't feel right about this, Jay. Fucking with a cemetery is what you go to hell for.

JAY

Fucking pussy.

He turns to John.

JAY (CONT'D)

We can probably lift it out of the ground.

JOHN

I don't think this such a good idea either.

Jay sneaks another hit of the weed. He passes the bowl to John.

JOHN (CONT'D)
The tombstone has been here for
over 300 years. Who are we to--

JAY
Fine. I'll do it myself.

He grabs the stone and tries to wiggle and pull it. It doesn't budge.

JAY (CONT'D)
I don't understand how you two can
steal someone's candy but you can't
take a tombstone from someone that
is long dead.

Mark and John watch him. He's not making any progress.

JOHN
I don't think this is meant to be.

Jay stands up.

JAY
We are going to do this.

He kicks the tombstone as hard as he can.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Jay is all alone. The area for the cemetery is still cleared with grass but Jonas Smith's tombstone is all alone. The chainlink fence and neighborhood houses are all gone and have been replaced with a forest.

Jay's foot connects with the tombstone and he falls down. His foot is hurting.

JAY
What the fuck?

He looks up and realizes the change.

JAY (CONT'D)
Guys?

It's silence. No room tone or sounds of nature. No sound except for Jay.

JAY (CONT'D)

Guys!

There's no answer.

JAY (CONT'D)

What the fuck was in that weed?

He gets up and takes in the surroundings. It's spooky as hell. And it's quiet.

JAY (CONT'D)

Hello!

There isn't an echo.

JAY (CONT'D)

Anyone?!

Jay surveys the area. Woods in all directions that are pitch black.

A LOW HUM comes from one end of the woods. It's sound gradually builds up.

And the LOUDER it gets, the scary it is. Like a swarm of insects ready to relentlessly devour anything in its path.

It's coming closer...

Jay runs in the other direction.

INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Jay runs for his life and he twists and turns to avoid branches.

He crashes into a thorn bush.

JAY

Fuck!

He pulls himself together. The SOUND is getting LOUDER.

He runs.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Jay emerges from the woods into a barren field. It looks like it has been abandoned.

There's an old, delapidated farm house in the distance flanked by out buildings that are in even worse condition. But the lights are on inside and it looks like someone is home.

Jay runs to it.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The door is wide open. Jay slows to a walk as he approaches it.

JAY

Hello?

Again he is met with silence. He enters.

INT. FARM HOUSE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

There isn't any one inside but the condition looks almost new. There are colonial era tools and candles are lit, but the lighting inside is ambient and unnatural.

Jay looks through a passage and sees a dining room table. It's set with rotten food.

He goes in for a closer look. It's putrid. He gags.

He turns to leave and trips on a chair that was not there before. He falls to the ground

INT. FARM HOUSE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He stands back up and the decor is different but the table is the same. A PALE WOMAN lies on the table. She's dressed in a 19th century dress.

She looks like she is asleep or dead.

Jay touches her and instantly pulls his hand back. His fingers burn.

The Pale Woman's eyes flutter open. They're white without pupils.

She sits up. Jay runs in fear.

INT. FARM HOUSE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The decoration is different and looks faded and worn.

Jay tries to open the front door but it won't budge.

The Pale Woman's FOOT STEPS are getting CLOSER.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jay runs in. This room looks like its from the 19th century. It has wall paper that is peeling off.

An OVERWEIGHT MAN (50s) is beating a TINY WOMAN (40s) with a belt.

OVERWEIGHT MAN
You fucking goddamn whore.

The Tiny Woman cowers in fear. Suddenly her focus shifts to Jay.

The Overweight Man turns and sees him too.

OVERWEIGHT MAN (CONT'D)
You're trespassing, boy.

The Tiny Woman stands up, no longer afraid of the Overweight Man. They walk towards Jay.

OVERWEIGHT MAN (CONT'D)
I don't like trespassers.

He raises his belt.

Jay runs up the staircase.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The walls look new again. The hallway is narrow with four doors that are open and a window at the end.

Jay runs but slows down. It's dead silent again.

He slowly walks towards the window.

He looks into the first open door.

A NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN with a slashed throat stares back at him with sad eyes.

She tries to whisper to him but he can't hear her.

She moves closes and raises her arms.

Jay stumbles away. The Native American Woman doesn't leave the room. She is trapped there.

A BABY CRIES.

He looks into the room and sees an infant's rotted corpse in a crib. It's not making any movement but he can hear the cries.

He keeps moving down the hallway.

HOOKER (O.S.)

Hey!

Jay turns and looks at a HOOKER (30s, corset, old style fashion)

HOOKER (CONT'D)

I'll suck your dick.

Jay backs away from her. He almost stumbles into the next room.

OVERWEIGHT MAN

I said no trespassing

The Overweight Man stumbles out of the forth room.

Jay runs to the window and climbs out.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Jay climbs down.

The Overweight Man sticks his head out the window.

OVERWEIGHT MAN

Get the fuck out of here!

Jay drops to the ground.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's silent again.

The windows in the house are dark. The house looks worse than before.

The NOISE from the woods starts to HUM again.

Jay gets to his feet and runs away from it.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Jay runs towards the woods as the sound gets louder.

INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Jay runs through the woods. The sound gets louder and starts to surround him.

INT. CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Jay runs into the cemetery. The sound is every where.

He stands in front of Jonas Smith's grave. He looks in all directions, waiting for something horrible to come out of the dark.

Something grabs his leg.

He looks down and sees a hand popping out of the ground.

JAY SCREAMS as the hand pulls him into the Earth.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

We're back in the present day but there isn't anyone around.

The camera tracks from Jonas Smith's old grave and we see the names and dates of the other characters we met in the farm house.

The Camera stops on a lonely forgotten grave surrounded by overgrown grass.

All it says is: Jason.

FADE TO BLACK.