

THE HOUSE ON JERICHO STREET

Written by

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EXT. OLD HOUSE - MORNING

DEBBIE, 16, stands at the entrance of a wrought-iron gate, staring up at the house. She remains rooted to the spot. Paralyzed.

She turns --

TROY, 15, waits with his brother, DAVID, 13, on the sidewalk. A safe distance from the house. He motions for her to go inside.

Debbie rolls her eyes, looks back at the house. Sighs. She opens the gate, steps through onto the lawn. Closes it behind her.

Cautiously, Debbie moves closer to the house. She reaches the front door, breathing heavily.

At the door, Debbie knocks -- it swings open, revealing a dark interior.

Debbie looks back at Troy and David. Both wave her forward.

Debbie turns back to the door. Enters --

INT. OLD HOUSE - MORNING

Thick layers of dust cover everything -- floor, stairs, walls.

Debbie shuts the door behind her. Proceeds forward slowly, her footsteps CREAKING the moldy floorboards.

THE FRONT DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

Debbie turns, scans the hall. Runs to the door, grabs the handle. Pulls --

It won't budge. She's TRAPPED.

Debbie grips the knob tightly, pulls harder. She hears a noise behind her -- SOMETHING SCOOTING ACROSS THE FLOOR.

Debbie stops, turns.

Nothing in sight. She breaths a sigh of relief.

THEN THE NOISE HAPPENS AGAIN. Louder this time.

Debbie tries the knob one last time. Gives up. Climbs the stairs.

INT. OLD HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Debbie SPRINTS toward the room at the end of the hall.

INT. OLD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The door FLINGS open against the wall. Debbie enters. Slams the door shut behind her. Hides in the small space between the bed and the wall.

Debbie raises her head cautiously. Listens --

SILENCE.

Then the NOISE again.

Debbie reacts with a small scream, then covers her mouth, heart leaping out of her chest.

The NOISE echoes loudly -- CLOSER... CLOSER... CLOSER...

Then it stops.

Another brief SILENCE.

Then a soft THUD, THUD, THUD -- SOMEONE IS COMING UP THE STAIRS.

Debbie gets to her feet, goes for the window. Tries to open it -- IT'S STUCK.

Debbie grabs a BOOK off the night stand. THROWS it at the window -- dead center. The book REBOUNDS as if the glass was made of rubber.

The soft thud of FOOTSTEPS moves CLOSER.

Debbie runs back to her hiding spot. Crawls under the bed, eyes locked on the door.

A small SHADOW appears under the door -- SOMEONE IS STANDING THERE.

Debbie raises a trembling hand toward her tear-streaked face.

The door OPENS. No one is there.

Debbie looks confused. Lowers her hand.

The door SLAMS SHUT, sending a wave of air that blows Debbie's hair back.

Before she has time to think, the door SWINGS OPEN again, BANGING into the wall. It SWINGS SHUT suddenly. Then opens again. SHUTS.

Debbie gulps audibly. Stares at the door.

The door SMASHES BACK AGAINST THE WALL. A PIERCING SHRIEKING echoes from somewhere down the hall.

Debbie cups her ears. SCREAMS.

The window SHATTERS, spraying the floor with SHARDS OF GLASS.

Debbie scurries out from under the bed. Stands. Hesitantly, she inches toward the window. Looks out --

EXT. OLD HOUSE - MORNING

Troy and David hang from a large oak tree in the back yard, a long rope around their necks. DEAD. BLOOD pours from their noses and mouths.

INT. OLD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Debbie SCREAMS. Steps back from the window. TERRIFIED.

Debbie turns, heads for the door --

INT. OLD HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Debbie RUNS LIKE HELL for the stairs. She takes them two-at-a-time.

INT. OLD HOUSE - MORNING

Debbie reaches the front door, tries to wrench it open.

IT WON'T BUDGE.

Debbie panics, pulling on the door with every ounce of strength she has.

Still nothing.

Debbie suddenly stops, getting the feeling she's being watched.

Terrified, Debbie turns.

Her face drops. She freezes -- too mortified to move.

TROY AND DAVID'S GHOSTS STAND IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM, STARING AT HER.

They are transparent, other-worldly pale, and hypnotic.

As they move closer, Debbie remains still, trembling.

Troy and David move closer... CLOSER...

CLOSER...

Until all light drains from the room, plunging us into DARKNESS.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Police tape has been set up. Squad cars and an ambulance sit in the driveway.

Moving unnaturally, almost dream-like, a pair of EMTS emerge from the house, wheeling Debbie's body -- hidden in a black bodybag -- out on a stretcher and load it into the ambulance.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Below the oak tree. Troy and David's bodies have been removed.

Troy and David's ghosts stare up at the branch their bodies were attached to. Somber.

Debbie's ghost joins them, watching the ambulance drive away with her body. Knowing her spirit is TRAPPED.

Debbie's ghost turns, looks behind them --

DOZENS OF CHILDREN'S GHOSTS, SOME WEARING CLOTHING FROM AS FAR BACK AS THE 30S, STAND IN THE FIELD.

Their haunted faces stare back at Debbie, who finally turns away, unable to take it anymore.

Debbie's eyes follow the ambulance.

As it DISAPPEARS from view --

FADE TO BLACK.