

Taibhse

FADE IN:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

ON a gas can which is sitting on the rotten, old porch of a run-down Victorian house.

Just then, another gas can flies towards the first, knocking it over. They rest in place as a hand picks one of them up.

DARREN (O.S.)
Two points!

BRANDON (O.S.)
Yeah and two-hundred decibels. You
wanna be a little bit louder?

We follow the hand up to the skater-dressed BRANDON (18), who turns and looks off the deck.

He stares down at DARREN (18), dressed in similar clothes to Brandon, who slams his skateboard into his right hand as he walks up the creaky stairs.

DARREN
Who cares? This whole fucking
neighborhood's abandoned.

Following behind Darren is CHRIS (18), in a black hoodie and jeans. He's listening to music on a CD player.

Brandon takes the gas can and busts out the small rectangular window on the front door and unlocks it.

DARREN
And you talk about me being too
loud?

BRANDON
This whole neighborhood's
abandoned, remember?

Brandon steps inside, followed closely by the others. Chris grabs the second can on his way in.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRANDON
(Calls out)
Hello? Sorry, we just had a strong
urge to break in. Don't mind us.

Brandon chuckles but looks around and realizes no one else found it funny.

DARREN
Yeah, can we hurry this up?

BRANDON
Hurry it up? This is supposed to be fun.

Brandon jokingly jabs Chris with his elbow. Chris re-adjusts his sweatshirt and walks away.

BRANDON
Or... not.

DARREN
Hey, I can't see too well in here. You mind turning on the lights or something?

BRANDON
Seriously?

Chris takes a mini flashlight from his hoodie pocket and tosses it on the floor near Darren.

DARREN
Thanks.

Chris walks over and hands one to Brandon.

BRANDON
Thanks, Chris.

Darren and Brandon both turn their flashlights on.

Brandon walks around, shining his light on anything that could be interesting. Very little is.

Chris grabs a third flashlight from his hoodie and shines in on a dusty bookcase at all the old books.

Brandon walks over and finds it interesting.

BRANDON
What kinda books we got in here?

CHRIS
Classics.

BRANDON
Hey, he speaks! I was thinking
maybe somebody cut your vocal cords
out on the way here or something.
Glad they didn't, man.

Brandon opens the case and blows off dust on the books as he
checks their titles.

BRANDON
"The Iliad".

DARREN (O.C.)
Man, screw that book. It went on
for-fucking-ever.

Brandon looks back at Darren.

BRANDON
When did you ever read a book?
(To the books)
"The Count of Monte Cristo", "The
Prince" by Macchiavelli. One of the
coolest names ever.

CHRIS
Do you even know what that book is
about? "The Prince"?

BRANDON
Uh... he's a prince?

CHRIS
Not even close, Brandon. Don't even
bother guessing.

BRANDON
Whatever. Hey, did you know that
Uma Thurman used Macchiavelli as
her alias in Kill Bill?

DARREN
Do we care?

BRANDON
(Mocks Darren)
"Do we care?" I care. Dick.
(Continues to check books)
I can't even read this one. The
thing's in French or something.

CHRIS
Let me take a look at that.

BRANDON

Why? Are you part-frog all of a sudden?

This catches a glare from Chris.

CHRIS

Well, if you wanna take it that way, my dad's full-mick and I picked up on a little, myself.

BRANDON

Cool. What's that thing say?

CHRIS

I said a little.

Chris looks at the cover of the book and tries to de-cipher the title.

CHRIS

It's difficult. I see "deceased" and "talk". I think it's talk.

This catches Darren's attention as he walks over to the two who are hovering around the book.

DARREN

"How to Talk to the Dead"?

CHRIS

I don't know. It could be. Like I said, I only picked up bits and pieces here and there.

DARREN

It's probably some spell book.

BRANDON

So what? They're all bullshit.

DARREN

Oh, yeah? One time, a friend of mine said he talked to his dead girlfriend using a Ouija board.

Brandon rolls his eyes as he looks over at Darren.

BRANDON

A Ouija board? You're joking, right?

DARREN

I'm telling you, those things are real. They really work.

CHRIS

For Christ sakes, it's "wee-jah", not "wee-jee". Say it right, at least.

DARREN

Fine. Ouija boards really work. How do you know this book won't?

BRANDON

Because I found it mixed in with a bunch of other books in an old bookshelf in a shitty, long-since forgotten old house. That's how.

Darren opens the book and flips it to a random page, the start of a new chapter.

DARREN

Try reading this one.

BRANDON

Do you know any of it? "Taibhse?"

CHRIS

(Exhales deeply)

It means "ghost", in Irish.

DARREN

Fuckin' A. Let's talk to some ghosts. Contact Elvis.

BRANDON

To hell with Elvis. Jim Morrison was the shit.

CHRIS

Not a chance. I'm not resurrecting a ghost. The dead should be allowed to rest in peace.

DARREN

Hey, five minutes of their time won't kill them.

(Chuckles)

Won't kill them. You know, because they're already...

Brandon glares at Darren.

BRANDON

Shut up.
(To Chris)
Please?

Chris looks at the other two, defeated.

CHRIS

Fine.
(From book; in Irish)
"I ask that any spirits who have
not moved on to the afterlife to
show yourself."

The lights on each of their flashlights flicker. Darren seems to be the only one who didn't notice.

BRANDON

Guys, we shouldn't be doing this.

DARREN

Aha. Then, you do believe this
stuff? I knew it.

CHRIS

Maybe he's just not cool with
screwing around with the dead.

DARREN

Or, he's a pussy and he does
believe in it. Come on, keep
reading.

CHRIS

(Sighs; continue in Irish)
"We ask only for a minute of your
infinite existence to communicate
with you."

DARREN

Bits and pieces, my ass. You burned
through that thing.
(Chuckles)
And, I have no fucking clue what
you were talking about.

CHRIS

Now, we wait.

They all sit calm for the moment. Darren and Brandon look around to see if anything seems different.

Just then, all three of their flashlights shut off. They looks around at each other, trying to turn them back on.

BRANDON

Darren, you son of a bitch! I told you we shouldn't have done this.

DARREN

Hey, I didn't hear you say not to.

BRANDON

Yeah? Well, you were all, like, "Do it. Come on, do it. Do it."

CHRIS

Will both of you shut the fuck up and listen?!

BRANDON

For what?

The sound of quick, pained breathing.

Brandon reaches down on the floor and feels something wet. He rubs it around his fingers and brings it to his nose.

BRANDON

What the fuck is that? Darren?!

CHRIS

I think we'd better get outta here.

Brandon feels his way around on the floor, trying to find Darren.

BRANDON

Darren, where are you?

Chris stands up and begins throwing several of the books in the bookcase onto the ground.

BRANDON

Wait, what are you doing?

CHRIS

Well, I don't know about you, but I can't see a Goddamn thing.

Chris throws a stack of books into the fireplace on the far side of the room. He opens a gas can and pours it on them.

Brandon walks along the wall until he gets to the fireplace.

Chris pulls out a lighter and lights one of the books on fire. The room lights and something catches Chris' eye.

He points his hand out past Brandon.

BRANDON
Brandon... look.

Brandon looks back at the stairway to the top floor.

Darren's body is hanging from the handrail. His vocal cords have been ripped from his throat and used to tie his hands.

BRANDON
What. The. Fuck. D-Darren?

CHRIS
We shouldn't have done this. We shouldn't have fucking done this!

Brandon turns and runs to the front door but it won't open.

He begins kicking the door to no avail.

CHRIS
You're not gonna get that door open. This is a one-hundred year old house, not some shitty cottage that was put up in an afternoon.

BRANDON
My--our friend is DEAD! You got that? He's dead.

CHRIS
Don't you get it? We're not alone in here.

This strikes a chord with Brandon. He hadn't thought about that. He looks around, paranoid.

CHRIS
We gotta get out of here.

BRANDON
The fucking door's locked. And, there's boards on the windows.

CHRIS
You wanna look around down here and I'll check upstairs?

BRANDON

Not a chance. What if they're down here?

CHRIS

You wanna look upstairs, then?

BRANDON

No! We stay here, stay together and we try and make it 'til morning.

Brandon walks closer to Chris whilst still looking around.

CHRIS

Brandon, Darren was killed right NEXT TO US! You think it matters if we stay together or not?!

BRANDON

So, we die together or alone?

CHRIS

Doing something is better than nothing.

Chris steps on the book and the weight of his foot flips a couple pages. He puts his hands on Brandon's shoulders.

CHRIS

Upstairs or downstairs?

Brandon looks back at Darren's bloody corpse, disgusted.

BRANDON

Up.

CHRIS

All right, man. If you see or hear anything, yell. I'll come find you.

They both shake hands and split up. Brandon heads upstairs while Chris goes into the kitchen.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chris looks around. The windows in there are boarded up, too. He bangs on one of them but gets nowhere.

CHRIS

(Whispers to himself)
House. No doors, no windows. How the fuck do you get out?

STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Brandon stands frozen on the third stair, his eyes dead-set on Darren's body.

He musters up the strength to take one step. Then, another. Soon, he's at the top.

2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Brandon stops and looks ahead at a closed door. He closes his eyes and kicks the door in.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chris searches through the cupboards as a scream comes from the other room. He runs out to the--

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--as Brandon falls backwards down the stairs. He stops motionless as Chris grabs a hold of him on the ground.

Chris sees that Brandon's throat has also been ripped out.

He looks to the top of the stairs then slowly begins to back away towards the fireplace.

The light from the fireplace illuminates Chris as well as another person's SHADOW on the wall. But no one's there.

Shadow grows larger as it comes closer to the fireplace. Chris has backed up to the wall in a fetal position.

CHRIS

Please don't hurt me.

SHADOW

I have to.

CHRIS

Why?

SHADOW

Because tonight, you're going to be responsible for the death of every person on this planet.

CHRIS

What--No.

SHADOW

Trust me, you're the last person in the world I'd want to hurt.

CHRIS

(Curious)

Why?

SHADOW

Because you... are me. Six years ago, I made the mistake of breaking into a house to burn it down. But I read the wrong spell and instead awoke the dead.

CHRIS

No, that's a fucking lie.

SHADOW

Doesn't matter what you believe. I'm here to stop it.

Chris glances down and can read the book from where he is. He squints his eyes to get the best view he can.

CHRIS

(Mouth the words in Irish, quick as he can)

"I now resurrect the deceased in hopes of communicating with them for the rest of eternity."

Chris takes the book and throws it into the fireplace. Just then, Shadow moves quickly towards Chris.

CHRIS

Take that, you son of a bitch!

The book hits the fire and begins to burn, as does Shadow. Shadow screams out in pain.

SHADOW

You have no idea what you've just done!

Shadow burns until he fully disappears. Chris sits back and takes a sigh of relief.

He puts his head in his hands and begins to cry. As he does, he hears movement.

Chris looks up and sees Brandon making his way to his feet.

CHRIS

No. That's... that's not possible.

Brandon stands all the way up and shuffles towards Chris.

Behind Brandon, Darren's eyes snap open.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.