

The Mirrored Staircase

by

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**0A FADE IN: 0A**

**1 EXT. RURAL LANDSCAPE - DAWN (1950) 1**

The dawn sky looks as though it's just been set ablaze, revealing the rural landscape below sprinkled with cotton plants and Cherokee roses.

With lunch pail in one hand and bag of groceries in other JOSEPH, early 20s, enjoys the visual symphony as he walks down an old dirt road leading to an isolated two-storey house.

**2 EXT. HOUSE - MINUTES LATER 2**

Joseph approaches the house, an old black blind woman on the porch rocking in her rocking chair.

AUNT MAMA

Mornin', Joseph. I see ya home early this mornin'.

JOSEPH

Yes, Ma'am. Work load turned out to be light last night. Thought I'd come home and surprise the soon-to-be Mrs. with breakfast in bed.

AUNT MAMA

A fine youngin' man you are thea, Joseph. Not many a man woulda stepped up to tha' kinda responsibilita. Be a darlin' and save some of tha bacon grease for ma, will y'uh?

JOSEPH  
Will do, Aunt Mama.

Joseph enters the house, walks through the living room, past a staircase and into the kitchen. From the grocery bag he takes out bacon, eggs, fruit, biscuit mix, engagement ring on his finger catching his eye and spreading a smile across his face as he strokes it.

With the bliss of young love he quietly heads upstairs and down the hall to the last bedroom, the door open.

Turning into the doorway he is immediately struck by a shocking sight.

Sitting up in bed with her back to Joseph MARGARET moves her body in a rhythm as if riding a wave of ecstasy.

Below her, a man driving that wave.

So engaged in their adulterous lovemaking they fail to notice Joseph.

Devastation slowly drives him back into the hallway, the nearby wall keeping him from falling to the floor in despair.

Through his tears, through Margaret's MOANING a third emotion began to engulf Joseph. Anger!

INSERT SHOT

The medicine cabinet in the bathroom flies open, Joseph's hand darting in long enough to snatch up a straight razor.

BACK TO SCENE

Still in her betraying bliss Margaret doesn't realize Joseph is in the room until his hand comes down atop her bare shoulder. Before she can collect herself from the shock of his presence Joseph shoots forward with a backhand to her face.

Sending Margaret's nude body flying off her adulterous lover and onto the floor.

Not giving the stranger a second to react Joseph brings the straight razor up and comes down with a diagonal slash, slicing off the very thing used to commit such betrayal.

The severed body part gives off a wet PLOP as it lands on the floor in front of Margaret.

The two cheaters SCREAM, one in horrific shock, the other in excruciating pain.

Joseph walks around to the other side of the bed, picks Margaret up by the hair and proceeds to drag her out of the room.

Like a SQUEALING pig who somehow knows it's headed to the slaughterhouse Margaret kicks and SCREAMS as Joseph leads her down the hall towards bathroom.

Passing another bedroom the door flings open. ELISE, late teens, unable to make sense of the situation as she PLEADS with Joseph to let Margaret go.

Tripping over her own nightgown her attempts to save her sister are of no avail, the darkness that is now Joseph violently dragging Margaret into the bathroom by the hair.

JOSEPH

(forcing her to look in  
the mirror)

You fucking whore! We made a promise  
we'd wait until our wedding night!  
If you couldn't wait you shoulda'  
just told me! We could have sealed  
the bond anytime. Our chastity was  
for each other!

Joseph SLAMS her head into the bathroom mirror causing her forehead to gash open. He lets her fall to the floor and leaves, Elise rushing over to her sister.

**3 EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

**3**

Aunt Mama still rocking in her chair.

Bloodstained and with straight razor in hand Joseph walks out onto the porch.

AUNT MAMA

I know y'uh hurtin', Joseph. That  
whore don't treasure the pureness of  
chastita' like y'uh do. But it ain't  
o'va. Thea's still a way, Joseph.

He looks over to her.

AUNT MAMA

The youngin. Thea sista. She's still  
a inneacent. Thea a way fa y'uh to  
have ha foreva. What ah y'uh willin'  
ta da, Joseph? What are ya willin'  
ta da ta have a princess of pureness  
foreva?

Joseph walks over to her.

JOSEPH

Anything.

AUNT MAMA

Thea infinite numba a realms  
surroundin' us. Just cause we cain't  
see 'em don't mean they ain't thea.  
If y'uh take ha into one of thea  
realms y'uh have ha all ta ya self  
foreva.

A glimmer of hope passes over Joseph, followed by a level of  
determination few men ever reach.

JOSEPH

What do I do?

Aunt Mama reaches out and cuts her own finger on Joseph's  
straight razor.

She takes her blood-dripping finger and starts to repeatedly  
draw he infinity sign with it on the arm of her rocking  
chair.

AUNT MAMA

Thea two mirras in y'uh bathroom. On  
one of 'em draw theas with thea  
inneacent's blood. On the otha, cova  
it with thea guilty's blood.

**4 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

**4**

Joseph rushes upstairs.

**5 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**5**

Both on the floor Elise holds a towel to her sister's  
bleeding forehead.

With no warning Joseph charges in and yanks up Margaret by  
the hair.

The two young women SCREAM. Elise grabs for her sister but  
Margaret's fate is sealed.

In one fluid movement Joseph tilts her head up towards the  
ceiling and slices open her throat, blood spewing out onto  
the bathroom mirror.

**6 EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS****6**

Still rocking in her chair Aunt Mama continues to repeatedly trace the infinity sign with her blood-dripping finger.

The cataracts in her eyes begin to move about like shifting clouds.

**7 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS****7**

The bathroom mirror now covered in Margaret's blood Joseph lets her limp body fall over onto the bathroom countertop.

He grabs the hysterical Elise by the hand and pulls her to the mirrored medicine cabinet.

Joseph raises her hand to the mirror and slices her palm open, placing the bleeding flesh flat against the mirrored

cabinet and draws the infinity sign with it over and over again.

**8 EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS****8**

Aunt Mama's rocking becomes faster, as does the blood-soaked tracing of the infinity sign.

Her cataracts are hardly visible.

**9 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS****9**

The two covered mirrors turn into two gateways. Joseph jumps up on the bathroom counter and begins to pull Elise up with him. Beyond hysteria, all she can do is fight to get away.

Joseph's body is now halfway into the realm, Elise making one last attempt to get away by grabbing for the medicine cabinet, causing its mirrored door to open and face the bathroom mirror.

His blood covered hands losing their grip on Elise's silk nightgown Joseph falls back and is sucked into the realm alone.

Desperately holding on to the two sides of the medicine cabinet Elise starts to get sucked into that mirrored realm.

Both mirrors begin to absorb the blood which covers them, in the process replenishing any and all damage done, leaving them like new again.

The bathroom mirror and cabinet mirror and still face to face, mirror to mirror. As the last of the blood absorbs into the bathroom mirror the reflection of the cabinet mirror becomes clear, the two reflections creating the image of a mirror staircase.

Standing on one of the steps Joseph looks out with iridescent eyes at the other mirrored staircase.

There at his side also with iridescent eyes stands Elise.

He looks to his side. She's not there.

Realizing he is in one mirrored realm and she alone in the other Joseph begins to break down.

JOSEPH

NO!

He shatters one mirrored wall after another, but with each he destroys the previous one becomes like new again.

**10 EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

**10**

The blood-dripping finger of Aunt Mama slowly comes to a stop.

Her eyes are clear. Iridescent.

She smiles.

Falling away we leave Aunt Mama and her slow rocking...

The porch she sits upon...

The house she calls home...

The endless fields of cotton plants and Cherokee roses as OPENING CREDITS display.

ISHA (V.O.)

Cherokee rose keep the bumblebee  
buzzin', how many times this rocker  
be rockin'? House be creakin', porch  
be leanin', all serve Aunt Mama as  
she be leadin'. Number four, slave  
for a slave, baby child, mama child,  
all for another honey child. Racin'  
dog rollin' down the highway,  
roundin' the bend just a quarter  
mile away. Use them Hershey kisses  
to hook you a catch, always some  
stray for the next fillet. Sweeter

than the bumblebee, hotter than the  
 bait, Take 'em on up to the  
 reflective gate. Where he be waitin'  
 over the forever maiden, bloodbath  
 for the lamb not of the lamb will  
 leave you shakin'. Ah, sweet  
 bumblebee, to fly away from such  
 horrid ancestry. But watch yourself  
 with those Cherokees, they just  
 might lure you to your enemy. Clear  
 and iridescent you be snagged before  
 you know it, like Aunt Mama's  
 deceitful webs, too late by the time  
 she show it. Destined to keep given  
 up my suga' for eagle eye cherry?  
 (MORE)

ISHA (V.O.)

Or will there someday be an end to  
 the innocent's blood berry? Don't  
 know, so just keep on hummin', song  
 of the lost souls keep on drummin'.  
 My S.O.S into cyberspace, origins of  
 the mirrored staircase.

**11 EXT. FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON (PRESENT DAY)**

**11**

Amongst college students going to and from LUCAS, late teens,  
 simple average type guy is the only one not walking with his  
 face looking down at a screen but rather a book.

Out of nowhere JAKE, late teens All-American frat boy pops up  
 with cellphone in hand.

JAKE

(Holds up his cell)

Dude, did you hear? Honey Child just  
 posted!

LUCAS

Who?

JAKE

You know, Aunt Mama? The Mirrored  
 Staircase?

LUCAS

Oh, the urban legend.

JAKE

Dude, it's not fake. My boy Rodney  
 was at a party the other night, and  
 when they were trying to conjure up

Joseph and Elise he actually saw something on one of the glass stairs. It was only for a sec but-

LUCAS

Like the ones who claim they don't move a Ouija board pointer, right? It's just a story Jake, you're wasting your time.

With Lucas leading the two head into the school's library.

**12 INT. FSU LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

**12**

JAKE

Everyone on the internet can't be wrong.

Lucas looks at him as if to say, 'Even you can't be that dumb.'

They walk down a long empty aisle of books until Lucas finds the shelf and book he's looking for. Jake snatches a random one.

JAKE

Biology, huh? These have any naked chicks in 'em?

He finds something he likes.

JAKE

Look, they even show-

Lucas nudges Jake as he notices a student librarian coming their way with her book cart.

Jake does nothing to hide the graphic illustrations in the open text as the girl closes in on him. She adjusts her oversized glasses as she steps up to place a book on the shelf near his head.

STUDENT LIBRARIAN

Excuse me.

Clearly able to see what he has in his hand as she steps back she gives Jake a shy smile, Lucas unable to do anything but watch.

Off she goes, Jake starting to take selfies with the illustrated images of the female anatomy.

JAKE



Honey Child just posted a riddle earlier today but nobody can figure it out. My Sociology professor's letting me do my final project on it and I just need a little help. If anyone can decipher it I know it's you.

LUCAS

So trying to stick me with your work load again?

JAKE

Blood is thicker than water, cuz, I wouldn't do you like that. It's a win win. I'm gonna hook you up. New transfer student from NYU.

Lucas isn't biting.

JAKE

I mean it this time, man. We find out where Honey Child is, pack up Rodney's van with some sorority sisters and finally get you laid. You crack the code to the mirrored staircase and you'll be a superstar in their eyes.

Lucas sees promise in his cousin's latest scheme. He looks down the aisle and spots the student librarian, who gives him a disapproving look as if he had been the one looking over nasty little illustrations.

LUCAS

(to Jake)

Email me the riddle.

He turns to leave.

JAKE

Yes!

MONTAGE - LUCAS DISSECTS THE RIDDLE

-- Lucas reads the riddle on his computer.

-- He searches Google maps.

-- He researches state flowers, insects, etc.

-- More maps.

-- Looks over routes of Greyhound buses.

-- Again with the digital maps. Spots a bend in the road, follows it down a dirt path surrounded by cotton plants and Cherokee roses to an old two-storey house.

END MONTAGE

Lucas pushes in on the house.

There's an empty rocking chair sitting on a somewhat slanting porch.

Hanging above it an OLD rusted sign. Lucas pushes in.

INSERT - The sign.

ROOMS FOR RENT

BACK TO SCENE

LUCAS  
(to himself)  
So that's your game? Create an urban  
legend to fill up your rooms?

He receives a call on his cellphone. Answers it without looking to see who it is.

LUCAS  
Hello?

JAKE (O.S.)  
Did you get it? Did you crack it?

LUCAS  
We're heading to Georgia.

JAKE (O.S.)  
That's what I'm talkin' about!

**13 EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - MORNING**

**13**

Lucas and Jake hang out by the van while RODNEY loads the back with booze and food, three couples, VERONICA and BETH, a lone blonde, walking out the fraternity house.

JAKE (O.S.)  
She just transferred about a month ago. Not sure if anyone has road tested her yet, but she seems cool. Just remember, no nerd talk. These kinds of chicks are into their clothes, makeup, that kind of shit.  
(MORE)

JAKE (O.S.)

As long as you keep it cool you shouldn't have a problem bangin' her.

LUCAS (O.S.)

But what if she's not attracted to me?

JAKE

She's plastic pussy, cuz. You're the mastermind who found this place, so you got some cred. She's be fine with givin' it up to you. You know, like pro boner.

The backhanded compliment doesn't make Lucas feel any better.

LUCAS

Pro bono.

JAKE

Yeah, whatever.

The coeds approach the van.

JAKE

Yo, this is my cousin, Lucas. He's the genius who figured out the riddle. Lucas, this is Beth.

She tucks a lock of hair behind her ear before offering a hand. Lucas shakes it.

JAKE

Alright boys and girls, you all ready to go find Aunt Mama?

They all CHEER and head into the van.

**14 EXT./INT. VAN - AFTERNOON**

**14**

The van drives down a highway, rural landscape on both sides.

Inside, Lucas stares out the window.

TINA sits in the passenger's seat next to Rodney while NANCY and GLEN and JESSE and LISA share the middle seat, Jake and Veronica in the back with Lucas and Beth.

All cozied up next to each other except for Lucas and his supposed girl, an obvious space between the two.

Lucas looks over to Beth.

LUCAS  
First time going to Georgia?

Beth glances up from her cell.

BETH  
Huh?

LUCAS  
I was just wondering if you've ever  
been to Georgia before?

BETH  
No.

She goes right back to looking down at the phone.

Lucas takes a hard swallow. Looks at her makeup bag at one last attempt to break the awkward tension.

LUCAS  
Nice bag.

BETH  
What?

The van suddenly shifts as Rodney changes lanes, Beth putting her hand down between her and Lucas to prevent herself from brushing up against him.

LUCAS  
Nothing.

She goes back to her phone, he goes back to looking out the window and the painted lines on the pavement below.

MATCH CUT:

FLASHBACK - FIELD TRIP

**15 EXT. BUS - AFTERNOON**

**15**

A thirteen-year-old Lucas sits by the bus window staring out at painted lines of a highway.

His shoulder is abruptly nudged, a thirteen-year-old Jake leaning in to him.

JAKE  
Cuz, I need a little help. Keep a  
eye out for me.

**16 INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER****16**

Red faced and nervous Lucas sits towards the middle of the back seat of the bus keeping watch, a head of red hair bobbing up and down atop his cousin's crotch near the window, Lucas catching glimpses every now and then from the corner of his eye.

RODNEY (O.S.)

A huntin' we will go, a huntin' we  
will go...

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Lucas is brought back to the present by Rodney's improvised road trip song.

RODNEY

Aunt Mama wild, poor honey child, a  
huntin' we will go.

Lucas looks over to Beth, her head still down in her cellphone, long blonde locks hiding her face.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- The van drives down rural highways.
- Through small towns.
- Over state lines.
- More highway.

**17 EXT./INT. VAN - LATE AFTERNOON****17**

The van rounds a bend on a highway and slows as it nears a old dirt road.

LUCAS (O.S.)

Ok, turn right up here.

Rodney drives slow, the path bumpy in places, an old two-storey house off in the distance getting closer.

JAKE

Is that it?

LUCAS

Yeah.

Nerves begin to show across all their faces, Beth's leg now against Lucas' though she doesn't even notice.

LUCAS  
Ok, stop right here.

The van comes to a rest about twenty yards from the house.

LUCAS  
Let me go check it out first. We  
don't wanna overwhelm them in  
numbers and have 'em clam up on us.

BETH  
(innocently)  
Can I come?

The two get out and head on up the dirt path to the house.

About halfway there Lucas gets an unexpected surprise. Beth slides her hand into his, interlacing their fingers. She looks nervous as hell, and he's grateful for the fact.

About five yards from the porch Beth suddenly stops in her tracks, causing Lucas to do the same.

Her grip around his hand tightens.

She's flushed in red. Lips slightly parted. Quick little breathes escaping from between them as her breasts expand up and down.

Lucas follows her gaze.

There on the shaded far side of the leaning front porch an old black woman rocking in her rocking chair.

A little startled himself Lucas does his best at hiding it, enjoying Beth in the palm of his hand more than anything else.

LUCAS  
Well, this is what we came here for,  
right?

Giving her no time to respond Lucas pulls her forward as he walks them towards the porch, but only makes it a few feet before they're once again shocked into stillness, the front screen door JOLTING open.

ISHA, a black girl in her late teens comes prancing out with a glass of lemonade in each hand. She has a nice smile but appears to be trying to keep her mouth closed as she mumbles a incoherent greeting.

BETH  
Hell ya, that'll be great.

Lucas watches as Beth pulls her hand away from his and goes for the lemonade.

Not wanting to be rude he takes the other glass and has a sip. Tasted odd, but in a good way.

Going for another drink Lucas can't help but look at the girl in front of him as he does so.

Her chest. A single small skeleton key hanging from a necklace against her cleavage.

The girl's half t-shirt sending his eyes down to her smooth flat stomach.

Down on past her shorts to her milk chocolate legs.

LUCAS (V.O.)  
Milk chocolate.

Lucas' eyes go back up to Isha's breasts. To the nipples pressed against her shirt he thinks he sees.

LUCAS (V.O.)  
Use them Hershey kisses to hook you  
a catch.

BETH (O.S.)  
Honey.

Lucas snaps out of it.

BETH  
Honey. That's the secret ingredient,  
isn't it? Honey instead of sugar?

Another closed mouth smile from Isha.

Lucas looks to Beth, who stares back at him with a jealous glare.

He looks back to Isha, only now realizing how mesmerizing her eyes are. How shiny.

How colorful.

How iridescent.

A hand suddenly brushes up against Lucas' as it goes for the lemonade, but it isn't Beth's.

JAKE  
So you're Honey Child?

He takes a greedy gulp.

JAKE  
The viral queen behind Aunt Mama?  
Awesome lemonade!

All the sexiness appears to dissipate from Isha as she draws back like a frightened little soul.

Shaking her head NO she tries whispering something, the space between her lips allowing a glimpse of a mutilated tongue.

ISHA  
No rums af ent.

LUCAS  
No rooms for rent?

She shakes her head Yes.

JAKE  
(gesturing to the old sign  
above the porch)  
But it says rooms for rent right  
there.

Lucas grabs him by the arm.

LUCAS  
(to Isha)  
Can you excuse us for a second?

He walks Jake a few feet away.

LUCAS  
What the hell are you doing? You  
preach to me about staying cool,  
then you just storm in here and  
start demanding answers? Keep it  
cool-

AUNT MAMA (O.S.)  
(Spine-chilling with a  
southern accent)  
Isha, who go thea? We got guest?

Jake's eyes widen, a smile of wonder spreading across his face.

JAKE  
Holy shit, is that her? You think  
she'd take a selfie with a straight  
razor? Teach us a spell or two?



LUCAS

You still really believe this shit? Think about it. Who would fuck with a Hellraiser box if it really did call up cenobites? Who would go into a nightmare to find Freddy Krueger knowing they'd be sliced up? If you really believed there was some hundred and fifty year old supernatural slave who could do whatever she wanted to you by chanting a few words you'd be shitting your pants now, not ready to go in there with your Scooby Doo gang and say Gotcha! It's obviously a hoax to get a big payday from AdSense, so the last thing we wanna do is give them a clue we're here to expose them. Take your own advice and be cool.

JAKE

But how do you explain that chick's eyes? I don't think she's wearing contacts. And what the hell's up with her tongue?

AUNT MAMA (O.S.)

Isha, get on up hea. Bad manna's ta keep guest in thea sun.

Beth walks over to Lucas and Jake.

BETH

Guys, the girl looks scared. I think she's gonna get in trouble if we don't come check out the place. But I don't know, I'm starting to get creeped out.

JAKE

(to Lucas)

Come on, let's go see who's behind the mask. Maybe we'll get a Scooby snack.

The three follow Isha on up to the front porch, the girl looking like she's going to get sick at any moment.

They all look hell of nervous, even Lucas, now that their just a few feet from Aunt Mama.

AUNT MAMA

Aftanoon. Ya youngin' folk lookin'  
fa a room?

JAKE

Sure 'em. Saw your sign and thought  
we'd check on in.

AUNT MAMA

Froam way out thea y'uh say y'uh saw  
ma sign? Sha'ap eye y'uh got thea.  
Man afta ma own ha'at.

JAKE

(continuing to push his  
sarcasm)  
Wide eyes see alike.

AUNT MAMA

Indeed they da.

And now those eyes, as multifaceted as a kaleidoscope and as  
intent as an eagle, peer out at Lucas.

AUNT MAMA

And how 'bout y'uh, youngin' man?  
Y'uh a lady man ta, with thea sweet  
thang by y'uh side?

Lucas is speechless, somewhat hypnotized by Aunt Mama's tone,  
rhythm, pronunciation.

AUNT MAMA

Why y'uh sa quiet? Y'uh remind ma of  
a youngin' man I once na. Soft  
natch'a, but a fya in his ha't.

JAKE

(treading on the edge of  
mockery)  
Y'all get any trick or treaters  
round these parts?

AUNT MAMA

Naw, we ta fa out. But f y'uh lucka  
y'uh just might see'a lidda boo boo  
in thea midda of thea night. Isha,  
go on an show 'em thea rooms. All  
five vacant, one fa each pia.

Lucas, Jake and Beth look at each other wondering how she  
could have known how many of them there were.

Beth's hand slides into Lucas' as they turn to enter the  
house.

**18 INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER****18**

The house is like two time periods coexisting. An antique coach sits across a fifty inch flat screen television hanging above a wooden mantle displaying old Coca Cola figurine collectibles.

An oil painting of slaves tending glass, the glass and mirrors made of actual glass and mirrors.

Mirrors just about everywhere. Wall mounted mirrors framed with elaborate wood designs. Patterned mirrors on the sides of a chic modern coffee table. The reflection of it all multiplying a thousand times within an antique chandelier overhead.

BETH  
No computer? No phones?

JAKE  
(sarcastically)  
No way to call for help.

**19 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT****19**

The five couples sit gathered around an empty Boone's bottle, MUSIC from a bluetooth speaker adding to their naughty party.

Jake spins the bottle. It stops on Lisa.

JAKE  
Alright, Lees, beer or a shot?  
Double truth or double dare?

He places a glass of beer and a shot of alcohol in front of her.

She picks up the shot and downs it. All CHEER.

LISA  
Dare.

They CHEER LOUDER.

JAKE  
Alright, here we go. I dare you  
to... Deepthroat this bottle neck of  
Boone's and then make out with Beth.

They all HOOT and HOLLER.

Lisa picks up the bottle, flings her hair back, expands her throat by looking up towards the ceiling, extends her arms in

showmanship, brings the bottle straight up above her face and slowly starts to slide the long neck into her mouth and down her throat, everyone CHEERING along the way.

She withdraws the bottle, takes a bow and crawls on over to Beth.

The two girls start to French kiss, Lucas shy but at the same time excited with the rest of them.

Beth withdraws and whispers into Lisa's ear. They both look to Lucas.

They close in on him and start necking him, one on each side, their hands fondling along the way. He doesn't know what to do but give a little smile.

With no warning ALARMS start to go off one by one. Everyone reaches for their cellphones. It's midnight.

JAKE

(in ghoulish voice)

Ah shit, the time has come, boys and girls. On upstairs we go, will Joseph and Elise take us where nobody know?

The lights go out.

Rodney stands by the switch with his cellphone torch light illuminating his face like a Jack-o-lantern.

JAKE

(Child-like)

I want my mama. My old lady Aunt Mama.

They all LAUGH, some laced with genuine nervousness.

Glen turns off the MUSIC and all the girls grab the hands of the boys they're with, including Beth reaching out for Lucas' as they head upstairs.

**20 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

**20**

Everyone stands huddled in the bathroom, all but Lucas recording Jake on their cellphones as he speaks into his, held by Veronica.

JAKE

And so after an extensive investigation and intensive hunt, the research, the probing, the

obsession of today's greatest urban legend the tale of the mirrored staircase has led us across state lines, that's right, Professor Lamoureux, for your class I go beyond the call of duty, and to the doorstep of Aunt Mama herself! And thus I stand before you about to open the gate to the realm Joseph and Elise have been stuck in since 1950.

All but Lucas wait in wide-eyed anticipation.

JAKE

Will the two show themselves on this day of the dead? On this very day over seven decades ago when they themselves became lost souls to Aunt Mama's witching ways?

Jake dramatically places his hand on the side of the medicine cabinet.

JAKE

And now we turn the key to open the realm to the mirrored staircase.

He slowly pulls the mirror away from the cabinet and towards the main mirror of the bathroom.

Beth moves in closer to Lucas, his eyes going from her to the many screens capturing the illusion of the mirrored staircase as it begins to take shape, everyone scrunching closer to get the tight shot.

Jake takes his cell from Veronica and moves in for a better angle, the rest of the phones now only being able to capture the back of his head.

JAKE

I am now taking this to POV, careful as to not affect the reflection of this mirror-to-mirror with the cellphone.

All are quiet, Jake trying hard to see something, anything, their patience wearing thin.

RODNEY

Bullshite! Hoaxed right up the arse!

The bunch SIGH in agreement and lower their phones.

JAKE

Goddammit!

Just as they all turn to leave Beth flips on the light and steps forward, positioning her own phone between the tight space of the two mirrors.

BETH

Maybe there was too much light being reflected.

Nothing happens.

RODNEY

Ain't happenin', Snow White. Only mirror action you gonna be seein' tonight is Lucas' bare ass in that mirror above your bed. I'm sure you'll be able to catch a reflection of it when he's playin' puddy puddy bang bang.

They all LAUGH.

GLEN

Pimples and all.

More LAUGHTER.

Lucas, behind them all, grows in embarrassment with each new ridicule.

TINA

If you get lucky while he's getting lucky maybe you'll see one pop.

LISA

Ew!

JESSE

GUSH, BURST, SPLATTER!

NANCY

Talk about a night of horrors!

GLEN

Do they make Proactive for the ass?

BETH

Pro boner.

Lost in their merciless CHUCKLES none can see the hurt across Lucas' face, including his own cousin. Including Beth basking

in the attention, her face lit up by all the cellphones recording her smug smile.

Time seems to slow to a demoralizing snail pace, the mouth of the smug bitch opening up wide in LAUGHTER as she gloats in the praise.

Amidst the degradation Lucas' agony looks as though it will burst.

As if willed into being an action of hyperspeed proportion suddenly shoots out from the mirrored staircase, shattered glass projecting over all of them and raining down to the floor.

For a moment all are in shock, trying to process. As awareness resurfaces Lucas is the first to catch sight of what has just happened.

Beth holds her face in dismay, literary. Filleted, it slowly begins to slide off like wallpaper, horrified eyes staring out at Lucas.

Despite trying her best to keep it pressed against her skull Beth's face becomes nothing more than a flap of flesh, like a big sagging slice of New York style pizza.

She reaches out for help but they all SCREAM and shrink back.

They now notice a figure in the main mirror, Joseph's iridescent eyes staring back at them, a straight razor in his right hand.

Tripping over one another self-survival has them all bolting for the door, Lucas stepping aside as they fly out.

He's also full of fear, but the observationist in him keeps him in the doorway, taking in the scene as the truths of physics are defied right before his eyes as the countless pieces of glass begin to retract over the bathroom tiles, up the counter and back to its origin where it miraculously reconstructs.

Joseph is still there, peering out from the other side, Beth now being sucked into the realm.

Trying to form words with a mouth that no longer has lips proves quite difficult but she struggles nonetheless to plead to lucas for help, her former face still in one of her outstretched hands, hanging from its grip like a wet rag.

He wants to help but his gaze catches what lies directly ahead. Within the medicine cabinet mirror a girl, her bare beauty veiled in nothing more than a long thin nightgown.

Elise's face is one of pure innocence, her eyes as iridescent as the others but with a sparkle far more brilliant, as if they held the reflection of a truly pristine soul.

A sadness develops over the young beauty's face.

Lucas steps forward but this action causes the main mirror to crack a little, Joseph just waiting to once again attack.

Mentally searching for a solution while his eyes dart from one problem to the other Lucas is stricken with shock as someone grabs his shoulder.

JAKE

Lucas, what the fuck are you still doing up here?! We gotta get outta here! But they locked us in! How the fuck are we gonna get outta here?!

Jake starts to pull him out into the hallway, Lucas still looking dead ahead at Elise.

LUCAS

I'll get you out, I promise.

JAKE

I know you will, cuz. If anybody can figure it out, I know it's you.

He let's Jake pull him down the hall. At the top of the stairs he looks down at the others in panic POUNDING on the door, trying to open the closed windows.

He looks to the many mirrors surrounding them all.

Notices Isha standing in a far corner behind those trying to get out. Jake follows his eyes, spots her and rushes downstairs.

JAKE

(grabbing Isha)  
You fucking bitch! Turn it off! Let us out of here!

Lucas runs down after him as he violently shakes Isha.

JAKE

Let us out!  
(pulls her towards the door)  
Fucking let us out!



She starts to cry blood tears, incoherent with her mutilated tongue.

Lucas places an arm between her and Jake.

JAKE

Let her go, Jake. It's not her who's doing it.

Jake reluctantly does so.

TINA

Guys, look. She's out there rocking.

All but Isha gather around the window, making out Aunt Mama's silhouette as she rocks on the far end of the porch.

Rodney grabs a nearby wooden chair, picks it up over his shoulder and busts through the window.

Clearing enough debris to escape he grabs Tina's hand, starts to step through.

Halfway there and the broken glass instantly replenishes, disemboweling Rodney straight up the middle, half his body on the porch, half in the living room with the others.

Staring down at the pile of Rodney's internal organs Tina's mouth opens but she can't produce a scream, her brain playing catch up and signaling her hand to let go of his.

They all back away from the window, the backs of Glen, Jesse and Lisa's legs finding the glass coffee table, the glass transforming into a kind of liquiform substance which consumes them and their CRIES.

The others look back to find the glass returning to its hardened state, the three inside displayed like stained glass biblical characters. Their looks of anguish and terror frozen across their faces, the only movement coming from their panic- shifting eyes until the blood vessels within them burst, leaving them blind as well.

Isha tries to stop Nancy with a mangled warning, glass shattering to a million different pieces as Nancy uses her fist to break through, the shards shooting up and embedding into her face and throat, leaving her to choke to death on pieces of her boyfriend.

Lucas turns to Isha, takes her hands into his and looks into those shiny eyes of hers.

LUCAS

Isha, you sent that message out for a reason. Being born into this was something you had no control over, but you can draw from the same power she's using against us because you're linked to it. There has to be a way to reflect it back onto her.

More blood tears flow from Isha's iridescence as she slowly shakes her head No.

Removing her hands from Lucas' she places them on the sides of her face and pulls his gaze deeper into her eyes. The multitude of colors start to shift until the pupils themselves begin to transform into images.

#### FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - IMAGES INSIDE ISHA'S EYES

-- Isha, three years old in bright yellow dress with hair in a bun sits alone on the floor in the room at the end of the hall playing with four identical hand-stitched dolls, all with black skin, iridescent eyes and wearing outfits that match her own.

In reaction to a NOISE coming from the other side of the closed door behind her little Isha turns to look at it.

Her attention goes back to her dolls before again being distracted by whatever is going on out there.

Curiosity brings her to her feet, where she walks on over to the door with one of the dolls in hand. Despite her best effort she can't reach the knob and so goes back to playing.

--Isha, four years old, sits on the floor playing with the same dolls. NOISE from the other side of the door. She gets up and tries to open it. Although a bit closer she still can't reach, goes back to playing.

-- Isha, five years old, same dolls, same kind of NOISE. She goes for the door. This time the little hand is able to get around the doorknob and turn it. The little one now free to follow the NOISE on down the hall with dolly in hand.

The disturbing SOUNDS make Isha frown but are not frightening enough to keep her from continuing on towards them.

She reaches the bathroom, pushes on the door that is a few inches open and as a result of what she sees drops the little black doll that looks like her.

A naked white man stands twitching between her young mother's legs, who herself is seated naked up on the countertop with

blood pouring down her milk chocolate chest and Hershey kiss nipples.

Sprinkled over it all are small pieces of glass, the flow of dark red coming from the slashed throat of the white man.

Reaching out from the mirror behind her mother's head, Joseph, whose shiny eyes dart Isha's way and locks in on her as the white man gasps his last breaths of life as he's absorbed into the mirrored realm.

The young woman notices her daughter in the doorway, blood tears forming in her iridescent eyes and spilling forth as little Isha runs into her naked embrace.

The bright yellow dress smears with messy red, more falling down onto it as young mother continues to cry blood tears.

Aunt Mama appears in the doorway, the stare of the queen bee serving as an order to Joseph and Isha's mother, Elise in the mirror of the medicine cabinet, also shedding tears for what is to come.

ISHA

Why you cryin', mama?

With no tongue her mother answers back in GARBLE, picking her daughter up in her arms and placing her across her chest to where Isha's chin rests on her shoulder.

ISHA

Don't cry, mama.

The simple innocent request produces even more blood tears from mother.

A long pair of fingers extend out from the mirror, slowly making their way to the side of the five-year-old's face.

The fingertips take their time caressing her cheek on down to her chin before tracing her thick little lips.

As the index finger and thumb gently reaches into Isha's mouth her mother places a loving hand on the back of her head to hold her in place, Joseph taking his time as he pulls out her tongue.

Isha smiles at the man in the mirror who she believes is playing with her. He pulls her tongue out as far as it will go...

And in a blink of an eye slices it out of her mouth with his straight razor.

Confused, little Isha just lies there across her mother's chest for a moment, hearing her GARBLED SOBS, feeling the hand on the back of her head and the emptiness in her mouth, seeing the hand of the man in the mirror take her severed tongue in with him.

Excruciating pain catches up with the little girl, blood overflowing from her mouth as she gives voice to the horror.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Starting from the age of five Isha is meant to stand in the bathroom doorway and watch as more strange men have their way with her mother on the bathroom countertop before being sliced open by Joseph and absorbed into the mirror, all while Aunt Mama's eyes get more iridescent with each kill.

Age seven...

Ten...

Twelve...

Fifteen...

END SERIES OF SHOTS

It is at this age when Isha is put into a different style of clothes while in the bathroom. A small blouse exposing her young cleavage. Short shorts. Nervous, she looks from her mother readying her to Elise in the medicine cabinet's mirror.

Elise extends a hand from within her realm as if offering something. A brilliant shimmer from one of her iridescent eyes grows brighter before disappearing, the brilliant light appearing in one of Isha's eyes before absorbing into her iridescence.

**21 EXT. OUT ON THE BEND - LATER**

**21**

Both dressed like tramps Isha and her mother stand on the side of the highway waiting.

A few vehicles pass, among them a school bus, time slowing down as it does so, through the window and past the ogling eyes of the middle school children Isha's line of sight finds a thirteen-year-old boy, Lucas, staring back at her.

The brilliant shimmer of light in Isha's eye grows brighter before disappearing, the brilliant light appearing in one of Lucas' eyes before absorbing into its blueness.

The bus returns to its normal speed as does time itself, more vehicles passing Isha and her mother along the highway.

A big rig pulls over and waits for the two to approach.

Isha looks up to the driver, the semi-tractor towering over her like a skyscraper.

A massive door swings open and out looks a heavily bearded giant of a man, the look in his eyes that of insatiable lust.

#### SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Isha sits scared atop the bathroom counter, the massive trucker filling up the entire doorway of the bathroom.

-- He enters and starts to bring his monstrous hands up towards her.

-- Through tears and a violent rhythm of jolts Isha can see the giant looking down at her as his face contorts in gluttonous pleasure.

-- A glimpse of Elise on one of the steps of the mirrored staircase, grieving in blood tears.

-- Isha runs her palms and fingers over the messy red of her lost innocence and places them to the back of her head, against the mirror as a silent plead with Joseph to take action now.

-- Through her ride through hell Isha's painful gaze falls to the doorway where she finds her mother staring back at her with blood tears.

The iridescence in her mother's eyes sharpen to lethal slivers, the raging storm slicing through her mother's face and consuming everything in its path as it spreads on down through the neck, shoulders, arms, torso, legs until there is nothing left but the revelation beyond the doorway, that of Aunt Mama.

Aunt Mama watches as Isha continues to be thrashed by the sex-crazed swine, the stranger having no idea she's at his back.

Harder the thunderous thrusts come, Isha's palms slamming against the mirror so violently they begin to fracture the glass.

At this Aunt Mama appears to take offense, finally giving the go ahead for Joseph to come crashing through.

The giant-of-a-man is lifted up and out of Isha with ease, Joseph gutting the trucker from stunned eyeball to stiff cock, the heavy onslaught of blood bathing Isha's sprawled out naked body.

Like a big hunk of wild game the now WHIMPERING giant sounds like a pathetic child as he's absorbed into the mirror, the kaleidoscope of blood glass now shifting as one stranger after another each take turns feeding off Isha's suga over time.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

As the scene transforms back to Isha's shiny irises Lucas wipes away his own tears.

He looks down at his hand, Isha placing her small key atop his palm and closing his hand around it.

VERONICA

Oh my God.

Lucas, Jake and Nancy look up, Aunt Mama standing outside the broken window facing them.

Isha quickly turns to the wall nearest her, the base of the stairs going up to the second floor, and removes the oil painting of slaves tending glass, exposing a small keyhole as she looks to Lucas, he looking down to the key in hand.

He looks back up and notices Isha's eyes have changed. Like sizzling molecules the array of colors within her irises clash rapidly around the small circles of her pupils. Tiny pieces of glass begin to puncture through Isha's eyes, blending them up as they ooze out of her sockets and down her face like chopped sunny side up eggs, leaving two empty dark holes below her forehead.

Lucas shoots a look Aunt Mama's way, her stare as deadly as her power.

LUCAS

Guys, help me out!

He steps between Isha and Aunt Mama. The two girls are hesitant to come forward but Jake guides them.

Now blind Isha pulls Lucas over to the small keyhole in the wall. He fumbles with the little key, trying to get it between his thumb and index finger while at the same time trying to line it up with the hole.

Just as he slides it in a splatter of blood slaps him across the face.

It belongs to Veronica, a jugular vein in her neck spraying all about like a out-of-control fire hose.

Over her hysteria Jake frantically tries to stop the eruption but another hole sinks into Veronica's neck, and a third, this one dead center into her throat.

Lucas looks to the fake diamond necklace she's wearing, the glass stones being controlled by Aunt Mama on the other side of the room.

Faster the bogus gems begin to sink into Veronica's flesh until a deadly ring has completely encircled her neck, decapitating her and leaving her head to fall into Jake's blood soaked hands.

He doesn't know what to do with it, her body still standing. Not wanting to just throw it away he decides to place it on the nearby couch.

Just as her headless body falls over the glass chandelier above reaches down and snatches up Tina before retracting back up to the ceiling.

With Tina entangled and struggling amongst thousands of tear-shaped ornaments Aunt Mama looks over to Lucas with those fierce eyes to see if he will forfeit Tina's life.

He turns the key.

As the wood panels of the wall fall back the chandelier blends Tina to a puree, covering them all with her blood and body parts.

Isha grabs Lucas' hand and slices his palm with a piece of broken glass. He looks to her in shock and possible betrayal.

She drops the shard, grabs a mirror off the wall and gets off one good smear of Lucas' blood onto the surface of the mirror before turning it around to face Aunt Mama, the old woman shrinking back like a cat to water.

The hidden door in the wall is now open, Isha holding the mirror against Lucas like a shield as Jake helps them back away from their crafty adversary in this moment of being untouchable.

At the entry of the passage a small set of stairs lead down into darkness. Isha feels along the wall for the skeleton key, removes it from its lock and guides Lucas to hang the mirror covered in his blood where the oil painting had been.

She runs her hand down another wall, finding a lever that closes the hidden door.

Jake uses his cell to light the way, passing a box of mobile phones at the top of the stairs.

On down they carefully proceed.

They get to the bottom but all is too dark.

JAKE

I can't see shit. My cellphone  
battery is too low. Are there any  
lights down here?

INSERT - Isha's eyes.

The iridescent shine.

BACK TO SCENE

In an instant candles light aflame in rapid succession, revealing a cellar inhabited by ancient relics of Latin, Haitian and African decent, centuries old books and hundreds of jars containing diabolical items.

Chicken feet, beaks, bones, human fingers, tongues, hearts and eyes. So many eyes, floating and staring from their jars of preservation.

Lucas and Jake's line of sight now fall upon glass portraits of slaves from long ago, appearing frozen in time and so real it's as though they're peering in from the other side of windows, the shimmering of candlelight reflecting over them.

Lucas tries to make sense of everything.

JAKE

Ah, shit man, you're bleeding pretty  
bad.

Jake takes off his shirt and wraps his cousin's hand with it.

LUCAS

(to himself)

Don't know So just keep on hummin',  
song of the lost souls keep on  
drummin'.

Lucas looks from the eerie portraits to the hundreds of ancient texts along the walls to Isha.

The holes where her eyes used to be.

He looks to Jake's eyes.

Back to Isha's eye sockets.



LUCAS  
 (to himself)  
 A conductor.

JAKE  
 What?

LUCAS  
 Remember back in eighth grade? The  
 potato battery?

JAKE  
 Yeah.

Lucas places his hands on Isha's shoulders.

LUCAS  
 Isha, are these your ancestors? Are  
 they in the glass?

She MUMBLES something, shaking her head Yes.

LUCAS  
 Do you remember how Elise  
 transferred that little light of  
 hope into you? And how you  
 transferred it to me out there on  
 that bend when we were thirteen?

JAKE  
 What?! You've been here before?

LUCAS  
 We both have, Jake. The Coca Cola  
 field trip back in middle school.  
 But I don't have time to explain.  
 Here, come here.

Keeping his right hand on Isha's shoulder and placing his  
 left on Jake's Lucas guides the two towards one of the glass  
 portraits.

To a girl who looks a lot like Isha, standing next to an old  
 man whose bare neck and hands bare the awful scars of decades  
 of whip lashings, dispirited expressions across their faces.

Lucas takes Isha's right hand and places her palm against the  
 glass which entombs these two ancestors of hers, then places  
 her left hand on Jake's heart.

LUCAS  
 Isha, I need you to concentrate on  
 that same feeling you had when Elise  
 gave you the light.

(MORE)

LUCAS

Remember what it felt like to receive. Receive the answers to your past from those who lived it, and then concentrate on transferring them to Jake here. Focus it to the same place where you showed me your story. The eyes.

Isha nods.

Lucas looks to Jake.

LUCAS

I-

JAKE

No cuz, it's ok. Just do whatever you have to. I trust you.

LUCAS

(looking into Jake's eyes)  
Ok, Isha, ask them for their story.

Almost immediately the color in Jake's irises begin to sharpen from bright blue to a more icy cold hue, with sleek ice then transforming to reflective glass, the multitude of colors turning into the first image as Lucas stares in concentration.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - IMAGES INSIDE JAKE'S EYES

-- A piece of dark flesh lies split open, the pinkish red on the inside and the darker red of the taunt muscle beneath it glistening as the wound expands with every strike of a whip.

We fall back on the inhumane punishment, the woman who looks like Isha being whipped, topless and cowered down at the base of a tree, every inch of her bare skin covered in deep red slashes as a white hand wields the long weapon of dominance.

Relentless in its lashing, Satan's tongue, carving out one agonizing CRY after another.

The woman becomes the old black man.

The old man becomes a black teenage boy.

The teenage boy becomes a different black woman.

A white man doing the whipping.

The white man becomes a white woman.

The white woman becomes an old white man.

The old white man becomes a white teenage girl.

The white teenage girl becomes a white twelve-year-old boy.

Feeling the power of ownership over another human being, the ground beneath those they torture blood-soaked.

-- As the sun sets the woman who looks like Isha is the last to head out of the surrounding cotton fields and towards the two-storey house, her basket of cotton balanced with one hand over her head.

Coming down the opposite end of the path one of her masters has already took to his evening drinking as he stumbles here and there with bottle in hand.

Veering to the far right she tries her best to stay clear of him as he approaches but those intoxicated eyes full of lust have already locked in on her, taking in the curves of her hips and the roundness of her bosom.

He lunges for her.

She sidesteps. He misses.

He tries again. This time his clumsiness causes him to drop the bottle. They both watch as the hooch spills out.

They look to each other, she in fear, he in anger.

She turns to run but rage has sobered him up enough to give him the coordination to reach out for a fist full of hair.

Her head snaps back and returns just in time for a strike across the face.

To the ground she goes, her master's weight falling atop her. She fights to refill her lungs with air, her blouse and dress being ripped open.

She tries to cry out but only gets off a couple of breaths full before the white man stuffs her mouth with the scattered cotton.

His hand clenches down to ensure she doesn't spit it out, leaving her no choice but to bite down on the soft white as he drives up hard into her.

-- With a body that's ready to give birth at anytime Isha's ancestor is shown no mercy, waddling from one cotton plant to

another.

Se falls over in labor.

-- A little girl with skin the color of creamed coffee sits on the porch to the two-storey house watching as her half kin files by, male slaves forking off in one direction, towards mirror production, the females and children off to the surrounding cotton fields.

A white hand comes down to the three-year-old's level and hands her a piece of honey candy, her mother in the background now working as a house servant.

The little girl already displays a manner of being better than her more darker side, sticking her tongue out between chews as the other slave children look to her on their way to work.

-- Now five, the little girl wears a bright yellow dress and has her hair tied up in a bun, the downright sinister look she possesses reflective of Aunt Mama.

Skipping along the porch with a doll in hand that looks just like her she stops as she spots two slaves heading up to the house, one on each side of a large pane of glass and both being extra careful so as not to break the new house decor.

They take their time walking up the porch steps and hold their breath as they pass little Aunt Mama, for she already has a reputation which proceeds her.

Through the doorway and into the living room they rest the pane against the wall and breathe a big SIGH of relief. But on the heels of such relief they notice her peering through the window.

Fear strikes them an instant before the glass SHATTERS out into a million pieces.

Out by the whipping tree little Aunt Mama swings, chewing on her honey candy and watching in joy as the two slaves are whipped to a bloody pulp, each lash ECHOING and falling back like a subtle soundtrack.

-- The path in front of the house is full of productivity, slaves coming and going with baskets of cotton, sacks of sand and soda ash and other tools of the two trades.

Little Aunt Mama straddles a homemade rocking horse from her vantage point up on the porch, the rocking becoming more intense as does her glare.

Wind starts to pick up, the slaves look around in fear. With no time to take cover a gust whips through, sending sand and ash into the freshly picked cotton and vice versa.

Out by the whipping tree and with a mouth full of honey candy little Aunt Mama takes pleasure in watching the suffering of others, this time a whole row of 'em.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

With no eyes to cry out of Isha's sorrow comes out through her QUIVERING VOICE as it begins to HUM and merge with the SNAPS of the whip in what begins to sound like a melody of pain, a soundtrack of sorrow.

BACK TO FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Dead of night. A door to one of the slave shacks busts open, a half dozen masters with their lanterns pouring in to raid the humble quarters.

Straw beds flung apart, bodies searched, pillows cut open until a golden locket is found in an old hand-me-down shoe of a boy no more than fourteen years old.

He's yanked up by the neck and pulled outside, his family taking harsh blows as they PLEAD with their masters to let the boy go.

Past the house they pull him along, the candle at little Aunt Mama's back making her a silhouette as she watches from her bedroom window.

Under the moonlight, under the whipping tree the boy is shown no mercy, the ECHO of the whip cutting through flesh and reverberating deeper within the SOUNDTRACK of sorrow.

-- More items are mysteriously found among the slave children.

Food.

Coins.

Jewelry.

The age of the loss of innocence going down disturbingly lower and lower.

Twelve.

Ten.

Eight.

All bloodied, all scarred under the whipping tree.

A five year old girl is next to be taken, the slaves unable to bear the cruelty any longer.

-- Under a moonless light the slaves slip away into the darkness with their children.

They don't get very far, other white folk rounding them up and returning them to their masters.

Chains are brought out and locked into place, leather no longer being the only thing digging deep into flesh.

As one link RATTLES into another the METAL CLINKING joins in with the WHIPPING SOUNDTRACK.

-- The slave children go on suffering for the sick entertainment of the wicked little girl.

-- Dead of night, slaves look toward her house.

They turn to their bonfire and PERFORM a ritual through song and dance, digging out the eyes of a chicken and pouring its blood into the eye sockets of a child's skull.

Each pluck a feather from the chicken and PERFORM with it.

-- Dawn. A PIERCING SCREAM shrieks through the whole plantation.

Little Aunt Mama sits up in bed, her eyes now clouded over so thick no light can enter.

-- A doctor arrives to check in on her.

Leaves with the grim news she'll never see again.

-- A white hand opens the screen door to the front of the house, mother and blind child meant to leave with little belongings.

On to the slave shacks they walk.

Little Aunt Mama seethes in anger, managing to take out half the clan with her unseen power by rupturing eyes, hearts, brains, eardrums, while condemning others to a hidden purgatory of glass, including her mother.

The little girl falls back in exhaustion as the remaining slaves rebel against their masters through fire and attack.

Amidst the violence, the history of the slaves.

-- Being torn from their motherland.

-- Herded onto ships.

-- Beaten, raped, dehumanized.

-- The life of loved ones snuffed out as if they were nothing more than insects.

-- The forcing, brainwashing, conditioning, losing what they once were and assimilating into what they are to become, each new generation looking less like the previous, a white god being preached to them while his white followers treat them like animals.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Heartbreaking images for Lucas to bear witness to through Jake's eyes, the THUDDING in his chest adding a TIMED BEAT to the soundtrack of sorrow.

BACK TO SEQUENCE

The horrid images now transform into the dark clouds of Aunt Mama's eyes as she ages from one decade to the next, rocking in a chair on the porch she once tormented from, locked away in darkness while her kin now roam around her in freedom.

And so she remains, mastering the art of patience until the age of eighty, no one from the old days left.

Beneath the porch, the house, the black magic of the past stored and waiting.

-- 1950. Joseph shakes hands with the foreman of the nearby glass company, grateful to be hired on.

-- With a couple of suitcases he, Margaret and Elise hop of the back of a pickup truck out on the bend and head down the old dirt path.

As they approach the house they see an old black blind woman sitting up on the porch. The young couple look out to the beautiful landscape. They smile.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Just as Jake's eyes shift from iridescent to icy cold blue an open book is placed atop Lucas' wounded hand and as the bright blue of his cousin's irises returns he looks down to it.

INSERT - Page in the open book.

When an innocent has been captured for her blood berry she may bring about her own release by the will of her own hand.

BACK TO SCENE

LUCAS  
(to himself)  
Blood berry.

Lucas looks to the glass portraits of slaves, all staring back at him with even more life than before.

Both of Isha's palms are now against the glass which holds her great great grandmother, the SOUNDTRACK OF SORROW growing stronger.

Jake is dazed and confused.

JAKE  
Is it over? Did it work? Where's that music coming from?

LUCAS  
It worked. We have to go upstairs, to the bathroom.

Lucas folds the page in the book and holds it tight in his good hand, urging Jake to follow.

JAKE  
(towards Isha)  
What about her?

LUCAS  
Leave her. She's safer now than she's ever been.

With one of the candles on up the steps they go.

They reach the top, take a moment to breathe, to contemplate.

JAKE  
How do we get past the old devil bitch? Do we use the mirror we used earlier?

With only one way to find out Lucas pulls the lever down to open the wall.

The mirror with his blood is no longer hanging over the keyhole, now scattered into pieces both big and small on the floor below.



They both peep out and spot the silhouette of Aunt Mama on the other side of the room, just standing there like a statue in stillness.

Jake pulls Lucas back in behind the wall.

JAKE

On the count of three you're gonna take off up those stairs faster than you've ever run before, ok?

LUCAS

What do you mean? What are you gonna do?

JAKE

Don't worry about it. Just givin' my cousin a little help. That's all.

Jake smiles.

Before Lucas can respond...

JAKE

Three.

Jake bends down, snatches up a shank of blood smeared glass and takes off towards the deadly beast of Aunt Mama.

JAKE

BITCH!

Lucas takes the stairs two at a time in record time with counter curse in hand.

As he approaches the doorway to the bathroom he takes a deep breath. Intentionally looks down to the tiles to avoid looking over towards Joseph, slowly taking that first step onto the first tile.

LUCAS

Joseph, I'm here as a friend, not an enemy. I know what Aunt Mama has done, but her reign over everyone, over everything, is about to come to an end.

The SOUNDTRACK OF SORROW continues.

LUCAS

Can you hear that? That's the sound of redemption. The voices of the past, who like you have suffered greatly under the darkness of Aunt

Mama. But the time has finally come.  
Your freedom. Their freedom. It all  
lies within the release of Elise. So  
please, allow me to help bring that  
about.

Silence.

Lucas lifts his line of sight from the tiles below to the  
medicine cabinet dead ahead, Elise on the other side waiting  
for him.

Shifting his weight he takes another step, and another,  
Joseph's blade yet to make a move.

**22 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**22**

Jake is a bloody mess, bleeding from too many orifices to  
count yet still trying his damndest to get past the force of  
Aunt Mama's witchery as it sends him crashing against one  
mirror to the next.

**23 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**23**

Lucas places the open book up against the mirror for Elise to  
read, watching as her iridescent eyes go from left to right  
taking in the passage, staring at it as realization sinks in  
before looking back up to Lucas.

With peripheral vision Lucas sees Joseph's figure to his  
left. Takes the chance and places his palm up against Elise's  
glass.

Elise places her own right up against Lucas', the only thing  
between them being the thin mirror itself.

Their eyes locked into one another's Elise takes her other  
hand, puts it to the side of her nightgown and begins to use  
her fingers to pull up the fabric and collect it in the palm  
of her hand.

On up the gown slowly rises, the hem ascending up her leg,  
past her knee and over her thighs until the right side  
reaches her right hip, with her then maneuvering the bunched  
fabric to where she can slip her hand underneath it, the base  
of her palm and the pads of her fingertips easing diagonally  
down over her pubic area and towards her innocence.

**24 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**24**

Jake is out of breath and nearly out of stamina. He picks himself up off the floor and hurls the chunk of glass at Aunt Mama's face.

The long blood-stained shard pierces her right eye, shattering the iridescence in it and leaving her evil glare cycloped.

**25 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 25**

With fingers now pressed against her blood berry Elise surrenders herself into the eyes of her destined mate and begins to gently apply pressure.

**26 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 26**

Now regretting the choice to toy with this nitwit Aunt Mama closes the distance between her and Jake in a blink of an eye, sinking a vice grip into the back of his neck and with one hand lifts him up off the floor with supernatural strength, using her other hand to pry loose the jagged glass shank out of her eye.

She drives it on up into Jake's crotch.

He SCREAMS out in agony, the damage splintering off into a frenzy of hungry glass termites as they devour him all the way up the neck, stopping just below Aunt Mama's deadly grip before dissipating into thin air.

Like a thunderbolt she chucks his head into the oil painting of slaves tending glass.

The SOUNDTRACK OF SORROW grows so strong its vibrations start to tremble the house.

Aunt Mama shoots a look upstairs.

**27 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 27**

The skin of Elise's blood berry suffers its first tear, sending a crack spreading through the mirror which separates her and Lucas.

A second split in the glass.

A third.

A fourth.

**28 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 28**

A quarter of the way upstairs Aunt Mama finds it difficult to keep her footing amongst the ever-increasing quake of the house, the sound of SHATTERING GLASS adding another layer to the SOUNDTRACK OF SORROW.

She reaches out for the railing.

**29 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 29**

The thin membrane of Elise's blood berry finally gives way, a burst of red splattering through the fine threads of her thin nightgown while simultaneously the glass of both the medicine cabinet and the main mirror burst out.

**30 INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 30**

As do the glass portraits holding the slaves.

**31 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 31**

As does Aunt Mama's one reaming eye, once again rendering her completely blind as she struggles, the years of her true age of one hundred and fifty-five invading her all at once, her left leg losing strength followed by her right.

She tumbles back down to the base of the stairs, shaking in frailty as she tries to feel her way along the floor.

The SOUNDTRACK OF SORROW is now so deafening to her it ruptures her eardrums, blood spilling out from both her ears and onto the wooden surface of the floor.

**32 INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 32**

Below the floorboards Isha holds her hands out to her sides as the power of her ancestry pours into her from the shattered out portraits.

**33 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 33**

Aunt Mama crawls along the floorboards trying to escape the house, her flesh beginning to rip open one gash at a time like the lashings she brought about so long ago.

**34 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 34**

The soft skin of Elise's hand is now in Lucas', one last blood tear rolling down the beautiful girl's cheek, the intimacy of human touch having not been felt in decades.

Lucas let's the book fall from his left hand and reaches in for Elise, pulling her body out of the cursed realm and into his arms, her eyes transforming from iridescent to bright green.

Keeping her in his embrace Lucas turns back towards the bathroom door, his gaze making eye contact with Joseph, respect now coming from the other side of that blade.

**35 EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS**

**35**

The bloody monster no longer resembles Aunt Mama as she drags herself out onto the porch where it all began, the last frantic beats of her evil heart spent reaching for her rocking chair.

The pounding organ explodes in what is left of her chest, the pure darkness of it dissolving her into oblivion.

The house is now still, SILENT, the broken glass now replenished.

For the first time in its existence the house is in peace.

**36 EXT. HOUSE - LATER**

**36**

The key to Rodney's van is inserted into the ignition.

Lucas turns it to start the engine, shifts the gear to drive and places his hand around the beautiful girl at his side.

He steps on the gas, he and Elise making their way down the dirt path and into a future together.

At their back Isha takes her throne in the rocking chair on the porch.

Out back by the whipping tree Joseph's straight razor falls from his hand as he looks out to the visual symphony, the dawn sky setting ablaze and in turn revealing the rural landscape below of cotton fields and Cherokee roses.

He sets out for the horizon.

FADE OUT: