

THEY ALWAYS SAID THIS HOUSE WAS HAUNTED

EFF IT ALL

(c) 2025

EXT. DARKENED RURAL STREET - NIGHT

A POLICE CRUISER parked on the shoulder. Tangled brush and mud on either side.

HARRIGAN (V.O.)
Remind me to pick up milk later.

STOVEY (V.O.)
Isn't that your wife's job?

INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

OFFICER HARRIGAN (50s), behind the wheel, light from the phone on his face.

HARRIGAN
She just did. That's why I'm
telling you. Cause I'll forget.

OFFICER STOVEY (25), fresh-faced, straight from the academy.

STOVEY
Thank god I'm not married.

HARRIGAN
You wanna die old and alone?

STOVEY
I'm sure there's worse fates--

SCANNER (V.O.)
(crackles)
Nine twenty-one, report of a
disturbance. Fourteen-o-eight,
Partridge Lane. Over.

HARRIGAN
Shit. Always before we get off.

Harrigan puts his phone down, starts the car. SIGHS.

SCANNER (V.O.)
Nine twenty-one, are you receiving--

He grabs the two-way.

HARRIGAN
This is nine twenty-one, we are en
route. Over.

DARKENED RURAL STREET

The cruiser pulls away. Red tail lights like two eyes in the dark.

STOVEY (V.O.)
Don't forget your milk.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A dull light burns from inside a decrepit ranch.

Harrigan and Stovey head to the front door.

HARRIGAN
Disturbance, huh?

STOVEY
I remember this old place. Always
thought it was haunted. Me and my
friends used to smash bottles
inside when we were kids. Was
vacant back then.

HARRIGAN
Ain't vacant no more.

They climb the porch steps. No outdoor light. Harrigan
hesitates, then knocks.

Silence.

STOVEY
Cattle mutilations, too.

HARRIGAN
Huh?

STOVEY
They found a couple cows around
here. Eyes cut out. Stuff like
that. Doc Edwards said he'd never
seen such precise cutting.

Harrigan shivers.

A hollow-eyed man in a flannel jacket, JOHN (37), opens the
door. Looks like he belongs in a place like this.

Harrigan flashes his badge.

HARRIGAN
Sir, we got a call of a disturbance
here.

John looks them over.

JOHN
I called it. You better come in and
see what I found.

The cops trade glances.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Barren.

Stovey puts his hand near his holster as they follow into a
HALLWAY.

JOHN
It's right in here.

STOVEY
What's right in here?

BATHROOM

John switches the light on. Harrigan and Stovey look inside.

HARRIGAN
Jesus Christ!

A WOMAN (30s) in a half-filled bath tub. Arms over the side,
mouth wide open. Both her eyes missing.

Stovey wretches.

JOHN
I didn't do this now. I want you to
know that. I just called it in.

HARRIGAN
You called in a disturbance. Not a
murder!

Harrigan reaches for his gun.

Stovey for his walkie.

STOVEY
Dispatch! Send back--!

JOHN

I wouldn't do that if I were you,
Officer.

Harrigan and Stovey suddenly tense up. Stiff as boards,
unable to move. Eyes glazed and frozen in horror.

John's gaunt face twitches. He smiles.

Stovey and Harrigan drop like a seven-ten split.

John crosses the room, grabs two gray plastic boxes. He
kneels beside Harrigan, pulls out a scalpel. Opens Harrigan's
mouth, pulls out his tongue and slices it off.

Harrigan's eyes are open. Moving. Still alive.

John takes the tongue and places it in the box. Seals it.

He turns to Stovey, throws open his jacket. Opens his shirt.
Takes the scalpel and slices down the middle of Stovey's
chest.

Sticks his fingers in the wound and spreads it open wide.

Stovey lets out a GASP.

John puts the scalpel in and cuts. Blood ropes spurting out,
John removes Stovey's heart and puts it in another box.

John stands, removes his coat. His shirt. Back to us, he
removes his skin like a costume, revealing a glowing orange
form.

The form pulses, changing color and shape. Dividing then
merging. Adapting.

Bright light filters in through the window. Striking. A HUM
is heard, shaking the house.

The John-thing disappears. The light goes out.

Dead silence.

Stovey's chest walkie:

WALKIE (V.O.)

Nine twenty-one, did you request
back up? Over.

(beat)

Nine twenty-one, do you need back
up? Over.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

A gaggle of police cars out front. A covered body on a gurney is carefully removed from the house to a waiting ambulance.

One OFFICER approaches another.

OFFICER 1

Ain't never seen nothing like that.

Officer two shakes his head.

OFFICER 2

They always said this house was
haunted. Guess it's got a few more
ghosts now.

Officer one looks back at the house, his breath leaving vapor trails in the cold night. He points.

OFFICER 1

That their car?

Officer two nods.

Officer one makes his way to the cruiser. He peers inside.

A container of milk rests on the passenger seat.