

NO TRESPASSING

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OVER BLACK - LAUGHTER.

INT. THE MYSTERY MACHINE - DAY

CLOSE ON WIL YANKS, 20s, self proclaimed host with the most, snoring loudly in the back of a van.

The CAMERA PHONE spins towards CECILIA ROMANOV, 20s, fun fun funny, could've been an assassin with a name like that, became a comedian instead. She growls like Chewbacca.

LEAH and DJ A stifle laughs off camera.

Cecilia turns the camera back on Wil, brushes his face with a napkin.

Wil smacks himself in the face.

Cecilia, Leah, and DJ A crack up.

WIL
Not cool, guys.

CECILIA
But worth it, right?

LEAH, 20s, executive micro manager and DJ A, 20s, best dj you've never heard of, nod in agreement.

LEAH
Oh yeah.

DJ A
People hurtin' themselves and shit?
Always gold.

CECILIA
What's the big deal about some dusty
old crack house?

WIL
Didn't you get my text?

CECILIA
Uh, yeah. One and a half paragraphs?
Fuck that. TLDR.

WIL
Okay, so the legend goes that
Victoria and Bernard Hale desperately
wanted kids, so they tried everything
to get pregnant.

DJ A
Missionary, doggy. Hell, even
tried Gangdam style.

CECILIA
My favorite style.

WIL
I'll keep that in mind. Okay, so
nothing they tried worked.

CECILIA
So they adopted?

WIL
The end. No! Victoria went a little
loco, started filling the house with
dolls. Drove Bernard up the wall.

CECILIA
So they went to a marriage counselor?

WIL
No! Bernard made a pact with the
devil and at the stroke of midnight,
there's a knock on the front door.

Wil knocks on the window, getting into the story.

WIL (cont'd)
Bernard opened the door and found
three newborn girls.

CECILIA
And they lived happily ever after?

Wil shoots her a look. *Can I finish?*

WIL
Everything's perfect. Until the girls
turn six that is.

DJ A
Evil little bitches cut 'em to pieces
on their birthday.

WIL
And no one's seen them since.

A GRUNGY HAND knocks on the window, startles them.

DJ A opens the door, suddenly says prim and proper --

DJ A
Can we help you, Mister...?

Wil, Cecilia, and Leah exchange amused grins.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

DJ A, Wil, Cecilia and Leah step out of the van. The Man (HEARST), 40s, polite, wipes oil from his face.

MAN (HEARST)
Hearst. I believe we spoke earlier?

DJ A
Yes, Sir, we did.

Cecilia rolls her eyes, mouths "So fake".

WIL
So, Hale House... Can you tell us how to get there?

HEARST
I can do better than that. Give me a few minutes to freshen up and I will lead you right to its gate. You're welcome to have a look-see at the house, but the owners don't allow just anyone inside.

Wil looks to the camera, grins.

INT. THE MYSTERY MACHINE - DAY

Wil and Cecilia vamp for the camera.

WIL
Welcome back to the Eerie Hour, True Boolievers! I'm Wil Yanks. Your host with the most hunting all the ghosts! Live from the Mystery Machine! Let me hear you scream! And my extra special guest tonight is --

CECILIA
Cecilia Romanov, the crazy sexy Russian comedienne!

Cecilia crosses her eyes, laughs like a lunatic.

WIL
 And tonight, the team and I are
 bringing you an exclusive look at
 Hale House! After the break.

LEAH (O.S.)
 And cut. Good work.

CECILIA
 (to Wil)
 How was I?

WIL
 Crazy sexy.

They lock lips.

LEAH (O.S.)
 Nice, but you could look more into
 it. Don't be afraid to use tongue.

Wil covers the camera phone with his hand.

INT. THE MYSTERY MACHINE - DAY (MOVING)

We're watching Hearst sllllllloooooowly drive up a deserted
 road towards a rusted gate.

WIL
 Take your time, guy.

CECILIA
 (to DJ A)
 What's with the accent, homie?

DJ A
 (ghetto again)
 What you talkin' 'bout?

CECILIA
 What am I -- Tom Hanks has more
 street cred than you.

DJ A
 Girl, you trippin'.

DJ A turns on the radio. N.W.A. blasts from the speakers.
 Cecilia mouths "So fake" again. Leah laughs.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - DAY

A nice, nondescript home not unlike any you'd find in the suburbs. Psych! This bitch screams haunted up the wazoo.

Boarded up windows...

Swaying swing set hanging from rusted chains...

Cabbage Patch Kids -- Their heads at least -- tied to the Monkey Bars by their hair...

DJ A's talking to Hearst in the BG.

We hears snippets of their conversation --

HEARST

Of course only visitors the place
gets now are trick or treaters.

Hearst chuckles. DJ A offers a big fat phony laugh.

LATER

Leah's walking Cecilia and Wil through a scene.

LEAH

Wil is going to walk up to the
gate -- Make sure you don't block the
first shot of the house, DJ A.

DJ A (O.S.)

Got you.

LEAH

(to Wil)

Pop your collar -- Brrr. You just got
chills. Is that a ghost? And --

CECILIA

Leah, what the hell are doing?

LEAH

My job.

CECILIA

Your job is to be annoying?

LEAH

I'm the the director. That's my
official title. What's yours?

CECILIA
Comic relief slash sex appeal.

LEAH
Hit me with your best shot.

Cecilia poses seductively.

WIL
I'm wet. You wet?

LEAH
So wet. DJ A?

DJ A
Always.

CECILIA
Soaking over here.

LEAH
Seriously, guys, if this is gonna go viral we need everything to look as natural as possible. Did anyone remember the fake blood?

Cecilia makes faces behind Leah's back. Hearst exits the gate, upset. Marches over to them.

HEARST
What's going on here?

WIL
We were just shooting a documentary about Hale House.

HEARST
No photos or videos!

DJ A discreetly keeps filming.

HEARST (cont'd)
The owners are notoriously reclusive. I ask you to respect their privacy.

WIL
Of course.
(a beat)
Can we go in?

LEAH
(whispers)
I'm gonna kill him.

CECILIA
 (whispers)
 If Hearst doesn't kill us first.

WIL
 Just for a second? Please?

HEARST
 Young man, that is simply out of the question. The house can be dangerous to the unfamiliar.

WIL
 Pretty please? With a cherry on top?

Off the others' looks. *Did Wil just say that?*

CECILIA
 Throw in a bj why don't you?

LEAH
 Guys, that's not the kind of movie I agreed to make! ... Or is it?

HEARST
 This was a mistake. It's time for you all to leave.

Hearst ushers Wil and the others out, locks the gate behind him. Wil sighs, gets in the Mystery Machine.

WIL
 Stop filming, man. Just... stop.

BLACKOUT.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

Wil faces the camera, whispers.

WIL
 Your eyes do not deceive you, True Boolievers. We are back at Hale House! How, you might ask? Let's just say we have our most mysterious ways.

Over Wil's shoulder we see Leah tossing bolt cutters into the Mystery Machine. She notices she's in the shot, tries to shield her face.

WIL (cont'd)
Tonight we giggle at the ghosties!

Cecelia does the evil laugh again.

CECILIA
Will Wil wake the dead?

WIL
Stay tuned! And be sure to subscribe
for a spooky good time!

CECILIA
And to follow up on my warrants in Biloxi!

WIL
What?

INT. HALE HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door creaks open and Wil enters, turns to the camera.

WIL
Get a shot of this.

The camera pans across a room full of WIDE-EYED DOLLS. (*Not those kind.*) On each Doll's face, an expression of horror, shock, or pain. *Or constipation. Could be constipation.*

Dolls make themselves at home on sheet covered chairs, one of the rocking variety, and a couch. Haunting eyes staring into some hellish oblivion. *Or maybe they're miffed that the old TV is also covered.*

Tidy and unsettling...

DJ A (O.S.)
Holy shit.

CECILIA
(little girl voice)
Mommy! Daddy! I want Serial Killer Barbie and No Eyes Barbie and Stayed in the Microwave Too Long Barbie!

Wil chuckles, nervous.

LEAH
Sit on the couch, Wil. It'll make a great shot.

WIL
What if they... Come to life?

LEAH

Sit!

Leah shoves Wil on the couch in-between the creepy dolls.

WIL

Control freak.

Cecilia stretches out on his lap.

CECILIA

How's that?

WIL

Better.

LEAH

DJ A, are you getting this?

The camera shifts up and down. Leah looks nauseated.

LEAH (cont'd)

Where's your other hand?

DJ A (O.S.)

You don't want to know.

LEAH

I'm gonna be sick. That's lunch,
people. People?

Cecilia and Wil make out on the couch.

LEAH (cont'd)

I can't work like this. Give me that phone.

DJ A

Almost... F-F-Finished...

Leah grabs the phone.

DJ A (cont'd)

It was a joke. Leah, come on.

LEAH

You're fired.

DJ A

I hired you.

LEAH

You're rehired. On a trial basis.

DJ A
Yo, Wil! Lunch.

WIL
I'm good.

DJ A
Gonna bring you back some tartar
sauce.

CECILIA
Get out of here!

DJ A laughs, exits with Leah. Wil and Cecilia go right back to kissing. Wil turns the Dolls' heads away from him.

CECILIA (cont'd)
Let Raggedy Ann watch.

Wil laughs, kisses her neck. Neither notices the SMALL HAND removing one of the Dolls...

INT. HALE HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wil and the gang eat lunch at a table. Well, all except Leah, who reviews what they've filmed so far.

DJ A
Whoa. Check this out.

DJ A shows off the pentagram drawn on the table in permanent marker. *Evil Kids Draw The Darnedest Things.*

CECILIA
That's gonna hurt the resale value.

DJ A
We gotta say grace.

LEAH
What?

DJ A
Nobody eat another bite til we say
grace. Y'all join hands.

Wil shrugs. They all join hands, bow their heads. Once again, DJ A's ghetto-ness lapses as he leads the prayers --

DJ A (cont'd)
Lord, thank you for this bountiful
meal and let it enrich and nourish
our bodies.

LEAH
Who are you right now?

DJ A
And open the eyes of their hearts,
Lord. Amen.

CECILIA
(evil voice)
Praise Mephisto!

DJ A
Yo, that ain't funny.

CECILIA
You a bible thumper now too? Such a
fucking poser.

DJ A
(to Wil)
Let me know when you find the off
button on her.

WIL
Will do.

CECILIA
(to DJ A)
When's the cultural appropriation
album gonna drop?

WIL
Can we just eat?

LEAH
Shush. Drama's good for business.

DJ A
(to Cecilia)
Got jokes for everything, don't you?

CECILIA
Uh huh. Especially for weak-ass
walking punchlines.

DJ A
I don't know why I let Wil talk me
into this shit.

WIL
Dude...

DJ A
You know he begged me to let you be a
part of this?

CECILIA
What?

WIL
Dude, shut up!

LEAH
Wil, drama!

WIL
Screw drama!

CECILIA
What's he taking about?

WIL
Nothing. I just -- You've been in a
creative slump and I thought --

CECILIA
Thought what?

WIL
That you could use the... exposure?

CECILIA
Have you seen the comments my last
video got?

DJ A
Most of those was your boy here under
fifty burner accounts.

Cecilia throws fries at Wil and DJ A, storms off.

WIL
Damn it!

Wil goes after her. Leah grabs her phone, rises. Cecilia
runs up a flight of stairs, Wil in pursuit.

DJ A
Where you goin'?

LEAH
I'm not passing up this drama.
(calling after
Cecilia)
Let's take that from the top. Could
you slap Wil this time?

CECILIA
Fuck off, Leah!

LEAH
That's it! Great energy. Remember who
you're mad at.

INT. HALE HOUSE / UPSTAIRS - DAY

Leah stands under a portrait featuring the world's creepiest family. Dead-eyed Little Girls clutch equally creepy dolls.

Leah ducks around the corner, films Wil and Cecilia.

CECILIA
Such a dick. Why is he even here?

WIL
He's the only filmmaker I know. Plus
he's my best friend. Leah's... Leah,
and you? You're my everything.

CECILIA
You can do a whole lot better.

WIL
With them maybe. Not with you.

They lock lips. Wil looks at the camera/Leah.

WIL (cont'd)
Could you stop filming for a second?

LEAH (O.S.)
Sure. When you're done.

CECILIA
What's wrong with you?

LEAH (O.S.)
I'm a visionary. Just pretend I'm not
here. Keep your clothes on. I'll edit
the money shots in post.

CECILIA
 In this scene, I shove that phone
 right up Leah's --

DJ A steps into frame.

DJ A
 Yo, look!

They move to a door. **Home Sweet Home** scribbled on it in crayon.

WIL
 Mystery door. Cool!

CECILIA
 Nerd.

WIL
 You love it.

LEAH (O.S.)
 Ah. It's cute.

CECILIA
 The S is backwards. It's like The Joy
 of Painting with Parkinson's.

Wil tries the handle. Locked.

WIL
 So much for that.

DJ A
 I got you.

DJ A kicks at the door. It won't budge.

LEAH (O.S.)
 You're gonna break something!

DJ A
 That's the idea.

WIL
 Well, looks like we've got a mystery
 on our hands, gang.

CECILIA
 Ew, no.

DJ A
 Nuh uh.

LEAH (O.S.)
(to Wil)
Are you trying to ruin this movie?

WIL
What? That was classic.

INT. HALE HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

The tired team plays a board game at the table. Wil yawns.

WIL
Go fish.

DJ A
Wrong game.

WIL
Oh. Then read 'em and weep.

Wil shows everyone his cards.

LEAH
We're playing Clue.

WIL
Shit. Nobody look!

CECILIA
It's okay. I still love you.

She rises.

CECILIA (cont'd)
Have to pee.

WIL
What about the buddy system?

CECILIA
Leah, want to listen to me tinkle?

LEAH
Maybe next time.

CECILIA
I'll be fine. The scariest thing we've
seen all day are those damn dolls.

Cecilia exits.

INT. HALE HOUSE / BATHROOM - NIGHT

The only source of light comes from Cecilia's phone.

She turns off the water, dries her hands.

Someone darts past the cracked door...

CECILIA

Leah?

She opens the door. The Mystery Machine's BLARING ALARM scares the hell out of her.

CECILIA (cont'd)

You guys suck.

Someone grabs her and she SCREAMS.

WIL

Whoa! It's me. It's me.

CECILIA

What the hell, Wil?!

WIL

You've got to see this.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

Leah's in shock. DJ A consoles her as Wil and Cecilia join them.

The Mystery Machine's been vandalized.

Tires slashed...

Windows shattered...

LEAVE keyed into the side of it...

Wil cut off the alarm.

DJ A

Who would do this?

CECILIA

Either a ghost or your psycho ex.

DJ A

Which one?

CECILIA

Emmylou?

DJ A

Amy-Lynn?

CECILIA

Maybe. It was something cheap and slutty.

LEAH

This van has been in my family since Grandpa stole it at Woodstock. He's gonna kill me!

CECILIA

Leah, Willie Nelson and Snoop Dogg staged an intervention for him. I doubt he knows what decade it is.

WIL

Guys...

LEAH

Take that back or you're fired!

DJ A

Leah, slow your roll, baby girl. It's just a van.

LEAH

Who asked you, Adolph?!

DJ A

It's A-dull-fay, bitch! Why do you think there's an 'E' at the end?

Leah grabs a baseball bat from the van, waves it around.

WIL

Guys! It's just Hearst trying to scare us off the property.

LEAH

Why not just call the cops?

WIL

Does he look like the call the cops type?

CECILIA

More like the skin you, rape you, eat you type.

LEAH

As much as it pains me to say this -- I think we should go.

WIL
Go? Not until we find out what's
behind the mystery door. Where's your
sense of advent-- OW!

Leah beats Wil with a baseball bat. DJ A and Cecilia
restrain her. Wil massages his arm.

DJ A
Everybody just chill! Let's take a
vote. Who wanna go?

Leah raises both hands.

DJ A (cont'd)
Who wanna stay?

DJ A, Cecilia, and Wil raise their hands.

DJ A (cont'd)
Cool. Let's do this.

LEAH
This is a bad idea.

WIL
It'll just take a sec.

LEAH
I'm not going back in there.

WIL
Okay. If Hearst shows up --

LEAH
Home run.

Wil and Leah fist bump.

INT. HALE HOUSE / UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Wil mugs for the camera.

WIL
Welcome back, True Boolievers, to The
Eerie Hour. Just what ghastly nasties
lie behind this door? Let's find out!

DJ A's phone rings.

WIL (cont'd)
Come on, man.

DJ A (O.S.)
 Sorry. I'll just....

DJ A ends the call. Wil gets back into host mode.

WIL
 And now, the moment you've all been
 waiting --

Cecilia's phone buzzes.

WIL (cont'd)
 FUCK!

CECILIA
 Just a sec.

Wil takes a breath. Waits for another interruption. When one
 doesn't come --

WIL
 Witness the true --

Wil's phone goes off. The ring tone's not that flattering.

DJ A
 The hell? Is -- Is that The Monkees?

WIL
 What's wrong with The Monkees?

CECILIA
 You got an hour?

WIL
 Let me just see who this is and --
 (into phone)
 Hello? Leah?

Wil puts the phone on speaker.

LEAH (V.O.)
 Stay away! No!

The call cuts out. The trio race down the stairs.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - NIGHT

Wil bangs on the locked gate.

No sign of Leah or the Mystery Machine.

CECILIA

That son of a bitch! Hope you're happy now. If we had just left when --

WIL

But we didn't. You voted to stay too.

CECILIA

Because I faithfully followed Wil Yanks down shit creek without a paddle yet again.

WIL

Is this about the leeches? It's always about the leeches.

DJ A (O.S.)

Guys, come on.

CECILIA

This is about me not trusting my gut. Now I'm waltzing down Shit Boulevard and you're asking me to smell the roses. Guess what? There are no roses! Just shit!

WIL

If only you had stayed home and made another "funny" video that nobody will watch!

DJ A (O.S.)

This ain't helpin'.

WIL

Stay out of this!

CECILIA

Shut it!

DJ A

We ain't got time for this.

CECILIA

Wil Yanks, ladies and gents. You sound like a failed porn star who haunts truck stop restrooms! Screw this. I'm calling the cops.

WIL

Can't wait to explain the whole trespassing thing.

Cecilia's phone rings.

CECILIA
It's Leah!

She puts the phone on speaker.

WIL
Leah? Are you okay?

LEAH (V.O.)
Not really. I'm in the house.

WIL
How'd you get --

LEAH (V.O.)
Hearst must've grabbed me, but I
can't -- There door's locked. Guys,
I'm really --

The call cuts out.

INT. HALE HOUSE / UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Close on the word **LAST CHANCE**, painted in blood over the
Home Sweet Home crayon drawing on the mystery door.

Three shoes kick at the door.

Wil, Cecilia and DJ A come into frame.

WIL
Leah! Can you hear me?

CECILIA
We're gonna get you out of there!

DJ A
Just hold on!

The door opens and something pulls DJ A in, drags him away!

WIL
No!

Wil and Cecilia burst into the room.

INT. HALE HOUSE / MYSTERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cecilia and Wil shrink back.

They get out their phones, record.

Three long dead LITTLE GIRLS wearing doll masks are arranged at a table. It's a macabre tea party.

Hearst sits in a chair, back to them, facing a fireplace.

HEARST
You're trespassing.

WIL
What did you do with our friends?

HEARST
Do you know what happened to trespassers back in my day?

CECILIA
We're recording this shit! Tell us where our friends are, you sick son of a --

HEARST
We are in the presence of minors! As for your devices, I look forward to adding them to my collection.

Hearst gestures to the ceiling.

Wil and Cecilia glance above them.

A smorgasbord of smart phones, flip phones, pagers, and camcorders hang from the ceiling. *Trophies.*

HEARST (cont'd)
You were right about the legend. Almost. You see, Victoria Hale did eventually give birth to a bouncing baby boy. What Bernard didn't know was that she had made a pact as well.

Hearst stands, opens his shirt, revealing a nasty, PULSATING SCAR over his heart.

HEARST (cont'd)
They tore my parents apart, but had mercy on me. All I have to do is bring them more friends. A couple new additions a year is all they require. They seem to have a rather strange affection for trespassers.

WIL
L-Look, you busted up the van, scared the h-heck out of us. Just tell us where our friends are and we're gone.

HEARST

Go?

Hearst lets out a big hearty laugh, buttons his shirt.

HEARST (cont'd)

No. No. It's too late for that now.
The girls are wide awake and they
want to play.

The door slams shut.

The Little Girls' heads whip up towards Cecilia and Wil.

Wil and Cecilia hold hands.

The Little Girls attack!

BLACKOUT.

INT. HALE HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on those damn Dolls.

Looking right at us.

We PULL BACK and see Doll versions of Leah, DJ A, Cecilia
and Wil. We stay on these four figures. Their faces forever
frozen in some unimaginable horror.

And just when we think it can't get any worse --

The Little Girls' UNDEAD HANDS grab them.

time to play time to play time to play
time to play time to play time to play
time to play time to play time to play
time to play time to play time to play
time to play time to play time to play