## TAROT OF THE DEMONS

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EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

JAKE and his girlfriend CLARE are at the front of a crowd, watching a small detached house burn. The houses either side of the inferno are untouched, as the flames keep internal. A well kept grass lawn borders the house with a white picket fence.

Jake stands with a warm jacket around his shoulders, but Clare wears a flimsy pyjama vest and shorts. Jake notices her shivering and lifts his jacket off his shoulders.

**JAKE** 

Here babe. Put this on.

CLARE

No thanks. It'll look stupid.

**JAKE** 

Suit yourself.

Jake slips his arms into his jacket, as Clare reaches into his pocket and pulls out a designer lipstick. She swipes it across her lips, and Jake is amused.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What are you putting that on for? It's two in the morning. No one cares what you look like!

CLARE

It's not that silly. The fire's chapping my lips.

Jake's parents, GEORGE and RITA shuffle into the space behind Jake and Clare. Rita leans over Jake's shoulder to Clare.

RITA

Why don't you go home you two. Your mum won't think highly of me letting you stay out all hours.

**JAKE** 

Mum, we're eighteen not eight!

**GEORGE** 

Leave them alone. We're only next door. Though I'm surprised the fire hasn't spread to our side yet.

RITA

Be lucky it hasn't, or you'll be spending the night at your mother in law's!

The HUSBAND and WIFE living the other side of the inferno squeeze in beside George.

HUSBAND

Evening George.

**GEORGE** 

Evening.

HUSBAND

Weird isn't it? How the flames have worked their way up, not out.

**GEORGE** 

That's what I said. It's like the flames have risen from hell to touch the heavens.

JAKE

Don't be so dramatic dad. Admit it. You're here for the entertainment.

WIFE

Where are the fire brigade?

Sirens are heard and the crowd turn to watch the fire engines move in. Firemen jump from their trucks and immediately start clearing the crowds and setting to work with the hoses.

FIREMAN

Okay people can you give us some room please?

The fireman pushes Rita back to make way for the others.

RITA

It's about time!

FIREMAN

We just got the call madame. Was It you who called?

RITA

No.

FIREMAN

Well there you go then. Seventy onlookers and only one bothers to call.

(To Crowd)

Please move back!

**GEORGE** 

Are we safe to go home? Only we live next door.

FIREMAN

Shouldn't be a problem sir.

The fireman joins his crew to tackle the fire, as the crowds begin to dwindle.

RITA

Shall we turn in then honey? We've both got work in the morning.

**GEORGE** 

Yes, let's go George.

Rita kisses Jake.

RITA

Don't be too late Jake, and keep quiet when you come in.

**JAKE** 

Yes mum.

Jake puts his arm around Clare, and as Rita and George leave, ALEX and DANNY, creep up behind Jake and Clare. Alex puts her hand on Clare's shoulder, between her and Jake.

JAKE TURNS. SEES ALEX'S HAND. HE NOTICES SUBTLE SCARS ON HER HAND AND ARM AS HER CROPPED SLEEVE RISES, BUT IGNORES IT.

DANNY

Hey lovebirds. Enjoying the show?

Alex stamps on Danny's foot and he lets out a scream.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hey what did you do that for?

ALEX

There could be someone in there Danny. It's not a show!

DANNY

Chill sis. If there's anyone in there worth saving, don't you think they'd have brought them out by now?

Alex moves away from Danny to be with Clare.

ALEX

An old woman lives there, doesn't she?

JAKE

Yeah she's a witch.

DANNY

She probably conjured up a spell, and it back fired.

The boys laugh. Clare elbows Danny from behind.

CLARE

How would you know what she does in her own private space?

JAKE

When me and Dan were kids, we used to watch her from the window. It was weird in there. She always had candles alight and she'd sit on the floor chanting.

ALEX

Is that so? Don't you have any respect for people's privacy?

DANNY

You didn't when you peeped through the door when mum and dad were at it.

Alex lightened up as they all laughed.

ALEX

I did not! Anyway, you didn't have to. You could hear them from downstairs. That was enough for me.

CLARE

Eww. Old people are gross.

The firemen distract them as they bring out a body in a bag. They stare in silence as they walk past the group to a waiting ambulance.

CLARE (CONT'D)

They've found her. Poor woman.

DANNY

You wouldn't know if that was her. It'd be charcoal by now.

Alex pushes Danny angrily.

ALEX

Just shut up and have a bit of respect!

DANNY

What? I'm just telling it the way it is.

Clare is still shivering and Jake tries to warm her by rubbing her shoulders. She yawns and looks away from the dying fire to the now empty street. The flames have died and all that remains is a cloud of black smoke floating along the sky.

**JAKE** 

Shall we go home babe?

CLARE

Yeah, I'm ready.

JAKE (TO DANNY)

We're coming to you in the morning aren't we?

DANNY

Yeah. Brad and Dale will be at ours around eleven.

ALEX

If they can tear themselves away from the x box.

CLARE

Did you tell Dale there'll be food and beer?

The group laugh.

DANNY

Yeah. He'll be there then.

JAKE

Right then, I'll see you tomorrow. Night quys.

ALEX

Night.

Alex and Clare hug and the two couples walk off in opposite directions.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Danny reach the corner and she takes a last look back before entering their own street. She takes a cigar from a box and lights it, taking a long drag. Danny puts his arm around her shoulder. She tries to pull away but he grips tighter to stop her escaping his clutches.

DANNY

You know I was only joking back there right? I didn't mean any harm.

Alex blows her cigar smoke in Danny's face and he lets go.

ALEX

Just leave me alone. I'm not in the mood tonight.

DANNY

Oh don't be a spoil sport.

They reach their front door and Alex unlocks and runs straight in, leaving Danny standing on the doorstep.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Night then.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jake and Clare lay side by side half under the duvet. Clare is still wearing her pyjama set, but Jake is only in his boxers. His clothes are strewn across the floor. Clare has her back to him and he puts his arm around her, but whilst she sleeps, she gently pushes him off.

Jake opens his eyes as the sun's rays reach across his bed. He checks the clock on his bedside cupboard. It's 11.00 And Jake sits up and screws up his nose as he gets a whiff of the smoky air. His feet rest on a financial newspaper, sticking to the front page. He reaches down for his dirty jeans, t shirt and smells his dirty socks, pulling his feet from the paper to put them on, then gets dressed.

Clare rises up and looks at the clock.

CLARE

Where are you going?

**JAKE** 

I said I'd meet the boys at Danny's at eleven remember?

Jake walks to the window, opens it, and sticks his head out and coughs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

The air's still thick. You coming?

CLARE

Mind if I don't? I'm meeting Alex tomorrow anyway, and I'm knackered.

JAKE

Okay babe.

He leans over and kisses her but she makes no effort. He ignores the lack of love and heads for the door.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'll see you later at yours then.

CLARE

T.t.f.n.

**JAKE** 

Ta ta for now babes.

Jake blows a kiss but she is already back under the duvet.

INT. DALE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DALE stands at ANDY'S closed door in the hall. Beside the door is a small table with a framed photo of happier times with Dale and his parents. Hanging over the frame is a pink breast cancer bow. Dale knocks on the door, picks up and smiles at the picture.

DALE

Dad you in there?

Dale's father, Andy, opens the door.

ANDY

I am.

DALE

I'm going to Danny's. I'll see you later.

ANDY

When are we going to have a proper chat son? I want to show you something I've been working on.

DALE

Later dad. When I do ask you for a chat, you always say you're busy. Make your mind up.

ANDY

I'm doing this for us. It was mum's dream to open the shop.

DALE

Mum's dead! It was your dream to open a shop, not mine. I'm not interested in making potions and lotions and shit. I just want to have fun right now.

ANDY

Don't talk like that son. I know you need time to adjust, but I need to earn us a living.

DALE

Then go and get a proper job!

ANDY

That's way out of line Dale.(looks down at photo) She wouldn't want us arguing like this.

Dale puts his head down in shame.

DALE

Sorry but I've got to deal with this my way. We'll chat later. I promise.

Dale leaves his dad standing in the doorway.

ANDY

(quietly) I love you son.

EXT. JAKE'S FRONT DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

Jake leaves his home and makes his way down the street, pauses as he reaches the burnt house next door. He comes face to face with HENRY, an aged forensic carrying a charred black cat in a plastic evidence bag. Jake looks down at the cat.

JAKE

Curiosity killed the cat!

HENRY

No. Definitely fire, but he won't be curious anymore!

Jake watched Henry load his evidence into the van, and LOCK it shut.

JAKE

Was the body they found the witch?

HENRY

Winifred Mason you mean?

**JAKE** 

Was that her name. We just called her Winnie the Witch.

HENRY

I see. Well I can't confirm yet, but I bet you'll read about it in the gazette tomorrow.

Henry looks over to a man taking photographs of the house, and Jake's eyes follow. He smiles and leaves Jake to get back to work. Jake watches the reporter get into his car and drive away, then he realizes he is totally alone. He is about to carry on his journey when he hears a creaking noise from behind.

AS HE TURNS BACK HE SEES HENRY'S VAN DOORS SWING OPEN, AND HIT THE SIDES.

JAKE

Huh?

Jake takes a step towards the van and stops. He looks around again for signs of life, but the street is empty.

JAKE (CONT'D) Curiosity killed the cat.

Jake walks right up to the van, and leans in to check out the interior. There is a vast array of equipment and tagged evidence, with a brown paper bag sitting on top. Jutting out from the top is a wooden box. Jake looks back again at the street, but as he turns his head, he hears a FEINT WHISPER from inside the van. He spins round again and leans in, then hears the sound again.

Jake puts his ear to the box and without thinking, takes the bag from the van and lifts it to listen. He pants with excitement as he hears the whisper, but nearly drops the bag when the van doors suddenly SLAM SHUT. Jake gasps.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Shit!

He legs it with the bag under his arm.

INT. DANNY AND ALEX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is a comfy middle class home with open plan kitchen, a large TV and twin sofas, with a central coffee table. Alex and Danny are sitting either end of one sofa, whilst a rounded Dale and a highly toned BRAD sit on the other. Alex offers popcorn around, first to Brad, then Dale.

BRAD

No thanks. I'm building muscle, not fat.

DALE

I'm not.

Dale takes a large serving and stuffs the popcorn into his mouth.  $\,$ 

BRAD

So did you see the witch's body coming out?

DANNY

Yeah it was like a pig roast.

ALEX

Danny!

DANNY

What?

DALE

So when your parent's back?

**ALEX** 

Not until Monday.

DANNY

So we got the whole weekend to party.

ALEX

Oh no we're not! Last time you left me to clean the mess you made.

The doorbell rings and Danny answers it. Jake enters with the bag, panting.

DANNY

Oh great, you brought beers!

JAKE

Nope. I got something far more interesting.

Danny follows Jake to the sofas and sits back down. Jake sits between Dale and Brad and places the bag on the table.

DANNY

What could be more interesting than beer?

They all look at the bag with the box poking out from the top.

ALEX

Well?

JAKE

It's stuff from the witch's house.

DALE

How did you get it?

JAKE

I took it from the forensic van.

BRAD

You mean you stole it. You've been running haven't you.

JAKE

It wasn't like that. I heard something, someone. It was coming from inside the van.

DALE

Yeah like take me Jake, take me!

**BRAD** 

Isn't it evidence from a crime? You could get arrested.

DANNY

She wasn't murdered. No one will even care the bag's gone.

ALEX

Say if it's cursed?

DANNY

Oh please sis. Give up those stupid spiritual classes. They're giving you morals.

DALE

No she's right. Not about curses I mean, but it's wrong to take a dead woman's stuff. We should take it back. Respect for the dead and shit.

DANNY

Fuck the dead.

Alex punches Danny's arm.

ALEX

Fuck you arse hole. Sorry Dale.

DALE

It's okay.

They all stare at the bag again.

DANNY

Well let's see what all the fuss is about. Tip it up sis. It's your type of thing.

ALEX

I'm not. I have morals remember? You do it Jake. It's your bag.

**JAKE** 

So?

DALE

Are you scared Winnie's going to curse you?

JAKE

Fuck you Dale. You weren't there.

ALEX

Then why did you take it?

**JAKE** 

(shrugs)

I can't explain.

DANNY

Oh for fucks sake!

Danny tips the bag upside down and the contents fill the table. Out falls a silver but blackened candlestick, a smart shiny gold pen, an ugly figurine, and the box-carved with goblin like creatures. Brad takes the pen, scribbles on his wrist and pockets it.

ALEX

What are you doing? Your prints are on it now!

**BRAD** 

It works so I'm keeping it.

Alex picks up the figurine, Dale, the candlestick, and Jake, the box. They study their items and Alex is spooked by hers.

ALEX

It's freaky. It looks like it's looking back at me. Looks old though. Might be worth something.

Danny snatches it from Alex but she snatches it back.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Not monetary value-historical, idiot.

DALE

I'd ask Clare if this is real silver. She knows all about the value of shiny shit.

Dale and Alex put their items back on the table, leaving Jake examining the box.

DANNY

Is that it?

DALE

Magic beans if you ask me.

Jake struggles to find an opening on the box. He pulls at all sides but there is no visible seam.

**JAKE** 

I can't find a lid. There's no lock, catch, nothing... Here.

Jake hands to Brad. He pulls at it. No luck.

**BRAD** 

There could be jewellery inside.

ALEX

Or her dead husband's ashes.

Brad hands it to Danny who shakes it to his ear.

DANNY

No. It's empty.

Danny bashes it on the floor, but nothing happens.

ALEX

Maybe it's a sign.

DANNY

Yeah, that it needs brute force.

Danny goes to the kitchen and pulls a hammer out from the drawer. He places the box on the work top and lifts the hammer. Alex runs at him.

ALEX

Stop! You're going to smash the work top as well as destroy anything inside!

Danny swings the hammer at Alex's face and she flinches.

DANNY

I'll smash you in a minute.

He slams the hammer down on the box, but it bounces off, and is undamaged. The others join them at the work top.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What's it made of? Titanium?

Alex grabs the box and tries to find a seam with her fingers as the rest look on in amazement.

BRAD

That's impossible. There's not even a scratch.

ALEX

I think we should take the hint that it's not supposed to be opened. We should bury it or do a ritual or something.

Alex takes the box back to the table and the rest follow except Danny, who collects a pack of bottled beer from the fridge.

DANNY

Who do you think you are? Harry fucking Potter?

DALE

Look, I don't believe in witches and shit, but she's right. That was probably all that poor woman had. It should go back to where it belongs.

Danny hands round the beers and they all take one except Jake.

**JAKE** 

It belongs with me now, and I'm taking it home. I'm going to catch up on some sleep.

Jake gathers up the treasure and bags it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Then I'm taking this lot to show Clare. I'll see you guys later.

Danny lifts up his beer bottle, and the friends follow.

DANNY

Yeah see ya later Jake.

ALL

Bye.

DALE

Got any crisps?

I/E. CLARE'S doorway - NIGHT

Clare opens her front door to Jake. He enters with his bag and kisses her, but she responds in her usual bland way, just reaching to his lips but making no effort to pucker up.

**JAKE** 

Where's your mum?

CLARE

Out on a date. Why?

Jake runs up the stairs towards Clare's bedroom. He leans over the bannister as she is still standing at the doorway.

**JAKE** 

Well come up with me. I've got something to show you!

Clare follows him up, less than eager.

INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clare takes a seat at her dressing table. Mostly everything is pink. Jake sits on the bed and tips out the bag. Clare picks up a lipstick from a vast array of beauty products scattered across the table, and rolls it across her lips and puckers. She looks in the mirror at herself.

CLARE

Mirror mirror, on the wall.

Clare sees the semi shiny candlestick through the mirror and turns around to face Jake.

CLARE (CONT'D)

What's that?

JAKE

Treasure.

Clare takes a seat beside between Jake and the treasure. She picks up the candlestick and finds the hallmark.

CLARE

It's silver. Where did you get this lot?

JAKE

The witch's house.

Clare throws the candlestick back on the bed.

CLARE

Yuk, that's disgusting. How did you get in?

**JAKE** 

I didn't. There was a forensic putting stuff in his van and I...I...

CLARE

Mugged a forensic?

JAKE

No, I took it from the van. He locked his stuff up and went back to the witch's house. I swear he locked it, but it opened by itself.

CLARE

Really?

JAKE

I was(shrugs) just curious.

Clare picks up the box and can't seem to take her eyes off the carved figures and symbols. CLARE

Yeah I would've been, but I wouldn't have bloody stolen it! Fascinating though.

Clare shakes the box and hears something rattling around inside.

JAKE

That's odd. It was empty when we did that. Anyway, it's jammed shut. We tried everything. Danny smashed it with a hammer and...

Whilst Jake was rambling on, Clare wasn't listening. She found the top side and opened the lid with ease. In an instant, a surge of ancient foul smelling dust escapes from the box and almost blinds Clare. As she rubs her eyes, Jake covers his nose.

JAKE (CONT'D)

How the hell did you...? That's impossible.

CLARE

You're a weakling.

JAKE

No. We must have give you a head start.

Jake leans over Clare and they peek inside.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Well? Was it worth it? What's inside?

CLARE

Cards.

**JAKE** 

That's it?

Clare tips out the deck of cards and realizes what she is holding. The cards are tatty and worn, but the images are clear. She flicks through the first few, seeing various pictures of demons, and skeletal figures.

CLARE

Whoah, they're tarot cards. I've seen Alex's, but these are way old.

**JAKE** 

Shit, so Winnie really was a witch. Do you think they're worth anything?

CLARE

I doubt it.

JAKE

Great. Magic beans.

CLARE

Huh?

**JAKE** 

Nothing. Just something Dale said.

Jake looks on as Clare checks out the rest of the images. She stops at a hooded figure holding three bloody swords.

CLARE

They're hideous. Here.

She hands him the deck, looks inside the box, and pulls out a folded discoloured sheet of paper. She unravels it, to see a demon circled by a Latin verse. Clare flips the page and back again.

**JAKE** 

What's that? Her last will and testament?

CLARE

No. Looks like the instructions.

They swap items and Jake looks confused as he turns the page around to follow the Latin.

JAKE

It's gobbledegook.

Clare helps him flip the page.

CLARE

The other side silly. And I thought I was the blonde!

**JAKE** 

Oh. (Reading) One, shuffle the deck. Two, lay in semi circle. Seems easy enough.

CLARE

You saying you want to have a go at them?

**JAKE** 

Why not? Could be fun having a spooky night in with the guys.

CLARE

Alex will love them.

**JAKE** 

Exactly! Her parents are away all weekend. We could have a night in around hers. We could light a few candles, have a few beers.

Jake drops the parchment on the bed, and pulls Clare to lay down with him. Clare doesn't resist.

CLARE

You could cross my palm with silver.

JAKE

Don't I always babe?

Jake's lips meet Clare's as he puts his arm around her. She gives him a short kiss then leans away.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Do you love me as much as I love you?

CLARE

(smiles)

Depends how much you love me.

JAKE

Clever answer.

He lays on his back as he ponders over her answer. They both stare at the ceiling and fall asleep.

INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The front room where Winnie spent her last hours is completely blackened by the fire. The curtains hang precariously from an ornate Gothic rail. In the centre of the room is a small table, with only the metal frame holding the burnt oak in place. The remnants of an upright chair still sits near the window. PC HOLLY BAKER wanders around in amazement, stopping at the bookcase. She runs her fingers along the disintegrated books, fighting to read some of the bindings.

Henry packs up his tools into his box. Holly is mesmerised by the book titles.

HENRY

Well I'm done here...Holly?

HOLLY

A-Z of Angels and Demons. A Life of Sorcery. With Satan's help? Who was this woman?

HENRY

A master of the occult.

HOLLY

So what do you think caused the fire?

HENRY

A cheap candle. They warp as they burn, and they keep burning. It caught the table cloth, then the cabinet, the carpet and so forth. She would have fallen unconscious long before the fire took hold though.

HOLLY

And never woke up. Poor old dear.

Henry headed for the door. I'll be off then.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Thanks Henry. I hope not to see you too soon, in a nice way of course.

**HENRY** 

Of course my dear.

Henry raises his hat to Holly and leaves her alone in the front room. She sighs and stops at the door before she leaves, taking a last look.

HOLLY

Goodbye Winifred Mason, whoever you were.

Holly shuts the broken door as best as she can and the room sits still and silent.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex is fully dressed, shabby chic style. She sits up at the kitchen work top with two slices of toast and a tea. As she munches on her toast, she listens to music through her earphones. Danny descends the stairs and pulls an earphone out.

DANNY

Where are you going this early.

ALEX

Paris Cafe to meet Clare.

Danny tries to steal a slice of toast, but Alex raises her hand to slap his. Immediately he raises his hand to strike her face, but stops as she flinches and withdraws. He smiles and takes her toast.

DANNY

Don't you love your brother enough to share?

ALEX

No, so next time take your own.

Danny puts the kettle on and prepares a cup of tea.

DANNY

So you're not going to your psychic thingy class today?

ALEX

It's term break. There isn't any.

Alex replaces her earphone, but Danny faces her to catch her attention.

DANNY

Did Clare tell you what happened to the box we couldn't open?

ALEX

What? No. I told you I don't want anything to do with that stuff.

DANNY

You will when you know what's inside.

ALEX

Whatever.

DANNY

Clare opened it just like that, and inside she found an old deck of tarot cards.

Now Danny gets her attention.

ALEX

Really?

DANNY

Yes, and they want to hold a fortune telling night here, tonight. Thought you'd approve-You being into that kind of stuff and that.

ALEX

Okay. You got me interested. I'm up for it.

Danny quickly pours his tea and sits with Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You do know what tarot cards are right?

DANNY

Yes. I've seen you with yours. They tell your future right?

ALEX

Yes, but I don't use them on myself. So it'd be nice for one of you to read mine for me. I'd like to know if I get into uni or not.

Danny chokes on his tea.

DANNY

I don't need to read your cards to answer that.

ALEX

Well at least I have ambition.

Alex downs her tea and gets up. She heads for the door.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Bloody pessimist.

She slams the door behind her, leaving an angry Danny shouting back at the closed door.

DANNY

Bloody gothic freak!

INT. PARIS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The tacky decor takes no resemblance to the beautiful city it's named after. The torn plastic seats are more like those of an out of service train carriage.

Alex and Clare sit opposite each other, sipping milk shakes from a straw.

ALEX

So what did you want to talk about, apart from partying with the cards tonight at mine?

CLARE

Oh Danny told you, yeah. Amazing isn't it?

ALEX

Clare?

CLARE

Okay, it's Jake. I feel bad because I'm, well...

ALEX

Two timing him with his best friend by any chance?

CLARE

Shit, is it that obvious?

ALEX

Call it a psychic hunch. It's not fair you know. He's been good to you.

CLARE

That's why I feel bad. I love him, but I just don't fancy him any more.

ALEX

Then the sooner you tell him the better. Maybe that's what you should ask the cards tonight.

CLARE

I'm not sure if I want to know the outcome. Do you?

ALEX

My life's complicated, but you?

Alex leans across the table to whisper. She looks around for prying eyes and spots two young couples behind her at a table by the window, some rows back. One boy is SPENCER, who wears a hooded top. He pulls his girlfriend ANGIE close and they kiss under the hood. The other couple are SEAN and KATHERINE.

Alex leans right up to Clare's ear.

ALEX (CONT'D)

If Jake finds out before you tell him, he'll kill you both!

Alex spots Brad enter and walk in. As their eyes meet, she is clearly annoyed. Brad sits snugly beside Clare and grabs her thigh under the table as they kiss lovingly.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Are you mad? Jake knows at lot of people you know.

Brad puts his arm around Clare defiantly.

BRAD

I don't care. I know Jake's my mate, but I can't help being in love with Clare.

ALEX

Well I'm not covering for either of you.

Alex gets up to leave.

ALEX (CONT'D)

If you want to do this tarot night tonight, be round mine for eight.

CLARE

We will.

Alex turns away and back again, briefly before she leaves. Brad and Clare are already kissing again.

ALEX

Oh, and bring beers!

Alex shakes her head in shame as Brad waves a goodbye.

CLARE

So you want to take this up a notch?

BRAD

Yes. Mine or yours?

An ELDERLY COUPLE sitting opposite, watch on as Brad continues to caress Clare. The woman tutts and Brad wiggles his tongue at her. The man drags his wife away in disgust and they leave. Spencer is doing much the same with his girl, but keeping one eye on Brad.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake is laying alone on his bed, in a crisp clean t shirt and jeans. Sitting beside him is the carved wooden box. He props himself up, and stares at the lid, then slowly opens it.

SUDDENLY there is an icy cold draught that escapes almost visible as a very feint grey mist. Feeling it rush past his face, he shivers. Jake checks the window, but although it's open, the net curtain is still. The moonlight through the trees outside casts an eerie shadow across his wall.

Jake sits in silence, listening to his own breath for two heartbeats, until he feels a breeze brush past his ear. He recognizes the feint whisper on that breeze, and he bounces around on his mattress, as he wipes his hand across his ear.

**JAKE** 

What the fuck?

Jake slams the lid of the box shut, holding the cards captive, until he plucks up the courage to try again.

JAKE (CONT'D)

There's no such thing as ghosts and shit.

He opens the lid again. A breeze from the window blows the curtain inwards. Jake looks up to see a ghostly mist enter, and race across the room, slipping through the door, ajar.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Jake throws the box on the bed and jumps away from the bed, to distance himself from the box. Only his panting is heard until a...THUMP THUMP on the door downstairs scares him again.

CLARE (O.S.)

Jake! Let me in!

I/E. JAKE'S BEDROOM WINDOW.

Jake sighs with relief and leans out of his window, to Clare below.

CLARE

I'm not here to admire the paintwork!

**JAKE** 

Sorry. Coming.

I/E. JAKE'S FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jake opens the door and drags Clare in.

CLARE

What's wrong.

He pulls her up the stairs.

JAKE

Quick, my room.

Clare pulls back, getting the wrong idea.

CLARE

Not now Jake. We're going to be late.

**JAKE** 

No! Not that!

Jake drags her up the stairs.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM/HOUSE

The closed box is sitting peacefully on the bed.

JAKE

Them!

CLARE

Oh yeah. Can't go without them.

Clare picks up the box but Jake backs away.

**JAKE** 

Yes we can. Alex was right. I shouldn't have took her stuff.

Clare ignores him and makes her way down, but Jake trails behind, debating.

CLARE

It's a bit late now. What made you change your mind?

JAKE

When I opened the box there was this whistling wind and it went for me.

Clare stops at the bottom of the stairs, laughing. She turns to face him on the bottom step.

CLARE

The wind attacked you? Don't be silly. The window's open. A gust probably blew in.

**JAKE** 

But it was like a grey mist. I saw it!

CLARE

I don't know if you've noticed, but the house next door just burnt down, so yeah, the air's foggy Jake. Stop being paranoid!

Clare makes her way to the front door with Jake lagging.

JAKE

(Mumbling) There's no such thing as ghosts. There's no such thing.

CLARE

Shut up!

Clare shoves the box in his face and opens the lid. Jake moves warily away.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Look! No ghosts. Now hurry up or we'll be late!

Clare leaves jake to pick up his beer by the door. He doodles out after her.

**JAKE** 

I've got to stop drinking.

Jake shuts the door behind him.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The coffee table is filled with beer bottles and snacks. The large TV is playing to itself, but serves as a light, along with a large lamp in the far corner.

Alex and Danny sit either end of a sofa, whilst Dale and Brad sit on another. Alex lights herself a small cigar and takes a drag. They all have a bottle of beer, and Dale has a bowl of crisps on his lap. Brad looks impatiently at the microwave clock on the kitchen work top. It reads 8.05.

**BRAD** 

Where are they?

The doorbell rings.

ALEX

They're heeere!

BRAD

I'll get it.

Brad runs to the door, and Jake enters first, holding up his now five pack of beer.

JAKE

I come bearing gifts, but I had to have one on the way. Sorry.

Jake walks to the sofas and whilst his back is to Brad, Clare has a sneaky grope of Brad's groin. An embarrassed Brad quickly goes back to his seat, trying not to grin. Jake squeezes between Alex and Danny, and Clare plots up on the floor by Brads legs, and pushes the bowls aside to make space for the box.

Brad takes a beer from the table and slides his hand down the sofa to find the opener.

BRAD

Anyone know where the opener is?

CLARE

I have one.

She hands him her key ring with a LARGE SILVER LETHAL LOOKING CORKS CREW/BOTTLE OPENER attached. As he takes it, their eyes meet, and he almost stabs himself by grabbing the corkscrew end.

BRAD

Blimey. That's lethal!

CLARE

It was the only thing my dad left behind when he fucked off.

BRAD

Handy.

He hands it around for the rest, who open a beer each. Dale finishes his bowl of crisps and takes a swig of beer.

DALE

Shouldn't we light some candles or something?

DANNY

Yeah that's what witches do.

Alex fetches two candles and clears the table to light them. Then she turns off the TV, and the ambiance of the room immediately changes. She regains her seat on the sofa

ALEX

Right!

DANNY

Let the seance begin!

Dale spits out a mouthful of beer and laughs.

DALE

We're not contacting the dead, are we?

JAKE

Who knows what channels we're opening up.

ALEX

The discovery channel I hope. You're not having second thoughts are you?

CLARE

He thinks he's been warned off by Winnie's ghost.

Dale lost another mouthful of beer, but Jake didn't find it amusing.

JAKE

You wasn't there.

DANNY

Why? What happened?

CLARE

Jake felt her spirit.

JAKE

Piss off Clare. Why are you so off with me lately?

CLARE

I don't want an argument Jake. Please.

**JAKE** 

No I bet you don't. We'll see what the cards say aye?

CLARE

What's that supposed to mean?

ALEX

Stop bickering children.

**BRAD** 

Yeah can we get on with it please?

They all go quiet and stare at the box. Jake folds his arms in protest.

**JAKE** 

Well I'm not doing it now.

DALE

Stop being a bore. We're all here to have fun.

ALEX

I think we should make a pact. No one bottles out.

Alex slides down onto the floor and pulls the box towards her. As she starts to lift the lid, Jake springs from his seat and slams his hand down on top of hers.

JAKE

No.

ALEX

Are you in or not? Coz we're doing this with or without you.

Suddenly Danny seizes the opportunity and slams his hand on top of Jake's.

DANNY

Here's to our pact. Well done Jake.

**JAKE** 

No! What?

Quickly Dale then Brad pile their hands on top.

DALE

I'm in.

**BRAD** 

Me too.

Clare finishes the tower with her hand.

CLARE

I guess that's it then.

Jake pulls his hand out first and withdraws to his seat.

BRAD

So who's going first?

DANNY

I think you should go first sis.

ALEX

Me?

CLARE

Yes. You know more about this stuff than all of us. Now's your chance to shine.

ALEX

Alright. I'll read them, but who's going to be the first subject?

Brad sits next to Clare on the floor eagerly.

**BRAD** 

I'll go first.

Alex opens the box and Jake sits back nervously, but nothing happens. She lifts out the cards, seeing them for the first time, and is in awe.

ALEX

I can feel they're energy. They're nothing like the mass produced decks we get in class.

Alex shuffles them, closing her eyes and breathing deep. Dale tries not to laugh as they all watch her. She opens her eyes and spreads them out in a fan across the table, then quickly checks the instruction sheet and replaces it in the box.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Right, pick ten.

Everyone watches intensely as Brad takes ten cards from the pack. He hands them to Alex, who pushes the rest aside to form Brad's cards into a cross. As she leans over the cards to study them, her breath causes the flames to flicker. They all lean forward, except Jake, and their faces glow as they catch the candle light.

BRAD

Do you know what they mean?

ALEX

Not these, no, but the instructions say they will show you the way.

**JAKE** 

Who's they? The cards, the witch, or her bloody dead cat?

ALL

Shut up!

The room falls silent again as Alex concentrates, then from nowhere a GUST of wind blows out the candles, leaving only the lamp light in the far corner.

DALE

(Screams like a girl)

Arrgh!

DANNY

Don't panic. It's just the wind.

DALE

I'm not panicking. It's exciting!

Alex lights the candles.

ALEX

All the windows are shut.

DALE

God this is so much fun!

JAKE

It's the witch isn't it. It's like when I first opened the box. We're cursed.

ALL

Shut up!

BRAD

Can we get on with it?

They settle again around the table under the orange glow. Alex stares into the cards as the flames flicker from six bated breaths.

ALEX

(Whispers to herself)
They will show me the way.

She stares into one card. The image is a demon like hooded robed figure. He holds three swords, and for one minute, Alex thinks it's head turns. She squeezes her eyes shut and stares again.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Shit, it...it's moving.

SUDDENLY Alex throws her arms back and gasps, knocking Danny back into the sofa.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Shit! Danny did you put something in my drink?

DANNY

No. You know I don't do drugs.

**BRAD** 

What did you see?

**ALEX** 

They're alive!

DALE

(Laughs)

ALEX

No really. One minute I was looking at a demon thing, then when it looked up, it's face was Brads!

DALE

Don't listen to her. She's winding you up.

ALEX

I'm not. I saw you, and you were with someone.

Jake leans forward with interest.

**JAKE** 

Who?

ALEX

I don't know. I was in shock.

CLARE

Alex, how much have you had to drink?

ALEX

I'm not drunk. Am I?

DANNY

Just take another look sis.

CLARE

Yeah, just say what you feel is right.

Alex lights another cigar, takes a swig of beer and leans back over the spread of cards. She smiles in wonderment as the scene unfolds. The whole gang wait patiently for her response.

ALEX

Wow. They really do show you the way. I see you Brad, with a boy. I can't see who. He's wearing a hoodie. He asks you the time. You're looking on your phone.

BRAD

What else?

Alex scans the next card, named JUDGEMENT.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY, VISION

Alex sees Brad again, but as he is looking down at his phone, she herself becomes Brad. Now she is checking the time, but suddenly feels a sharp pain in her stomach as the hoodie lunges forward with a shiny object.

END VISION.

Alex gasps as her friends watch her slump sideways, clutching her stomach, almost passing out.

DALE

Alex!?

Jake slides her back up, and they see the horror in her eyes.

CLARE

What happened?

ALEX

The hooded man, it attacked me. I felt everything. It was horrid.

BRAD

Am I going to die then?

DANNY

Oh enough now Alex. You're scaring people.

CLARE

Maybe we should finish up.

DALE

No carry on. This is hilarious.

Jake begins to gather up the cards, but Alex stops him.

**ALEX** 

No! I have to finish the reading. There's one more card.

Alex straightens the spread up, and concentrates on the last card.

**JAKE** 

I told you this is wrong.

CLARE

This was your idea.

ALEX

Shhh!

They all shut up and listen.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Some of us are in a park. No, it's a funeral. We're all in black.

BRAD

Show me!

JAKE

You can't read your own cards. It says so in the instructions.

Alex shrugs.

ALEX

That's it anyway. That's the end.

BRAD

Great! So I'm going to die.

Clare grabs Brad's hand.

CLARE

You're not going to die. We won't let that happen.

Dale grabs a handful of peanuts and stuffs the lot into his mouth.

DALE

Stop being morbid. This is supposed to be fun. Come on, who's next?

ALEX

Not me. That was some fucking trip.

**JAKE** 

I say we pack up and just get drunk.

DANNY

I'll drink to that.

Danny opens another beer, as do Brad and Dale. They pass around Clare's opener, and down their bottles. By now they are all more than just tipsy.

Jake quietly gathers up the cards and places them back in the box, leaving it on the table. He sits back and Alex clears away the empty bottles, taking them to the work top. Just as she puts them down, the lamp bulb EXPLODES, and the candles are once again blown out. The room is in total darkness, apart from the tiny microwave clock glowing.

ALL

(Scream)

**BRAD** 

Am I dead?

DANNY

It's okay, it's just a bulb.

Alex ignites her lighter, and her eerie shadow creeps over to the candles. She lights them again, to gain some light.

**ALEX** 

Okay, who messed with the light and blew out the candles?

They all look at Dale.

DALE

Don't look at me! It's not my house!

DANNY

Well you're the practical joker!

JAKE

It's her, the witch. It's me she's after. I stole her stuff.

BRAD

But Alex saw me die, not you!

CLARE

Shut up or I'll kill you both myself.

Dale and Danny are still amused, but the smiles drop when they see what the rest are staring at. The cards have formed a fan on the table. Brad is facing Jake, serious.

**BRAD** 

Pick ten.

**JAKE** 

What? No, not me.

BRAD

You're facing them. They chose you. It's your turn Jake.

**JAKE** 

Fine.

Jake reluctantly chooses his cards and Brad forms the cross. As he looks into the cards, the rest sober up to watch.

ALEX

Be ready Brad. It'll blow your socks off.

Brad looks at the demon images.

**BRAD** 

Woah. Either the beer is some serious shit, or I'm looking at real magic.

ALEX

See I told you!

Brad focuses on one card.

EXT. STREET - DAY, VISION

Jake is sitting on a wall with a ghostly figure of a demon standing behind him. He does not see him. The demon raises his arm to point across the road.

END VISION.

**BRAD** 

I see you Jake, on the other side of the road from Seven Eleven. A demon is behind you. He's pointing, but I don't know what at.

ALEX

Look at the other cards for more information.

Brad moves to the next card. He pauses, gasps with excitement.

BRAD

I'm here inside the card with Clare and Jake. We're arguing in someone's house, but I don't recognise it. There's something in the shadows. Another demon. It's rotted and...Jeez it smells vile!

DALE

(Laughs)

Oh you're better than Alex. Man I want some of what you two are on.

Jake stands up.

JAKE

I'm not listening to this.

BRAD

No wait. The demon is holding something shiny. It's a blade, no, shit it's gone dark.

Brad brings his senses back into the room and looks up at Jake.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Sorry.

DANNY

You said demons.

ALEX

Yes. Real live demons that walk, talk and stab people.

DALE

(laughs)

**JAKE** 

I'm going before this gets out of hand.

Jake holds his hand out to Clare, but she doesn't join with his.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You coming or not?

CLARE

No.

JAKE

Suit yourself. You can keep the poxy cards. They're cursed anyway.

Jake storms out. That leaves Brad and Clare free to snuggle up on a sofa. Dale reaches for the last beer, knocking over the empty bottles.

DALE

Two down, four to go. Who's next?

Dale picks up the cards and shuffles.

DALE (CONT'D)

I'll do the dealing and reading, if Brad stops the moaning and pleading.

Danny slams his empty bottle on the table and takes to the floor opposite Dale.

DANNY

Yeah, I'll go.

ALEX

Be it on your head, coz mine's fucked.

Alex slumps into a sofa and tries to light a cigar but keeps missing.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Demons messing with my light bulbs.

DALE

Yeah, course they did.

DANNY

Who care's? It's just a damn light bulb. We've got a dozen in the cupboard. Let's get on with this. I'm getting bored.

Dale lays the cards in a fan and Danny picks ten. He forms the cross and repeats the sequence, but sees nothing special about the cards.

DALE

Told you it was bull shit.

ALEX

Don't try so hard. They will show you the way. Just say what you see.

DALE

Okay, there's a demon bloke in a shop.

Then Dale's eyes widened.

DALE (CONT'D)

No shit! Sorry I take it back Alex. I believe you! I'm in Seven Eleven with you guys. Jake's not with us, and you're outside Dan.

ALEX

What are we doing?

DALE

Getting beer.

**BRAD** 

Well that sounds about right.

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - NIGHT, VISION

Dale is leaning against a shelf, staring out through the shop window. In the distance he can see two bright lights heading towards him. Then he takes a break from the vision, and looks away from the cards.

END VISION.

DANNY

Well?

DALE

We went shopping. So what?

ALEX

There must be more to it than that. Read on Dale.

Dale huffs and concentrates again.

DALE

There are bright lights outside. They're coming closer.

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - NIGHT, VISION

Dale braces. He just catches a glimpse of a red jeep, before it crashes through the shop window heading straight for him. Dale's body is thrown backwards as he raises his arms to protect himself.

END VISION.

DALE THROWS HIMSELF BACKWARDS, RAISING HIS ARMS.

DALE

Argh!

**BRAD** 

What now?

DALE

A car came through the shop window. I thought it was going to hit me. Then everything turned red. People were screaming.

ALEX

What was the last card?

Dale looked down solemnly.

DALE

The demon of death.

CLARE

What does that mean?

DANNY

It means we need to go Seven Eleven to get more beers!

**BRAD** 

Yeah lets. I'm sobering up too quick.

They all stand and stretch, whilst waiting for Dale. He puts the cards back in the box and shuts the lid.

They leave the house and its stillness. The candles are still alight and flicker in an unknown draught. A GHOSTLY presence in the form of a cloaked shadow races around the room. It tips the box on its side and the cards spread to form a fan. Then the candle lights are blown out leaving the room in total darkness.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brad heads the party down the street with his arm happily around Clare. Alex follows with Dale and Danny lagging behind.

ALEX

So what do you think of the cards?

DALE

I can't believe it.

BRAD

I know. It was amazing.

DALE

No, I don't believe it. I mean, we must have been hallucinating.

## I/E. STREET/SEVEN ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

Brad reaches the shop door and pushes it open. Dale goes straight for the crisps with Alex. Danny grabs two packs of beer and pays at the counter. He pulls a crumpled cigarette from his pocket as Alex puts all their crisps on the counter. The SHOP ASSISTANT looks suspiciously at Danny.

DANNY

You got a light sis?

ALEX

I thought you gave up?

DANNY

Yeah well, it's been a whacky night. Give me a break.

She lights it for him and the shop assistant complains.

SHOP ASSISTANT

Please outside. No smoking in here.

DANNY

Don't worry I'm going. (to Alex)

I'll be outside.

Danny exits the shop, but can be seen through the full glass window under the light of the street lamp. Clare and Brad are wandering along the isles, as Dale leans against a shelf with his bag of crisps, facing the window. Alex pays for her items then turns to looks for her friends.

As Brad reaches the end of the isle, he spots Dale staring out of the window. The street lights reflect off the window, making it hard to see fully, but Danny's back is visible leaning against the glass.

Dale freezes as he sees two bright lights coming towards the window. The lights then become clear as car head lights. Dale braces himself awaiting a direct hit.

## EXT. SEVEN ELEVEN SHOP WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Danny smokes his cigarette like it's his last, enjoying the scent. Then he stubs it on the floor. As he looks up, directly in front of him is a red jeep. It hurls towards him at great speed, the lights blinding him.

DANNY

Oh shit.

The jeep CRASHES straight into Danny, and through the window sending glass flying everywhere.

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

Dale screams as he is frozen to the spot. The jeep comes to a stop inches from his feet, and he drops his crisp bag to the floor. Alex's eyes scan the street outside for her brother. The shop lights flicker on and off.

ALEX

Danny!

Alex runs around the jeep and to the back. Two customers scream as they push Brad and Clare over to get out. The shop assistant is ducked behind the counter, and slowly peers over the top. He dials for help.

Brad helps Clare up.

**BRAD** 

You okay?

CLARE

Yeah, you?

BRAD

Yeah. Where are the others?

Clare and Brad reach Dale.

ALEX

Danny!

They see Alex on her hands and knees, looking underneath the jeep, but Brad pulls her back.

BRAD

No! It's too dangerous. There's glass everywhere.

ALEX

I know he's under there! I know it.

I have to see if he's alright!

Clare grabs a blanket from a shelf. She rips away the labelling to unfold it and places it under her knees. She crawls right underneath the jeep. She sees the mangled mess of Danny. His eyes are staring, but his head is half crushed and full of blood. Danny is very much dead. Two fingers are seen twitching, but they are no longer attached to a hand.

Clare withdraws immediately, and shakes her head up at her friends as Brad holds Alex back. Clare eaves as the shock hits her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

No! Danny!

Alex pulls away from Brad and dives onto the floor to Clare. They battle with each other as Clare pulls at her legs. Alex cuts her hands on the glass fragments as she tries to pull herself under, but Clare manages to drag her back and they hug tightly on the floor.

CLARE

I'm sorry. He's gone Alex. He's gone.

The girls sob as Dale is still speechless. He stares at the mess.

DALE

(mumbling)

This is what I saw, but it can't be real. No, it must be coincidence.

Dale turns and vomits. He is surrounded by broken bottles, busted beer cans and a pool of blood is beginning to emerge from under the jeep, travelling to his feet.

Brad looks into an empty driver's seat.

**BRAD** 

There's no driver.

Alex calms and the two girls get up.

ALEX

Who would do this?

DALE

The cards. I don't know.

Alex turns to Dale as her emotions burst.

ALEX

You saw this, didn't you! You saw it in the cards and you let it happen!

DALE

No, yes...No Alex!

Alex punches Dale in the chest, screaming at him in hysterics.

ALEX

You knew, but you let him die!

Then Dale breaks and they grab each other tightly, sobbing.

DALE

I'm sorry. I don't know what happened. I don't understand.

BRAD

It's all our fault. The witch has cursed us.

DALE

There's a perfectly normal explanation for this. I can't believe that...

BRAD

That what? That the cards did actually show us the future?

Spectators are clambering over the glass to get a better view of the carnage. Alex calms and loosens her hold on Dale.

ALEX

I'm sorry I didn't mean to tear into you. It's not your fault.

The foursome group together for comfort as the sirens can be heard in the distance. Then the blue lights are seen outside, lighting up the dark street like a lighthouse beacon.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The stair and upper hall light is on, giving some light to the lounge, where Dale sits on the sofa with Alex's head on his lap. Brad sits opposite in shock, as Clare is on the land line phone to Alex's parents. A plain clothed D.C. FORBES is beside Clare with his note book, as she speaks on the phone.

CLARE

Yes, I will. See you soon. Bye.

Clare hangs up. The policeman puts his not book away.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'll stay with her until her parents get back.

**FORBES** 

Thanks. If you need anything, just give me a call.

Forbes hands Clare a card. She takes it.

CLARE

Thank you.

Forbes leaves and Clare joins Brad on the sofa. Dale looks over to them and they back, and then the cards. He nods down with his head, so as not to disturb Alex, who is asleep. THEIR EYES WIDEN. THEY SEE THE CARDS SPREAD PUT INTO A FAN ON THE TABLE.

DALE

(whispers)

I put them away, I know I did. Someone is playing nasty games, and it's not me.

**BRAD** 

We have to get rid of them.

DALE

I'll do it on my way home. I'll take them back to the house and throw them over the fence.

CLARE

I'll tell Jake in the morning.

Clare puts the cards away, and takes Dale's place under Alex. He carefully manoeuvres out and takes the box.

**BRAD** 

I'll come with you.

Brad kisses Clare.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Night.

CLARE

Night.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A small gathering of family and friends surround the hole in the ground where Danny's coffin is lowered. The rain makes the event more miserable, but the umbrellas hide the tears. Alex stands with her PARENTS at the front with the FATHER SIMMS, whilst her four friends are to the back. Simms is dressed in his robe, with his grey balding head open to the elements.

FATHER SIMMS

As we commit his body to the ground...

The words muffle out to Alex, and she shuffles to the back with her friends.

FATHER SIMMS (CONT'D)

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...

Clare puts her arm around Alex and they huddle under Clare's umbrella.

ALEX

This is what I saw in the cards. This was my vision.

DALE

What you saw wasn't real Alex. We all had one too many beers that night. It was an accident.

They all have red teary eyes.

ALEX

It wasn't. It was me. I...

Brad wraps one arm around her.

**BRAD** 

Shh. We're not to blame for this. The cops said it was joyriders.

Father Simms finishes his sermon and the gathering disperses. Alex's parents return to their limousine, and Alex gets in another with her friends, and they drive away.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex's parents are in the kitchen area, quietly chatting to mourners. Jake and Clare are on one sofa, and Alex is sitting between Dale and Brad. Dale takes a sandwich from a plate on the coffee table. Jake gets up and kisses Alex.

JAKE

I have to go.

(to Clare)

I'll see you later at mine babe.

CLARE

Okay. T.t.f.n.

**ALEX** 

Thanks Jake. Thanks for everything.

JAKE

No problem.

Jake leaves, leaving Brad and Clare smiling deviously at each other.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jake strolls along the pavement, reaching the burnt house. As he passes the gate, a gust of wind blows up a piece of paper.

It hits him in the face. He pulls it off, and stops in his tracks when he looks at it.

**JAKE** 

What the hell?

It is the tarot instruction sheet. He crumples it up to fit in his pocket and hurries into his drive.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE/STAIRCASE - DAY

Brad walks up the stairs to a short queue outside the bathroom. Clare trots up behind grinning happily. The man before him enters the bathroom as a woman exits, walking down the stairs.

Brad and Clare are alone. He puts his hand on her breasts as she pushes him against the wall and gropes his groin. The man exits the bathroom, as they kiss, and they quickly straighten themselves up. She drags him in the bathroom and locks the door.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake is sitting at the table with his parents, Rita and George. They are eating, but Jake is playing around with his food.

RITA

I know it's been a hard day, but you need to eat something.

JAKE

I'm not hungry. I had a few sandwiches at Danny's, I mean Alex's.

Jake pushes his chair out and excuses himself.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm tired. I'm going to get an early night.

**GEORGE** 

Night son.

RITA

Night. Oh, there was a parcel for you this morning. I put it in your room.

JAKE

Parcel? From who?

RTTA

I don't know. I found it on the door step. The postman must have left it, whilst we were out.

Jake runs straight up the stairs to his room.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake barges into the room and sees the parcel on the bed. It's wrapped in brown paper, and he rips it off to reveal...

THE WOODEN BOX.

He shakes it, and hears the cards rattle around inside. He throws the box on the bed, then he reaches into his pocket and pulls out the instruction sheet.

**JAKE** 

Shit. This is bad. Very bad.

Jake takes his phone from his pocket and dials Alex.

ALEX (V.O.)

Jake?

JAKE

Yeah it's me. We have a problem, big time.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex is on the sofa snuggled up with Clare and a blanket in pyjamas. The TV is on very low, and the lamp, with a new bulb. Alex puts down her phone.

ALEX

He has the cards.

CLARE

What? No, Dale took them back.

ALEX

Well, he must have played a sick joke, coz Jake's mum found them on the doorstep.

CLARE

No way. Dale would never do that. Not after today.

ALEX

He's calling the boys to meet here. He thinks we're cursed. I think he's cracking up.

CLARE

Danny's death hit him hard. He's not strong like us women.

ALEX

I'm not as strong as you think, but I don't know what to feel.

Tears begin to well in Alex's eyes. She wipes her tears on her pyjama top, and Clare hugs her close.

CLARE

Your brother just died in a hit and run. You're bound to feel mixed up.

The door bell rings and Clare answers. Brad, Dale and Jake walk in and take their usual seats.

DALE

I'm sorry Alex, but it wasn't me. Brad saw me throw them over the fence.

**BRAD** 

He did. They landed right by the witch's front door. It was a perfect shot!

CLARE

And nobody went back in?

BRAD AND DALE

No!

**JAKE** 

Then we're truly cursed.

DALE

Look, I can accept a prankster doing this but a ghost?

TAKE

It's not just that Dale.

Jake pulls the screwed up parchment from his pocket.

JAKE (CONT'D)

This blew into my face when I passed the house.

ALEX

Then maybe this really is supernatural.

Alex takes the parchment, looking at the Latin writing.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Say if this side is something other than Latin instructions?

**JAKE** 

You mean, like an actual curse?

CLARE

Can't you take it to your spiritual teacher and ask her?

ALEX

That's a good idea. Janet's studied Wiccan and she knows her stuff. If anyone can fathom out what this is, it's her.

DALE

I still say you're barking up the wrong tree.

BRAD

What tree do you want to bark up Dale? Anything's worth a try.

**JAKE** 

Then do it.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - DAY

Alex sits opposite Janet at a small round table, full of intricate detail, obviously brought back from some distant land. The wall is covered with book shelves full to the brim of books and artefacts.

Alex slides the parchment across to JANET, demon face up. She studies the picture and turns the verse around. One name sticks out in the verse-HSANATASI.

**JANET** 

Where did you get this?

ALEX

Inside a box of old tarot cards we found.

JANET

It's a mirror spell. I know that much. Watch!

Janet runs off and comes back with a mirror. She holds it against the writing, and now at least the letters are readable, even though the language isn't.

ALEX

Oh.

She searches her book shelf and pulls out two large antique books, and brings them to the table.

**JANET** 

I need these for a proper interpretation.

Janet opens a book and spends a few moments flicking through the pages. She finally points to a demon matching the picture on the parchment.

JANET (CONT'D)

That's him. Hsantasi. Legend has it, he seeks revenge on wrong doersa sort of karma demon if you like. Not a problem if you've done nothing bad.

ALEX

But what has he got to do with the cards?

Janet shuts one book and opens another. She looks up the index and finds the page she wants.

**JANET** 

Someone used a spell to bind him to the cards, and thus the box.

Janet checks the parchment, then refers to her book.

ALEX

Why imprison him in a box, like some demented genie?

JANET

Good question of which I have no idea. There's no evidence in any literature that anyone has ever done such a thing.

Janet checks her Latin translation dictionary.

JANET (CONT'D)

Hmm. The Latin circling Hsanatasi is the spell itself. Whoever wrote it gave him complete control of the cards. Someone wanted the world to pay for its wrongs-Wanted revenge maybe.

ALEX

I don't get you.

JANET

I presume you're here because you've used the cards right?

ALEX

Yes. Is that bad?

JANET

Whatever future the cards showed you, Hsanatasi saw it too. You've allowed him into your soul. Now he becomes judge and jury to your future intentions.

ALEX

That's bad then.

**JANET** 

Whatever you plan to do in life, good or bad, Hsanatasi will mirror your future actions back to you, tenfold.

ALEX

Shit. Sorry.

JANET

Who opened pandora's box?

ALEX

We all tried except Dale I think, but it opened for Clare.

JANET

Ahh Clare. Hsanatasi must have seen her innocence.

ALEX

She's a nice girl, but she's no angel.

JANET

Yes I remember her at school. She liked the boys, but that's not a crime, which was why she was able to open it.

ALEX

That means the rest of us are in the shit then. There were six of us, but we didn't finish the readings. We got spooked when Danny was killed. JANET

I'm sorry about your brother, but I think the only way to send the demon back, is to finish what you've started. It's like the genie and the three wishes.

Janet closed the book.

JANET (CONT'D)

You've let a vengeful demon out into our dimension.

ALEX

What happens if we don't finish the other readings?

JANET

Then the box will stay open forever. Hsanatasi will watch every move you lot make, until he has passed judgement, and chosen your fate. Then he will reek havoc on the rest of the planet.

**ALEX** 

Oh, is that all?

JANET

You won't know when it's coming Alex. If you believe this curse, you'll do the right thing. Sorry I can't tell you any more. I've never come across anything like this before.

ALEX

Thanks for your help.

Alex gets up to leave, and they shake hands.

JANET

Remember Alex, if you live by the sword, Hsanatasi will make damn sure, you'll die by it.

Alex pulls away from the hand shake worriedly, and hurries out.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The five friends sit around Jake's dining table, debating. The box sits in the centre.

DALE

And then there were five.

JAKE,

Maybe next week, they'll be four? Then three, then...

ALEX

Whatever Jake. We have to finish this, if not for us, then to stop Armageddon.

**BRAD** 

So if we finish the readings, we're screwed because he knows our future actions, but if we don't, then we're still screwed coz he'll wait for us to step out of line.

CLARE

And the whole world's screwed with us, coz let's face it, no one is completely innocent.

**ALEX** 

Armageddon.

DALE

Blimey. If he's watching me, I'm never going to dodge my bus fare again!

CLARE

Let's vote. Who wants to see their future and finish the readings?

Alex puts her hand up, then Brad.

BRAD

I admit I'm scared of what Alex saw, but I'd rather know than have that demon watching me in the shadows.

Clare puts her hand up, then Jake.

CLARE

I want to know. Maybe I can stop it from happening.

Dale finally raises his hand.

DALE

Okay. Let's finish this and get that demon genie back in its box.

JAKE

We'll meet here tomorrow, and arrange a where and when. In the meantime, I suggest the cards stay here with me.

They all nod in agreement. They get up, and Brad's eyes catch Clare's.

BRAD

I'll walk you home.

CLARE

Thanks. I'd like that.

Jake keeps silent, but his face does not look pleased.

CLARE (CONT'D)

T.t.f.n.

They leave Jake sitting alone with the box.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake lays on his bed falling asleep. The box sits by his clock. He is awoken by a feint whisper, and jumps up as he feels the breeze pass his ear.

**JAKE** 

You know what? I've had enough!

Jake grabs the box, and creeps downstairs, past George, snoring in the chair with a financial paper dropping from his hands. He sneaks to the back door, grabbing a box of matches from the window sill.

EXT. JAKE'S GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Jake runs to the back corner. He opens the box and uses a few cards to light a fire. He kneels down to watch it burn, smiling to himself. The box smoulders and catches fire. Jake stares into the flames as the box is engulfed. He pokes it with a stick as the flames die and sneaks back to the house.

As he reaches the lounge, George and Rita are on the sofa with PC Holly Baker. He stops in his tracks when he sees the uniform.

RITA

Jake? PC Baker wants a word.

JAKE

Oh?

HOLLY

Don't worry. We're just interviewing neighbours. Did you know Winifred next door?

JAKE

No, not really. I read she died of smoke inhalation.

HOLLY

Yes that's right, but the forensic had a bag of evidence stolen. As a death was involved, we have to investigate. I just wondered if you'd seen anyone loitering around after the fire?

JAKE

Err no. Sorry.

HOLLY

That's okay.

Holly gets up and puts her hat back on.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your friend. The jeep owner did report it stolen that night. We just have to check the cameras, but I'm sure we'll find the culprit.

**JAKE** 

That's good.

HOLLY

Anyway, thanks for the tea.

RITA

No problem.

Rita sees Holly out, and Jake runs upstairs to his room.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

THERE ON THE BED IS THE BOX, UNSCATHED.

JAKE

You have got to be joking!

Jake opens the box to find the cards intact.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, you son of a bitch.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - DAY

The box is once again on the dining table, with Alex, Jake, and Dale. The knocker sounds and Jake answers. Brad walks in with Clare. They pass uneasy glances, and take their seats at the table.

JAKE

I have a confession. I burnt the cards last night in the garden.

ALEX

You what?

**BRAD** 

I thought we'd agreed to finish this?

JAKE

Yeah well I thought I'd try one last time to destroy them. Don't stress. It didn't work anyway. When I got upstairs, they were sitting on my bed.

CLARE

It was worth a try I guess.

DALE

There must be another option. If a spell was cast, then a spell can be broken right? Theoretically.

**JAKE** 

Yeah coz you don't believe in this shit do you.

BRAD

No, he's right. We need someone we can entrust them to. Like a priest or something.

ALEX

Father Simms. He buried my brother.

The group fell silent as they remembered the day.

JAKE

He'll know what to do. We can take them to confession and ask him to exorcise the demon.

DALE

Only one person is allowed in the confession box, and I aint going. I lost my faith when my mum died.

ALEX

I'm a witch. It's not my thing either.

JAKE

I'll go in. It was me who took them. It should be me that passes them on.

They nod in agreement.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - LATER

Jake with box in hand, climbs to the top step, with his friends behind. He hesitates, and Brad pushes him forward.

BRAD

Go!

**JAKE** 

I'll do it but you're all coming in.

DALE

We are!

Dale leads them in.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Brad stops at the font. He dips his fingers in and forms a cross.

DALE

(sniggers)

Spectacles, testicles, wallet and watch.

BRAD

What?

ALEX

(whispers)

Jesus aint gonna save you Brad.

They walk to the front pew where there is a line of three, waiting to enter the confession box. They sit in line quietly, and an ELDERLY MAN next to Jake, twiddles with rosary beads nervously. He fakes a smile at Jake, who fakes one back. Then a man exits the box, and a YOUNGER MAN leaves his PARTNER to enter.

They move along the seat, and Jake sits uncomfortably with the box in his lap.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Remember, you tell him you stole them, and ask for forgiveness. Then you tell him they're possessed by a demon, and can he exorcise it please.

BRAD

Or bless it, or whatever it is they do.

JAKE

(loud)

Okay!

The man next to him gives him a stern look, then the younger man exits, takes his partner's hand and they leave. The elderly man goes in. In no time he is out of the box, kisses his beads and leaves smiling. They push Jake to go.

CLARE

Good luck.

Jake disappears into the confession box.

INT. CONFESSION BOX - CONTINUOUS

Jake sits down, avoiding eye contact with the panel that hides them both.

JAKE

Father Simms?

FATHER SIMMS

Yes. What is your sin child?

**JAKE** 

Forgive me Father. I stole a box of tarot cards, and they're cursed with a demon, and now we're cursed, and we need you to exorcise the demon, or it'll be hell on Earth.

FATHER SIMMS

Oh... Do you have them with you?

JAKE

Yes. Can you do it?

FATHER SIMMS

It is part of our job. Yes. We do have a library on that sort of thing. Only don't go advertising it. We don't want the locals to panic. You understand don't you.

JAKE

Yes of course. There's one other thing. You must NEVER open the box.

FATHER SIMMS

Okay. Just leave it on the seat.

Jake gets up relieved, but jumps back for a final word.

JAKE

Oh, the demon's name is Hsanatasi, and good luck.

Jake runs from the box, and gestures his friends with his head, to leave.

JAKE (CONT'D)

It's done. Let's get the hell out of here.

They speed walk to the exit.

CLARE

Don't say hell. God might be listening.

Dale is last out, laughing.

DALE

You crack me up.

SIMMS' OFFICE - LATER

Father Simms sits at his desk with an ancient looking book. He has the page open with EXORCISING ENTITIES. As he follows the verse, he hears a feint whisper from behind.

FATHER SIMMS

Hello?

Simms stares at the carvings on the box, and can't resist-He opens it. The light suddenly dims slightly, as he senses a presence in the room.

FATHER SIMMS (CONT'D)

Hello?

Then Simms sees a dark shadow creep across the wall. He gasps then smells something foul, and overs his mouth and nose with his hand. HE HEARS THE WHISPER.

Simms starts reading from the book.

FATHER SIMMS (CONT'D)

(in Latin)

Show yourself in the name of Jesus Christ. I condemn you to where you came from for all eternity.

REPEATS IN ENGLISH.

FATHER SIMMS (CONT'D)

Show yourself in the name of Jesus Christ. I condemn you to where you came from for all eternity!

The box tips onto its side and the cards fall out, forming a fan. Then a dark shadow lurks behind him, and a gurgles out its message.

HSANATASI

(in Latin)

Pick ten!

Simms is terrified as he freezes, fighting to turn his eyes around, but too afraid to move his head.

FATHER SIMMS

Pick ten, yes. I understand.

He begins picking.

DALE'S HOUSE, ANDY'S LAB - DAY

There are bottles and a burner on a work top, and cuttings of plants. Dale is side by side with Andy, wearing goggles and pouring liquid from one bottle to another.

ANDY

I'm glad you're enjoying this. You're damn good at it.

DALE

And I am enjoying it, but one of us needs to earn some real money.

ALEX

That's why I have a little business deal in the pipeline, if you're interested in being my partner.

DALE

If it means working together and making money, then yeah. Let's do it!

ANDY

Fantastic. I didn't want to say anything before, in case it went tits up, but I've just had approval from the board, so we've got the green light.

DALE

That's great.

They hug.

DALE (CONT'D)

Mum would be proud.

I/E. CLARE'S DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brad kisses Clare and is about to leave when a DELIVERY BOY throws a local newspaper on the doorstep. Brad picks it up and is about to pass it to Clare, when he frowns at the front page.

Father Simms' photo is headline news.

LOCAL PRIEST ARRESTED FOR CHILD ABUSE.

BRAD

Oh no. Father Simms is a nonce.

CLARE

What?

Clare grabs the paper and reads.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Caught by a parent after bible class, fondling her son. Taken into care under mental health act.

She looks at Brad, astonished.

CLARE (CONT'D)

He says he was cursed by a demon!

**BRAD** 

Shit! He opened the box didn't he.

CLARE

You think? Then where the hell is it now?

Both of their phones pinged at the same time. They check their messages to confirm.

BRAD

It's Alex. She says it's on the news.

CLARE

Jake says the same.

**BRAD** 

I'll text Dale.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - LATER

All five are on the sofa with the news on TV.

ALEX

How was I supposed to know he was a perv?

DALE

The cops found stuff on his computer. He deserves what he gets, but was he just unlucky getting caught?

JAKE

I think it was Hsanatasi. The paper said he was caught chanting and they confiscated evidence. He was actually trying to help us.

CLARE

Then the cops have got the box.

## INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

D.C Forbes, Holly and Simms are in an empty room with just a table, the box, his book, and two wheeled chairs. Forbes sits opposite Simms, with Holly leaning against the wall behind Simms. Simms is far from his former self as he rolls himself away from the table, towards Holly.

FORBES

Back to the table Simms. Now how did you steal the evidence from Winifred Mason's house?

Forbes puts his hand on the lid. He pauses, and is about to lift the lid, causing Simms to become hysterical, as he flies backwards on his chair, hitting Holly behind.

FATHER SIMMS

No! Don't open the box. It's possessed by a demon! He's going to send us to hell!

Holly wheels him back, but he jumps from his chair and runs to a corner, cowering with fright. Forbes and Holly face him, but keep their distance.

**FORBES** 

No one's going to hurt you Father. Was you performing a ritual? Are you part of a cult?

FATHER SIMMS

Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come...

As he rambles on the lord's prayer, Forbes shakes his head.

**FORBES** 

He's bonkers. Take him back to the hospital Hol.

Holly calls in a medical team and they struggle to sedate him as he screams.

HENRY'S LAB - LATER

Henry is with his assistant at opposite tables. DAVID, examining the book and Henry the box. David has the incantation page open, and starts to read aloud.

DAVID

Ostendam tibi nummy lessy blah blah whatever. What do you think of it all?

**HENRY** 

No idea. I'm a forensic, not a historian, but Simms thinks he was exorcising a demon.

A SHADOW appears on the wall above him, and shivers. He looks up at the dark mass growing. Henry has his back to him and shivers too.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I've got to get this air con fixed.

DAVID

Henry?

As Henry turns, he looks up at the mass. Neither is afraid as they look on in wonder. The shadow forms a hologram like hooded figure, and David looks to the page.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Amazing. It's the same as this Hsanatasi fella in the book!

HENRY

Very clever. You must have triggered something when you read the words. Very advanced tech.

DAVID

It's a hologram I think.

David picked up a small digital camera and took a photo. The camera flashed and the shadow screeched, and darted along the wall to disappear.

**HENRY** 

Jesus Christ!

DAVID

(laughs)

That was the next line of the incantation.

**HENRY** 

Check the book for a microchip. Something must have brought up the image.

DAVID

And the sound?

Henry shrugs and goes back to his box.

HENRY

Your toy. I've got the box to deal with.

David checks the wall clock.

DAVID

I'm off home. I'll pick it up again in the morning.

(takes jacket)
See you tomorrow.

HENRY

Night. And be good.

David leaves the room. Henry is in peace, apart from the wall clock ticking. As he studies the box, he hears a whisper, and turns around. He yawns, and without hesitation, open the box. He tips it up and the cards spread into a fan. Then he hears the voice of the demon, but responds as if in a trance.

**HSANATASI** 

Pick ten.

Henry does as he is told, unable to control his actions. Then he forms the cross and looks into the pictures. He sees nothing unusual, and puts the cards back. He checks the clock and takes off his lab coat to put on his jacket.

INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clare and Alex sit on the bed in their pyjamas. The lamp is on and both are sending texts on their mobile phones. Clare receives a message tone. It's from Jake.

HI BABES. U STILL WITH ALEX?X

Then another from Brad.

SO WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO NEXT SEXY?X

ALEX

I wonder who has the cards now.

Clare ignores her and sends Jake a text by accident.

I WANT YOU TO COME AND SPEND THE NIGHT.X

ALEX (CONT'D)

They could be working their way through the whole police station. A karma demon in a place like that?

Alex looks at Clare, who is busy tapping away on her keys.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Clare! Are you listening?

Jake replies to her text.

I CANT. I'M STILL AT BRADS. I'LL SEE U IN THE MORNIN.X

CLARE

Shit! I sent Brad's message to Jake. Now he thinks I want him to stay over.

ALEX

I told you to quit whilst you're ahead. Karma's going to kick you up the arse Clare.

Clare puts down her phone.

CLARE

Do you think the demon is watching us? Judging us?

ALEX

Right now? No. If you were listening to the conversation, I said I think he's having a wail of a time at the cop shop.

I/E. SEVEN ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

Henry leaves the dark street for the shop. Redecorating is half done, and some of the window is boarded up. Henry walks in and picks up a few snacks. He also picks up the biggest bunch of flowers and a box of chocolates, and places them on the counter. The shop assistant scans the items.

SHOP ASSISTANT

That's twenty seven pounds please.

Henry fiddles with his wallet and pulls out a fifty pound note.

HENRY

Sorry I don't have any smaller.

SHOP ASSISTANT

Oh... I don't either. My boss has just baggged the takings.

HENRY

How much are you short?

SHOP ASSISTANT

I've got the thirteen, but I'll owe you ten pound. Other than that, I can't make the sale.

**HENRY** 

You know what? Put the change in the charity pot.

SHOP ASSISTANT

Are you sure?

Henry holds the flowers, smelling their scent and smiling.

HUSBAND

Yes, I'm sure.

SHOP ASSISTANT

I'll tell you what. Take a couple of scratch cards and we'll be even.

HENRY

Sounds good to me.

The assistant hands him two cards and he slips them in his wallet. Henry leaves with his goodies.

INT. HENRY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Henry kisses his wife DORIS in the kitchen, giving her the flowers and chocolates.

DORIS

Is this because you're late, again?

HENRY

I'm so sorry.
 (kisses)

The next opportunity of retirement, I'll take it, and we'll get our cottage by the sea.

DORIS

That's what you always say, but I know how important your job is to you. It's okay. When you're ready.

Henry gives Doris the scratch cards.

HENRY

Here. I got these with the change. You never know.

Henry leaves Doris alone. As she picks up a coin from the table and starts scraping, A SHADOW moves up the corner wall, in the shape of a cloaked figure. Doris sniffs a foul scent. She continues scraping as the shadow moves across and forms a translucent figure behind her.

SUDDENLY HER EYES WIDEN.

DORIS

Oh my word!

She stands up.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Henry?

They bump into each other at the doorway. Henry is in pyjamas.

DORIS (CONT'D)

We've won.

**HENRY** 

(smiles)

How much? Five, ten pound?

DORIS

No.

(growing smile)

I think you better sit down.

EXT. MENTAL HOME - DAY

Simms sits at a picnic table with a dully dressed JANE. HE GRIPS THE BOX.

JANE

You look frail Father. What is it you want?

FATHER SIMMS

Take the box to this address, but on no account open it. Do you understand?

He hands her a note with Jake's address.

**JANE** 

(nods)

They're saying your doctor is dead, and two of the nurses. What's going on Father?

FATHER SIMMS

It's the box my child. Do you believe in demons?

**JANE** 

(aloud)

Demons?

FATHER SIMMS

Shh! Keep this to yourself.

JANE

(quietly)

If you believe, then I do too.

FATHER SIMMS

Then God speed. Now take the box and go.

Jane hesitates.

FATHER SIMMS (CONT'D)

Go!

She gets up, alarmed.

FATHER SIMMS (CONT'D)

And tell Jake I'm sorry, but they have to finish what they started. Only they can send him back.

JANE

I will.

INT. JAKES HOUSE - LATER

A knock at the door and Jake looks through the spy hole. He sees Jane with THE BOX.

JAKE

Shit!

He stands with his back against the door surprised. Jane knocks again. He takes a deep breath and opens it.

JANE

Jacob?

JAKE

Yes. Father Simms...

JANE

I worked at the church. His psychiatrist thought the box would help with his treatment, but now he's dead. The Father said you'd know what to do with it.

Jake regrettably takes the box and nods.

**JAKE** 

The papers said he was mad.

**JANE** 

Father Simms is the sanest person I know. He's done bad things, yes, but he has to deal with his own demons now.

**JAKE** 

Karma can smack you back in the face sometimes.

Jane smiles and walks away. Jake closes the door. He opens the box, looks in at the cards.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Guess you're not done with us yet.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - LATER

Jake, Alex, Clare, Brad and Dale are on the sofas. Brad is opposite from Clare. They all have bottled beer, and Alex's eyes are drowsy.

DALE

Well I'm done with them! Let's finish this, here and now!

JAKE

Ah so you believe!

DALE

It's not a case of believing.

ALEX

Well we can't do it here with my parents.

(qulps her beer in one)

CLARE

My mum has her boyfriend round.

DALE

And my house is full of the lab equipment.

They turn to Brad.

**BRAD** 

Mine? No. My dad would go crazy.

CLARE

What about where it all began?

**BRAD** 

You mean the witch's house?

ALEX

I like it. Let's go.

JAKE

What, now?

**ALEX** 

Sorry have you got somewhere else to be? I mean I could check the demon's diary first.

**JAKE** 

Alright! Let's get it over with.

EXT. WINNIE'S HOUSE, FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS

The five teens stand at the gate. Jake has the box. Alex sways and holds herself upright using the fence. She lights a cigar then climbs over. Dale follows, then Clare. Brad helps her over, TOUCHING HER REAR WITH HIS HAND.

**JAKE** 

What the fuck are you doing touching my girlfriend?

BRAD

What? What are you insinuating?

JAKE

You tell me Brad.

They face up to each other.

DALE

Are we doing this or not?

The two boys join the others, passing evil glances.

CLARE

I don't think I want to know now.

Jake squares up to Clare.

JAKE

Oh I think you should. So get your scrawny arse up that path. Now!

ALEX

You heard the man!

Alex laughs, grabs Clare's arm and happily struts up the path, dragging her along. The boys follow avoiding eye contact. Brad pushes at the bar across the door.

**BRAD** 

It's locked.

Jake gives an ALMIGHTY KICK and the door behind the bar caves in.

**JAKE** 

And You're supposed to be a body builder?

Jake ducks under the bar and into the darkness of the hallway. Dale is next, and steadies Alex to help her in. Jake peers back out to Brad and Clare.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Curiosity killed the cat!

They follow.

INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

It's dim and cold. They wander round the room silently, inquisitively. The charcoaled floor crunches under their feet. Alex strokes the back of the burnt chair.

ALEX

This must be where she died.

Clare reads the books along the shelf.

CLARE

A-Z of demons by...Winifred Mason!

BRAD

Winnie wrote books?

JAKE

Not very run of the mill.

ALEX

What did you expect? Mills and Boon?

DALE

Hey why don't you look up Hsanatasi in that book?

Clare pulls it out but it falls apart as she opens it.

BRAD

Oh well, bang goes that idea.

CLARE

Where are we going to do it? Everything's disintegrated. It's creepy.

Brad wipes his hand across the table. Alex and Jake walk over. He puts the box down, then walks to the window and YANKS the curtain from the rail. It CRASHES to the ground. They look at him, as a burst of sunlight streams into the room.

JAKE

What? We need a cloth to cover the holes!

He drags it to the table and covers it, but the curtain is full of holes.

ALEX

Sort of defeats the object, but it'll do.

They kneel around the table and Jake opens the box.

SUDDENLY there is a GUST OF WIND. It blows up the soot and Dale coughs. THEN A LOW LONG RUMBLE, like a dog growling.

CLARE

He's here isn't he.

A LOUD SCREECH fills the room as Hsanatasi shows himself for a moment. His shadow appears in a top corner, and descends. His black torn hooded cloak takes solid form as he swoops down to the circle, catching Clare with his bony hand, then disappears.

CLARE (CONT'D)

(screams)

She touches her face as a drop of blood runs down her cheek.

Dale comforts her.

DALE

You okay?

CLARE

He scratched me!

Jake shuffles the cards.

JAKE

Let's give this fucker what he wants. Three to go guys. Who's next?

ALEX

(calmly)

You want to read mine?

JAKE

I'll do Clare's. She needs someone honest. Someone she can trust.

Jake looks at Clare sternly.

**ALEX** 

Brad?

BRAD

No. Last time I felt possessed. It's too freaky.

DALE

All muscle and no guts. I'll do it, but this is the final time. Last time I did it, Danny died.

Dale shuffles into place.

DALE (CONT'D)

Pick ten.

ALEX

(picks ten)

Danny's death was not your fault.

He lays the spread out, and looks down but closes his eyes. Silence.

ALEX (CONT'D) (looks up shouts)

Come on then you demon creep. Show him a future you think I'm worthy of!

(to Dale)

Whatever you see, whatever happens, you're not to blame.

Dale nods. Looks at cards.

DALE

I see the ten of swords.

The group close in.

DALE (CONT'D)

There's a demon. He's giving you the swords and you're stabbing yourself? No, wait. I get it. It's a metaphor. You're punishing yourself.

Clare bites her nails.

JAKE

(to Clare)

Nervous Clare? You're going to break your false nails.

Brad is nervy too. He keeps quiet as Dale moves along the cards.

EXT. STREET - DAY, VISION

He sees Alex leaning into a red jeep, flirting with the OWNER.

END VISION.

INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DALE

You're talking to a man in a red jeep. I don't recall him, but that jeep...

Dale looks into the cards.

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - DAY, VISION

Dale is standing by the shelf as the jeep crashes through the window towards him.

INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dale throws himself back.

DALE

(gasps)

Alex? Do you know the driver? Was that past, present or future?

ALEX

The jeep was...

Dale looks up from the cards.

DALE

What? Stolen? The cops said joyriders right?

CLARE

I don't get it. Did that driver kill your brother then?

**JAKE** 

Do we have to spell it out for you? Wake up Clare.

Alex puts her hand on Dale's arm, as he looks into the cards.

ALEX

Don't Dale. Please.

He continues. LOOKS UP AT HER IN SHOCK.

DALE

Oh God Alex. What did you do?

BRAD

Yeah let us in. Did you date the man who mowed down your brother?

Alex stands up and backs away.

ALEX

I couldn't take it any more.

THE ROOM LOOSES SUNLIGHT.

CLARE

Take what? I thought we shared our problems.

Alex lights a cigar, shaking.

ALEX

Danny said if I told anyone, he'd kill me.

She takes a deep drag. Tears well in her eyes. Clare gets up, touches her shoulder.

CLARE

Whatever he did...

Alex pushes her away, begins to get hysterical.

ALEX

Danny was abusing me. He'd been forcing me to have sex since I was ten. He'd hit me in places that wouldn't show.

The group are stunned. They move towards her, but she backs further, more hysterical.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I feel so dirty, like he's still here, watching me.

(looks up)

But I know it's the demon.

Watching, waiting.

Jake edges forward and takes her hand gently.

**JAKE** 

It must've been hell. What he did was terrible, but he can't hurt you anymore.

She breaks down in his arms and he strokes her hair.

ALEX

I was so scared.

BRAD

But the jeep...I still don't get it.

Alex pulls away from Jake.

ALEX

I arranged to have him killed you idiot. I thought getting rid of him would end this torture, but it hasn't.

(poke own forehead)
He's in here, and it's driving me
crazy!

A GUST OF WIND BRUSHES PAST DALE'S EAR, BRINGING HIS ATTENTION BACK TO THE CARDS. HE WALKS OVER TO READ THEM.

Alex wipes her eyes.

CLARE

God Alex. I'm so sorry. I would've been there for you, but I never saw the signs.

Alex's personality switches.

ALEX

No you wouldn't have. You were too busy with other things weren't you.

DALE

The scales have to be balanced. You and your assassin friend took a life. Danny deserved prison, not death.

Alex sits opposite Dale. Rage in her eyes.

ALEX

I hate him. He manipulated, tortured, and raped me-My own brother. I'm glad he's dead.

A FAST TRAVELLING WIND swirls around the room, forming into a grey apparition of Hsanatasi. It hovers above each of them, and they look up in turn to follow it. It stops at Clare then SCREAMS in her face, it's jagged teeth drooling, with eyes glowing red.

CLARE

(screams)

The rest cover their ears. The spectre darts off, and disappears.

BRAD

I think you just frightened it off. Well done.

CLARE

Why is he picking on me? I haven't done anything!

JAKE

Oh don't come with the dumb blonde attitude you are certainly not!

Dale gathers up the cards.

DALE

Look, as far as I'm concerned, that's another one done. Clare?

**JAKE** 

Yeah Clare.

Jake sets the cards in a fan.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Pick ten.

Clare remains standing with Brad.

CLARE

I've got a confession to make.

ALEX

Oh I've got to hear this one! It's sick enough for the Jeremy Kyle show.

JAKE

Just sit down Clare. If you wanted to confess, you should've done it in church.

Alex wanders to the book shelf to browse. She relights a half cigar.

ALEX

Yeah. Let's see what they have to say about poor little Clare.

Clare nervously sits opposite Jake and picks ten. He immediately forms the cross and looks into the cards.

**JAKE** 

Fuck me, you're in the cafe...
 (looks at Brad)
With Brad.

Jake looks into the cards.

INT. PARIS CAFE - DAY, VISION

JAKE IS A SPECTATOR. HE SEES BRAD AND CLARE SITTING BESIDE EACH OTHER. THE WAITRESS MORPHS INTO A DEMON AS SHE REACHES THE TABLE.

END VISION.

INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He looks up at Clare.

JAKE

Wooh! What a rush!

Dale peers over.

DALE

The three of swords.

JAKE

Stands for betrayal.

Alex stubs out her cigar, laughs insanely.

ALEX

Keep going Jake. You'll get to the juicy bit.

Jake reads on.

INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - DAY, VISION

Clare and Brad are kissing on her bed.

END VISION.

INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake is heart broken.

**JAKE** 

How far have you gone with (looks at Brad)him?

Tears well in Clare's eyes.

CLARE

I didn't mean to hurt you. I just wanted to have fun.

Jake's emotions brew. He swipes the cards from the table, panting. Clare stands, moves away from table, uneasy.

**JAKE** 

Fun?

Jake gets up and walks towards Brad. He backs away. Alex laughs.

BRAD

I'm sorry mate. I fell in love.

ALEX

Life sucks don't it Jake. You think you know someone.

Alex strolls to Jake's side. She draws on her cigar.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But you know what's funny? I knew she was shagging your best mate, and I told her to stop, but she was just having soo much fun.

DALE

How could you Brad?

Jake is crying.

JAKE

Yeah how could you do the dirty on your best friend?

Alex claps.

ALEX

Oh that's rich coming from you Jake. I mean, we've all got skeletons in our closet. Mine's out in the open, Brad and Clare's sordid little affair is out. I think it's time yours got an airing.

Jake looks Alex in the eye, gritting his teeth.

**JAKE** 

Don't change the subject Alex.

Clare walks over to them.

CLARE

What secrets do you have?

JAKE

This is about you and him right now, not me.

ALEX

It's about all of us Jake. Right here, right now, and I'm sure Clare would like to know what kind of person you really are.

(to Clare)
Wouldn't you Clare?

DALE

What's she on about?

**ALEX** 

Murder. Cold bloodied, calculated murder.

Their faces are full of horror.

ALEX (CONT'D)

The jeep that killed my brother, was driven by Jake. He jumped before it hit the window.

CLARE

Is that true?

Clare moves behind Brad.

DALE

So when you stormed out that night and left us, it was all planned.

Jake nods.

**JAKE** 

You never saw what Alex was going through. One night he beat her so bad, I had to rush her to A & E. She had no one.

DALE

How did you find out?

**JAKE** 

I caught him feeling her up. I saw the marks and put two and two together.

ALEX

He confronted me, so I told him everything. It was a relief really.

**BRAD** 

How long? How long to plan the murder of a friend?

ALEX

Four months. We had six scenarios, but the hit and run seemed best. I stalked the jeep guy for ages-Found out where he parked and when.

**JAKE** 

And it worked. That was until those poxy cards appeared.

**BRAD** 

You betrayed us.

**JAKE** 

Ha! Do you know how sick that sounds coming from you?

JAKES SQUARES UP TO BRAD.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I should drop you where you stand.

BRAD

Oh you gonna kill me too?

JAKE

I'm not sure.

JAKE STRIKES BRAD'S FACE. BRAD FALLS BACK INTO CLARE, BUT STAYS UPRIGHT.

He wipes the blood from his nose.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What did you see in my cards?

BRAD

You're sick. Both of you.

**JAKE** 

You have no idea mate.

DALE

This has got to stop. Besides.

DALE SEES THE CARDS HAVE FORMED INTO A FAN.

DALE (CONT'D)

It wants us to finish, and I'm next.

ALEX

It can see for itself.

(to Brad)

What I want to know is why you fucked her behind your best friend's back. I mean, I did cover for you.

**BRAD** 

Jake never gave Clare affection. That's why she came to me.

**JAKE** 

(to Clare)

I never gave you affection?

CLARE

You never had time for me. You were more interested in making money.

JAKE

Yeah to spend on you, you fickle bitch!

(mimics Clare. Hand on hips)

I didn't want that lipstick. It's not Christian Dior. I don't want that bag. It's not Gucci. Take it back Jake. I wanna be the new spoilt fucking rich barbie doll!

JAKE IS SO WOUND UP, HE STRIKES AT CLARE, BUT BRAD PULLS HIS ARM BACK. JAKE ELBOWS BRAD IN THE STOMACH, WINDING HIM. HE THROWS A BLIND PUNCH UNSTEADILY. DALE GRABS JAKE FROM BEHIND AS HE TRIES ANOTHER BLOW AT CLARE.

DALE

Stop before someone gets hurt!

**ALEX** 

You should've kneed him in the balls Clare. Worked for me once, but I got a beating for it.

Alex leans against the book shelf, arms folded, amused.

Brad, still bent over, pulls his phone out but drops it. It falls apart.

BRAD

Clare, dial 999, now!

**JAKE** 

No!

Jake struggles with Dale. He kicks him SHARPLY from behind in the shin. Dale loosens his grip, yelping.

JAKE TURNS AND PUNCHES DALE IN THE STOMACH.

Dale falls to the floor in pain.

JAKE FLIES AT CLARE AS SHE TAPS HER PHONE KEYBOARD. HE DIVES ONTO HER. SHE DROPS HER PHONE. THEY BOTH CRASH TO THE FLOOR, JAKE ON TOP. JAKE GRABS HER THROAT. SHE STRUGGLES TO BREATH. HER HANDS ARE BENEATH HIM.

Dale and Brad recover and run to her aid.

SUDDENLY JAKE'S EYES WIDEN. HE LETS GO.

Dale and brad grab his clothes and pull him off without a fight.

JAKE ROLLS OFF BESIDE CLARE, ON HIS BACK. DALE AND BRAD REALISE THEY ARE COVERED IN BLOOD.

They look at Jake.

JAKE HAS A LARGE BLOOD STAIN ACROSS HIS CHEST. HE STRUGGLES TO BREATHE.

CLARE SITS UP, BOTTLE OPENER IN HAND, COVERED IN BLOOD. SHE DROPS IT.

CLARE

(screams)

BRAD

Shit!

Dale puts pressure on Jake's chest with his hands.

DALE

Find something to cover him. He's going into shock!

Brad runs helpless around the room, the grabs the curtain from the table. He throws it over Jake's legs.

A TEAR ROLLS DOWN JAKE'S CHEEK AS HE TURNS HIS HEAD TO CLARE. HE BLINKS SLOWLY.

CLARE

I really didn't mean to hurt you.

DALE

Dial that bloody 999 will you!

She dials but the phone dies.

CLARE

Hello? Hello? No! It's dead.

Jake fights or breath, as Clare holds his hand.

**JAKE** 

I'm s...sorry.

Jake gasps. His eyes close. Dale pumps his chest.

DALE

No! Come on mate.

ALEX

You live by the sword?...Karma always wins. Well Hsanatasi does anyway.

**BRAD** 

Shut up Alex.

ALEX DRAWS ON HER CIGAR THEN STUBS IT OUT WITH HER FOOT.

ALEX

Don't want to start a fire do we?

Dale is frantic pumping at Jake's chests, but his body is lifeless.

BRAD

Stop it. He's dead...Dale!

IMMEDIATELY A GROAN IS HEARD IN THE ROOM. HSANATSI'S FIGURE FORMS BEHIND DALE. CLARE GASPS AS SHE SEES HIS FIERY EYES. DALE AND BRAD SMELL HIM. THEY SIT MOTIONLESS OVER JAKE.

The demon floats around to face Dale.

THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER, FACE TO FACE.

DALE

(qulps)

Hsanatasi.

Hsanatasi's jaw drops, showing his needle like teeth. Saliva drips from his mouth.

**HSANATASI** 

(GURGLED)

His soul is mine.

HSANATASI THROWS HIS ARM ACROSS DALE'S CHEST, SENDING HIM HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR. HE HITS THE WALL AND PASSES OUT.

The rest are frozen as the demon floats to rest on Jake's chest. He places his skeletal hand on Jake's forehead, and let's out a SCREECH. They cover their ears.

HSANATASI'S MOUTH OPENS WIDE AS HE LEANS OVER JAKE'S FACE. HE OPENS HIS MOUTH AND TAKES IN A DEEP BREATH, BRACING HIS BACK AS JAKE'S LIFE ESSENCE IS DRAWN FROM HIS BODY. BOTH THEIR EYES ARE AFLAME AS THE SOUL OF JAKE HOVERS BETWEEN HIS BODY AND HSANATASI'S.

JAKE

(the ghost)

I'm sorry Clare.

Jake's ghost's sad expression turns to rage as it enters Hsanatasi's mouth.

HSANATASI SHUTS HIS MOUTH. SCREAMS. FLIES OFF AT TREMENDOUS SPEED AND DISAPPEARS.

ALEX

Look on the bright side. You don't have to shag in secret anymore.

Dale awakes. He struggles to get up using the wall.

DALE

He killed him, didn't he?

ALEX

Na. Clare bumped him off all on her own. He took his soul though.

Dale rubs his head.

**BRAD** 

Still think this is hocus pocus?

Dale looks for the cards.

THEY ARE ON THE TABLE SPREAD INTO A FAN.

DALE

I'm not the judge.

CLARE

What are we going to do with...Jake?

BRAD

We leave him there and finish this. Dale?

Brad and Dale sit at the table. Dale picks ten cards, and brad forms the cross. Meanwhile Clare is in shock. She finds a corner and slides to a sit, rocking back and forth. Alex lights her last cigar, throws the box on the floor, and gives it to Clare. She sits beside her.

CLARE

I killed him. I killed Jake.

ALEX

It was self defence. He was a murderer. He got a taste of his own medicine.

Clare chokes as she inhales.

CLARE

We're still friends right?

**ALEX** 

Course. Us girls have to stick together.

THE TABLE

Brad looks into the cards.

BRAD

I really didn't want to be doing this again.

DALE

Are you scared?

BRAD

Yes. Are you still a sceptic?

DALE

No. Do you mind doing this with a corpse in the room?

**BRAD** 

No.

DALE

So hit me with it.

BRAD

(concentrates)

You and your dad are erm...

DALE

Arguing?

BRAD

No. You're hugging.

DALE

That was just a day ago. We hadn't since my mum's funeral.

DALE (CONT'D)

You're both in a shop.

DALE (CONT'D)

As long as I'm not being shunted through Seven Eleven by a jeep.

**BRAD** 

No, it's your shop! Andy and son, alternative medicine and therapy.

DALE

My dad's been messing around in that lab so long, I thought it was just a pipe dream.

**BRAD** 

Nope. It's real. You were born to be a healer. Look how you tried to save Jake.

DALE

That's what my dad says.

Brad looks into the last card. He smiles.

BRAD

That's it! You have a long and happy life.

DALE

Marvellous! So what about you?

**BRAD** 

Me? I had an affair. My cards have been dealt. I'll have to wait and see if Alex's visions materialise.

DALE

(looks at Clare)

She'll need looking after know.

BRAD

I will. I really do love her.

DALE

Good. So that's it. Game over. Shouldn't the demon genie return to its box now?

HSANATASI'S SHADOW CREEPS ALONG THE WALL TO THE CEILING ABOVE THE TABLE. THE FIGURE MATERIALISES. IT GROAMS, GETTING LOUDER.

Clare puffs harder on the cigar. They all stand and join hands, as a growing breeze catches their breath, unbalancing them.

THE BREEZE CIRCLES THE ROOM, THEN REACHES HASANATASI. THE LID OF THE BOX OPENS. THE CARDS RISE INTO A MINI TWISTER.

The group stare up at the mass, gripping each other tightly as they get pulled towards the vortex.

Hsanatasi is sucked into the top end of the twister. The cards are sucked into the box first.

HSANATASI IS LAST AS HE OPENS HIS MOUTH, EYES GLOWING WITH FIRE, SCREECHING, GOING DOWN INTO THE BOX. AS HE BELLOWS OUT HIS LAST SCREAM, HIS HEAD DISAPPEARS, BUT HIS SKELETAL HAND REACHES OUT FOR SOMEONE TO GRAB.

IT GRABS ALEX'S HAIR. SHE SCREAMS. DALE FIGHTS TO RELEASE ITS HOLD. BRAD JOINS THEN CLARE.

It looses grip. The hand disappears inside the box.

THE LID OF THE BOX SLAMS SHUT. SILENCE.

They all fall, panting. Alex straightens her hair.

ALEX

Thanks guys. I didn't fancy a trip to hell just yet.

CLARE

Do you think that's where he went?

DALE

Who knows? The box is a doorway to somewhere.

BRAD

I think you should take care of it. Make sure no one ever gets their hands on it again.

Dale nods.

CLARE

(looks to Jake) What should we do with him?

ALEX

Torch him. Torch this whole place, again.

**BRAD** 

Your right. There's no way we can explain this to the police!

Alex lit the curtain, covering Jake completely.

CLARE

T.t.f.n.

Alex takes Clare's hand and they back away, watching the flames take hold. Brad runs out then back in.

**BRAD** 

I've turned the gas back on! Get the hell out of here, before the whole place blows!

DALE

What? Shit.

They run for the door.

EXT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad, Dale and Clare run to the gate. Alex is standing in the doorway. They look back at her.

**BRAD** 

What is she playing at?

Dale runs back. He tries to drag her but she fights back.

ALEX

Leave me Dale. I have to pay for what I did.

The flames are visible through the window.

DALE

You're not in the right frame of mind right now. You'll die!

**ALEX** 

I died a long time ago. A life for a life.

DALE

I can't leave you here!

ALEX

(calmly)

You can. This is what I want. I'm ready to face my demons.

DALE

No one's judging you now.

ALEX

Save yourself, before it's too late. Please.

Dale lets go. He kisses her on the forehead.

ALEX (CONT'D)

See you in the next dimension.

He runs, and she walks into the house. The three survivors jump the gate.

STREET

Brad, Dale and Clare start walking.

CLARE

Alex?

Dale shakes his head. Brad kisses Clare quickly.

**BRAD** 

We should go our separate ways. Go home.

They nod and part. Dale calls back to Clare.

DALE

Oh, and get rid of that bottle opener. Your clothes too.

CLARE

Okay.

They run, Brad and Dale cross the road. Clare stops. She checks her pockets.

CLARE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Oh no.

Clare runs back towards the house. As brad reaches the end of the road, he looks back and sees Clare.

CLARE JUMPS THE FENCE. SHE ALMOST REACHES THE DOOR WHEN THE WINDOW EXPLODES OUTWARDS, SENDING GLASS AND DEBRIS ACROSS THE GRASS.

BRAD

Clare!

He begins to run back, but stops when people emerge from their houses. He looks down at his bloody shirt, then sees Clare move. Dale runs back to him. DALE

(to himself)

She'll be okay. We have to go.

They disappear around the corner.

EXT. WINNIE'S HOUSE, FRONT GATE

The husband and wife next door to Winnie's house lean over the gate, as more onlookers arrive. Sirens are heard. Clare groans on the grass.

WIFE

She's alive. Get her then!

The husband jumps the fence and carries Clare to the gate.

HE KICKS A BOOT WITH ALEX'S FOOT STILL ATTACHED.

INT. CLARE'S HOUSE - DAY

Clare is sitting in the lounge, sprawled out with a blanket. Her hands and face are covered in dressings. She has visible stitches and burns. The curtains are drawn. A lamp is on with the TV. Clare is flicking through the channels.

Clare's mother, ANNE walks down the stairs to the lounge. She looks like a middle aged Barbie.

ANNE

Open the curtains and let the light in. You can't hide forever Clare darling.

CLARE

I will when I'm ready mum.

The door bell rings. Anne answers. She lets Brad in. He has chocolates and a wreath. He leaves the wreath by the door. He is wearing all black.

ANNE

Hello. I'm so glad you've come. Maybe you can talk some sense into her. She refuses to go out.

Brad gives her the chocolates and sits beside her, moving the newspaper aside.

Anne opens the curtains to let the sunlight in.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I'll leave you to it.

Anne goes upstairs.

Brad tries to kiss Clare. She bows her head for him to kiss her forehead as it's the only place clear of injury.

**BRAD** 

I love you, and I'm here for you.

CLARE

I love you too, but how can you love me now? I'm scarred for life.

Brad holds her bandaged hand.

**BRAD** 

Oh Clare! It's not about how you look. It's who you are. We've been through so much and we've survived. Now we have a second chance to do it right.

Clare hugs him, and he reciprocates, but she pulls back in pain.

CLARE

Ahh, not just yet.

They look into each other's eyes.

BRAD

I have to go. I gather you're not coming.

CLARE

I can't go out like this. Besides, the reporters will be waiting. I'm not ready.

They look at the newspaper on the sofa.

Brad sees the headline.

FRIENDS PLOT TO KILL ABUSIVE BROTHER ENDS IN SUICIDE PACT-HERO GIRLFRIEND'S BID TO SAVE THEM.

**BRAD** 

It worked out for the best. You were the hero.

CLARE

We were lucky she'd thought it through, leaving her diary with all the plans.

Brad gets up. Kisses her on head.

BRAD

I'll call you later.

CLARE

Give my love to Dale.

Brad picks up the wreath and shuts the door behind him.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brad speed walks happily along the pavement whilst on the phone.

BRAD

I'm on my way...Yeah, she said she loves me too, so everything is fine.

DALE (V.O.)

Fantastic. How does she look?

Brad reaches a pelican crossing. The green man alights, and he puts one foot onto the road.

BRAD

She's still bandaged, and she's feeling...

A RED JEEP SPEEDS TOWARDS BRAD. HE TURNS HIS HEAD IN MID SENTENCE AND STOPS IN A TRANCE. HE IS SURE HE SEES JAKE'S FACE AT THE WHEEL. HE DROPS THE PHONE.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Son of a...

THE JEEP MOUNTS THE PAVEMENT, HITTING THE TRAFFIC LIGHT POLE, MISSING BRAD BY INCHES.

DALE (V.O.)

Brad? Are you there?

The jeep is wrecked and the owner climbs out, minor cut on head.

OWNER

I don't believe it! I had this whole thing rebuilt from scratch! The bloody brakes failed. Are you okay?

**BRAD** 

Yeah thanks. Just shocked.

OWNER

I could've killed you. I'm gonna kill those bloody mechanics when I get hold of them.

Owner makes call on phone. Turns away, mumbling.

Brad looks down to his phone, listening to Dale.

DALE (V.O.)

Brad? What happened?

Brad picks up the phone, and crosses the road.

BRAD

You'll never guess what just happened!

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

A group begin leaving the two holes in the ground. Two men are filling them with earth. Brad and Dale are at the back.

**BRAD** 

Well that was awkward.

DALE

I've had enough of death. You coming?

**BRAD** 

Yeah, I'm going back to Clare's. She needs me. She's so depressed.

They leave the graveyard. Hands in pockets.

BRAD (CONT'D)

How are things with your dad?

DALE

Great. We're working together in the lab, making final preparations for the shop.

SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brad and Dale stop at a corner.

DALE

Well this is where we split.

They hug.

BRAD

The box is in a safe place right?

DALE

It won't see the light of day again, I promise.

BRAD

Good.

DALE

Tell Clare I'll pop round and see her tomorrow.

Brad waves as they part.

**BRAD** 

Yeah.

Brad walks along smiling to himself. Walking towards him is Spencer, with his hooded top on.

HIS HANDS ARE IN HIS FRONT POUCH POCKET. Brad does not recognise him as he stops him.

SPENCER

You got the time mate?

**BRAD** 

Yeah, hold on.

He reaches in his pocket and checks his phone.

SPENCER PULLS OUT A BLADE FROM HIS POCKET AND LUNGES INTO BRAD'S STOMACH.

Brad gasps. He grabs Spencer's top for support, but he lifts his hand off. Brad drops to his knees, holding his hand to his stomach, now turning red. Spencer bends down to him, smiling.

SPENCER

(Irish accent)

Message from Jake. It's a bit late, but then he's dead late.

**BRAD** 

You! You were watching us.

SPENCER

Yeah. Nothing personal. The name's Spencer, not that it matters. Have a nice death.

Spencer walks away sharply, fixing his hood tightly over his head. Brad drops to his side. The street is empty. He finds Clare's number and dials.

CLARE (V.O.)

Hey I was just talking to Dale. Where are you?

BRAD

(struggles to speak)
I, I love you. You'll be fine
without me.

CLARE (V.O.)
Brad? What's wrong. Brad!

Brad drops the phone. His breathing slows as his eyes close. He takes his last breath. The street is silent, empty.

INT. CLARE'S HOUSE - DAY

Clare and Dale enter from the rain. They both wear black. Clare takes off her hat and puts down the umbrella. The curtains are open. Her bandages are mostly off. She has burn scars on her hands and face. Dale sits down opposite her on the sofa. He begins eating her chocolates beside him.

DALE

Wearing black has become a bit of a habit. It unbecoming. It's depressing.

CLARE

I miss Brad so much. And I had to tell the police about our affair. It was horrible.

Clare takes a chocolate from the box.

CLARE (CONT'D)

I can't help but think if the cards did all this.

DALE

No. Jake had it all planned out. Brad, then Danny. He was more obsessed with justice than that damn demon!

CLARE

I paid the price didn't I.

Clare looks into a mirror on the wall.

CLARE (CONT'D)

This is my punishment.

DALE

Curse or coincidence. Let it go Clare.

He joins her at the mirror. Their reflections look back at them.

DALE (CONT'D)

We have to move on.

CLARE

(smiles)

Easy for you to say. You don't look like Mrs. Freddie Kruger.

DALE

You'll be fine.

Dale turns her towards him.

DALE (CONT'D)

Now I am going to the cafe for some real food. You up for it?

CLARE

Maybe tomorrow.

Dale kisses her. He opens the door.

DALE

Why put off till tomorrow what you can do today?

He leaves with the door open. Clare looks in the mirror.

CLARE

You're right.

Clare runs out.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Clare runs behind Dale.

CLARE

Wait for me!

Dale turns, smiles. They walk arm in arm away.

EXT. CAR BOOT SALE - DAY

A large muddy field is packed with rows of cars with people selling their goods. Spencer and Angie meet in an isle.

ANGIE

I've been looking everywhere for you. Have you bought me anything yet?

SPENCER

Since when did we buy anything?

They walk a few feet and Angie pulls him to a stall. She picks up a dull ornament. The STALL HOLDER#1 watches them eagle eyed.

ANGTE

How much is this?

STALL HOLDER#1

A pound love.

As they chat, Spencer slips a small bracelet from the table, into his pocket. He pulls Angie and she puts down the ornament, and walks on.

EXT. SHOP FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Two men are lifting a sign into place above the shop window.

ANDY AND SON ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE

Andy is directing them with Dale watching.

ANDY

Left a bit. That's it.

Clare joins the group. She stops to look up. She is wearing, jeans, trainers, has a short bob haircut.

CLARE

Looks amazing doesn't it?

DALE

So do you! Glad you could make it.

CLARE

Wouldn't have missed it for the world.

DALE

Come inside. I've got something for you.

The two walk in.

INT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Inside, shelves are still waiting to be put up. To the back is a glass counter. Dale leads Clare up stairs to his bedroom.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room has a bed, wardrobe, surrounded by cardboard boxes. Dale climbs over to the wardrobe, and clears a space for them to sit. He rummages through the wardrobe.

DALE

I made you a potion for your scars. It's in here somewhere.

Dale's pants fall out onto their laps.

DALE (CONT'D)

Oops, not those.

THE BOX falls into his lap, and he stops. Pauses.

DALE (CONT'D)

I couldn't leave them in the attic of the old house. Someone might have...

Clare puts her hand on his lap.

CLARE

It's okay. Now where's this potion of yours.

Dale reaches in and pulls out a small bottle along with more clothes, covering the box. He hands it to her.

DALE

You just dab it on and it should sooth and heal the skin.

Clare opens the bottle and smells it.

CLARE

Mmm, smells divine. Thanks.

They look into each other's eyes for a moment.

DALE

Right then, let's get this lot back in.

They both pile the clothes into the bottom of the wardrobe.

SUDDENLY A GUST OF WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE OPEN WINDOW. CLARE SHIVERS.

CLARE

Summer's over then.

They finish packing the clothes, looking down confused.

DALE

The box? It's gone!

CLARE

Are you sure?

Dale pulls out the clothes to make sure.

DALE

Yes! I guess it's moved on. There's a whole world of thieves, liars and cheats to pass judgement on. No offence.

CLARE

None take. I'm glad it's gone.

Clare moves closer to Dale.

CLARE (CONT'D)

You're my knight in shining armour. (looks down at pants)
Well, cotton pants anyway.

Clare leans forward to kiss Dale. He pauses.

DALE

Are you sure you want this?

CLARE

This is a new beginning for us both.

DALE

And I'd like nothing more than to start it with you.

They kiss and fall into the underwear giggling.

EXT. CAR BOOT SALE - CONTINUOUS

Spencer and Angie stop at another stall. She picks up a silver candlestick. STALL HOLDER#2 looks at it confused.

CLARE

Is this silver?

STALL HOLDER#2

I don't know. Don't remember having one. Strange. Give us a quid and it's yours.

Spencer picks up a wooden box-THE BOX. Angie hands the man a pound coin. Spencer shakes the box and inside rattles. He tries to open it but can't.

SPENCER

What about this?

STALL HOLDER#2

Doesn't look familiar either. It's not mine.

SPENCER

Well you won't mind me taking it then.

Spencer taps Angie.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Run!

They scarper into the crowd.

STALL HOLDER#2

Oi! Sodding pikeys.

INT. MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Spencer, Angie, and their two friends, Katherine and Sean sit in a circle on the floor around the box. Three try to open it, but Katherine succeeds.

INSTANTLY A FOUL SMELLING CLOUD OF DUST ESCAPES.

They wave the waft away.

ANGIE

What was that?

Katherine tips out the cards. Spencer recognises them immediately.

SPENCER

Shit they're tarot cards. My old gran used to read them. She was a witch.

SEAN

Really?

SPENCER

Yeah. She disowned us when my granpa died. She said my mum was only after his money. She's dead now anyway, and she still left us shite.

KATHERINE

That's sad.

SPENCER

Na, she was an old hag. She died in that house fire.

SEAN

That was your gran?

SPENCER

Yeah, straight up. She hated us. Said she'd get her own back on us for all the wrongs we did.

SEAN

Then you should be in jail by now.

They all laugh. Angie takes the cards.

ANGIE

Let's use them for a laugh.

KATHERINE

I don't know. It's not right. They belong to someone...

SPENCER

Oh come on Katherine. They ended up at a car boot sale.

Angie spreads them out across the floor.

SUDDENLY A SWIRLING TWISTER ESCAPES FROM THE BOX, FORMING INTO HSANATASI. IT RISES ABOVE THEM.

Angie scrambles for the door on all fours, but the twister drags her back and the door slams shut. They sit frozen in terror as Hsanatasi settles above their heads.

Sean shuffles backwards on his bum, but Hsanatasi drags him back. The demon glides to face Spencer. It opens its mouth to reveal its jagged teeth and dripping saliva.

**HSANATASI** 

I've searched a very long time for you Spencer Mason. Long ago your mother cast the spell, that bound me to that box.

SPENCER

(terrified)

What the fuh?

HSANATASI

Winnie was a good witch. She was performing a ritual to break the spell, when you spoilt it all.

ANGIE

What did you do Spencer?

SPENCER

She kept hassling us so I fucking killed her alright!

SEAN

Jesus Spence! Your mother's a dark witch?

KATHERINE

Oh my God, you murdered your grandmother?

**HSANATASI** 

On her dying breath, she asked me to avenge her murder. Then I could return home.

The demon's eyes glowed red as he let out a screech. The light bulb explodes. Hsanatasi raises his bony hands.

ANGIE

Guess your mother's spell backfired!

THE FLOOR AROUND THE BOX OPENS AND THE BOX AND CARDS FALL IN. HSANATASI SCREAMS, SENDING THE WHOLE ROOM INTO A GIANT VORTEX. EVERYTHING NOT HELD DOWN JOINS THE TWISTER, SWIRLING AROUND HSANATASI IN THE CENTRE TOP.

The four try to grab something as they are dragged towards the hole. Sean is sucked in screaming, then Angie. As Spencer's legs go in, his hand reaches for Katherine, but she cannot pull him back.

Katherine falls onto her back. Her feet are first in. The hole begins to close. She screams as she sees the demon above her. He grabs her hand and pulls her up and out. He closes his mouth, and his eyes calm to a warm yellow glow.

The noise of the whirling mass quietens. Katherine stops screaming.

HSANATASI

(quietly)

This place is not or you. Thank you for setting me free.

He lets go of her and slides into the narrowing hole. The last of the mass swirls downwards until the hole disappears. The carpet is as it was.

Katherine runs out.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - CONTINUOUS

Katherine keeps running, out of the park gate, onto the pavement. She stops, confused. She remembers nothing, looking back.

KATHERINE

(to herself)

How did I get here?

Katherine shrugs and walks on smiling, taking out her mobile phone and ear pieces. She bumps into TRAVELLER WOMAN walking towards the gate.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Sorry. I...

TRAVELLER WOMAN

Look where you're going child.

They pass but both look back to each other, confused, then forget the moment and carry on.

KATHERINE

Now, where was I?

Katherine walks away smiling to herself. She puts her mobile phone ear pieces into her ears and plays her heavy metal music.

(CONT'D)

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