

Demon Within  
by  
Khamanna Iskandarova

[khamanna@hotmail.com](mailto:khamanna@hotmail.com)

FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL LANDSCAPE - DAY

A dusty road winds up through lifeless fields.

The place is void of life - few trees scattered here and there, not a single house in sight.

The silence is eerie, so heavy, you can almost hear it.

An SUV rounds a corner.

It lifts clouds of dust as it wheels by.

Two young men and a young woman sit inside.

INT. SUV - DAY

GREG (20s), square jaw and piercing eyes, sits in the back.

His legs are covered with a woolen blanket and are visibly thin for his athletic complexion. His eyes remain fixed on an open laptop that rests in his lap.

Greg throws a worried glance at LISA (20s), seated next to him.

Lisa cuddles up to him, thoughtful look in her curious baby-blue eyes. She wears glasses, and they make her eyes seem bigger and brighter.

GREG

I can't see where we are anymore.  
Navigation must be off.

Greg taps the driver, MAX (20s), a handsome people's person type, on the shoulder.

GREG

Pass me the map, will you.

Max hands him a Google printout.

Greg studies it, as Lisa works the keyboard.

GREG

Don't worry about it.

He points at a red mark on the map.

GREG

The house is like thirty miles away.

A clash of thunder cuts him off.

Lisa rolls down the window and sticks her hand out.

A couple of drops land on it. She looks at the sky.

Dark, thunderous clouds loom overhead. She rolls the window back up.

She reaches into her bag and pulls out a handful of sharp brass stakes.

LISA

Found them in the antique store  
across the street from us.

Greg chuckles at the sight of them. His lips curl into a goofy smile.

GREG

Whoa. Max, check these out.

He grabs one and passes it to Max.

GREG

Sweetie, you should have stayed  
home, if you're scared.

Max sees the stakes and can't suppress a laughter.

MAX

What would we do without her?

Greg leans in to give Lisa a kiss but she pulls away with a frown.

LISA

I'm not scared, you dumbo. It's a  
PR thing - we'll lay them around,  
take pictures.

She snatches the laptop from Greg and starts pounding on the keyboard.

LISA

You've seen the survivor's  
interview, right?

GREG

The schitzo you mean?

Max extends his hand for a high five. Greg and him do a high five and laugh. Lisa pounds some more and finds footage.

FOOTAGE:

SIMON (30s) talks into a camera. His eyes never seem to rest on any object, body seized by a twitch.

Lisa presses PLAY on screen.

SIMON (ON VIDEO)  
You need a weapon. Stakes. Brass  
stakes. They'll help you fight.

Simon expressively stares into the camera.

SIMON (ON VIDEO)  
She stuck one into my shoulder. My  
wife...

Greg and Max laugh. Lisa stops the recording.

Greg reaches for the stakes and tries to snatch one. She playfully slaps his hand away.

LISA  
These are two bucks each. I want to  
take them back to the store once  
we're done.

Max and Greg understand now, Max makes a thumbs up.

MAX  
You've got a smart one there. As  
soon as I make a museum out of the  
house, I'll put her in for a  
manager.

Greg strokes Lisa's shoulder. He leans to her for a kiss on a cheek.

GREG  
What else have you got?

LISA  
Few printouts, pictures of the dead  
tourists. We'll scatter them for  
the shots, sort of reenact the way  
they killed each other. What do  
you think?

Greg shrugs. They drive in silence for a while. Then, Greg clears his throat.

GREG  
So, you wanna tell Max?

MAX  
Tell me what?

Max reaches into his pocket for a cigarette. He lights it, puts it into his mouth.

Greg and Lisa exchange smiles.

MAX  
Shit, are you for real?

Max spits out the cigarette.

MAX  
Woah! Wooooaaaaahhh!!! ...Did I tell you I was gonna quit when you two get married? I did, right.

He throws a cigarette away. The wind takes back to the third row. It lands next to the gas canister.

Lisa rushes for it, puts the cigarette down.

LISA  
Do you want to kill us?

MAX  
Oops. So, the wedding present. I must think hard about this. A favorite band? A house? This house?

GREG  
Oh, shut up. You've already done enough. Hey, how large is the land?

MAX  
Twenty acres. My bank already approved the loan for the amusement park.

LISA  
You mean your dad approved the loan?

EXT. DARK SKIES

The thunderous clouds loom overhead.

MAX (O.S.)  
Yep, that bank. Twenty rides, handpicked by yours truly - creme de la creme stuff only.

GREG (O.S.)  
And a murder house to top it all  
for sheer entertainment.

MAX (O.S.)  
Wooohoo!

INT. CAR

Greg pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket.

MAX  
Hey tell me, am I the first one to  
know? Because if I'm not...

GREG  
You what?

MAX  
I'm starting smoking again.

LISA  
You're the first one, relax.

MAX  
Not even Greg's mom?

GREG  
Not even her. Yeah man, only you so  
far. Be sure to keep your mouth  
shut though.

MAX  
Yes sir!

GREG  
Hey, have you memorized your part?

MAX  
Lisa didn't give me many lines,  
you're doing most of the talk.

Greg nods.

GREG  
I'm gonna work for my money, no  
doubt about it.

MAX  
Could have done it for fun. I'd  
just given you the money you need.

Greg's jaw hardens. Pride crosses his face.

GREG

A pair of legs isn't cheap. I'm getting too much for this little trip anyway.

Max shakes his head.

MAX

We know each other far too long for this kind of talk.

They stay silent for a moment. Lisa reaches for Greg's blanket as it slides off.

Wind blows Greg's papers.

LISA

It's getting chilly, isn't it?

Max rolls up the windows.

MAX

They'll postpone the surgery if you get a cold, remember?

Max extends his hand and pats Greg on a knee:

MAX

Come on, I need a wedding to get drunk.

GREG

(making a joke)  
Someone's getting married?

Lisa pinches him, an engagement ring glistens on her finger. Max turns to Greg.

MAX

Tell you what --I'd marry you too.

GREG

He bought a house and twenty acres around it. It's just a small matter of turning gay.

MAX

I'll make an effort if you will.

GREG

What an idiot.

Lisa snugs up to Greg, her face content.

They make a turn and she spots a large grey house.

LISA

Look. Is that it?

Fog covers the landscape. They peer out their windows.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Vegetation is barely present.

The SUV enters a bumpy driveway.

INT. SUV - DAY

Max points at the vast land around the house.

MAX

The builders will start next Friday. After that it's a just a matter of collecting the staff, managers, marketers, sales personnel... I'll have someone do that for me. You two lovebirds will help, right?

GREG

Yes sir.

MAX

You should've seen the park plan. A Dive Bomber with Russian Mountains in the middle. And there's gonna be a theme street - like a Disney park, yes mam, it'll be fancy, not just like one of those Six Flags places.

He points to the house.

MAX

With a murder house like this one - can't get any better than that.

Lisa pulls away the blanket from Greg's legs and folds it.



EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The house is a huge bleak two-story structure.  
The paint and rotten wood siding show years of neglect.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Their car stops at the curb.  
Max and Lisa step out. Max walks around. He retrieves a walker out of the trunk and hands it to Greg.  
Greg leans on it, hobbles out of the car.

MAX

You okay?

Greg nods.

GREG

Help me with the scooter, will you.

Max nods. He moves toward the trunk.

Lisa helps. They get out a prosumer video equipment, photo camera, tripod, cables and a few backpacks.

Greg tries to help Lisa with the load but Max doesn't let him.

MAX

Hey there, can-do-it-all. Leave the heavy lifting for me, alright.

Greg gives him an appreciative nod.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They approach and look at the house with apprehension.  
The windows are crosshatched with old wood.  
A howling wind rocks a broken lamp that hangs above the door.  
Just beneath the lamp they see a plate. Max reads from it:  
"And let him that is on the housetop not go down into the house" MARK 13:15  
Max lifts his arms in mock surrender.

MAX

This is so sexy. Don't you think?

Lisa reaches for a camera, but Greg stops her.

GREG

Later.

Greg leans heavily on his walker. The scooter remains next to the car.

The group starts up the doorsteps. The wooden slats creak under their feet.

Max pushes the door, it swings open. One by one they step inside.

INT. HOUSE - HALL - DAY

The hall opens to the living room, dining room and the kitchen.

In the middle of the house there's a wide staircase.

On the right side is a corridor that leads to a number of bedrooms as well as bathrooms. Some doors appear open, others shut.

Max and Lisa drop the bags and filming equipment on the floor and walk down the--

INT. CORRIDOR

They look inside the bedrooms.

Lisa walks into one.

INT. BEDROOM

The room is fully furnished.

Lisa hops up on a bed, excited.

LISA

Wow, we could stay overnight here if we like.

Lisa jumps down.

There's a cupboard in a corner. It stands a few inches away from the wall.

Lisa notices a closet behind it. She crouches, slides behind the cupboard and tries the closet door.

The door opens just fine - the closet appears empty.

Lisa shuts the door, clambers out.

INT. CORRIDOR

Max keeps looking around. He whistles.

MAX

Hey, Greg, come here, look around -  
it's worth it. All mine, can you  
believe it?

He opens and shuts each of the doors.

GREG (O.S.)

Knock yourself out, I'm busy staging.  
Your little documentary won't film  
itself, will it?

Lisa walks toward the last door but Max stops her.

MAX

Psst. Better go - he's getting  
cranky. We'll have plenty of time  
for this.

Max heads toward the hall. Lisa shrugs, turns around and walks after Max.

LISA

I wish we checked it out.

A long array of tablets with biblical saying on them hang on the walls. One of the tablets falls off.

Max lifts it and reads out loud.

MAX

MARK 5:3. He lived among the tombs,  
and no one could bind him anymore,  
not even with a chain.

Lisa rolls her eyes.

LISA

What do you know. You can't bind  
him once he's out.

MAX  
(in tone)  
Not even with a chain.

GREG (O.S.)  
Hey, guys, are we gonna start  
filming or what?

Max and Lisa step into the--

INT. HALL

Where Greg mounts a camera on a tripod.

The Hall opens into the living room and all three move there.

INT. LIVING ROOM

It's well furnished: a couch, draped in black, a coffee table  
and couple of end tables with lamps on them.

Max plops down on a sofa, sprawls his legs across.

MAX  
So, couple of weirdos wacked each  
other here?  
(laughs)  
Tourists - almost like us.

LISA  
The man that gave an interview,  
Simon, said that... the evil in  
them stirred up once they got into  
the house, something like that. Sad  
story really.

She reaches for the notebook, mounts it on a table and powers  
it on.

She looks for the "Interview with Simon" video. She opens it,  
then clicks play.

Simon appears on the monitor.

SIMON  
Everybody has evil in him, a sort  
of sinful side. It stirred up in us  
as soon as we got inside the damn  
house. ...We had to fight it.

There's a shot in front of Simon and he finishes it in one  
gulp.

SIMON

You have to fight it too. Always.  
...May I have another please?

A hand pours a drink for Simon. Simon downs it in a second and shines a toothless smile at the camera.

MAX

Could he be less drunk?

Into the camera, Simon shows sloppily drawn pictures of his friends.

SIMON

Look. This is a demon. Can you recognize it? ...You can't? Well it is one. You better believe it. And this is Kate. Look at them - they are absolutely identical.

LISA

I xeroxed his drawings - too funny.

GREG

And stupid. It would help if we stopped listening to the psycho and got things moving. Jeez.

Lisa stops the video. She grabs a photo camera, turns it on and takes pictures.

Greg pulls laminated pictures out of Lisa's backpack. He scatters them on the table.

GREG

Where did the police find the bodies?

LISA

Hmm... Mostly here I think, in the living room. There was a body in one of the bedrooms too.

Greg helps her - he scatters the photos, gives the room an untidy look. It's hard for him to walk with his walker and he shoots Max a look of disapproval.

GREG

Come on, it's a couple hours job, let's do it and get out of here.

Max doesn't move.

MAX

Go ahead, I'm tired. I was the one driving for two hours. You were smooching with your girlfriend in the back seat.

GREG

You're the one who needs the damn video in the first place.

MAX

And you need a pair of legs, remember?

GREG

Oh, I do. Although I have no idea why you think this shitty movie should attract tourists to the damn place, but whatever. Totally your call.

INT. BEDROOM 1

The living room and part of the kitchen can be seen from it.

The room is empty but there's a feeling that someone watches the commotion in the living room from here.

Sound of a slow beating heart. The heart beat grows faster by the second and becomes more distinct.

An open door to one other bedroom (bedroom 2) can be seen across from the corridor.

INT. BEDROOM 2

No one seems to be inside but it feels like someone listens to the guys from here as well.

Sound of a beating heart.

The heart beat intensifies.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Max rolls in on Greg's wheelchair. His lips stretched in a mock smile.

Max shows off, going front and back in the wheelchair and making all kinds of stunt turns.

Lisa tries to swallow a titter.

GREG

What kind of a stupid clown are  
you?

He rushes toward Max.

MAX

Don't worry, I don't want your  
wheels, thank you very much.

Lisa plops on a sofa with a notebook.

Max gets off the wheelchair and joins Lisa. He winks at her,  
checks her out.

Greg notices, suspicion registers on his face.

He sits down in his wheelchair and watches Max.

INT. BEDROOM 1

A sound of someone moving around. That someone is not seen  
yet. A heart beat.

It starts materializing in pieces. An eye cracks open but no  
face yet. Then, the other eye appears.

Piece by piece the rest of the face materializes.

The thing listens to the conversation in the living room.

LISA (O.S.)

Did we bring any water? I could  
make tea or something.

GREG (O.S.)

We don't need no tea. Let's get the  
shoot done and leave.

MAX (O.S.)

You make tea? Where on earth did  
you find her - she's worth a  
million bucks, I'm telling you.

GREG (O.S.)

Heard that three times in the last  
hour.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Max and Greg are in the living room. Lisa is in the kitchen, which is seen from the living room.

GREG

"a million bucks" - it's all  
about money for you. No feelings,  
just money.

Max looks toward Lisa, his lips stretch into a placid smile.

MAX

Well, I wouldn't call it "no  
feelings".

INT. BEDROOM 1

The thing leers at them. It's got heavy breath, its black eyes sparkle hungrily.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lisa walks in, approaches Max. Greg watches her closely.

She sits down on the sofa, suspiciously close to Max. Their bodies touch.

MAX

I'd say, yes to feelings.  
Definitely yes.

Max squints at Lisa, she playfully smiles back. Greg's eyes shoot stakes. Lisa notices.

LISA

What's going on? You don't look  
good.

INT. BEDROOM 1

The creature didn't materialize in full, yet it seems to morph fast.

It's a DEMON - a donkey from waist down with donkey legs, tail and horns, and an animalistic human from waist up. Bluish ulcers in abundance cover its black skin.

The morphing comes to an end.



The Demon looks around the room and studies himself. His eyes gleam with satisfaction.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Max reads from a piece of paper. He rises.

MAX

I'm ready.

He turns to Greg, points to the camera.

MAX

Where are you going to put it?

GREG

I'm not a camera man - was gonna do the report and that's about it. That's how we planned it.

MAX

You said you'll work for your legs? Not a big deal, I can tell them about what happened here. In the end I'm doing everything myself.

INT. BEDROOM 2

The process of morphing into a Demon repeats itself in the second Bedroom.

At first there are black eyes of an animal, followed by the face covered with black skin. The face grimaces.

The hooves and legs take their shape followed by the rest of the body.

The animal scans around, sniffs the air, closes its eyes and savors its mere existence - it is home once again.

It stares at the bedroom 1 through a slightly open door and grins as if knowing that another one of its kind is in there.

The Demon reacts to the voices coming from the living room. It turns toward them and lust washes over its ugly face.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Max grabs the tripod. He mounts the camera on it, fastens it on, positions himself.

He looks at the piece of paper, mouths his speech.

Lisa wants to press "record" but Max motions for her to stop.

MAX

Give me a moment - never done  
acting before. ...Now.

Lisa presses on record. Max looks into the camera and  
whispers, clowning:

MAX

Sorry guys, I'm filling in for our  
reporter. He's sort of menstrual  
today.

Max cackles, but pulls himself together, clears his throat.

MAX

Oh well, let me tell everything  
from memory - don't need the damn  
paper for it.

He throws the paper with the speech away.

MAX

...We are here... in the house...  
where four tourists - Simon, Megan,  
Kate and David, seemingly friends,  
well, killed each other... They  
mainly used this kind of small  
sharp brass stakes. And they kind  
of stabbed each other with them  
to... death.

Lisa shoves one into Max' hand. There's another one in her  
hand and she pockets it.

Max pauses. He flashes a naughty smile into the camera.

MAX

I'm here with my friends.

He presses a finger against his mouth.

MAX

Don't tell them, but I'm gonna wack  
them before midnight. What else do  
you think I brought them here for?

A laughter shakes his body. Lisa finds it amusing as well. A  
vein pops on Greg's forehead.

GREG

Seriously, I'll find other ways to get the surgery money.

Greg rolls in his chair pushing the furniture around. He grabs the car keys.

GREG

You'll have to fight me for these. I'm out of here.

He turns to Lisa.

GREG

You coming?

Lisa shoots him a look and it's like she sees him for the first time.

LISA

Hey, Max, we have to get a footage of Greg - people love disabled - he's a good find for us.

Greg's mouth opens up.

GREG

What do you mean "love disabled"?

Max and Lisa talk to each other as if Greg said nothing.

MAX

Right, I for one can't pull you two apart lately. Hey Gregie...

He points at Greg's legs.

MAX

Does she love you more ever since you lost them?

GREG

Is that what you want - to pull us apart? FYI - I didn't lose them, my legs are fixable.

Max sneers, nothing seems to get to him now.

INT. BEDROOM 1

Demon keeps listening to the guys with a nasty grin.

MAX (O.S.)

Wow, you act like you're not  
different from the rest of us. In  
your head, you're normal, huh?

Demon's legs, and feet change. They take a shape of a human.  
A human skin forms on top of the black ulcers.

Demon watches Max. He sees Max step into the--

INT. CORRIDOR

Max trudges forward.

MAX

Hey, Lisa, come over, check out the  
house. Let your hero cool down a bit.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lisa doesn't answer.

She walks around Greg and steps into the--

INT. KITCHEN

Greg immediately follows, face worried, eyes squinted.

INT. CORRIDOR

Max counts the doors.

MAX

One, two, three, four. It's a damn  
mansion.

The door to Bedroom 1 is half open. It slightly moves. That  
intrigues Max.

MAX

Where did they find the body again?  
Which bedroom?

He walks into Bedroom 1.

INT. KITCHEN

Lisa works the tap, yellow water runs through her fingers.  
She leans in and cringes - the water has a foul smell.

LIZA

Jeesus. Well, definitely no tea.

Greg watches her.

GREG

Now what? You're doing whatever the clown tells you? I saw the weird glances, he obviously has the hots for you.

Lisa sighs, bored and tired.

GREG

So, you like that ATM machine? Do you?

Lisa rummages the shelves in search of food. She tries to move past Greg, but Greg stands on the way.

LISA

Would you drop it already. Please, you're being silly.

A heart-wrenching yelp wafts into the room. Greg and Lisa stop and listen.

Then another yelp. It's Max.

Lisa freezes, but Greg rolls his eyes.

Footsteps in the hall. Max appears in the doorway.

There's a plastic bag wrapped around his head. It's covered in blood and so are his neck and hands.

Max moves slowly, he grunts, as he holds to the walls.

Lisa dashes toward him, but stops, unable to come closer.

Concern washes over Greg's face.

Max removes the bag from his head and laughs.

MAX

Ta-da! Didn't know you're that easy.

Max reaches into his pocket, pulls out a red tube and shoves it under Greg's nose.

MAX

See this? Did you just shit your pants, macho man?

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

There was fear in your eyes a moment ago, I could definitely see it.

Greg does not look amused.

GREG

Are you gonna make the stupid movie or not? ...I don't need this and neither does Lisa--

MAX

Not even married yet but already deciding for her. Tell me this - will you hold her to her promise if the surgery doesn't go well?

Greg watches Max closely. He can't believe his eyes - or is it his imagination? He sees Max turn to Lisa, touche her hair. Max obviously likes her in a romantic way.

Greg shakes the vision off - on second glance Max stands a bit away from Lisa.

MAX

What I'm saying is - it's always about you, Greg, never about her.

Lisa steps between the two.

LISA

What's going on with you two? Stop it, we don't need this. ...Maybe we do have to leave, maybe something IS wrong with this place...

Greg furrows his brow and stares at Lisa.

INT. BEDROOM

Demon listens closely.

LISA (V.O.)

Don't you feel like... changed in this house?

MAX (V.O.)

I feel like you've been watching Simon a lot.

GREG (V.O.)

Don't change the subject. Tell him, Lisa.

(MORE)

GREG (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
What if the surgery won't do  
anything for me? Would you fucking  
tell him?

Demon pricks up his ears but Lisa says nothing.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Max sprays the artificial blood on the table, chairs and floor.

MAX  
I must give it to you, Lisa - the  
fake blood is something else.  
Thanks for getting it for me.

INT. KITCHEN

Greg keeps staring at Lisa. She averts her eyes and makes her way into the Living room.

Greg blocks the way. He glances into the living room, sees Max spraying blood here and there.

GREG  
You brought blood? Why don't I know  
anything about it?

LISA  
How do I know why? Let go, come on.

INT. BEDROOM 1

Ceiling.

The Demon literally crawls on it. He heads down. Slowly, not to make any noise.

He moves closer to the door and lingers at the guys through the half-open door.

GREG (O.S.)  
Answer me!

MAX (O.S.)  
How hard can it be to guess the  
answer? No one needs a cripple.  
Sorry, honey, but that's life.

The Demon's body piece by piece keeps changing into human's.

The Demon prods his skin, a satisfactory smile plays on his lips. He waits.

INT. KITCHEN

Greg's face turns red. His teeth clenched, the veins on his neck and forehead throb.

Suspicion gleams in Lisa's eyes and she looks around.

LISA

Something got to us in this house.  
You need to calm down--

Greg doesn't hear her anymore. He turns to Max, madness washes over his face. He takes off.

GREG

Let's see who'll end up a cripple.  
...or dead - in case you're lucky.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Greg rolls his wheelchair straight at Max. He gains speed. Max looks amused, he jumps up on the sofa.

Greg pushes the furniture on the way.

Lisa hurries behind.

She holds Greg's wheelchair, but he doesn't pay attention to her and gains speed.

LISA

Greg, I got it! It's the house  
getting to us, it's not Max  
talking--

GREG

That's crap, we've spent like  
twenty minutes inside.

His forehead covers in perspiration.

MAX

Have you gone nuts?

Greg pulls himself together and stops.

MAX

I was obviously joking. Jeez.



Greg's face registers a struggle. Finally he turns to Lisa:

GREG

What if I do stay like this? Will you be with me?

MAX

Yeah, tell him you wanted to dump him long time ago.

GREG

Shut up. ...Lisa, answer me before I kill him.

Lisa averts her eyes.

Max gets off the sofa.

MAX

Kill me how? You mean with your scooter?

Greg swerves toward Max.

Lisa bolts after him and gets a hold of a wheelchair, but Greg keeps jerking forward when she--

--screams and falls flat on her face with a thud.

That stops Greg.

Greg turns around at once and makes an awkward movement to get out of the chair. He reaches Lisa, pats her shoulder.

GREG

Lisa? Are you... are you alright?

Lisa lies very still. Greg stares, his eyes wide open.

MAX

Did you just kill your girlfriend?

Greg's breath intensifies.

Max moves forward to get better look at Lisa.

MAX

You were between us all our lives--

GREG

Fuck you.

Greg's cheekbones flex. He swerves at Max--

--and knocks him off his feet.

Max falls down, between the sofa and the end table. His head hits a sharp end of the table.

He drops onto the floor, lifeless.

Greg freezes for a moment.

He watches Max - blood oozes out of Max' temple and trickles down to the floor.

Greg waits but Max doesn't move.

That's when Greg loses it:

-- he hollers and circles in his wheelchair, looking for something--

--something in the walls, in the house that made him do all that. Madness washes over his face.

He talks to the house:

GREG

What is it? It's you, right, it's the house?

He hits the walls with his fists.

GREG

What are you doing to us? What's going on here, damn it?

INT. BEDROOM 1

Demon grins. He sits in a wheelchair, same as Greg's.

He keeps turning into a man as he listens to Greg.

Slowly, he turns into Greg.

INT. HALL

Greg wheels in. He behaves like a mad man.

He stirs his wheelchair into a wall, left and right. He pounds on the walls with his fists and head, scratches off the paint.

GREG

Talk to me! What's going on here?  
What are you doing to us - you sick  
fuck of a house?

INT. BEDROOM 1

Demon steadily morphs into Greg.

It's almost Greg now - some skin correction and DEMON-GREG flashes a content smile at us.

Walker appears in his hands.

He uses the walker to get up and tries to make as little noise as possible. He looks around.

He listens to Greg's yelping and clicks his tongue in pleasure.

GREG (O.S.)

What's going on here?

Demon-Greg listens to the squeaking of Greg's wheelchair, to Greg's pounding and groaning.

The Demon takes satisfaction in that and licks his lips in anticipation.

With as little noise as possible, he moves toward the door.

INT. HALL

Greg doesn't stop. It's as if he decided to demolish the house, but nothing comes out of his outburst save a few dents in the walls.

He breathes heavy, eyes red with rage.

Finally, he stops and looks around at the damage he's done.

The walls are dented, blood on dents from Greg's bleeding knuckles.

Something catches Greg's attention - it's a sight of brown stains that couldn't be blood from his knuckles.

Greg tries to collect himself, steadies his breathing. It doesn't come easy, so he takes a few deep breaths.

He studies the stains and listens to the silence of the house.

INT. CORRIDOR

Seated in his wheelchair, Greg heads into the depths of the corridor. The door of Bedroom #1 is first on the way.

He wheels toward it, pushes it open.

There's no one inside.

Greg wheels towards Bedroom #2, the door opens with a squeak - empty as well. He sees the stains on the walls.

He closes the door and moves further along the corridor.

There's a sign on the wall that says:

"Mark 5:3; Acts 19:16: who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no one could bind him, not even with chains."

Then another one:

"Mark 5:3; Acts 19:16: And the chains had been pulled apart by him, and the shackles broken in pieces; neither could anyone tame him."

Greg clenches his fists.

GREG  
Bullshit. Stupid fucking bullshit.

Thunder booms. Heavy rain pounds on the roof, thrashes the windows.

Greg returns to the Hall.

INT. HALL

Greg grabs his walker and gets out of his wheelchair. He heads towards the staircase.

He tries to walk as fast as possible. Soon he disappears into the darkness of the second floor.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lisa stirs.

Her hand moves, her eyes flutter open. She takes a moment to look around, then slightly lifts her head.

She sees Greg in a wheelchair moving towards her.

GREG  
(in a whisper)  
Bless you, Father. Finally.

Lisa looks around. She tries to sit up and--

--Lisa sees Max, lying on the floor without any signs of life left in his body.

She sees the blood around Max' head and covers her mouth in deep shock.

GREG  
I didn't want to do it. He jumped  
me up after you took a fall. ...Too  
bad, we can't fix it now.

She shakes her head in disbelief. Greg crouches down next to her.

GREG  
Hey, hear me out.

He touches her face, strokes her hands and shoulders.

GREG  
Something's going on here, in the  
damn house. Let's just forget all  
about it and leave.

He looks her in the eye, but she averts her gaze.

GREG  
Like we've never been here. Ever.

Greg staggers up with the means of his walker.

Lisa rises. She seems to understand now that Max is gone.

She looks at Max for a long time, then turns to Greg. Her eyes beg him.

LISA  
Have you checked his pulse?

Greg's eyes fill with tears.

GREG  
Of course I did.

He grabs her hand and she shudders.

LISA  
Your hand is like ice.

GREG  
We have to go. That's the only  
thing we can do right now -  
forget all about it. ...Say it.

She keeps silent for a moment, but then--

LISA  
Forget all about it.

BEDROOM

The door to the room appears slightly ajar

A FEMALE DEMON peeks through it. She wags her tail and  
watches Greg and Lisa intently.

She can't hear them well, but something makes her smile with  
content.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lisa crouches next to Max. She stokes his hair.

Lisa turns to Greg.

LISA  
You're not jealous of us anymore,  
are you?

Greg shakes his head.

GREG  
Max was a good friend. ...He was  
willing to pay for my surgery.

Greg watches Lisa like a hawk.

A thought shines in Lisa's eyes. She pats Max's shoulder.

LISA  
Max?

Lisa checks Max' front pocket and glances at Greg. Her voice  
shakes.

LISA

He has money on him. Do you  
think it would be bad of us if  
we took it?

Greg can't help a smile. Lisa averts her eyes.

LISA

I mean he doesn't need it anymore,  
does he?

BEDROOM

The Female Demon cheers.

She starts morphing into Lisa.

Little by little, her green skin turns into white flesh.

Lisa's face forms on her, long hair grows on her head in a  
matter of seconds.

She has Lisa's clothes now, just like Greg's demon has  
everything Greg owns.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. LIVING ROOM

With a sly smile, Greg glances toward the bedroom, at the  
half-Lisa-half-Demon and smiles. It's obvious now that it's  
not been Greg but Demon-Greg.

Lisa's gaze is on Max. She doesn't notice anything.

DEMON-GREG

That would only be fair.

INT. DEMON'S BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR

The Female Demon keeps morphing into Lisa.

She watches Lisa get the money from Max.

Finally, the morphing is complete and DEMON-LISA moves away  
from the window.

Demon-Lisa's eyes shine assertive.

She slides the door open and carefully shuffles out into the--

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Demon-Lisa smells the air and listens. She hears the walker squeak not far from her.

Cautiously, she moves toward the sound.

Then, Demon-Lisa spots Greg.

Greg walks from door to door leaning on his walker. He doesn't notice Demon-Lisa just yet.

She shuffles into one of the rooms and watches him.

GREG'S POV

Greg reads words on the wall, written in blood:

"Dave's alive"

Greg shudders. He glances into a room, sees the walls smeared with blood.

He clambers in.

INT. BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR

Greg reads another sign in blood that says:

"Simon - basement"

Demon-Lisa watches him from the corridor. Step by step, she gets closer.

Greg looks under his feet - sees stains of blood on the floor.

Demon-Lisa steps inside, but quietly, so that Greg doesn't hear her.

He can't hear her, but feels her gaze and turns around.

Demon-Lisa pretends she looks at the wall, her mouth agape.

Greg sighs with relief when he sees her.

GREG

Thank God you're alive.

He looks very worn out.

Demon-Lisa points at the wall.



DEMON-LISA  
Something is very wrong here, Greg.

He wearily nods. She comes close.

DEMON-LISA  
What are we gonna do?

Greg shrugs.

GREG  
I don't know. I was gonna kill  
myself down there after everything  
that's happened. ...Have you  
checked on Max? Is he alright?

He looks in her eyes.

She averts her gaze and shakes her head.

GREG  
What do you mean?

Greg groans, rubs his forehead.

GREG  
I can't believe I did that.

He points to the wall.

GREG  
What do you think these mean?

DEMON-LISA  
Oh, come on. What's the use of  
studying the dumb scrappings?

Greg listens to her, suspicion glistens in his eyes.

DEMON-LISA  
Do you hear me? We have to leave  
before it gets too late.

She touches his shoulder and looks him in the eye.

DEMON-LISA  
Do you love me?

Greg doesn't answer. He moves to the wall, brushes off Demon-  
Lisa's hands and peers into the--

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Greg reads another sign written in blood:

"Demons"

And the next one:

"They look and talk like us"

Other signs are scraped with something sharp.

Greg swallows hard and turns to Demon-Lisa.

She stands very close, a strange expression in her eyes - the eyes of an animal on a hunt.

Greg squints.

GREG

What are you?

He hears voices from the first floor, but can't make out what they are.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lisa pockets Max' money.

Demon-Greg watches Lisa with pleasure. His eyes become different, animalistic.

Lisa turns to Demon-Greg, sees his face and screams. Fear shines in her blue eyes.

She hears real Greg's scream, coming from the second floor.

GREG (O.S.)

You, bitch.

Lisa shudders.

LISA

Who is that?

Demon-Greg doesn't wait, he lunges for Lisa.

He grabs her, his nails, that turn black within the moment pierce her white arms. He smiles at the sight of blood.

He drools, covering Lisa's body with saliva. His eyes lustfully shine.

Lisa tries to free herself, she twists and turns like a trapped mouse.

Demon-Greg takes pleasure in her helplessness. He smiles, leans to her and bites her lip.

DEMON-GREG

All mine.

Lisa screams from pain.

Her hand reaches the tripod, she grabs it and hits Demon-Greg on the head with it.

He loosens his grip briefly and she manages to free herself of his grip.

Back on her feet, Lisa dashes away.

INT. HALL

Lisa can't go toward the door as Demon-Greg cut that route. She runs in another direction toward--

Two choices - either the corridor of the first floor, or up the stairs to the second floor.

She chooses the corridor.

She spots Greg's wheelchair on the way and bewildered, turns to look at Demon-Greg.

For her, the Demon is just crazy Greg, and she can't understand the other wheelchair.

Lisa runs past it.

Demon-Greg gets inside his wheelchair, grabs his walker and wheels after her.

Lisa falls.

She panics and looks back at Demon-Greg.

The Demon almost reaches her.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Greg looks at Demon-Lisa. He glances down. It is dark down there and he doesn't see much.

He seemingly starts to understand what's going on.

He treads back and stops next to the staircase.

GREG  
God bless us all.

Demon-Lisa flashes a smile.

She lunges for him like a wild cat.

INT. TOP OF THE STAIRCASE - SECOND FLOOR

Greg pulls back and tries to remain on his feet. He hits the wall and loses his walker from the impact.

Demon-Lisa scrapes his flesh with her nails.

Greg's hears real Lisa scream downstairs.

He looks down:

GREG  
Lisa?

There's no answer only wild screams. He looks at Demon-Lisa, sees her eyes that turn into the eyes of an animal.

Her mouth is half-open, she heavily drools.

GREG  
Bitch. You're not real.

She smiles - he hit the nail on the head.

He tries to buy time:

GREG  
What did you do with my Lisa?

Demon-Lisa scowls.

DEMON-LISA  
She's in good hands.

Greg's legs weaken. He almost falls but before--

He throws himself at Demon-Lisa.

She doesn't expect that and unable to hold his weight, she falls on the--

INT. STAIRCASE

They roll halfway down.

Greg presses on her with all of his weight and she screams from pain.

Greg grabs her neck. Her eyes emanate a strange light.

At that very moment he hears real Lisa scream. He takes a moment to yell back:

GREG

Hold up.

INT. CORRIDOR - FIRST FLOOR

Demon-Greg bends to grab Lisa's foot.

LISA

What's with you?

Lisa screams at the top of her lungs, wriggles like crazy, but the attempts to kick him off remain futile.

LISA

What's happening to us, Greg?

Demon-Greg straitens his walker with his free hand. The other hand holds Lisa by the ankle.

LISA

Something is very wrong with you.  
You've turned into a demon. Real  
demon!

She writhes to free her ankle, but he holds it tight.

He bends to Lisa, grabs her by the waist. She pushes with both hands, pounds on his chest but in vain.

He uses his walker to rise from his wheelchair.

Holding her tight by the waist, he moves with his walker further along the corridor.

She grabs the wheelchair, and drags it behind as they move deeper and deeper in, away from the hall.

He pulls the handle of the very last door. It opens to the dark and narrow staircase that leads to the basement.

Lisa keeps writhing and punching but weakly - her spirit is not as strong as it used to be.

She pleads to him:

LISA

Let me go. Please. Leave me alone.  
What's the matter with you?

Demon-Greg tightens his grip around her waist and leans against the wall.

He cups Lisa's mouth and licks her cheek. She gasps.

LISA

You, piece of shit.

He covers her neck with a thick layer of saliva, his eyes emanate an animalistic light.

She pants, unable to speak - his hand cups her mouth tightly.

He looks down into the basement and ponders for a moment before going in.

He turns toward the hall and yells.

DEMON-GREG

(in Lisa's voice)

Everything's alright. Don't worry  
about me, I'm good.

Demon-Greg waits for an answer. Lisa writhes in his hands, she tries to bite his hand but can't.

DEMON-GREG

Greg, do you hear me? I'm alright,  
okay?

INT. STAIRCASE BETWEEN 1ST AND 2ND FLOORS

Greg hears real Lisa and loosens his grip.

Demon-Lisa jerks away.

She gets on her feet, her demonic eyes squint into Greg's.

DEMON-LISA

You think she's better than me?  
She's not.

He holds the rails and staggers up. At that moment he hears:

DEMON-GREG (O.S.)  
(in Lisa's voice)  
Don't lose her. Get her tell us  
what's going on in here.

Demon-Lisa clicks her tongue and smiles. She walks up the stairs, away from Greg.

Breathing hard, Greg clammers up a few stairs.

He stops for a moment and listens, but the sounds of Lisa and Demon-Greg's struggle don't reach him.

INT. CORRIDOR - FIRST FLOOR

Demon-Greg heads down into the basement.

Lisa's grip around the wheelchair tightens.

The wheelchair appears stuck in the door for a moment but it makes through with the next pull and--

--both Demon-Greg and Lisa get pushed down under the weight of the chair.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL

They tumble down the concrete stairs. The brass stake Lisa kept in her pocket rolls out.

Demon-Greg falls at the end of the stairs, the wheelchair lands on top of him.

Both Demon-Greg and Lisa lie unconscious, their eyes closed. There's no way to tell if they are alive.

The brass stake clanks down the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE BETWEEN 1ST AND 2ND FLOORS

Greg turns around--

Demon-Lisa is nowhere to be seen.

Greg hears her demonic laugh, it comes from the depths of the second floor corridor.

Holding to the rails he tries to go down, but stops for a moment to collect his breath.

He glances downstairs - the staircase looks immensely wide and long.

He listens to the noises of the house - the silence can be cut by a knife.

He continues clambering down.

GREG

Lisa? Where are you?

He looks upstairs, spots his walker and bites his lip.

Then, he pulls himself up the stairs to get his walker.

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

He reaches the very last stair and grabs his walker.

He gives himself a moment of rest, gathers his breath and looks down.

He is about to head downstairs when--

Demon-Lisa appears in the darkest corner of the corridor.

Greg feels her gaze and looks up. He sees her - there's no telling what she might do next.

She grins, makes a few steps toward him.

Greg seems to be torn between going down or follow Demon-Lisa.

Demon-Lisa intensely watches.

She flashes him one of her smiles and slowly moves further in his direction.

Greg decides - he takes a few steps down when--

--he makes a sudden turn and dashes upstairs for Demon-Lisa.

She laughs and runs away.

DEMON - LISA

You can't catch me, you can't catch me...

She whips a sign off the wall and throws it at Greg, in a way they throw a boomerang.



He doesn't have time to duck, and the sign hits him hard on the head. He groans, holds his head.

Demon-Lisa uses that moment and shuffles into one of the rooms, at the very end of the corridor.

It's back to silence again. As if Demon-Lisa is not alive anymore.

Greg bends for the sign that hit him.

He reads from it:

" If he gets out of the house instead of you YOUR LOVED ONES ARE DOOMED"

He reads it again, this time stressing the words written in capitals.

GREG  
(whispering)  
"Your loved ones are doomed" -  
bastards.

His gaze follows the signs:

"Kate +"

Then, he hears a sound coming from the other end of the corridor:

LISA (O.S.)  
Greg? I'm upstairs, where are you?

Greg peers into the darkness of the second floor. He hurries toward the voice as fast as he can. In a moment it's back to dead silence once again.

He takes a moment to listen.

LISA (O.S.)  
Greg?

He frantically looks into the rooms, but Lisa is nowhere to be seen. He stops and gathers his breath.

Dead silence.

He glances at the doors that lead to rooms.

Light emanates from an open door.

Greg staggers toward it.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Greg almost reaches the door.

It could be the same bedroom where Demon-Lisa appeared first, but he can't be certain.

Greg lingers for a moment, then pushes the door open.

INT. BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR

Greg walks inside.

As soon as he's in, an upper door of the closet opens and--

--Something big and heavy falls on Greg. It hits the floor.

Greg blocks his nose and looks at it - it's a human body swarming with worms.

GREG

Good God.

He jerks his head up and sees--

--Demon-Lisa crawls across the ceiling on her fours.

She gives him a crooked smile and like a big spider heads out of the room, moving very fast.

Greg dashes after her, but she shuts the door right in front of his face.

Greg tries the door handle - the door is locked. He pulls and pulls, but to no avail.

GREG

You, bitch.

INT. BASEMENT

Lisa groans and stirs.

Very slowly she comes back to life. It takes time for her to regain consciousness and open her eyes.

She moves her head and sees--

Demon-Greg remains very still, in the same position, and under the wheelchair.

Lisa cups her mouth not to scream.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Max lies on the floor, in the same posture.

His fingers move.

In a short while he stirs awake.

He opens up his eyes, looks around.

He brings his hand to his temple, touches his wound, looks at the blood and tastes it.

His eyes open wide as he realizes that the blood is real.

MAX

Oh man.

Max looks toward the hall. Listens - the house is silent.

He slowly clambers a bit up, then makes an effort to fully rise.

Max almost falls from dizziness but holds onto a piece of furniture.

Then he sees Lisa.

She slowly approaches, disbelief in her eyes.

She sees that it's definitely Max, sighs with relief and rushes to him.

She embraces him.

They stand like that for some time - his arms wrapped around her body, her head on his shoulder. Both of them have their eyes closed.

She pulls away.

LISA

You hurting?

MAX

It's not that bad.

He barely stands on his feet. She guides him to a sofa, holding him gently.

INT. BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR

Greg pants.

His eyes are glued to the corpse. It's in bad shape - most of it appears decomposed and covered in moth.

Greg sees a stake in its hand that looks like the stakes brought by Lisa.

He bends for it and immediately blocks his nose. He's ready to get sick and coughs.

His face turns abnormally white, beads of sweat show on his forehead.

Greg makes an effort and jerks the stake out of the corpse's hand. He fails.

Greg clenches his fists and bends for the stake again. The stake stays in his hand this time, together with a piece of rotten flesh that crawls with worms.

Greg flicks the worms off, cleans up the stake best he can.

He rushes toward the door. He shoves the stake into the lock and tries to open it.

It takes some time.

Flies hover over Greg and land on his sweating face. He slaps them off.

He looks dizzy.

He stops for a moment, steadies himself, then continues with the lock. In a moment, the door clicks and opens.

Greg rushes out.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Greg frantically gasps for air.

He looks around - there's no one in sight.

He checks the ceiling - the coast is clear.

He walks to one of the scrapplings on the wall, and with the use of the stake he writes:

"Greg alive".

He thinks a bit, then adds:

"Max?" Lisa?"

INT. LIVING ROOM

Max and Lisa sit on a sofa.

Max longingly stares at her.

MAX

I never had you this close. He  
wouldn't give me a chance.

She averts her eyes. She places her hand on his, pats his  
coarse palm with her little fingers.

LISA

Greg is kind of jealous these days.  
You know...

She sounds shy.

LISA

I don't know what I would do if I  
were him. In a chair and all...

Max strokes her chin, makes her look him in the eyes.

MAX

Chances are he'll stay a cripple  
and you'll be stuck with him for  
the rest of your life.

Lisa stays silent for a moment.

MAX

You're a beautiful girl - you can  
do better.

LISA

That's not the point.

Her gaze slides down to his lips. They are lost in each  
other's eyes.

She whispers to him:

LISA

It's just I don't love him anymore.  
And I'm too much of a chicken to  
tell him.

Max bends to her.

Their lips meet. He kisses her with his eyes closed.

Her eyes appear closed as well. But only for a brief moment.

Then, her eyes snap open. They emanate a certain animalistic glow. She stares at Max for a long moment. Max is not aware of that - his eyes remain closed.

Max touches her shoulders, his hands slide down to her breast.

He caresses her, then feels unnatural skin - his fingers touch the black, rough crocodile-like skin of a demon.

He opens his eyes at the touch.

It becomes clear that this is Demon-Lisa, but Max still doesn't know this.

He wants to ask her a question, but Demon-Lisa wraps her hands into a lock around his neck.

She sucks his lips with so much force that blood shows.

He catches a glimpse of her mad demonic eyes and flinches.

She licks his cheeks and moves down his neck.

At that moment Demon-Lisa's blouse pulls to a side and Max sees the rough blackish skin.

He jerks away.

She growls in anger and lunges for him.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Greg finishes writing "Greg alive" on the wall.

He hears Demon-Lisa's growl and tries to understand where it comes from.

He presses the handle of one of the doors, opens it.

He peers in - sees no one inside.

ROOM - SECOND FLOOR

Greg walks in, checks the ceiling, looks around the room.

A dozen of biblical signs decorate the walls.

In one Greg sees a picture of a demon, the way it first appeared - a hairy animal with black wolf-like eyes.

A sign reads:

"If you don't sin there would be no Demons among us"

Greg sees a bathroom door.

He carefully approaches it. The door squeaks open.

Greg peaks in and steps inside.

BATHROOM

Greg frantically looks around.

He pulls the bath curtain to the side - there's no one inside the tub.

He sees words written in blood on the wall:

"Dave's demon dead. Dave wounded".

Greg exhales, beads of sweat on his forehead - the pressure seems to wear him out.

He looks at another door - it must lead somewhere else. He reaches for it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIRST FLOOR

Demon-Lisa is on top of Max. She attacks him with renewed strength.

She bites into his shoulder, and snatches a piece of white flesh off, swallowing it like a hungry animal.

Max almost gives in. He groans in pain, blood streams out of the fresh wound.

He tries to fend her off but to no avail - she seems stronger and much crazier now.

He reaches into his pocket, his hand grips Lisa's stake.

Demon-Lisa bends to bite him again, when he gets the stake out and plunges it into her knee.

She wrings in pain and screams.

Max pulls the stake out of her leg and takes advantage of the moment - he pushes her off and springs to his feet.

He runs toward the Hall.

INT. HALL

Max crosses the hall. Demon-Lisa limps after him and cuts the way to the front door.

Much like Lisa earlier, Max has two choices - go up the stairs, or run toward the corridor.

He turns back to Demon-Lisa. She limps after him. A hole in her knee bleeds. The blood looks mixed with greenish-black muddy substance.

Demon-Lisa suddenly stops, closes her eyes and meditates.

The wound heals itself right in front of Max' eyes.

Max watches.

He decides to go up.

INT. STAIRCASE BETWEEN 1ST AND 2ND FLOORS

Max dashes up the staircase.

He almost slips mid-way but timely grabs the banisters.

He looks down and sees fresh blood under his feet.

(It belongs to Greg, when he was fighting Demon-Lisa on the staircase, but Max doesn't know that.)

Max reaches the top and peers into the creepy darkness of the second floor.

It's quiet once again.

INT. BASEMENT

Lisa looks around. She's a bundle of nerves.

Her clothes are torn, scratches and bruises cover her arms and legs.

She glances at Demon-Greg who lies motionless on the floor.

She staggers up.

Demon-Greg shows signs of life, he moves some, still unconscious.

Lisa panics - she has to step over him without waking him up.



She looks up at the door to the first floor and leans against the wall.

Demon-Greg stirs again, his eyes still closed.

He moves his arms and legs - one of his legs fall onto the staircase blocking the way up.

Lisa's eyes widen. Her eyes search for something--

--a stake sits on the floor next to Demon-Greg.

She bends for it and grabs it.

Then, eyes fixed on Demon-Greg, she takes a couple of deep breaths to calm down.

Eyes closed, Demon-Greg cringes his nose and sniffs the air, as if sensing a human nearby.

Lisa moves away from him and lifts the stake, ready to stab.

She makes a step toward the stairs, but Demon-Greg stirs again. Panicked, she lunges for his leg.

He pulls away, eyes still closed. She misses and the stake gets the wooden floor.

Demon-Greg snaps his eyes open. She quickly pulls the stake out and shoots for his leg again.

The stake makes his ankle.

He wails in pain.

She pulls the stake out.

He wrings in pain like a wounded snake. She leans against the wall and, as he pulls away his leg, she makes her way up.

He staggers up a bit, and moves after her on all fours, but he's much slower than her.

He tries to get up on his feet, but falls - he needs his walker.

He climbs the wall to get to the first floor by crawling on the ceiling, but the wounded ankle weighs him down.

He looks around for his walker - it lays under the wheelchair.

Lisa is at the door, she stops to see Demon-Greg walking on the ceiling and her eyes open wide.

Finally, Demon-Greg leaps down to the floor and grabs his walker. He turns to the door - a glimpse of Lisa's bare feet and--

--the door shuts behind her.

He yelps in anger.

INT. CORRIDOR - FIRST FLOOR

Demon-Greg looks left and right - it's very quiet and there's no one in sight. He sniffs the air.

He gives out a short growl, but calms down, not to give himself away.

DEMON-GREG  
(gentle Greg's voice)  
Lisa? Where are you, honey? We need  
to leave.

He moves forward.

DEMON-GREG  
It's not good to stay in here -  
this house is full of demons. I'm  
not leaving without you, do you  
hear me? Lisa?

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Max stops in his tracks. He sees the signs on the walls - some from the bible, other's aren't.

He sees the tourists's scrappings.

One of them catches his eye, it says "Greg alive" written in what looks like fresh blood.

He sees another sign in blood "Dave's alive". He feels it with his fingers - the blood is old.

He double checks "Greg alive" and whispers:

MAX  
Good.

He looks around.

ROOM - SECOND FLOOR

Greg peeks at Max through a slightly open door.

CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Max doesn't see Greg when he hears the door squeak.

He turns toward it, sees it move a bit.

He clutches a stake in his hand, holding it behind his back, and walks towards the door.

He walks slowly, and looks back to make sure no one's behind him.

Max stops in front of the door for a moment. He swallows hard and pushes the door open.

ROOM - SECOND FLOOR

Max cautiously walks in. He leaves the door wide open.

There's no one inside.

He is careful enough to keep his back to the wall at all times.

Something rustles in the corridor and Max steps forward to check it out, but--

He notices that the door isn't completely open which means--

There's someone behind it.

Max pulls out the stake from behind his back.

MAX

Who is it? Step forward or I swear  
to God...

The door closes in front of his nose. Behind it Max sees Greg with the stake.

Greg holds a stake in his hand.

GREG

How did you get here? Across the  
ceiling like a spider?

Max frowns - he doesn't understand.

Greg points to a sign in blood left by a tourist on the wall.

"Demons are our clones. 5 of us means there are 5 demons in the house."

Then at another one.

"They can't read".

GREG

What about you? Can you?

Max doesn't understand.

MAX

Are you seriously asking me if I can read?

Greg breathes with relief - not a demon.

GREG

Thank God. ...I'm glad you're alive.

MAX

What's going on here? Is it because of that crazy guy with the twitch - he said something like you'll become a demon--

GREG

Turns out our friend Simon's not that crazy. The damn place is full of demons. I'm not one of them - I can read. Same is you.

MAX

Thanks, I know that for twenty years now.

Then Max realizes something.

He points toward the first floor living room.

MAX

So, that was not Lisa in the living room? I thought she was possessed or something.

GREG

Put away the stake. Let me show you something.

Max' eyes gleam with suspicion.

MAX

How do I know that you're not a demon? Maybe you are. Maybe you scribbled these yourself.

Greg shrugs his shoulders.

GREG

I guess you'll need to take your chances.

Max studies the wall - the pictures on the walls depict demons.

One shows the process of a demon morphing into a human, all stages are well explained:

The first picture shows a demon.

The next is a demon changing into a human.

The third one shows a human.

MAX

She looked just like Lisa.

GREG

Did she attack you or something?

Max nods. His eyes gleam with hope that it was Lisa down on the first floor after all.

GREG

No bro, I don't think it was Lisa.

Max averts his eyes. He pulls himself together.

MAX

Did you say they can't read? How do we know it's not them who scribbled it on the wall?

Again, Greg shrugs his shoulders.

Greg studies the scribbling on the wall for a moment, then turns to Max.

GREG

Last I saw you, you had the printouts in your hands. You still got them?

Max searches his pockets - he put the printouts away when he was practicing his speech in front of the camera.

He finds the printouts tucked under his belt.

MAX

Yep.

He leafs through them.

MAX

Look at his drawings.

They stare at the xeroxed drawings of the demons made by Simon. It's mainly Simon's friends with a strange gleam in their eyes.

MAX

The girl is a keeper. The stake  
saved my life.

Veins pop on Greg's neck, he slowly turns red from anger.

He turns away and tries to pull himself together. He rubs his forehead, fighting his jealousy, tries to concentrate on the drawings.

GREG

I don't even know if she's alive.  
Don't know if I recognize her...  
How to tell them apart? There  
should be an answer somewhere here.

They hear a shriek coming from the corridor. They freeze and try to listen, but it's back to silence.

LISA (V.O.)

Greg, Max, where are you? Guys? I'm  
upstairs.

Greg and Max freeze. Next moment--

Greg dashes out.

Max follows.

CORRIDOR

Greg listens. His eyes fall on a half-open door.

LISA (V.O.)

Greg?

Greg tries the door. It opens into a--

## LIBRARY

There's a desk and shelves with books. But no Lisa.  
Greg walks toward the books. Max keeps close behind.

## INT. CORRIDOR - FIRST FLOOR

Demon-Greg looks for Lisa.  
He peeks inside a bedroom--

## BEDROOM

Demon-Greg gives it a thorough look. He bends to check under the bed - nothing.

DEMON-GREG  
(in whisper)  
Lisa? Where are you? We have to  
leave, do you hear me?

He walks into the bathroom--

## BATHROOM

He pushes the bathroom curtain aside and checks out the tub.

DEMON-GREG  
Lisa, sweetheart. Can't believe I  
lost you.

## BEDROOM

He sniffs the air, checks a closet.  
He selects his words very carefully.

DEMON-GREG  
...I'm sorry I doubted you. I  
mean it seemed like you hooked up  
with Max. ...Well, I want you to  
know that I don't care. I really  
don't. Let's leave all that  
behind us, okay?

He checks another closet.

DEMON-GREG

Hey I'm not jealous anymore, I swear. Max is a good friend and I love him.

He walks into the corridor--

CORRIDOR

Demon-Greg approaches one of the rooms - the one Lisa checked out when she toured the house with Max.

BEDROOM

Demon-Greg scans around. Scarce furniture is the only decoration. There's no one inside.

He doesn't see the door to the small closet behind the cabinet --

the one Lisa saw when she toured the house with Max.

SMALL CLOSET BEHIND THE CABINET

Lisa huddles in the dark, trembling with fear.

She cups her mouth.

She hears someone move around the room and her eyes open wide. She listens intensely.

DEMON-GREG

Lisa, listen, I saw my double in the hall. He jumped me up, can you believe it? I had to do something... I had the stake on me.

Something changes in Lisa's face, there's hope in her eyes once again.

BEDROOM

Demon-Greg's voice sounds tearful, but his face is cold and calculating. It's obvious he wants to dupe her.

DEMON-GREG

We have to leave, Lisa. Man, I hope you're around. ...Can't believe I lost you. Lisa?



CLOSET

Tears appear in Lisa's eyes.

DEMON-GREG (O.S.)  
I'm sorry I couldn't save you  
from him. She was after me. ...She  
was strong, that piece of shit. At  
one point I thought it was you.

Lisa's eyes soften, her hand reaches for a door knob.

She's almost ready to open up the door when she hears:

DEMON-GREG (O.S.)  
Thanks to providence for Max. He  
killed one of them.

His words sound off to her and Lisa frowns. She mouths:

LISA  
Providence?

She pulls her hand away from the doorknob.

BEDROOM

Demon-Greg leaves.

Some time passes and his limp is faintly heard until it dies  
down completely.

CLOSET

Lisa holds herself by a thread. She tries to listen--

--Not a peep.

She pulls herself together, the hand gripping the stake  
stiffens.

She makes a decision, grabs the door knob. She pulls the door  
open and crouches out.

BEDROOM

Lisa frantically scans the room and approaches the door.

She takes a deep breath, pulls the stake closer and steps  
into the corridor.

CORRIDOR

Lisa clings to the wall, looks left and right--

She sees no one.

She moves along the wall toward the staircase.

INT. LIBRARY - SECOND FLOOR

Greg and Max give the library a thorough look.

There's a mirror in the depths of the library. Greg catches his own reflection and shudders, ready to attack.

In a moment, he understands it's just his reflection.

GREG

Talk of the devil and his horns  
appear.

MAX

What?

GREG

Something my mother used to say  
when I did not behave.

The books in the library are sawn together yellow pages of handwritten notes.

Pictures of demons decorate the walls.

Some depict demon-human metamorphosis.

Others look like the photos of actual people with demonic light in their eyes.

Greg stops in front of a picture of a dissected demon. The dissected part shows blood underneath the skin, but deeper inside it is blood but dark bluish-greenish mass.

He looks down and shudders. There's another mirror, right under his feet.

Max makes a note of it too. He points to the one opposite the door.

MAX

This one is to watch the door, but  
why on the floor?

GREG

Demons can walk on the ceiling. I saw it with my own eyes. ...Who did you buy the house from?

Max shrugs his shoulders.

MAX

It was like a hundred-year-old man. Said he was a scientist. That's all I remember.

Greg reads from another picture.

GREG

"Kill off all the demons. One demon is enough to..."

The instruction doesn't have an ending. Greg rummages the book looking for the rest of the saying but there's nothing.

MAX

Not me. I'm out. Let this shit get out there and do shit, whatever. I wanna stay alive.

Greg spots a handmade scrap book, that doesn't have many pages. He leafs through it.

GREG

This I can handle.

He shoves the book under his belt.

GREG

We should read about them. Later.

They hear steps and someone's loud breathing coming from behind another door.

It opens to the second floor living room.

Greg quietly moves toward it and tries the door knob. Max stays close behind.

LIVING ROOM

Greg gives the room a thorough look. No one inside.

Greg sees another door that leads into the corridor.

There's a window that overlooks the living room and hall on the first floor.

Greg peeks out, extra careful, not to be seen.

For a moment they stay quiet and watch the doors.

MAX

Go ahead, "kill off every last demon" whatever. Seriously I don't care. We can be imagining this stuff for all I know.

He steps in front of Greg.

MAX

Are you with me?

Greg gives Max unwavering stare.

GREG

I won't leave Lisa here.

Greg moves forward. Max stops in front of a tablet on the wall.

MAX

Take a look at this.

It says:

"They multiply fast by contaminating your conscience. They spread their ideology, get into your thoughts.

Max reads aloud the rest of it.

MAX

"The weak can not resist" Bullshit.

A sound in the corridor. They freeze for a moment. Max signals Greg to keep quiet, but Greg doesn't care.

GREG

I must find her.

MAX

If they didn't find her first.

Greg spots a demon in the window - the real demon that did not become a person yet.

Greg freezes.

FROM THE SECOND FLOOR

The Demon stops and sniffs around. He sees caked blood on the floor - it's Max's blood spilled when fighting Greg.

The Demon bends down and licks the blood.

He closes his eyes and meditates. His lips stretch into a bloodcurdling smile.

The Demon slowly turns into a Man. In a moment it's apparent he's turning into Max.

He is what Max looks like now - with his forehead covered in blood.

BACK TO SCENE

LIVING ROOM - SECOND FLOOR

Greg doesn't pull away from the window, watching the transformation when the door to the room pulls open--

--Lisa appears. She sees the guys and stops.

She's changed, her clothes are torn, her legs blooded.

LISA

Who are you?

She wrinkles her forehead and leans to the wall.

LISA

You could be them just as easily...

Lisa spots the stakes in their hands.

LISA

Bless you, Father. I found you,  
haven't I?

She takes a moment to tell them her story.

LISA

They almost killed me.

She points at the stakes.

LISA

Where did you get these?

Max smiles.

MAX

These are yours. No scratches, good enough to go back to the store.

Lisa nods.

LISA

What about the Demons? They disappeared...

Max and Greg shrug.

All three stay silent for a moment.

LISA

Okay. Let's get out of here.

Greg keeps looking at the window. He nods to Lisa and moves toward her and the door.

GREG

Right. We better leave the damn house.

Greg can't walk very fast as he's using a walker, but as soon as he's close to Lisa, he darts toward her and spears her chest with his stake.

Blood pours out of the wound.

Lisa's eyes widen from pain.

LISA

What for?

She falls right at Greg.

He holds her breathless body. For a minute he is unsure he's done the right thing. He tries to steady his breathing.

GREG

Lisa? Is that you?

MAX

What have you done, you idiot?

Greg lowers her body and places it carefully on the floor. He steps back.

GREG

It's not our Lisa. It can't be.

Max, eyes wild open, stares, his breath heavy.

Max steps back and gets his stake ready to fight Greg if he attacks him.

MAX

You think? You could be a demon  
just as well.

His breathing intensifies.

MAX

Maybe you killed one of yours?

Greg regains his senses.

He talks under his breath as if to convince himself that he did the right thing.

GREG

She couldn't be real. She said  
"Bless you, Father you're alive" -  
my Lisa would say "Thank God you're  
alive". She couldn't recognise the  
stakes. Lisa would know - she'd  
remember the stakes she bought.

MAX

What if Lisa lost her memory in the  
damn house, or the house changed  
her... or something?

Greg talks louder.

GREG

That can't be Lisa.

He chants something akin to a prayer.

GREG

Keep us God from evil and harm...

MAX

Check her breasts. If she's a demon,  
her breasts are blotched grin.

Greg stops his prayer.

Greg throws Max a suspicious look.

GREG

How do you know that?

Greg lifts Demon-Lisa's shirt. Her breasts are blotched skin  
that resembles a decaying crocodile skin.

He gags and turns away.

GREG

Thank God. ...So, how do you know  
about the skin?

Max remains silent for a moment.

MAX

Are we gonna fight each other over  
Lisa now?

They stare at each other, hatred in their eyes.

GREG

You're right. Let's get done with  
the demons.

Max' lips tighten.

They move toward the door.

Greg throws one last look at Demon-Lisa.

GREG

If you find Lisa first you'll talk  
her into leaving without me, won't  
you?

Max sneers.

MAX

You'd do the same I'm sure.

They exit the room and proceed into the corridor of the  
second floor as quietly as possible.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Greg and Max look around. Greg checks the ceiling.

They don't notice anything unusual.

Sounds of scraping come from the downstairs and they freeze.

The scraping stops.

Greg stares at Max.

GREG

I wouldn't run away with Lisa. So  
you know.



MAX

Me too.

Max holds out his hand for a shake.

Greg returns the shake but something on his face gives away that he's not convinced.

GREG

Damn. I should have got my stake back after I stabbed her.

He turns to go back.

GREG

What about yours?

Max rummages in his pockets, retrieves his stake.

GREG

Hope you're not going to spear my chest when I turn my back to you.

MAX

That's bullshit.

Greg nods.

MAX

Just in case let's think of a signal to let each other know it's really us..

GREG

Makes sense.

Greg raises his hand to his forehead and makes an L sign.

GREG

How about this? Good enough for you?

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Greg tries to be quiet but his walker doesn't let him. Max keeps close behind.

Finally Greg reaches the room, where he staked Demon-Lisa.

He pulls on the door knob. The door slides open.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SECOND FLOOR

Greg trots inside. He turns to Max - he isn't there.

GREG

Max? Where are you, man?

Greg shrugs, enters the room.

Greg leaves the walker in a corner.

He bends over Demon-Lisa, reaches for the stake and pulls it out. The stake is covered with blood, but the tip of it is greenish liquid.

Greg gives the body a thorough look.

It starts turning into a Demon again - the heels have already turned into hooves.

A part of the body starts decomposing and, little by little disappears right in front of his eyes.

Greg straightens up.

He reaches for his walker and heads back into the corridor.

GREG

(in a whisper)

I got it. Max?

He heads to the library for Max.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

Greg tries to move as quietly as he can.

He loses control of his walker at one point and it almost falls to the floor but he quickly bends and catches it.

INT. LIBRARY - SECOND FLOOR

Greg pulls the door open and shuffles inside.

He looks around - there's no trace of Max anywhere.

GREG

Max? Are you kidding me? Come on.

There's a note on a shelf, signed by Max that says:

"Don't worry about me if you get to Lisa first. The car is yours. If I find her - same deal. Sorry, bro"

Greg rolls the note into a ball and throws it on the floor.

GREG

Damn it. You son of the bitch.

He grits his teeth, his hands roll into fists.

He readies his walker and sets off into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

There's dead silence.

Greg lumbers toward the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL

Greg stops in his tracks and looks down. He can see a part of the living room from where he's standing.

He spots a shadow and waits for it to reveal itself.

INT. CORRIDOR - FIRST FLOOR

Lisa moves along the corridor and stops by the stairs. She looks up and sees Greg. He's half-way down the stairs by now.

Her eyes gleam suspicious, she retrieves her stake and holds it in front.

GREG

Thank God. I was looking all over for you.

Greg goes down couple of stairs, but Lisa threatens him with her stake.

LISA

Don't come any closer. I know who you are.

Greg bites his lip.

He slowly moves toward Lisa.

GREG

Hey, it's me. I can prove it.

She doesn't lower the stake.

GREG

Ask me something from the past.  
Anything.

Another shadow appears. It belongs to Demon-Greg. He shows up in the corridor and walks toward Lisa.

Greg points to Demon-Greg.

GREG

Be careful.

Lisa sees Demon-Greg. Her eyes dart from Greg to Demon-Greg.

The next moment she becomes disoriented and pants.

DEMON-GREG

I'm glad I found you.

LISA

Stay where you are or I'll stake  
you, I swear.

Demon-Greg makes a step toward her.

LISA

You're a Demon, aren't you?

Step by step, Demon-Greg gets closer to her.

Real Greg bites his lip. Just like Demon-Greg, he continues moving toward Lisa.

GREG

Don't listen to him, Lisa. I found  
the books about Demons - the house  
owner was studying them. ...Hey,  
we'll watch the crazy guy, Simon,  
together, pick up clues how to  
fight them...

Lisa listens.

Greg nears.

Demon-Greg nears her as well.

DEMON-GREG

Guess what - you're pretty much a  
demon yourself. You don't have any  
good left in you, have you thought  
of that?

Lisa frantically points her stake at Demon-Greg.

Demon-Greg walks more toward Greg and not Lisa. They stare daggers at each other - it's a stand off.

Lisa makes a decision - she steps toward Greg and points her stake at the Demon-Greg.

LISA

It's one against the two of us. How are you gonna fight - bite, lick, scratch?

Demon-Greg sneers.

DEMON-GREG

I am the Demon, but your Greg isn't a saint either. He almost killed his best mate, remember?

He winks to Greg.

DEMON-GREG

It must be awful to see your bitch kissing your friend. Huh, Greg?

Greg turns red. He darts toward the Demon.

Demon-Greg retrieves toward the wall.

He climbs the wall, reaches the ceiling and fast, just like a spider, he crawls back inside the corridor.

He turns to Greg and laughs:

DEMON-GREG

What else did she do with him?

He disappears out of view in a matter of seconds.

Lisa turns to Greg, she comes closer and leans on him. He smells her hair, caresses her face and her arms.

GREG

I thought I'd never see you again.

She pulls back and looks into his eyes. Runs her fingers through his hair, uncertain.

LISA

Tell me... Have you changed?

He doesn't understand.

LISA

I'm asking if you've changed. If you're like... what he said. Can you try to stay the way you were before we came here?

Greg averts his look.

Lisa pulls him toward her, kisses him on the lips.

LISA

Don't change, okay? You can't become him. Please.

He hugs her tight and they stand like that for a while.

GREG

I'm trying, I really am, it's just fucking hard.

LISA

I know. It's hard for me too.

INT. ROOM - SECOND FLOOR - THE OTHER SIDE OF CORRIDOR

Max enters. He gives a quick look around - no one is there.

He whispers.

MAX

Lisa?

Something heavy and big, of his size falls on him as if from the ceiling. For a moment it looks like Max split into two.

Then there's a clear shot of Demon-Max. The Demon springs back to his feet.

Max lays crouched in the corner.

Demon-Max jumps on top of him.

INT. STAIRWELL - FIRST FLOOR

Greg and Lisa hear the sounds of the fight.

They exchange horrified glances.

Slowly, they walk up the stairs, heading toward the sounds.

## INT. ROOM - SECOND FLOOR

Max throws the Demon a punch which sends the Demon down onto the floor.

Max reaches for the stake in his pocket but there's no time - Demon-Max is up on his feet.

Demon-Max throws himself onto Max, wrestling him to the ground. It's like a fight between two humans - no biting or scratching involved.

Max pulls away, rolls to the side and gets back onto his feet.

Demon tries to do the same, but Max moves faster--

He kicks the Demon's head with his feet. He rummages in his pockets for a stake, when--

The Demon grabs Max' foot and throws Max to the ground.

Max loses the stake. It falls onto the floor with a clank.

The two roll across the floor, each trying to reach the stake.

The Demon has his other hand on Max' throat, when Max presses on Demon's eye with his thumb.

The Demon exerts a blood-curdling scream.

Max gags, the Demon's hand on his throat loosens. Max almost reaches the stake, when the stake rolls away from him.

The two roll into the corridor.

It's impossible now to tell the Demon and the real Max apart.

## INT. CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

One of the fighting men grabs the stake.

He aims for the other's neck. The other one tries to keep the stake away from his neck.

Greg and Lisa appear. They watch the fight.

Finally one of the fighting men sticks the stake into the other's chest.

The winner appears to be underneath the one with the stake in his chest.

The winner pushes the other one away.

He rises to his feet and kicks the dead body inside the room with vengeance, shuffling it inside.

Greg and Lisa stand undecided. Greg watches the winner closely. He holds his stake on the ready.

The winner sees Lisa and gives her a nod.

MAX

Hey.

He turns to Greg, lifts his hand, makes an L sign on the forehead and smiles.

MAX

I never asked you - is it an L for loser, or an L for Lisa?

Greg smiles back.

GREG

L for Lisa.

LISA

How can we be sure it's really him?

GREG

It's our Max. Trust me.

Lisa approaches Max. She gives him a hug. Greg watches them, his jealousy apparent.

INT. STAIRCASE - LATER

Greg, Max and Lisa wearily walk down the stairs. Greg looks into the book he took from the library.

LISA

Hey, Max, do you remember the house owner? Maybe he said something that could be of use to us?

MAX

How can I forget. He wouldn't shut up, bored me to death with his weird scientific bullshit. Eh... He called his field something, some fancy word...



GREG

I asked you exact same question.  
You said you don't remember shit.

MAX

...Oh, yeah, it's "practology" I  
think.

Greg points at the book.

GREG

Praxeology. The study of human  
behavior: sensual versus rational.

MAX

Sounds about right.

LISA

Did he live here alone?

MAX

He had a wife. Told me she just  
died, but the real she died decades  
ago. And he loved both of them -  
something like that... Shit...

Realization kicks in.

LISA

So, he lived here just to see her  
demon and fight it day after day.

Greg finds a picture of an old man in the book and shows it  
to Max.

MAX

Yep, this is him. The old man.

They see the process of the metamorphosis of the old man in  
the pictures.

LISA

Something like that happened to  
him, but instead of burning down  
the place he decided to understand  
what exactly was going on in here.  
Then it got his wife.

MAX

And he couldn't bring himself to  
kill her demon. Some love...

LISA

Some love...

Greg watches them, perspiration shows on his forehead. He stops for a second allowing Lisa and Max to go a few steps forward.

For a minute he sees Lisa's hand reach for Max', but shakes it off. He looks again - the hands do not touch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIRST FLOOR

Greg, Lisa and Max gather their belongings and pack.

Greg sits in his wheelchair with his walker on his lap. He suddenly stops.

GREG

What are you doing, for God's sakes?

LISA

What do you mean?

GREG

I want to finish the fucker. Suppose he finds me, kills me and takes my place? Would you like that?

Lisa is about to pack their laptop and a few print outs when Greg holds her hand.

GREG

Sorry, I forgot who I was talking to. You'd be humping demons in no time let alone the two-faced liar here, my best friend, Max.

Lisa's mouth opens. Greg realizes what he said takes a hold of himself.

GREG

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. ...Come on.

Lisa takes a moment. She pats Greg's arm, hugs him, rubs her cheek against his cheek.

LISA

We must be careful in this house. You know that, right?

GREG

Not like you're a saint.

LISA  
But I'm fighting myself.

GREG  
Is it going well?

Lisa presses her lips tightly - it does not. She sits down, takes the laptop out of the bag.

LISA  
How do you know he's still in the house?

GREG  
I feel his presence. Can't quite explain but I'm sure of it.

Greg digs out the printouts.

Max rises and packs the video equipment.

Lisa presses a few buttons on the laptop and listens to Simon.

SIMON (O.S.)  
The Demon is inside you. It grows within - the longer you stay in the damn house the stronger he becomes. I spent a long time in there - tell me, do I look like one?

Lisa rewinds the footage and presses play again. Greg can't take it anymore.

GREG  
Do you really have to listen to that? All we need is to finish the demon.

LISA  
We need to make sure no more are forming in the house as we speak.

Lisa turns to Max.

LISA  
Is there anything else about the house owner you forgot to tell us.

MAX  
Just that it took him forever to sign the papers.

He rubs his forehead.

MAX

He said there were some problems in here, I thought it's maintenance thing - wiring, pipes and stuff. Told me not to leave before I get rid of them.

His eyes widen - realization kicks in.

LISA

In other words, he asked you to not leave the house before--

MAX

--Before I get rid of the demons. Wow, we make a good team, don't we?

Greg watches them, his face reddens. He points at the book.

GREG

If you want to know more about the demons you need to look into the books, detective.

Lisa doesn't care. She lowers the volume on the laptop and continues listening to Simon.

Greg turns to Max.

GREG

Do you have something for us?

MAX

Sure.

He doesn't pull away from the booklet he picked up from the library.

GREG

Spill it?

MAX

You need to lay off and let your smart girlfriend do the job. She'll crack it much faster. All I've got.

Greg squints at him, the vein on his neck throbs.

Lisa reaches for Greg's hand.

LISA

Come on. We've been over that path already. No fighting, alright?

Greg pulls himself together.

Lisa shushes Max.

She plays the video of Simon again.

SIMON (ON VIDEO)

You think you got rid of the demon,  
but he has not let go of you. He's  
you - you don't realize it until  
you do something... The old man  
warned us...

(laughing)

Have you been in the house? You  
should check it out. Some of us can  
feel their presence. It's not good,  
you know. Normal people can't.

Greg leans forward and stops the footage.

GREG

I'm going to finish it on my own  
and get out of here. Do we have a  
map of the house?

LISA

We packed it.

She points at one of the backpacks.

Max and Lisa turn to the backpack at the same time. Their  
hands touch.

Greg watches.

Greg's POV:

Lisa and Max' hands interlock for a brief moment, she throws  
him a suggestive look.

We can't know if Greg imagined that.

Sweat covers Greg's forehead, his breathing intensifies.

Lisa hands Max the backpack.

Max rummages, finds the map, gives it to Greg.

GREG

Okay, you think about the demon  
that grows within crap... and I'll  
study the map.

LISA  
That's the best suggestion today.

GREG  
You mean from me?

Lisa doesn't pay attention to Greg and turns to Max.

LISA  
How would you describe the old man?

GREG  
Does it really matter?

Max' lips stretch into a silly smile.

MAX  
Tall, handsome, nice butt. My look  
alike in short.

LISA  
Come on...

MAX  
It was an old man, what's more to  
say? Excuse me for not pulling down  
his pants to check when I was  
sighing the deal.

LISA  
What's that about?

MAX  
Female demons don't show changes in  
the breast area when they turn into  
a human. And men don't change in  
genitals area and the upper thigh.

LISA  
How do you know that about men?

MAX  
The Demon I killed had his pants  
ripped during the fight.

Lisa cheers.

LISA  
That's how we tell the real you  
from the wrong - we rip your pants.

She grabs a stake and makes a rip in his pants in the area of  
his hips.

GREG

You better look it up in the book,  
make sure he's not fucking around.

He opens the book, leafs through it and hands it to Lisa.

GREG

This might answer your question  
about that crap Simon's talking.

Greg turns to the map. Lisa opens the book.

INT. CORRIDOR CEILING - FIRST FLOOR

Demon-Greg crawls toward the guys as quietly as a spider. He sees the shadows of Greg, Lisa and Max, but can't see them.

He listens to them:

LISA (O.S.)

It's clearly written here that our  
bad side comes to surface and the  
person slowly turns into a demon.

She seems to be reading from the book.

LISA (O.S.)

The person is not a demon but his  
mind is deteriorated into a mind  
of one and he's able to commit the  
greatest of sins.

Demon-Greg smiles. He steps closer.

GREG (O.S.)

Are you looking at the ceiling?  
We'd appreciate some help here.

MAX (O.S.)

I am on the lookout.

Demon-Greg searches the corridor. He sees his walker not far from where he is.

LISA (O.S.)

About the ceilings - it says they  
can crawl on it. And they actually  
like that more than walking.

GREG

That's old news.

Demon-Greg heads toward the walkers. He moves very quietly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIRST FLOOR

Lisa leafs through the handwritten book.

LISA

Where did you get this - this is priceless. Look "A demon is a talented intelligent creature. It's exceptionally perceptive and quick witted, but doesn't know grammar. In other words, it can't read or write".

Max touches her hand.

MAX

Hey hon, you're falling behind.

GREG'S POV:

Max continuously pats Lisa's hand, looks deep into her eyes and says:

MAX

You're falling behind.

Greg turns away and tries to get a hold of himself.

They sit silent for a while, each engrossed in whatever they were doing.

LISA

Here. "In order to fight a demon you should..."

All look at Lisa.

LISA

Now I got your attention, right?

GREG

Depends on what it's about.

Lisa skims the passage and turns to the boys. She retells in her own words.

LISA

Let's think what's our bad side is and say it outloud. It'll help us fight the demon that grows within.

She checks Greg and Max for reaction.



LISA  
We could brainstorm if you like.  
Max, wanna do it with me?

Greg's POV:

Lisa looks at Max and smiles suggestively:

LISA  
Max, wanna do it with me?

Greg turns pale.

GREG  
What do you expect us to say? Your  
weak side is pretty obvious. You're  
conceited...

LISA  
Not the worst trait.

GREG  
I'm not done. Conceited selfish  
cheat.

Lisa's eyes open wide.

GREG  
Add cowardliness and get the full  
picture of what you are now.

He points at Max.

GREG  
He's more of a hypocrite though. A  
back-stabbing double-crosser. Am I  
right?

MAX  
Woah. A back-stabbing double-  
crosser? Look who's talking.

INT. CORRIDOR CEILING - FIRST FLOOR

MAX (O.S.)  
Did you ever ask her what she  
wants? Or who she wants? Maybe it's  
because you know and refuse to  
accept the fact she doesn't want  
you? Doesn't that make YOU a  
hypocrite?

Walkers in hands, Demon-Greg crawls closer toward the guys.

He listens to them, and bliss spreads on his face.

LISA (O.S.)

You two should drop it. Let's remember it's about the demons - we need to get rid of the last one and get out of here. Try to stay human. Let's remember that demon grows within.

GREG

What are we fucking doing here?  
Talking?

MAX

I don't see you look for the Demon either.

GREG

That's because I can't let you two out of my sight for a moment.

Demon-Greg nears the hall.

The guys keep silent for a while. Finally Greg takes a hold of himself.

GREG (O.S.)

Alright. I promise to resist mine but only if you tell me you'll stop hitting on each other. I can't stand the lust in your eyes, I'm sorry.

Demon-Greg's face stretches in a vicious smile.

There's a sound of someone getting up, the creaking of pushed chairs and table.

MAX (O.S.)

He'll attack me the moment we get done with his Demon. Isn't that right?

GREG (O.S.)

I will if you don't stop that shit, you son of a bitch.

Demon-Greg hears the furniture move again. He hears their harsh breathing. He almost hears their fast heart-beats.

He moves closer, his face longing in sweet anticipation.

MAX (O.S.)  
You seem to forget you're a  
cripple.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIRST FLOOR

Max stands a little away from the table. Greg is in his wheelchair but further away from the table.

Both are red with fury.

Greg grabs a chair and throws it at Max.

The chair's leg comes off and Greg misses.

Max laughs in the most offensive way.

Lisa watches, fear on her face. She's ready to cry.

LISA  
How did it come to this? Max, you  
know he's jealous, why don't you--

MAX  
Come on, it's time to tell him what  
you think of your little future  
together.

GREG  
Shut up! Shut the hell up!

Thunder erupts at that very moment.

INT. CORRIDOR - FIRST FLOOR

Demon-Greg readies his walker.

He climbs down from the ceiling, leans on his walker and moves quietly forward.

He can see Lisa from the corridor.

His breathing becomes heavy, there's a victorious gleam in his eyes. He licks his lips.

He whispers:

DEMON-GREG  
Are you ready, girl?

He doesn't take his eyes off of her as if he fell for her.

He watches her as she moves into the hall away from the living room.

He hears one of the boys attack the other.

He doesn't watch them anymore, so we can't know if it's Greg or Max, but it's obvious that they are in a fight. His eyes are on Lisa.

She remains silent, cups her mouth in horror. Then--

Lisa screams.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIRST FLOOR

Messed up room - the chairs lie broken, the table thrown onto the floor.

In the midst of the wreckage, Greg and Max wrestle each other - Max tries to pull Greg out of his chair, Max and Greg exchange messy punches.

Max pulls out a stake.

Greg catches Max' hand with the stake and holds it firm and steady.

Max head-butts Greg. That weakens Greg for a moment and Max brings the stake to Greg's eye.

Greg's momentum--

--he comes up with a wave of strength and presses on Max' wrist with all his might.

Max drops the stake. It clanks against the floor.

Greg hammers Max with the right hand to the head and--

--finally pushes Max away.

Max falls onto the floor with a thud, he appears on a good distance away from Greg.

HALL - FIRST FLOOR

Lisa watches the fight.

She screams. Greg reacts to her screaming and gives her a quick glance.

Max lies helpless on the floor.

Lisa's eyes are wide open and incredibly sad.

LISA  
No, stop! He's your best friend.

Greg hears her. He stops for a moment and stares at her.

It's like good and evil battle in him and finally--

--he lets the evil win.

He turns away from Lisa and wheels at Max on his wheelchair.

The wheels hit Max' ribs. Max groans, his eyes open wide from pain.

Greg backs up a little. He sees what he's done.

He makes an effort and... manages to take a hold of himself.

GREG  
(in a whisper)  
Shit. I'm sorry.

Lisa shakes her head, her hands tremble. She repeats just like a sick parrot:

LISA  
No. No. No...

She backtracks away from them.

Max groans.

MAX  
(in a whisper)  
Let's get out of here. Now.

He tries to move but every movement causes a lot of pain. Greg nods, bends to him.

GREG  
(in a whisper)  
Try not to move. Let me help you.

CORRIDOR - FIRST FLOOR

Demon-Greg emerges from out of his hiding.

His moment has come.

HALL

Lisa cups her ears. Tears stream down her cheeks.

She repeats.

LISA  
No. Please, no.

She turns to the sound of creaking and sees Demon-Greg. Her eyes widen.

Demon-Greg stops and looks at her calmly.

DEMON-GREG  
We meet again.

She looks back at real Greg, horror in her eyes, but she doesn't walk away from the Demon.

LIVING ROOM

Greg shakes his head realizing what he might have done.

He leans to Max.

GREG  
Hold on, okay?

He turns to Lisa, sees Demon-Greg and shudders.

GREG  
Lisa, get back.

His eyes search for a stake.

Demon-Greg retreats toward the wall, to get up on the ceiling if he needs to.

Greg sniggers.

GREG  
Don't get too close. I'll take care  
of him.

HALL

Lisa turns to Demon-Greg. She doesn't seem to be afraid of him anymore.

DEMON-GREG  
I am a Demon, right.

Demon-Greg tears his pants in the base of his thigh and shows his demon skin to Lisa.

Demon-Greg turns to Greg.

DEMON-GREG

Why do you think you're better than me? You just tried to kill your best friend for the second time.

Greg whistles, trying to remain casual.

GREG

That's a pretty smart mouth you've got there.

DEMON-GREG

You've got a thirst for blood. A lot of it.

Demon-Greg stares at Lisa.

DEMON-GREG

Should have held her tight and you failed. Now you lost her.

The Demon turns to Lisa. She stares at him with eyes wide open. He savors every word:

DEMON-GREG

I may be a demon but I can love better than a human. Open that book of yours - I'm sure it tells you somewhere in there what a demon is all about. All I want is to be a human. Is it too much to ask? I just want to be given a chance, that's all.

His words seem to have an effect on Lisa.

DEMON-GREG

Why won't you let me? ...You can make a human out of me, but you can't turn him into one. It's too late for that.

HALL

Greg wheels into the hall. He's ready to fight the Demon.

Lisa darts toward Demon-Greg. She hisses at real Greg:

LISA

Don't come any closer or I'll side  
with him.

She makes a step toward Demon-Greg.

Greg's face turns white.

GREG

Are you serious? Come on, get back,  
let's finish him and sort this shit  
out, for God's sakes.

A stake shines in Lisa's hand.

Greg understands - Lisa's playing the Demon.

Demon-Greg whispers to Lisa.

DEMON-GREG

You might not know, but I love you.  
I'll always love only you.

She nears Demon-Greg.

DEMON-GREG

We could start a life together.  
Just you and me.

Step by step and Lisa stands next to Demon-Greg.

She touches his shoulder.

He kisses her hand, rubs his cheek against it and looks deep  
into her eyes.

Next moment, she's in his hands.

He holds her by the waist, caresses her shoulders and arms.

He kisses her lips. They smile at each other.

She brings the stake to the base of his stomach.

GREG'S POV:

Greg's chin hardens.

GREG

(in whisper)  
Come on, Lisa. Do it. Come on.



LISA'S POV

Her eyes are on Demon-Greg. There's lust in them.

Demon-Greg doesn't take his loving eyes away from her.

He extends his hand to her and she puts the stake in it.

Demon-Greg whispers to her:

DEMON-GREG

Forever.

He plugs the stake in between her ribs.

Her eyes widen, blood pours out of her mouth.

Demon-Greg kisses her neck and face.

He takes the stake out of her slumped body and stabs her with it again.

Lisa convulses.

Life leaves Lisa's eyes.

As soon as she dies, Demon-Greg gives her the last kiss on the lips and carelessly dumps her body on the floor like a sack of potatoes.

BACK TO GREG

Greg appears dead frozen for a while.

Finally, he pulls himself together.

He exerts an animalistic groan and--

--wheels at Demon-Greg with an unbelievable speed.

Greg pushes Demon-Greg off his feet.

He throws himself out of his wheelchair onto Demon-Greg.

He fights like an animal, he pounds Demon-Greg on the face, his punches swift and hard. He bites Demon-Greg's flesh.

He doesn't let Demon-Greg a moment of rest.

He grabs the stake from Lisa's lifeless body and plunges it into Demon-Greg.

Demon-Greg dies at once.

Greg's eyes tear up as he stabs Demon-Greg again and again.

GREG

You fucking piece of shit.

In a moment Demon-Greg's dead body appears in holes. Blood mixed with greenish liquid pours out of them.

But Greg doesn't stop.

He stabs Demon-Greg until there's no place for another hole on Demon-Greg's body.

LIVING ROOM

Max stirs.

He moves forward and watches Greg stab Demon-Greg to death.

He tries to get up on his feet but his efforts remain futile.

Max drags his body into the Hall. His forehead covered in perspiration and lips turn very pale, but he doesn't stop.

HALL

For a moment Max watches Greg.

His body is covered with blood.

He makes an effort and speak, his voice is hardly heard.

MAX

Greg? Let's leave this place, man.  
Right now. Don't let them win.

Tears stroll down Greg's face.

MAX

Let's do it for Lisa.

Greg makes an effort to get a hold of himself. He pulls away from Demon-Greg, wipes off the tears with the palms of his hands.

MAX

We'll burn the house. We have an  
extra tank of gas, remember?

Greg nods.

MAX  
Take Lisa's body.

Greg clenches his hands into fists and pulls himself together.

He leans towards Lisa.

Greg looks into Lisa's eyes. They remain wide open as if in surprise, blue as ever.

He closes them for her.

MAX  
Hey, Greg. We can't lose a second  
in the damn house.

Greg tries not to look at Lisa anymore. He clammers into his wheelchair, mounts her lifeless body up on his lap.

He wheels out.

He notices his walker on the way out and grabs it as well.

Max crawls after him. Finally, he staggers up on his feet and walks further holding to the wall.

They push the door open.

...and walk out.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg and Max take a breath of air.

It's peaceful and quiet around.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Lisa's body, wrapped into a sheet in the back seat.

A wheelchair secured in the trunk.

Max sits at the wheel, but doesn't start the car just yet. His eyes are on the house.

MAX  
Sorry I can't help.

He starts the car.

EXT. CAR

Greg stands next to the open trunk.

GREG

It's okay. I'll make sure it's gone.

He pulls out a canister of gas and walks toward the house with it.

MAX

Don't stay in for too long. Just do the first floor, it'll take care of the rest of it.

Greg gives Max a glum nod.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - FIRST FLOOR

Standing with his walker, Greg lumbers around spraying the floor with gas.

He looks around:

--there's a laptop, their papers and the handwritten book from the second-floor library on the couch and chairs.

Greg doesn't care about the laptop. Some of the gas gets on it and he lets it be.

His eye catches a book page that Lisa was reading.

It says:

"Fight your sins"

He reads the list of sins and his eyes fill up with tears:

"Pride, Anger,

Jealousy, envy,

Lust

..."

Greg doesn't finish. He grabs the book and sticks it into his pocket.

HALL

Greg sprays the hall.

He reaches Demon-Greg and sees that the Demon is no longer a human - it's in his demonic form. He doesn't have the clothes on. The walker is half gone.

Greg pours a good amount of gas on him.

He heads into the first floor corridor.

EXT. HOUSE

Greg climbs into the car.

Max hands him the lighter.

Greg nods, they give a house one last look.

GREG

Demons disappear when they die, did you know that? That's why the police only found the bodies of the tourists.

INT. HALL

The camera is on Demon-Greg's body. It's half gone.

MAX (O.S.)

My double turned into a real demon with hoofs and horns and stuff. He started disappearing right after I killed him.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM

--where Max and Demon-Max had a fight.

The corpse of the Demon-Max is not gone. Neither did it turn into a demon.

EXT. CAR

Greg throws the lighter at the house. The house sets in flames almost immediately.

The boys flinch.

The car peels off, they speed away.

INT. CAR

It speeds down the road.

Greg turns toward the house and watches the flames eat it up until they turn a corner.

Max sees the landscape and lowers the window. He breathes the fresh air.

MAX  
That feels good.

He enjoys every breath and sniffs the air.

MAX  
Back to people.

GREG  
Thank God.

MAX  
Thank you, Father.

He glances at the blood on his shirt.

ZOOM ON

Max' pocket.

There's an empty tube of fake blood which Max brought with him to stage the house.

MAX (V.O.)  
I must give it to you, Lisa - the  
fake blood is something else.

FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM

Max and Demon-Max finish fighting.

The winner pulls the tube of fake blood from out of the dead one's pocket and hides it.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. CAR

Max and Greg ride for a short while in silence.

MAX  
I'm sorry you lost her.

GREG  
I know.

Max smiles again.

Greg checks him out.

GREG  
What?

MAX  
Just happy to be alive. And free.  
You wouldn't know.

GREG  
I know.

CUT TO:

There's a small tear in Max' pants in the base of his thigh.

ZOOM ON

The tear. The black, rough crocodile-like skin of a demon is seen through it.

The black skin slowly expands and takes up the screen.

That's when we--

FADE TO BLACK.

GREG (V.O.)  
Why wouldn't the demons just leave  
the house as soon as they turn?

MAX (V.O.)  
A Demon would never leave if he  
sees a soul he may claim.