

THE EVIL BENEATH

by

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Fade in:

INT. CANADA - GALIANO ISLAND LODGE - CABIN #3 - NIGHT

An eyelid flutters. Short erratic breaths build to a gasp.

STACY WATSON (5) wakes up. Looks around the cabin. Shadows of windblown trees dance on the walls.

Her redheaded sister, TRISHA WATSON (8), sleeps peacefully in the bed next to her.

Stacy nudges her.

STACY  
Trisha, wake up.

Trisha mumbles incoherently and turns away.

Stacy pushes her again.

TRISHA  
Go away.

STACY  
I have to pee.

Trisha ignores her. Eyes still closed.

STACY  
Will you come with me?

TRISHA  
Leave me alone, I'm trying to sleep.

Stacy slips out of bed.

She picks up a walkie-talkie and presses the button.

STACY  
Mom? Mom, pick up.

No answer. Just small bursts of static. Stacy listens closely. The noise fades in and out, almost as if it's breathing. She turns it off.

Opens the cabin door and looks across the yard to the lodge. Dim light emanates from the windows.

Tall cedars sway in the wind.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The walk to the house is daunting. Stacy edges her way across the yard.

Branches crack in the forest. Wind gusts build, becoming vocal.

She runs. Finally makes it to the lodge and SLAMS the door behind her.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Stacy turns around, only to discover she's back in her cabin.

The door rattles in its frame. The noise builds in intensity. Stacy covers her ears.

A spot spreads on her dress as she wets herself. Liquid pools on the floor at her feet.

The window flies open. The curtains whip up into her face as if they have a life of their own.

Stacy screams!

INT. CABIN - NIGHT - BACK TO REALITY

Stacy wakes with a start, tangled in the bedsheets. She unwraps them from her neck and throws them off as if they were snakes.

She jumps out of bed. Her sweaty skin glistens in the moonlight.

Trisha wakes up and looks at the wet spot in the bed.

TRISHA

Stacy! What is wrong with you?

That's gross!

Stacy runs to the door. Glances at the radio, but decides against using it.

She opens the door and calls.

STACY

Mom! Mom!!

TRISHA

Mom's going to be super mad if you  
wake everyone up.

Stacy glances nervously at two other cabins nearby. Closes  
the door.

Trisha strips the sheets off the mattress and drops them on  
the floor.

TRISHA

I wish I had my own bed.

Trisha grabs a knitted blanket from a bench and lays it on  
the mattress.

Stacy stands still, watching.

TRISHA

Well? Aren't you going to change?

Stacy hesitates toward the closet. Slowly opens the door,  
obviously terrified of the dark.

Turns the light on.

CLOSET

Stacy reaches for new pajamas and quickly starts to change.

The door slowly creaks behinds her. Partially closing.

CABIN

Trisha is still irritated.

Light spills into the room from the closet.

She catches glimpses of movement as Stacy changes. Trisha  
creeps across the room.

Her hand reaches out... A slight mischievous grin...

SLAM! Trisha pushes the door shut and turns off the light.  
Holds onto the handle.

Stacy SCREAMS. The door handle rattles, but Trisha holds  
tight.

TRISHA

It's just a stupid closet! Don't be  
such a scaredy.

Stacy's screams grow louder, more panicky. She bangs on the door.

Now Trisha worries. Lets go of the handle and backs away.

It sounds like Stacy is clawing at the wood with her fingernails.

Silence.

Trisha cautiously opens the door.

CLOSET

A sliver of light enters. Trisha peeks in.

No sign of Stacy.

Trisha searches. Pulls aside hanging shirts, and sees...

Stacy. Pale white, eyes wide with fear.

Stacy SCREAMS and shoves Trisha away.

Trisha loses her balance, flies back. Her head nails the corner of a chair with a sickening thud.

Her neck twists with a loud SNAP!

Blood pours from a gash on her forehead. Her head lays cocked at an impossible angle.

She stares up at Stacy with dead eyes.

INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

DAN, a middle-aged social worker whose kind face is etched with years of worry, drives a modest sedan.

STACY, now 18, shy and modestly dressed, stares quietly out at a crowd of college students passing by.

Her shoulders hunch forward slightly. She plays with her hair, pulling it down over her face.

Dan stops the car in front of a dorm. Smiles.

DAN  
This is it.

EXT. CANADA - COLLEGE DORM - DAY

Stacy watches parents and students haul bags into the building. Saying their goodbyes.

Stacy shrinks as two guys pass by. They seem to glare at her.

Dan follows her eyes. Sees two normal college guys chatting with each other.

DAN  
They're harmless you know.

Stacy looks at him, confused.

DAN  
These kids. They're all in the same position you're in.

STACY  
I doubt that.

A girl hugs her proud parents goodbye. She catches Stacy staring.

Stacy looks away.

DAN  
Not the same background of course, but they're all leaving something behind. This is a clean slate for everyone.

Stacy shifts uncomfortably as a group of girls laugh and whisper to each other.

STACY  
I feel like they already hate me.

DAN  
What do you do when it might be all in your head?

STACY  
Count to three.

DAN

Alright...

Stacy takes a breath and closes her eyes.

STACY

One... Two... Three...

She looks again.

The scene is a typical beautiful first day of college. The students all carry on normally. No one even notices Stacy.

DAN

There are two kinds of fear. The kind that keeps you out of trouble, and the kind that will cripple you. You can't let it hold you back.

STACY

I know.

DAN

I'm sorry your mother couldn't be here.

STACY

I'm glad it was you.

DAN

Stacy... You know you're on your own now, right?

Stacy stares away, not wanting to respond.

DAN

I'm a youth counselor. I technically shouldn't even be here right now.

Stacy gives Dan a big hug.

He hesitates at the forbidden physical contact, but finally relaxes and returns the embrace.

DAN

I know you can do this. Just keep focused on your studies and you'll be fine.

STACY

Yeah.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Stacy enters her new dorm room.

It's already scattered with piles of clothes and half-unpacked bags. A couple of posters hang on the walls. One of the beds is obviously claimed.

Stacy drops her bag onto the other bed.

Crosses to the closet, opens door and looks in. A few coats hang inside, but it's mostly empty. Stacy leaves it open by a few inches.

Unpacks. An old landline phone, a journal, some modest clothing...

Something in her roommate's bag catches her eye.

Stacy pulls out a pair of red shorts so small they could be a child's. Holds them up to her waist.

REBECCA (19), a lively redhead with a mischievous streak, wearing tight yoga pants and a skimpy tank top, bursts in with two bottles of vodka.

REBECCA

You'd better be Stacy or one of these bottles is going up your ass.

Stacy drops the shorts, speechless.

REBECCA

I'm kidding... You can speak now... Ah, shit. I'm here ten seconds and I've already traumatized my roommate... This is going to be a long year.

Stacy snaps out of it. Puts the shorts back in the bag.

STACY

Sorry, I was just --

REBECCA

Don't worry about it. Seriously. Actually, you should keep those. My ass is getting too fat anyway.

Stacy looks down at her own somewhat conservative clothes.

STACY

Yeah, you'll never see me wearing those.

Rebecca plops down at her desk and pours a couple of shots.

REBECCA

Let's try this again. Hi, I'm Rebecca.

Rebecca hands Stacy a shot of vodka. Holds her own glass up for cheers.

STACY

I don't drink.

REBECCA

This isn't drinking. It's a toast. To the first day of freedom.

Rebecca knocks back her shot and motions for Stacy to do the same.

Stacy sets hers on the desk.

STACY

I'm sorry. I haven't even unpacked yet.

Rebecca downs the other shot.

REBECCA

Quit apologizing. No one's going to make you do anything you don't want to. Just think of me like a sister.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca SNORES in bed.

It's late. Stacy sits at her desk in her pajamas. Writes in a journal under the light of a single lamp.

A thump catches Stacy's attention.

She looks at the closed closet door. Listens carefully.

Relaxes slightly at the sound of students walking by the room. Returns to her journal.

On edge, Stacy finally gets up and opens the closet door slightly.

Satisfied, she puts her journal away and turns off the light.

Lies down on top of the covers. Stares across the room at Rebecca who is bundled up under her blankets.

Stacy closes her eyes.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

The radio ALARM goes off. 7:15 AM. College rock blares.

Rebecca wakes up. Shivers.

Her sheets are all pulled down to the bottom of her bed. She pulls them back up and looks at Stacy, who is curled up uncovered on her own bed.

REBECCA

Stacy. Hey, Stacy, you awake?

Rebecca climbs out of bed and prods Stacy, who doesn't move. Rebecca shakes her shoulder.

REBECCA

Time to get up.

Stacy SCREAMS and shrinks away. Panic flashes across her face.

REBECCA

Whoa! It's just me.

Stacy slowly becomes aware of her surroundings. She catches her breath.

STACY

I... I was just having a bad dream.

Rebecca turns the radio off.

REBECCA

(laughing)

You scared the shit out of me.

STACY

(smiling sheepishly)

I do that sometimes. Sorry.

REBECCA

Alright, that's the last time you're allowed to apologize for the rest of this semester. Get your ass up or you'll miss your first class.

Rebecca tosses a bath towel at Stacy.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

The weather is beautiful. Students pass by here and there.

Stacy has found a quiet place to study. Her hair is pulled back in a pony tail. She adjusts her reading glasses as she copies notes from a book.

Looks up as Rebecca approaches to sit next to her.

REBECCA

So, how was your first day?

STACY

My biology teacher's a creep. Other than that, I kind of like it here.

REBECCA

All the professors are creepy. It's like a job requirement. Fuck it. You should be used to guys checking you out by now.

Stacy leans back. Relaxes in the sun and smiles. Pushes her glasses back up.

STACY

Yeah, I've never really had that problem.

REBECCA

Bullshit. Look at you, you're hot. You've got that naughty librarian thing going on. I bet the high school boys were all over you.

STACY

I went to an all-girls school.

REBECCA

Ooh, so my girl is rich!

STACY

I wish. It was more like a residential school. My mom's in rehab.

Rebecca notices Stacy starting to withdraw.

REBECCA

Well, you're here now. We've got a lot of catching up to do.

She spots a guy on his way to class.

REBECCA

Hey! Yeah you. She's cute, right?

The guy smiles, and keeps walking.

Stacy jabs at Rebecca, laughs in embarrassment.

STACY

Stop it! What are you doing?

REBECCA

You know what you need? Let's go out. There's a massive party tonight. I want to see you get wasted.

STACY

I can't. I've got Classic Civ. at eight A.M. tomorrow and I barely slept last night.

REBECCA

Whatever. Everyone knows the first week's a write-off. Come on.

STACY

I really just need to focus on school right now. You go. Don't worry about me.

REBECCA

Alright then. But I'm crackin' that shell of yours soon. You'll see.

They look out at the expansive view in front of them.

Stacy enjoys the moment of support from her new friend.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

The room is now fully decorated. Lived in.

Stacy's side of the dorm is meticulously clean. Bed made. Clothes folded.

A cork board on the wall is filled with study notes. A marked-up calendar is opened to December.

"Finals" is written in big red letters across the third week.

Rebecca's side is trashed. Sheets and clothes piled up on her empty bed.

Her desk is cluttered with junk, obviously not used for homework. An iPod is stacked on an iPad and laptop.

Stacy reads at her desk in her pajamas. The desk lamp barely illuminates the rest of the room.

Her alarm clock reads 9:30 PM.

It's dead quiet.

Her eyes drift shut.

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT - DREAM

Stacy stares up at a bedroom window. Only this time she's her current age, wearing the same pajamas she's sleeping in.

The lodge is familiar, but somehow off. The dream twists everything, making it spookier.

WHISPERS swirls in the wind.

She approaches the door. It CREAKS open.

INT. LODGE - NIGHT

Stacy walks through the dining room, then up the stairs.

INT. LODGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The walls distort in front of her.

Stacy walks to a door at the end of the hall marked "Manager." Looks in.

Stares at her GRANDMA sleeping in bed. Grandma is very old. Her breaths are shallow, weak.

Grandma's closet door handle turns by itself. It CREAKS open.

Stacy's eyes go wide with fright. She opens her mouth but can't speak.

A shadow pours out from the closet. Barely visible. It crosses the room slowly toward the bed.

Stacy tries to reach out, but can't. An invisible force prevents her from entering the room.

INT. GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shadow reaches the end of Grandma's bed.

Stacy shouts, but inside the room it is deathly silent. Her yells can't wake her grandma.

The shadow slides up the bed. Hovers over Grandma.

The bed sheets slither over Grandma's face until she's completely covered.

INT. LODGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stacy watches helplessly as the sheets press down.

Grandma struggles weakly under the sheets.

STACY

Leave her alone! Grandma, wake up!

INT. GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The muffled sound of Grandma's breaths.

The bed strains as she is pushed into the mattress.

Breathing become more difficult. She struggles to move. One arm breaks free and tries to pull the sheet off.

Only now it's not the shadow holding her down.

It's Stacy.

She straddles her grandma, strangling her. An intense expression of hate twists her face. She ignores Grandma's flailing arm and squeezes harder.

Grandma reaches for the phone on the bedside table. Knocks it off the cradle. Her movements grow weaker.

She pushes a button on the phone...

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO REALITY

RING! RING!

Stacy wakes with a jump.

Her landline blares with its old-school ring. The caller ID reads:

"BAYVIEW REHABILITATION CENTER"

Stacy answers.

STACY

Mom?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dim lights. Moody music.

Stacy sits in a booth nursing a soda from a straw. Ignores the rest of the sparsely populated bar.

Rebecca sets down two pints of beer and scoots in next to her.

REBECCA

Here, if you're ever going to have a drink, now's the time.

Stacy shakes her head. Takes another sip of soda.

REBECCA

Were you really close to your grandma?

STACY

I barely remember her. We lived at her vacation lodge on Galiano Island until I was five, but after we moved to the mainland we never made it back.

REBECCA

So why are you so depressed.

STACY

The income from her lodge was paying my tuition. My mom spends half her time in rehab, so she's no help. Now I don't know what I'm going to do.

REBECCA

Wait, you're not dropping out, are you? What about, like, an inheritance or something?

Stacy

All she had was the lodge, but since the government cut back the ferry service it's worth less than the mortgage.

REBECCA

So what now?

Stacy looks at her untouched beer. Wipes some condensation from the side.

STACY

Get a night job I guess.

REBECCA

That suuucks.

STACY

Well hey, you got me out for a drink at least.

Stacy lifts the beer and clinks Rebecca's glass. Takes a small sip.

REBECCA

A shitty funeral drink. Come on, don't nurse that shit.

STACY

I need to focus on my finals.

REBECCA

How's that working for you? If you need a break anytime, it's now.

Stacy considers. Then takes a long pull of her first beer.

Rebecca cheers.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

The door crashes open.

Rebecca and Stacy stumble in with two college guys.

Rebecca falls onto her bed with NATHAN (21), tall and well built, locked in a passionate embrace. She giggles drunkenly.

Stacy follows with SHANE (20), Nathan's not-quite-as-good-looking frat brother.

Stacy leads him to her bed and sits.

Shane leans in for a kiss.

She returns it, but diverts his wandering hands from her breasts.

When he tries to lay her down, she resists.

SHANE

You alright?

STACY

Yeah. Yeah, of course.

She looks over at Rebecca and Nathan, lustfully tangled in each other's arms.

STACY

Want another drink?

SHANE

Yeah, okay.

Stacy pours two shots and sits back down.

They clink glasses and drink.

Shane puts his arm around her.

SHANE

You're really beautiful.

STACY

Thanks.

He moves in for another kiss.

This time she does lie down with him.

Shane's breathing gets heavier. He moves on top of her. His hand goes up her shirt.

Stacy is clearly uncomfortable at the speed things are going. Tries to move him off.

SHANE

Come on, it's alright.

She panics and squirms out from under him. Shane falls out of bed.

SHANE

What's the fuck?

Stacy leaves the room.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

A fluorescent light flickers.

Stacy tries to calm her breathing as she heads down the hallway. She hears the door close behind her and quickly turns a corner.

The hallway leads to a dead end.

She backs away as Shane comes around the corner.

He looks pale under the fluorescents, menacing. The lights flicker. He stalks toward her, angry.

The lights go out. Stacy panics, like a trapped rat. Tries to open a locked door.

Just before he grabs her arm the lights come back on.

Shane looks normal again, concerned.

SHANE

Hey. Are you alright?

STACY

Get off me!

She pushes him away, arms flailing. She scratches his cheek. He raises his arm to block her blows and accidentally hits her nose.

She staggers back. Blood flows from her nose.

SHANE

Shit, are you okay?

She takes off running.

Shane touches his cheek.

SHANE

What the hell?

The door SLAMS down the hall.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca comforts Stacy on the bed holding a bloody rag to Stacy's nose.

Nathan stops Shane when he enters.

NATHAN

What the fuck did you do to her?

Shane

Nothing. I went to find out what her problem was and the drunk bitch freaked out on me.

(to Stacy)

Look at this, you fucking scratched me!

He steps closer to show the mark on his face.

Nathan blocks him.

Stacy hides her face in Rebecca's arms.

NATHAN

Calm the fuck down.

SHANE

I don't need this shit, I'm already on probation, and now she's probably going to report me.

Nathan looks at Rebecca for guidance.

REBECCA

You two should leave. I'll take care of her.

SHANE

This is bullshit! I'm the one who got hurt here.

Shane snatches up his jacket, angrily stalks out.

NATHAN

(to Rebecca)

Can I have your number?

Stacy sobs quietly.

REBECCA

Seriously?

Nathan leaves and shuts the door behind him.

Rebecca helps Stacy to her bed, then turns away.

Stacy grabs her hand.

REBECCA

I'm just turning off the light.

She kills the overhead. Locks the door.

STACY

I'm sorry. He grabbed my arm and I freaked right out. He seemed so...

REBECCA

He was a creep.

Rebecca sits on the bed. Pulls the covers over Stacy.

STACY

It's like I could feel this evil coming from him.

REBECCA

Everyone's got some evil inside them. That shit's never going to change.

STACY

I don't want to be alone tonight.

Rebecca lies down next to her. Uses the sheet to wipe a tear from Stacy's cheek.

Pets her hair.

REBECCA  
Shh. You're alright now.

Stacy snuggles closer. Shuts her eyes.

INT. DORM - LATER

Stacy wakes up. She's alone in the bed.

Rebecca stands at the window, facing away.

STACY  
Rebecca?

Stacy sits up, slowly. Still feeling rough.

STACY  
Come back to bed.

Rebecca doesn't move.

Stacy slowly gets up and walks over. Now she's afraid. She reaches out and puts her hand on Rebecca's shoulder.

Rebecca mumbles groggily.

Sleepwalking.

Relieved, Stacy carefully guides her back to the bed.

They lie down.

Stacy kisses her on the forehead.

INT. DORM - DAY

7:44 AM Rebecca wakes up freezing. The sheets are all shoved to the end off the bed again.

Stacy is gone.

Rebecca shivers in her shorts and skin-tight t-shirt. Grabs a basket of toiletries. Heads out into...

INT. DORM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hungover from last night, Rebecca staggers down the hall and into...

INT. DORM BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca sets her basket by the sink and looks in the mirror. Messy hair. Eyeliner smudged.

Someone in a stall WRETCHES into the toilet.

Rebecca glances over her shoulder. A slight hint of a smirk appears.

She leans down to wash her face.

The toilet FLUSHES. Stacy emerges and stumbles up to the sink next to Rebecca's. Rinses her mouth out.

Rebecca scoots the toiletry basket over.

REBECCA

Here. We're late for class. You look like shit.

Stacy looks in the mirror.

STACY

But I feel just awesome. Ugh. I'm never drinking again.

REBECCA

You'll get used to it. I go to class hungover all the time.

STACY

Well, I won't have to worry about it soon anyway.

Rebecca puts her hair up in a ponytail. Heads to a stall and shuts the door.

REBECCA (O.S.)

(speaking up)

You're not really going to work full time, are you?

STACY

I don't have a choice.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Why don't you keep the lodge going? Use the money for your tuition?

STACY

How am I supposed to do that?  
Someone's gotta be there to run it.

REBECCA (O.S.)

My parents have a ski cabin in  
Washington. They just hire a  
property manager to rent it out  
when we're not using it.

STACY

I don't even know what shape it's  
in --

REBECCA (O.S.)

Fix it up.

Stacy stops brushing her hair. Turns to the stall.

STACY

When? I'm barely keeping up with  
class as it is.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Christmas break is coming up --

STACY

I'm not going back there, alright?!  
I'll figure something else out.

Stacy tosses the brush back into the basket and leaves.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Shit, no toilet paper. Can you hand  
me a roll? Stacy?

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy stomps into the room.

Looks at the clock. 7:49 AM.

Gets dressed in a hurry.

Rebecca enters. Throws her arms up in frustration.

REBECCA

What's wrong with you? I'm just  
trying to help.

STACY

I'm late for class.

REBECCA

That's obviously not it.

STACY

I had a bad experience there,  
alright? I don't trust the place.  
We're late.

Stacy picks up her jacket.

Rebecca stops her.

REBECCA

You trust me, right?

Stacy sighs.

STACY

Of course. It's just --

REBECCA

Then listen. My parents are going  
to Europe over Christmas, so I'm on  
my own. I don't need to know what  
happened there. I'd just rather  
spend my break restoring an old  
fucked-up lodge with you than stay  
by myself in this shit hole.

STACY

I'll think about it.

Rebecca gives her puppy-dog eyes.

Stacy reluctantly smiles. Shoves Rebecca.

STACY

God, I said I'll think about it.  
Can we go now? I'm totally going to  
fail this class. Get dressed.

Rebecca looks down at her own shorts and T-shirt. Puts on a  
jacket.

REBECCA

I am dressed.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Students head to their classes.

Stacy stops at a pay phone and drops in coins. Dials.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Dan parks his car. Checks his vibrating phone. "Unknown Number."

He answers as he gets out of the car. Seems in a rush.

INTERCUT - DAN/STACY

DAN  
This is Dan.

STACY  
It's me.

DAN  
Stacy. Is everything alright?

STACY  
My grandma died.

Dan puts a take-out coffee cup on the car roof and pauses.

DAN  
Oh God. I'm sorry to hear that. How are you handling it?

Stacy brushes it off.

STACY  
I didn't really know her that well.

Dan holds the phone to his ear as he reaches back into the car to pull out a briefcase and some papers.

DAN  
Is there anything I can do for you?

STACY  
My roommate thinks I should rent the lodge out to pay for college.

DAN  
That sounds like a great idea.

He shuts the door and tries to gather everything.

STACY  
She said she'd come with me to fix it up, but... I don't think I can go back there.

Dan looks at his watch. Starts fast-walking across the parking lot toward a building.

DAN

Remember what I told you? Demons are just fairy tales made up by humans to explain why we keep doing things that we know are wrong. You are in control of your own mind.

STACY

But what if I --

DAN

You've made so much progress. This kind of exposure would be the perfect opportunity to finally put everything behind you. Go and relax. Your friend will be with you. The weather should be beautiful. Once you see that the lodge is just a lodge, you can finally put the past to rest.

STACY

Okay... I miss you.

Dan pauses at the entrance to the building.

DAN

I miss you too.

He hangs up and enters. The door closes behind him.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Rebecca packs clothes into her backpack.

Stacy enters with several shopping bags and drops them on her bed.

STACY

We've got to hurry. The last ferry's in twenty minutes.

REBECCA

I'm already packed. What the hell is all that?

Stacy transfers items into a large duffle bag. Snacks, work gloves...

STACY

Once we're on the island there's no  
midnight runs to the store.

Flashlights, batteries, candles...

REBECCA

Are you expecting a tsunami?

STACY

The place runs on a generator. Just  
want to be ready if the lights go  
out.

A set of walkie-talkies, camping knife, bug spray...

Stacy zips up the bag. Finished.

STACY

Let's go.

Stacy lugs her bags out.

Rebecca sighs and grabs her backpack.

EXT. FERRY DECK - DAY - TRAVELING

Stacy and Rebecca stand on the deck looking out.

The coastline recedes. The ferry travels past beautiful cedar-  
covered islands.

Rebecca is enthralled. Soaks up the sea air.

EXT. GABRIOLA ISLAND MARINA - DAY

A taxi driver holds the door open as Stacy and Rebecca climb  
into the back of a cab with their bags.

He shuts the door and gets in the driver's seat. The car  
pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY - TRAVELING

It's getting late in the day. The taxi drives down a winding  
forest road. Its headlights highlight the trees on the sides  
of the road.

EXT. LODGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The taxi finally pulls into a gravel parking lot.

Stacy and Rebecca step out with their bags. Stacy hands the driver some cash through the window.

The taxi drives away, leaving Stacy and Rebecca alone with their bags.

A carved wooden sign on the lawn reads "The Surf Lodge."

The log-sided lodge is surrounded by a tall cedar forest. A smaller building separated from the main house serves as pub.

The place is old, but clearly a great summer resort.

REBECCA

Nice.

Stacy hesitates.

REBECCA

What's the matter?

STACY

It's been a long time.

Stacy doesn't move.

REBECCA

Well I'm going in. Freezing my ass off out here.

Rebecca picks up her backpack.

STACY

Wait.

Stacy hands Rebecca one of the walkie-talkies and a flashlight.

REBECCA

Seriously?

Rebecca climbs the stairs like a navy seal. Holds her flashlight like a gun. She crouches and unlocks the door.

It slowly CREAKS open.

She looks back at Stacy on the lawn. Whispers into the radio.

REBECCA  
Structure is intact. No signs of  
life. I'm going in.

She disappears into the lodge.

Stacy shifts nervously.

INT. LODGE ENTRANCE - DUSK

A small entrance hallway leads to a dining room.

Rebecca sweeps her flashlight across the room. Crosses to...

INT. MAIN ROOM - DUSK

A beautiful stone fireplace stands in the middle of a large room, surrounded by hardwood floors.

Log poles support a tall cathedral ceiling. The walls and ceiling are paneled in rich brown wood.

Classic pacific northwest architecture.

EXT. LODGE PARKING LOT - DUSK

Stacy shifts uncomfortably as she waits. Her breathing intensifies.

The radio SQUELCHES. Stacy jumps.

She pushes the button.

STACY  
(into the radio)  
Rebecca?

No response. Just a light swirl of STATIC.

STACY  
Can you hear me?

Nothing. She hesitantly approaches the lodge.

INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY - NIGHT

It's quiet. The wood floor CREAKS as Stacy steps in. She tries the light switch, but the power is off.

## INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy searches the room with her flashlight. Just a few tables and chairs. Dim light shines in from a row of bay windows.

She shines her light into the kitchen. Looks into the main room.

No hint of Rebecca.

She's too scared to call out.

Another hallway at the back of the dining room leads to a flight of stairs.

## INT. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stacy's about to go up the stairs when she notices the back exit door is cracked open.

## EXT. BACK OF THE LODGE - NIGHT

Three separate cabins sit by the tree line. They look dark and locked up. The last cabin is familiar. It's where Trisha died.

Stacy shudders.

Stacy aims her flashlight around and notices the back entrance to the pub standing open.

## INT. PUB STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy enters a messy storage room. Shelves are lined with food and supplies. She moves past a walk refrigerator and into...

## INT. PUB LOUNGE - NIGHT

Stacy steps in. Shoulders hunched forward. Arms crossed tightly across her chest. It's chilly.

She turns to leave. Something on the bar catches her attention.

A beer glass rolls slowly back and forth on the bar. She reaches out to stop it.

Rebecca pops up, holding two bottles of liquor.

REBECCA

Fuck yeah!

Stacy SCREAMS.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca puts another log into the fireplace. Sparks drift up. She shivers and holds her jacket tightly around her.

The muffled HUM of a generator kicks on outside. The lights fade on.

A moment later Stacy comes into the room.

STACY

The generator's running low on gas. We'll have to pick some up tomorrow.

REBECCA

This fireplace isn't doing much. Where's the furnace?

STACY

No idea. I hate it here already.

REBECCA

Are you kidding? I'd kill for a place like this.

STACY

Yeah, I just can't really picture you running a family resort.

REBECCA

Screw that, I'd install some lighting, get a D.J. and turn this into a summer-long party lodge. No cops. No one under eighteen or over thirty. Just drink all night and surf all day.

Stacy laughs.

STACY

Let's just worry about tonight for now.

REBECCA

I bet one of those cabins out back would be easier to heat.

STACY

I'm not sleeping out there. Can't we look for the furnace in the morning? I'll just grab a bunch of extra blankets.

REBECCA

It has to be around here somewhere.

Stacy shrugs.

Rebecca gets up to look around. Finds a trap door in the floor.

REBECCA

How about the cellar?

She opens it. Stairs lead down.

REBECCA

So... You want to go first?

STACY

I don't want to go at all.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rebecca steps off the stairs onto the dirt floor.

She shines her flashlight on a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling. Pulls the chain.

The swinging dim light illuminates an unfinished cellar crowded with junk.

REBECCA

Spooky.

A large furnace stands by the bottom of the steps. Rebecca inspects it.

REBECCA

Where's the on switch?

Stacy descends the steps behind Rebecca.

STACY

I think you have to light it.

Stacy picks up a box of matches from the top of the furnace.

REBECCA

You do it. I'd probably burn the place down.

Stacy kneels to read the instructions while Rebecca explores.

Rebecca pulls an old doll out of a box.

REBECCA

It'll take a week just to clean out the cellar. What is all this crap?

STACY

My grandma had lived here since she was a kid.

REBECCA

Did she have bear problems?

STACY

I don't know, why?

Rebecca pokes at some steel chains hanging from the ceiling. The chains swing and CLINK against each other.

She picks up a bear trap.

Stacy shrugs.

Rebecca drops it.

She rummages through more boxes.

REBECCA

Hey, is this you?

Stacy lights the pilot light, shuts the furnace door and walks over.

Rebecca shows her an old photo of a mother smoking a cigarette in a skimpy bikini on the beach with a one-year-old and a three-year-old.

STACY

Yeah, I'm the baby.

REBECCA

You're mom's sexy as all hell.

STACY

She was only twenty when I was born. She wasn't ready for kids.

Rebecca sets the photo back in the box next to several books on the occult.

REBECCA

Looks like she was into some freaky shit. I like her already.

STACY

Yeah, a real role model. Let's leave her stuff alone.

Rebecca pulls out an old JOURNAL.

REBECCA

Don't you want to find out what kind of kinky shit she was into at your age?

STACY

Gross, give me that.

Stacy snatches the journal and puts it back in the box.

Rebecca finds an old voice recorder.

REBECCA

Hey, a Dictaphone! I want to hear her sultry voice.

STACY

You're killing me.

Rebecca holds it out of reach, presses play. It emits a gentle hiss.

She hits rewind for a couple of seconds until high-pitched voices zip past. Stops it. Hits play again.

Stacy tries to take it away.

STACY

Come on, it could be private.

Hushed giggles come from the little speaker. The whispering voices sound like they're in their late teens.

JASON (V.O.)  
This is getting boring.

HEATHER (V.O.)  
I think Jason's afraid.

More giggles.

Stacy looks shocked. Sad.

STACY  
Jason was my dad's name.

JASON (V.O.)  
I just think there's better things  
Emily and I can be doing.

Another teen chimes in.

MIKE (v.o.)  
We know what you think, you horny  
bastard.

A serious voice interrupts.

YOUNG EMILY (V.O.)  
Shh! Alright, focus this time, and  
don't show any fear, it could  
attract the wrong kind of spirit.

STACY  
That's my mom's voice.

They quiet down on the tape.

Stacy and Rebecca listen closely.

The group chants quietly.

GROUP (V.o.)  
Spirits from beyond, move among us.  
Be guided by the light of this  
candle and visit upon us.  
(beat)  
Spirits from beyond, move among us.  
Be guided by the light of this  
candle and visit upon us.  
(beat)  
Spirits from --

The sound of the table being bumped plays on the tape. The group stops their chant.

HEATHER (V.O.)  
Was that you?

YOUNG EMILY (V.O.)  
Shh...

JASON (V.O.)  
I don't hear anything.

YOUNG EMILY (V.O.)  
Focus. Spirit, if you are here  
please make your presence known to  
us.

The tape quietly HISSES.

Stacy and Rebecca listen closely to chair squeaks and subtle noises. Another giggle and a hush.

The hiss of the tape fluctuates... Something like a whisper...

The noise begins to build, slowly. Could be static, could be whispers. Or something else...

YOUNG EMILY (V.O.)  
Spirit, thank you for visiting --

A clatter of something falling over interrupts her.

MIKE (V.O.)  
What was that?

YOUNG EMILY (V.O.)  
Shhh.

The static grows louder, harsher.

JASON (V.O.)  
Okay, this is enough.

YOUNG EMILY (V.O.)  
Don't break the circle.

HEATHER (V.O.)  
You're hurting my hand.

Stacy and Rebecca stare at the tiny speaker.

Static washes in and out. More crashing sounds on the tape.

JASON (v.O.)  
Let me GOOOOO...

His voice distorts. Draws out into a long screechy burst of STATIC. The tape stops.

Rebecca opens the recorder up and pulls out the cassette. It's been hopelessly mangled.

REBECCA  
Ah shit. What the fuck was that?

STACY  
Let's go back upstairs.

Rebecca rummages through the box again.

REBECCA  
I want to see --

STACY  
Now.

Rebecca tosses the recorder back in the box.

REBECCA  
Fine. Party pussy.

They head up the stairs.

The furnace kicks in as Stacy passes, making her jump.

Rebecca smirks. Hides Emily's journal behind her back.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy grabs her bags and waits impatiently for Rebecca to catch up.

She leads the way up the cramped stairway to the top floor.

INT. LODGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dim overhead bulbs light a hallway lined with rooms. It's oppressive. Dingy carpet and dark-brown wood paneling.

Stacy checks the door to guestroom #5. Finds two beds.

STACY  
We can sleep in here.

REBECCA  
I don't get my own room?

STACY  
Please?

Rebecca shrugs and enters past Stacy.

Stacy checks both directions in the hallway. Shivers. Shuts the door.

INT. GUESTROOM #5 - NIGHT

Stacy collapses onto her bed.

Rebecca pulls a night shirt from her backpack and enters the bathroom. She looks back at Stacy through the mirror.

REBECCA  
I'm totally exploring that cellar  
in the morning.

Rebecca strips to her underwear and puts in her night shirt.

STACY  
Go for it.No way I'm going back  
down there.

REBECCA  
You weren't really freaked out by  
that tape were you? They were just  
messing with each other. My friends  
and I used to play with the Ouiji  
board all the time. It's fun. Those  
chains on the other hand... That's  
some freaky-ass shit...

Stacy stares at the window.

Rebecca tries the faucet. No water.

Lifts the toilet seat and looks in. The bowl is empty.

REBECCA  
The crapper's broken.

Stacy looks up. Distracted.

STACY  
Most of the rooms are winterized.  
Use my grandma's bathroom down the  
hall.

Rebecca pulls out her toiletries. Loads up a toothbrush.

REBECCA

Be right back.

Rebecca exits.

Stacy listens to her footsteps recede down the hall.

She changes into her pajamas. Walks over to the window and looks out.

Her old cabin sits nestled in the trees. Stacy puts her hand up to the window. Lost in thought.

Her eyes refocus on the glass, revealing a reflection of Rebecca, standing quietly in the doorway.

Stacy jumps. She spins around to look, but there's no one there.

A FLUSH comes from down the hallway. Rebecca's FOOTSTEPS approach.

Rebecca casually walks back in to find Stacy upset. Rebecca spreads her arms.

REBECCA

What?

Stacy turns back to the window.

Rebecca steps up to see what she's looking at. Glances over and notices a tear.

Puts her arm around Stacy.

Stacy rests her head on Rebecca's shoulder.

REBECCA

Okay, so the place smells like old lady and has a torture dungeon in the cellar. We'll fix it up.

Stacy chuckles. Wipes her nose.

STACY

Did you know I had a sister?

Rebecca shakes her head. Stacy points outside.

STACY

We used to sleep in that cabin.

REBECCA

I would have loved that.

STACY

She died out there when I was five.

REBECCA

Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

Stacy steps away and sits on the bed.

STACY

I've had a counselor who's been helping me ever since. It was my fault. Have you ever heard of night terrors?

REBECCA

I've had bad dreams.

Rebecca sits next to her.

STACY

They aren't the same. Do you know anyone who's seen a ghost?

REBECCA

My cousin says she did.

STACY

My counselor told me about cases he's seen where people swore they were being haunted. Most of those experiences are night terrors. The dreams seem so real people get them confused with actual memories.

REBECCA

You got those after your sister died?

STACY

Before. I'd think I was awake, but things wouldn't seem quite right. Like someone switched the rooms around, or I'd hear voices. Sometimes I'd see people, but they'd be floating in the air.

REBECCA

Wouldn't that tip you off?

STACY

It was too real. But you can learn ways to tell. My counselor taught me to close my eyes and count to three. In dreams things are constantly shifting, so if I notice the changes when I open my eyes, I'll wake up.

Rebecca closes her eyes and counts to three.

REBECCA

You're real.

She leans over and kisses Stacy on the lips.

Stacy returns it for a second then shies away.

STACY

The property manager's coming by early tomorrow. We should get some sleep.

REBECCA

Yeah, sure.

Stacy pulls her pajamas out of her bag and heads into the bathroom to change.

Rebecca sighs and turns off the light.

INT. GUESTROOM #5 - LATER

Stacy is curled up asleep above the covers. Her eyes move under their lids. Her breaths quicken.

She wakes with a small GASP.

Rebecca stirs. Rolls over to look at Stacy.

REBECCA

(groggy)

Are you alright?

STACY

Can't sleep.

Rebecca crawls out of her bed and pulls a sheet over Stacy. Slides in next to her. She gently strokes Stacy's hair.

REBECCA

Nothing's going to hurt you here.  
If I see a ghost I'll kick its ass.

Stacy looks into Rebecca's eyes.

STACY

Thank you for coming with me. I  
couldn't have done it by myself.

REBECCA

I can't think of any where else I'd  
rather be, right now.

STACY

When you kissed me --

REBECCA

Shh. It's alright.

STACY

No. I mean, I liked it.

Rebecca smiles. Gives Stacy another gentle kiss.

REBECCA

You sure?

Stacy nods.

REBECCA

How about when I kiss you here?

Rebecca kisses Stacy's ear.

Stacy grins. Returns the kiss. Passionately.

Stacy gasps as she feels Rebecca's hands explore her. She  
breathes heavily, as if she's never been touched before.

Rebecca kisses her neck. Unbuttons Stacy's pajama shirt as  
she moves down.

Stacy is in a newfound ecstasy. She lets it all happen.

She moans with pleasure as Rebecca moves under the sheet.

Her eyes go wide!

STACY

Ow! Stop it!

She tries to squirm away. Pushes at Rebecca's head under the sheet.

Rebecca stops.

Stacy looks at her hands.

They are covered in blood.

Rebecca rises to her knees under the sheet. A red spot grows until the whole sheet is soaked in blood.

Stacy tries to squirm away. She's in pain.

Rebecca slowly lifts the sheet. Her front is covered in blood. Her face is demonic.

REBECCA  
You belong in hell.

She lunges at Stacy.

INT. GUESTROOM #5 - NIGHT - BACK TO REALITY

Stacy wakes up with a gasp. Struggles to catch her breath. Reaches down to check for blood.

She's safe.

Rebecca moans in the other bed.

REBECCA  
(groggily)  
Trying to sleep...

Rolls over and puts a pillow over her head

Stacy takes a deep breath. Climbs out of bed.

INT. LODGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stacy cautiously looks out. Everything seems normal.

She holds her pajamas tight around her. It's chilly as she heads to...

INT. GRANDMA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She turns on the light, sits on the toilet. Closes her eyes, still sleepy.

A door creaks down the hallway. Now she's fully awake.

She quickly turns off the light.

She crouches down and steps out into...

INT. GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...peeks out the door.

Rebecca stands in the hallway, staring at the wall. Her face is expressionless. She turns.

Stacy ducks back. Closes her eyes and waits.

She slowly peaks again.

Rebecca is closer, walking in awkward halting steps.

Stacy steels herself.

INT. LODGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stacy steps out to face Rebecca head-on.

STACY

Rebecca?

Rebecca stops, expressionless.

STACY

You're sleepwalking again.

No response.

She takes Rebecca's arm and guides her back to...

INT. GUESTROOM #5 - CONTINUOUS

As Stacy enters the dark room the sound of a light SNORE makes her freeze.

The real Rebecca still lies sleeping in her bed.

Stacy spins around.

Ghost-Rebecca smiles and grabs her arm!

Stacy SCREAMS!

Stacy pushes Ghost-Rebecca back into the hallway and SLAMS the door. Holds it shut with her shoulder.

The handle rattles.

Stacy struggles to finally get the door locked. Steps back.

REBECCA

What the hell? You scared the shit out of me.

Stacy spins around as Rebecca gets out of bed. Stacy backs away as Rebecca reaches for her.

REBECCA

Calm down.

STACY

Don't touch me!

REBECCA

What is going on?

Stacy scrambles away and shrinks back into the corner of her bed. Pulls her knees to her chest.

STACY

I saw you out there.

REBECCA

Did you count to three?

Stacy holds out her arm to show red fingernail scratches.

STACY

Does this look like a dream?

REBECCA

You probably just scratched yourself.

STACY

This was real!

REBECCA

Stop yelling at me.

Rebecca steps toward the door.

STACY

Don't you dare open that.

REBECCA

Okay. You need to snap the fuck out of this now. There is nothing out there.

She reaches for the door handle.

STACY

Please...

Rebecca unlocks the door and throws it open.

She looks at Stacy, her back exposed to the hallway.

REBECCA

See?

Stacy waits in anticipation...

...nothing.

REBECCA

Why is it so fucking freezing in here?

STACY

The house is making it cold.

Rebecca rolls her eyes.

REBECCA

Seriously? The house? Can't you possibly consider that it could be your fault. Maybe you didn't set the furnace right?

STACY

It's trying to draw you out of the room.

REBECCA

Oh come on! You've got to be fucking kidding me! The house can't hurt you!

STACY

It killed my sister.

Rebecca gives up. She pulls Emily's JOURNAL out from under her sheets. Holds it up to Stacy.

REBECCA

I know what happened to your  
sister.

Stacy's jaw drops.

REBECCA

Your mom never believed any of this  
shit. She says you killed your  
sister.

Rebecca grabs a sheet off the bed and wraps it around her.  
Heads to the door.

STACY

Please don't go out there.

Rebecca picks up a walkie-talkie. Turns it on and tosses it  
to Stacy. She takes the other and steps out into the hallway.

Rebecca puts it to her mouth and clicks the button.

The radio next to Stacy crackles to life with Rebecca's voice  
both live and through the speaker.

REBECCA

Can you hear me? It's all in your  
head.

Rebecca stands in the hallway with her arms spread. Looks  
both ways.

REBECCA

The lodge is empty. We're the only  
ones here.

INT. LODGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rebecca opens another guestroom door.

REBECCA

Hello? Anyone in here?  
(into radio)  
Nope.

SLAMS the door.

INTERCUT - STACY/REBECCA

STACY  
Please stop!

Rebecca checks the other rooms.

REBECCA  
Any ghosts here? Come on out.  
Anyone in this room?

Stacy listens to the doors slamming. She curls up tighter.

REBECCA  
(into radio)  
Upstairs is clear. Moving to sweep  
the downstairs.

Rebecca heads down the stairs.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca walks across to the trap door.

Throws it open.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The steps creak under Rebecca's weight. She reaches the bottom and pulls the chain for the light. The dim bulb swings.

She kneels down to inspect the furnace. PHWOOSH. The flames roar to life.

Rebecca jumps back.

Then chuckles at her own reaction. She turns the thermostat up. Shuts the light off.

The trap door falls shut. Plunging her into darkness.

INT. GUESTROOM #5 - NIGHT

Stacy sits quietly on her bed, listening closely to the radio for any sound.

Finally she gets up and cautiously looks out into the hallway.

The lights flicker and go out.

Stacy thumbs the radio.

STACY

Rebecca? Where are you?

No response. Stacy picks up Rebecca's cell phone and turns it to flashlight mode.

INT. LODGE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Stacy starts down the steps. They seem to distort and stretch unnaturally before her, making her dizzy.

She shakes it off and climbs down.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy shines the light. Searching for any sign of Rebecca. Everything is still.

Opens the trap door.

STACY

Rebecca? This isn't funny. Come on out.

The furnace glows at the bottom of the stairs. No Rebecca.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Stacy creeps down the steps. Scans the room with phone's flashlight.

STACY

I'm feeling better now. Let's just go back to sleep.

There's a small burst of STATIC behind some shelves.

STACY

Come on, Rebecca, this isn't funny.

She steps around and looks. Rebecca's radio lies in the dirt.

STACY

Rebecca?

Stacy drops the phone/light into her pocket and picks up an old table lamp from a shelf. Holds it defensively.

She looks behind the shelves. Nothing. Backs up...

Right into a dark figure.

Stacy spins.

The light briefly highlights Rebecca's pale skin, her eyes wide, mouth open in a silent scream. Rebecca grabs Stacy's arm.

Stacy SCREAMS and reflexively swings the lamp. WHAM! It connects with Rebecca's head.

Rebecca crashes into a stack of boxes. Sprawls on the floor unconscious.

Blood pours from a gash on Rebecca's forehead. It flows through grooves in the dirt floor. A pattern emerges, partially obscured by a shelving unit.

Stacy pushes against the unit with all of her weight. It scrapes across the dirt.

She aims her phone light back to the pattern. The blood has roughly filled in three quarter of a pentagram that had been carved into the floor.

Stacy staggers back.

An UNEARTHLY BREATH whips past Stacy in the dark. Rebecca's body twitches violently.

Stacy runs.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy slams the trap shut and runs into the dining room. Skids around the corner.

Dives into a room by the stairs.

INT. LODGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Stacy slams the door behind her and locks it. Hides behind a desk. Her eyes dart about. She listens for any hint of a sound.

She grabs her hair with her fists.

She stops. Remembers. Frantically digs the phone out of her pocket. The flashlight is still on.

The battery reads only six percent. She turns off the flashlight function.

Dials.

INT. DAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dan lies asleep on his bed, fully clothed.

A late-night horror film plays on the TV. A muscle car ROARS across the screen.

The phone RINGS. Dan wakes up and looks at the clock. 1:45 AM. He fumbles to pick it up.

A desperate AUSSIE GIRL pleads on the TV.

AUSSIE GIRL (V.O.)  
Please... Please. I'll do anything.

Dan mutes the TV and answers the phone.

DAN  
This had better be important.

INTERCUT - STACY/DAN

REBECCA  
(urgent whisper)  
You have to come get me. Now.

DAN  
Who is this? Stacy?

STACY  
Please. I need your help.

DAN  
Stacy, calm down. What's going on?

STACY  
I don't know. I'm on the island.  
We... we were staying at the lodge.  
There was something --

DAN  
Alright. I want you to count to --

STACY

I am not counting to three! Aren't  
you listening to me?!

She looks up and listens. Lowers her voice again.

STACY

(whisper)

She's in the cellar. She's hurt.

DAN

You're not making any sense. Who's  
hurt?

Stacy takes a deep breath. Speaks very deliberately.

STACY

Rebecca is. She tried to attack me  
and I hit her. There's something  
inside --

DAN

Hang on. You hit her? Is she okay?

STACY

I don't know. I have to get out of  
here.

DAN

Listen to me carefully. You need to  
go check on her. We need to know if  
she's okay.

STACY

I can't. I'm not going back down  
there.

DAN

Stop letting your fears control  
you. She needs your help --

The light goes out on Rebecca's cell phone. The battery is  
dead.

Stacy starts to cry. Drops the phone from her hand. It thumps  
to the floor.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A muffled thump comes from the ceiling.

Rebecca lies on the cement floor. Her face in a pool of blood.

INT. DAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dan walks in with a file folder. Flips through until he finds the paper he needs. Dials a number from it.

The phone rings a couple of times before someone answers.

RECEPTIONIST (V.o.)  
Bayview Rehabilitation Center. Our  
office hours are nine to six P.M.  
Is this an emergency?

DAN  
Yes, my name is Dan Reed. I need to  
talk to Mrs. Watson.

RECEPTIONIST (V.o.)  
Well Dan, I can't just wake  
patients up at two in the morning.

DAN  
This is urgent. It's about her  
daughter.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Sir, if there is an actual  
emergency with someone who isn't a  
patient here you need to call the  
police. Would you like the number  
for nine-one-one?

DAN  
Can't I just --

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
We have your number. If she wakes  
up we'll let her know you called.

Click. Dial tone.

DAN  
Thank you. Bitch.

Dan hangs up.

Pulls out a paper with an address and a picture of the lodge from the file, grabs his keys from the bedside stand and heads out.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Stacy forces herself to stand up. Unlocks the door and creeps out of the room.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

She walks up to the trap door. She reaches for the handle. Her hand shakes.

Instead of opening it, she closes the two bolt locks.

Backs away.

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

Stacy bursts out the front door. Sprints across the lawn.

The moon is gone. She is plunged into unnaturally pure darkness. The only light comes from the front door of the lodge.

The ocean laps on the shore somewhere behind her.

There's nowhere to run.

She drops to the ground. Tears form in her eyes.

The radio CRACKLES. A steady HISS of static.

She listens closely. Could that be a quiet BREATHING sound? She hears something like a WHISPER. It repeats. Grows louder.

REBECCA

Help me... Where are you? Please  
don't leave me down here... It's  
dark. I'm so cold...

The voice swirls in and out with the raspy static. Slowly fades away.

Stacy stands up slowly and stares at the house. Takes a hesitant step forward.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy steps through the door, reaches the center of the room and stops. The trap door is still locked.

She brings the radio to her lips.

STACY  
I'm coming.

She strains to hear an answer in the static.

A raspy breath builds into words.

REBECCA (V.o.)  
(distorted radio)  
You'lllll neeevveerr leeaavvveeee!!!

The front door SLAMS shut. The window shutters close and lock. The lights flicker. A lamp flashes with a loud POP and goes out.

The trap door flies open.

Wind swirls around Stacy as she sinks to her knees. She holds her hands to her ears to block out the cacophony.

STACY  
(screams)  
What do you want from me?!

She pulls at her hair. Hits herself on the head with her fists.

STACY  
You're not real! Stop it.

She closes her eyes.

STACY  
One, two, three! One, two, three!  
One, two, three!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Light from the open trap door spills onto the walkie-talkie next to Rebecca's still body. Static SCREECHES from its little speaker.

Rebecca's eyes snap open! They've changed, somehow now inhuman.

Dark veins spider across her face. Her body twitches unnaturally.

SLAM! The trap falls shut.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy opens her eyes. The wind has stopped. The front door stands open. The trap door remains locked, like nothing happened.

She collapses to the floor and sobs.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - NIGHT

Dan knocks on the door to a boat-rental shop. Wraps his jacket tightly around himself against the night chill.

Boats sway and BUMP against the docks in the marina.

He knocks again. A light turns on.

A weathered boat captain, GEOFF (30s), answers the door in his underwear and night shirt.

He's not happy.

GEOFF

There will still be fish in the ocean three hours from now.

DAN

I need to get to Galiano Island.

Geoff points to the hours printed on the door and gives Dan an "Are you an idiot" look.

GEOFF

I'm going back to sleep.

He start to shut the door but Dan blocks it. Dan pulls a stack of twenties from his wallet.

DAN

I just need a rental. I can drive myself.

GEOFF

My cheapest boat is three hundred for the day.

DAN

I'll have it back by noon.

Dan counts out 300 dollars. Hands it to Geoff.

Geoff points to a small motor boat.

GEOFF

Hope you're not in a hurry.

Dan's shoulders slump. They walk over.

Geoff jumps on board to prep the boat.

Dan pulls out his phone. Does a search for "Galiano Island Police."

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The trap door RATTLES, but the bolts hold it shut.

Rebecca KNOCKS on the underside. Calls out weakly through the door.

REBECCA (o.S.)

(muffled)

Open the door. Please.

The door RATTLES some more.

Stacy sits in the middle of the room. Not wanting to move.

REBECCA

Come on, Stacy. My head really hurts. Where are you?

Stacy gets up. Unlocks the bolts and lifts the trap.

Rebecca stares up at her. Her cheek is covered in blood.

Stacy melts. She reaches down to help Rebecca out.

INT. GUESTROOM #5 - NIGHT

Rebecca lies in bed, holding an ice pack to her forehead.

Stacy uses a wet wash cloth to wipe the blood from her cheek.

STACY

I'm so sorry. It was a reflex.

REBECCA

I should have known not to surprise you by now.

Stacy looks away embarrassed.

Rebecca touches Stacy's cheek.

REBECCA

Hey. You have to get over this shit. Everything that happened here is in the past.

Stacy puts a bandage on Rebecca's forehead. Dabs away some blood with the washcloth.

STACY

I'm really sorry.

Rebecca touches the bandage.

REBECCA

I'll survive. Hurts like a motherfucker though.

STACY

I'm seeing things again.

REBECCA

What? What things?

STACY

Just like I used to. I can't tell if I'm awake or asleep. Being here has just brought it all back.

REBECCA

So... what? You really believe this place is haunted?

STACY

No. I don't know. My counselor says it's all in my head. But it just seems so real. I don't want to be crazy.

REBECCA

Why don't we just meet the agent in the morning, hand him the keys and leave? Let him hire someone to fix this place up. They can do that.

Stacy nods and lies down next to Rebecca.

STACY  
Don't leave me alone again.

Rebecca's eye twitches.

REBECCA  
Never.

Rebecca kisses her on the lips.

Stacy stiffens.

STACY  
I don't --

REBECCA  
Shh... You don't have to act so  
innocent all the time.

Rebecca runs her hand down Stacy's neck.

Stacy shivers at the touch. She tries to stop Rebecca.

Rebecca pushes her down. Kisses her neck.

STACY  
I can't do this right now.  
Everything is --

REBECCA  
It's okay to be afraid. Fear  
heightens the senses.

Rebecca pins both of Stacy's arms down. Starts to breathe heavily as she grinds against Stacy.

STACY  
I said stop it.

REBECCA  
Isn't this why you brought me here?  
You want to fuck me.

Rebecca reaches down and grabs Stacy's crotch.

Stacy SLAPS her across the face.

STACY  
Let me go.

Rebecca grabs Stacy's arm roughly. Her expression turns to pure hate. Her voice grows thicker.

## REBECCA

I will never let you go.

Rebecca leans in. Her neck CRACKS as her head twitches to one side.

She slowly licks Stacy's cheek, leaving an oily dark smear.

Stacy recoils in disgust. She twists under Rebecca and manages to push her off.

Stacy scrambles across the room.

Rebecca's body spasms violently. Joints POP as she jumps to crouched position. Her head snaps to look at Stacy. Black veins show through her skin.

She lets out an unearthly SCREAM!

Stacy closes her ears. It sounds just like the scream on the tape.

Rebecca lurches toward Stacy, as if she's just learning to control her body.

Stacy runs for the door, but before she can reach it Rebecca grabs her hair.

From outside the room, Stacy struggles to shut the door. She manages to push Rebecca's arm back inside and slam the door shut.

## INT. LODGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stacy tries to free her hair, but Rebecca pulls on it from the other side.

Stacy holds the door shut with one hand and grabs her hair with the other. She pulls as hard as she can.

Finally, it rips free. A chunk of hair hangs from the door.

She runs to the stairs. The door opens behind her and Rebecca emerges.

Stacy trips and stumbles down the stairs.

## INT. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Her head hits the floor, hard. She tries to orient herself.

Rebecca gazes down at her from the top of the stairs.

Stacy scrambles backward across the hardwood floor. Runs into the main room.

Rebecca reaches the bottom. She seems to have gained more control over her body. Limpes down the hall.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca searches for Stacy.

Stacy holds her breath with her back against the fireplace. Tears roll down her cheek as Rebecca steps into the room.

Stacy slides around the fireplace as Rebecca approaches. Stacy's foot slips, making a slight SQUEAK on the floor.

Rebecca stops.

Stacy bolts out of the room. Crashes into the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stacy slides on the floor and knocks into the stainless-steel counter. Pots CLANG on the floor.

She runs to the double doors at the back and tries to open them. They're locked.

Rebecca enters behind her.

They stand off on opposite sides of the center island, each waiting for the other to move.

Rebecca bolts to one side of the island.

Stacy runs past on the opposite side.

Rebecca dives across the counter to grab her, but misses.

Stacy makes it out.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stacy heads for the back door, then dives into the office instead.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stacy slams the door and locks it.

Seconds later, the handle rattles.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca yanks at the door but it's locked tight. POUNDS on it with her fist.

She steps back and kicks. SLAM!

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stacy jumps as the door shakes in its frame.

WHAM! Another kick cracks the wood around one of the hinges.

BAM! Dust falls. The crack widens.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Just before Rebecca kicks again there's a KNOCK on the front door. Rebecca looks down the hall.

She heads to the front.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stacy stares at the door. It's quiet.

She looks around and finds the window. She opens it to crawl out.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

TANNER HEALY, the island's lone police officer, knocks on the door. He looks like he just threw on a hippie sweater and ran out of his art studio.

A clatter around back of the lodge catches his attention.

He flicks on a flashlight. Just as he starts to walk, the door opens.

Rebecca stands in the doorway, still wearing nothing but her underwear and tight night shirt.

She looks totally normal again. The only evidence of a fight is the bandage on her forehead.

REBECCA

Do hippies always go around knocking on people's doors in the middle on the night here?

Tanner looks at his clothes.

TANNER

Oh. No, I'm a police officer. Hang on...

He shifts his coffee travel mug to his other hand. Fumbles through his pocket and pulls out a badge. Holds it up for her to see.

REBECCA

Congratulations. So cops just go around banging on random doors every morning?

TANNER

Beats bangin' on my... It's cold out here. Do you mind if I come in?

Rebecca stands aside so he has to squeeze past.

REBECCA

Be my guest.

Tanner uncomfortably tries to avoid touching her.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner looks around the room.

TANNER

It's a shame about your grandma.

REBECCA

Yeah, she's been dead for fourteen years.

TANNER

Oh, you're not Stacy?

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

Stacy quietly creeps up a flight of wooden stairs that leads to a second-floor balcony.

She tries the handle. Sighs with relief as it opens.

INT. LODGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stacy shuts the door behind her as quietly as she can.

Sneaks down the hall to...

INT. GUESTROOM #5 - CONTINUOUS

Tiptoes across the floor to Rebecca's bed. Picks up her mom's journal.

INT. LODGE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner shines his light around the room.

Rebecca follows him in.

REBECCA

Nice of you to check on us, but we're fine.

TANNER

It's just that I got a call about some sort of fight here.

He turns to her and shines the light on her bandage. He reaches out to push her hair back.

TANNER

I like to make sure everyone's safe on this island.

Rebecca moves in closer. Looks up with innocent eyes. She reaches up to touch his sweater.

REBECCA

So you came to rescue me?

He turns away, unfazed by her advance.

TANNER

Only if there's a problem. How did you get that cut?

REBECCA

I sleepwalk. Fell down the stairs.

Tanner's flashlight lingers slightly too long on a bottle of scotch on the bar.

Rebecca jumps up to sit next to it.

REBECCA

Well, since you came out for nothing, might as well have a quick drink.

TANNER

I really shouldn't.

Rebecca pours two glasses and holds one out. Tanner shakes his head, but his eyes are locked on the glass.

REBECCA

Come on, one for the road?

He hesitates, then smiles. Takes the glass and sips.

TANNER

Woo, man that's nice.

Rebecca looks at the label on the bottle.

REBECCA

Nothing beats an eighteen-year-old, right?

She spreads her legs right in front of him.

He sets his glass on the bar.

TANNER

You know, I just need to check on Stacy, then I'll get going --

REBECCA

Are you a faggot?

TANNER

What? That's not --

She grabs his shirt and pulls him closer.

REBECCA

Is something wrong with me?

He tries to free his shirt from her grip.

TANNER

It's just... I'm on duty.

REBECCA

You're allowed to drink on duty?

She holds up the scotch bottle.

He looks at it and shrugs.

She swings, PING!

The bottle nails him on the side of the head.

He drops.

Rebecca jumps on top of him, straddling his chest.

She holds the bottle upside down in both hands. Scotch pours into his mouth.

TANNER

(gurgling)

Stop...

She shoves the neck of the bottle past his teeth.

He squirms. Scotch sputters out of his mouth as he tries to scream.

She holds the bottle steady and raises her other hand.

REBECCA

Stacy is mine.

She SLAMS the bottom of the bottle with the palm of her hand. CRUNCH!

Blood spurts up onto her face. It drips off her nose.

Her mouth stretches into a smile.

She lifts the bottle to watch the blood pour out. Tosses it across the room.

INT. GUESTROOM #5 - NIGHT

Stacy nervously looks up from the journal at the distant sound of the bottle clattering across the floor downstairs.

She hurriedly flips through to the end. The entries get shorter and handwriting more hurried. She reaches the last page and reads:

STACY

"I've tried everything. There's no way to send it back. It seems to feed off of fear. I'm afraid it's getting into Stacy's head. Tomorrow I'm getting the girls off this fucking island. We'll live on the street if we have to."

Stacy grabs her bag and rushes out of the room.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Stacy emerges onto the balcony. Looks around for an escape.

Sprints across the grass to cabin #1. Climbs onto the porch and tries the door. Locked.

She runs to cabin #2. Also locked. So is the window.

STACY

Come on!

Time is running out. She's desperate.

She looks at her old cabin #3, then back at the lodge. Finally caves and runs over to the cabin. It's unlocked.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Stacy slams the door behind her.

She crouches down and peeks out the window.

Rebecca emerges from the lodge and looks around. Starts walking straight toward Stacy's cabin.

STACY

Shit.

She looks around for a place to hide. The bed has dust boards underneath it. The cabinets are full.

The closet. She really doesn't want to go in there.

A shadow crosses the window as Rebecca steps onto the porch.

Stacy quickly ducks into the closet and shuts the door.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

The only light comes from the crack under the door. Stacy scoots back to hide behind the clothes.

The cabin door creaks open.

Stacy listens to Rebecca's footsteps move around the room. The shadows of Rebecca's feet stop in front of the closet.

Stacy holds her breath.

The door opens. A sliver of light hits Stacy's cheek. She struggles not to make a sound.

Finally, Rebecca turns. Her footsteps recede.

Stacy listens to the front door OPEN and CLOSE.

She gasps, sucking in a huge breath of air.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Stacy crawls out of the closet and creeps across to look out the window.

The yard is empty. No sign of Rebecca.

She steps to the door. Reaches for the handle, then stops.

A shadow flickers across the tiny peep hole.

She peers through the glass.

Nothing out there. She straightens up...

...doesn't notice Rebecca standing right behind her.

Rebecca grabs her by the back of the head and SLAMS her face into the door.

Stacy collapses to the floor.

She's disoriented. The room spins. Pitifully tries to crawl away.

Rebecca jumps on her back and pounds on her like an animal.

Stacy curls up to protect herself.

Rebecca keeps wailing on Stacy until she goes limp.

Lifts Stacy's head up by the hair and checks. Stacy is unconscious.

EXT. LODGE NIGHT - NIGHT

The treetops sway overhead.

Rebecca drags Stacy across the yard by the hair.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Dan races across the dark water. The barely visible coastline passes in the distance.

His cell phone RINGS. He looks at the ID:

"BAYVIEW MEDICAL CENTER"

He speaks loudly over the boat engine.

DAN

It's Dan.

ADULT EMILY (V.O.)

(husky, early morning  
voice)

Why are you calling? What's wrong?

DAN

Stacy got into some sort of fight  
with her friend. I'm heading to the  
lodge to check on her.

ADULT EMILY (V.O.)

(angry)

Why the hell did you let her go the  
island?

DAN

Mrs. Watson, Stacy is an adult now.  
She makes her own choices. Exposure  
to her childhood --

ADULT EMILY (V.O.)  
 Stop with that bullshit. You have  
 to fucking get her out of there.

RECEPTIONIST (V.o.)  
 (in the background)  
 Alright, that's enough. Give me the  
 phone.

Dan can hear the nurse try to take the phone.

ADULT EMILY (V.O.)  
 Fuck off.

DAN  
 I'm only going to make sure nothing  
 jeopardizes her chance at a fresh --

ADULT EMILY (V.O.)  
 Dan, will you shut up and listen to  
 me? That place is fucked up!

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
 That's it. Hang up the phone.  
 Nurse!

Dan  
 What do you mean?

There's a SCUFFLE on the phone.

ADULT EMILY (V.O.)  
 Get off me! She can't stay  
 there! It's been waiting for  
 her!

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
 Nurse! I need some help here!

DAN  
 What are you talking about? What's  
 waiting for her?

ADULT EMILY (V.o.)  
 Let me go!

There's a scuffle and more shouting as the staff struggles  
 with Emily. Dan hears the phone thump to the ground. It goes  
 dead.

DAN  
 Hello? Fuck.

He looks at the screen:

"CALL ENDED"

A light appears on the shore as he approaches an island. Dan pushes the boat to full throttle.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Black.

Stacy wakes up. Her face is crusted in blood.

Rebecca rummages through boxes.

Stacy tries to move, but discovers a shackle on her wrist. A chain runs from her wrist, through an eye hook on the wall, to another shackle.

She tries to remove it, but it's held tight by a rusty screw.

The chain CLINKS.

Stacy shuts her eyes as Rebecca looks over.

Rebecca pulls a screwdriver out of a box. Approaches and studies Stacy's face.

SLAPS her. Hard.

Stacy cries out in pain.

Rebecca leans in and sniffs her neck.

STACY

Why don't you just kill me?

Rebecca grins, showing her now rotten teeth.

STACY

They'll come looking for me.

Rebecca mimes a cell phone call. Perfectly imitating Stacy's voice.

REBECCA

Hi, Mom. My friend's going to run the lodge this summer while I travel. I'll send you a check. Bye.

Rebecca places Stacy's shackled hand onto a table and sets the screwdriver within reach. Daring Stacy to grab it.

She stares into Stacy's eyes. Leans in.

Stacy's finger twitches, but she stays still.

Rebecca reaches up and strokes Stacy's cheek.

Stacy lowers her eyes and turns away.

Rebecca sits back and laughs.

Stacy snatches at the screwdriver, but Rebecca is quicker.

In a blink, she slams Stacy's hand down and stabs the screwdriver straight through it.

Stacy SCREAMS!

Rebecca pulls it out.

Blood gushes from the hole.

Stacy cradles her wounded hand to her chest.

EXT. SHORELINE - NIGHT

Dan closes in on an old wooden dock. The boat bumps up against it. He grabs a post and jumps out.

Ties down the boat.

The lodge is quiet. Soft light emanates from the windows.

He jogs up the shore.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rebecca places the screwdriver on the table again.

Rebecca  
Want to try again?

Stacy sobs. Shakes her head.

Rebecca smiles.

REBECCA  
Put that other shackle around your  
wrist.

Beaten, Stacy reaches down with her free hand and picks up the chain.

She whips it around Rebecca's neck!

Before Rebecca can get it off, Stacy dives away, pulling the other end of the chain with all of her weight.

It RATTLES through the eye hook until it tightens around Rebecca's neck..

Stacy yanks a heavy shelving unit down onto the chain. Both sides of the chain go taut. Stacy is forced to the ground and Rebecca is lifted to her tip toes.

The screwdriver CLATTERS to the floor.

Stacy stretches to reach it, but the chain stops her short by inches.

She finds an old belt. Flicks it out to reach the screwdriver. Misses.

Rebecca thrashes around, choking.

Stacy tries again. This time it lands on the screwdriver. She rolls it close enough for her fingers to get grip on it.

She loosens the screw on the shackle around her wrist. Frees her bleeding hand. Secures the chain to a pipe.

Rebecca struggles to keep her balance and stay conscious.

Stacy hears footsteps cross the floor upstairs.

DAN  
(muffled)  
Stacy! Where are you?

She wraps her bleeding hand in a cloth and scrambles up the step.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

She SLAMS the trap shut. Locks it.

Dan rushes back in from another room.

Stacy throws herself into his arms and buries her head.

He hugs her.

DAN  
What's happening? Where's Rebecca?

STACY

She attacked me.

Dan grabs her shoulders and looks her in the eye.

DAN

You need to calm down. You got into a fight?

He notices the blood-soaked cloth.

DAN

Oh my God, what happened to your hand?

He unwraps the cloth and looks. Blood oozes out of the hole.

DAN

Jesus.

STACY

I told you, she did this. It's inside her. She's trying to kill me.

DAN

What's inside her? What are you talking about?

Stacy

The demon! We have to leave!

DAN

We've been over this. Demons are just fairy tales.

Stacy points to the trap door.

STACY

Trust me. What is in that cellar is not a fairy tale!

Dan walks over.

STACY

What are you doing!?

DAN

Getting both of you out of here.

STACY  
You can't go down there.

DAN  
Stacy, stop it! This has gone too far. You need help. Now stay here.

He opens the door and steps down.

Stacy backs into a corner. She holds her head, shaking in panic.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dan searches the dim cellar.

He turns the corner and finds Rebecca barely conscious, struggling to stay on her feet so the chain doesn't strangle her.

DAN  
Hold on!

Dan leaps over and wraps his arms around Rebecca's torso. Lifts her off the ground. With one hand, he untangles the chain from her neck.

She collapses into his arms and gasps for air.

Dan  
Can you breathe?

Rebecca nods. Gulps in raspy shallow breaths. Aside from the gash on her head, she looks normal again.

DAN  
I'm going to get you some help.

REBECCA  
(gasping)  
Sh... She...

DAN  
Don't try to talk.

Rebecca holds up her hand. Swallows and takes a deeper breath.

REBECCA  
(weakly)  
I... I don't know what happened.  
She just went crazy.

DAN  
You're safe now. I'll get you to  
the hospital.

Dan helps her up the stairs.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy is gone.

Dan lays Rebecca on a couch. Looks around.

DAN  
Stacy?

REBECCA  
Please. Don't.

DAN  
I can't leave her here.

REBECCA  
I'm cold.

She shivers in her underwear and shirt.

Dan takes off his jacket and covers her.

His hand brushes her bare leg.

DAN  
I'll get your clothes.

He starts to get up, but she holds his hand.

REBECCA  
Wait. I'd be dead if you hadn't  
come.

DAN  
I'm so sorry this happened. I  
really thought she was ready.

Rebecca touches his cheek.

REBECCA  
It's not your fault. She never  
appreciated you.

DAN  
I tried --

REBECCA

Shh...

She pulls him closer. Her lips touch his.

Her hands wraps around his head. He tries to pull back, but she holds him tight. Her mouth locked onto his.

His eyes go wide.

She goes limp and passes out onto the couch.

Dan gags.

INT. GUESTROOM #5 - NIGHT

Stacy stuffs her things into her bag and rushes to the door. She stops.

Dan stands in the way.

DAN

Your friend is laying unconscious downstairs.

STACY

That's not Rebecca. You can't trust her.

She tries to push past, but Dan puts his arm up to block her. Stacy backs up.

STACY

I want to go.

DAN

We need to talk about this first.

STACY

Why have you never believed me?

DAN

I don't think you realize how serious this is. You almost killed her. That's attempted murder. Best-case scenario I can convince them to put you in a hospital instead of jail.

Stacy's future flashes before her eyes.

STACY  
But she attacked me!

DAN  
Do you think a jury's going to  
believe that?

STACY  
You saw what she did to my hand.  
She's evil!

DAN  
Like your sister?

Stacy throws her bag across the room in frustration.

STACY  
So now it finally comes out! For  
years you tell me it wasn't my  
fault, but the whole time you've  
blamed me like everyone else?

DAN  
What was I supposed to say? You're  
fucking nuts? My job was to keep  
you from hurting anyone else until  
you're out of the system.

Stacy breaks down in tears. She tries to get around him, but  
he grabs her arm.

STACY  
Let me go!

DAN  
So you can kill someone else? No,  
I'm going to do what I should have  
done a long time ago.

His grip tightens.

She cringes in pain.

STACY  
You're hurting me.

DAN  
You need to be locked away with the  
rest of society's worthless shit.

STACY  
Why are you doing this to me?!

DAN  
You're going to rot in the darkness  
with murderers and rapists --

She tries to push him away. Her fingernail scratches his  
cheek.

DAN  
Bitch!

He shoves her to the floor.

STACY  
Why won't you believe me?

DAN  
Because you're fucking crazy. No  
one is ever going to believe you.

Her spirit is nearly broken. She closes her eyes.

STACY  
One...

DAN  
Rebecca doesn't have a demon inside  
of her...

STACY  
Two...

DAN  
...anymore.

Stacy stops.

This isn't Dan.

She opens her eyes...

His face is cracked and bleeding. Eyes milky white.  
Grotesque.

Demon-Dan reaches down and picks Stacy up like she weighs  
nothing. He cocks his head. A deep growl comes up from deep  
inside of him.

Stacy cringes at the hot breath on her face.

STACY  
(calmly)  
When you're inside someone else,  
can you feel pain?

Dan pauses.

Stacy latches onto Dan's neck with her teeth!

He tries to push away, but her bites harder.

Blood runs.

It does hurt. Dan screams.

Stacy pulls back. The skin on Dan's neck stretches until it finally rips. A chunk of bloody flesh tears away from his neck.

Stacy spits it onto the floor.

Blood pours from the wound.

Dan tries to stop it with his hand.

Stacy scrambles past him and runs out into the hallway.

He grabs a pillowcase and presses it to the wound.

INT. STAIRS

Stacy runs down the stairs into the...

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca lies unconscious on the couch.

Stacy kneels to shake her.

STACY

Rebecca. Come on, wake up.

She puts her ear to Rebecca's mouth. The breathing is shallow.

Tries to lift her, but isn't strong enough.

A thump upstairs draws her attention.

STACY

I'm sorry.

She runs.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Halfway across the room Stacy's feet slip out from under her. She falls and slides across the wet floor.

She is covered in thick red blood. A trail of it leads back to a pool in the middle of the room where Tanner's body used to be.

She struggles to her feet and limps outside.

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

Stacy spots Tanner's car parked in the driveway and runs to it. Throws the door open and gets in.

No keys.

STACY

Oh come on!

She checks around the seat, above the window shade, in the glove box. Of course there are no keys.

She looks back at the house. They must be with the owner, wherever he is.

Stacy reluctantly walks back to the entrance.

Something CRASHES. Dan yells from somewhere in the house.

DAN (O.S.)

There's nowhere to run!

Glass SHATTERS.

Stacy changes direction. Enters the front door of the pub.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

The bell dings above the door. The door swings closed behind Stacy, but not all the way.

A flight of stairs leads up to the main room of the pub.

Stacy checks behind the bar.

STACY

Where did you hide the body?

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Dan notices the door to the pub is cracked open. Heads toward it.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Stacy hears the bell above the entrance ding.

She quickly heads into the...

INT. PUB - BACKROOM - NIGHT

Cleaning supplies and boxes of food line the shelves.

Dan (O.S.)  
(teasing)  
I can smell you!

Stacy ducks into a walk-in freezer. Quietly shuts the door behind her.

INT. WALK-IN FREEZER - NIGHT

It's nearly pitch black.

There are more crashing noises, heavily muffled by the thick freezer door.

DAN (O.S.)  
Come out, come out where ever you  
are, cunt!

Stacy's frightened breaths fill the enclosed room.

Finally it grows quiet outside.

Stacy lights a match. Her breath condenses in the cold air. She shivers.

She checks the door, but it doesn't budge. The handle seems to be locked.

The match goes out. She lights another and inspects the handle, feeling around for any sort of lock.

BAM! The door shudders. Stacy drops the match.

Light floods the freezer as the door opens.

Dan drags Stacy out.

INT. PUB - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan pins Stacy to the floor and puts his face close to hers.

Now he's super disgusting. Covered in blood. Skin and teeth rotting. Blood drips from his wounded neck.

DAN

Found you.

He kisses her on the mouth.

She cringes and tries to turn her head, but the struggle just excites him more.

He kisses all over her neck.

STACY

Dan never would have touched me.

Dan chuckles.

STACY

He loved me.

DAN

He wanted you as his whore.

He rips her shirt open.

Stacy cries out.

Dan reaches down to unbuckle his pants...

CLANG! Dan topples off Stacy.

Rebecca, now back to herself, stands behind him with a shovel in her hands.

Stacy scrambles away.

Dan is only dazed. He stands up. Cocks his head, popping the joints in his neck.

Rebecca faces off with Dan.

REBECCA  
(to Stacy)  
Get out of here.

Dan growls. An UNEARTHLY SOUND builds from deep inside of him. He takes a step forward.

Stacy reaches the door to the pub.

STACY  
Come on!

She grabs Rebecca and pulls her along.

Dan charges!

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Stacy SLAMS the door just in time.

She and Rebecca push against the door.

Rebecca holds the handle tightly to keep it latched.

BAM. BAM! The door shakes. The knob rattles.

REBECCA  
You have to go.

STACY  
I'm not leaving you.

There is a HUGE SLAM on the door.

REBECCA  
Find a weapon. I'll be right behind  
you.

Stacy reluctantly backs up.

REBECCA  
Run!

Rebecca lets the handle go and steps back. Ready with the shovel.

The door flies open and Dan lunges out.

Rebecca swings, but not fast enough. She's knocked off her feet.

They tumble to the floor.

Dan tears into her like an animal, fists flying mercilessly. Blood splatters the walls.

Rebecca tries to fend off the blows with her arms.

STACY

No!

Dan looks up. Blood drips from his teeth. All humanity has gone from his face.

Stacy runs out the front door as Dan stands up. His head twitches from side to side.

Snarls.

Runs after her.

Rebecca lies bleeding on the floor, staring at the ceiling. Her face is covered in cuts and bites.

Blood gurgles from her mouth as she coughs.

She rolls over and crawls along the floor.

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

Stacy races up the path to the lodge entrance.

At the door she looks back to see Dan round the corner behind her.

She stumbles backward into the...

INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kicks the door closed with her feet. Gets up and runs.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A spine-chilling HOWL echoes outside.

Stacy skirts around the pool of blood. Dives through a door to...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She looks around for something to defend herself with.

Rolling pins, pots and pans?

A block of knives sits on the counter at the other end of the kitchen.

Just before she reaches them, the kitchen door creaks open behind her. She ducks down. Hides with her back to the end of the center island.

Dan creeps into the room. His body is hunched over and twitches violently, as if the demon inside is too furious to properly control it.

He makes his way across the room. Reaches the end of the counter.

Sniffs the air.

He quietly pulls a meat cleaver down from a hook.

DAN  
Come out, I won't hurt you...

He swings the cleaver! It CLANGS off the spot where Stacy's head was a moment ago.

He looks around, confused.

DAN  
You can't hide from me.

Stacy stands behind Dan with a pan in her hand. All traces of her timid former self are gone. Her blood soaked shirt clings tight to her body. And yes, her pony tail has come undone.

Bad Ass.

STACY  
I'm done hiding.

WANG! Dan topples onto the counter. He spins around.

Stacy swings at his head again, but he grabs her arm.

Wrenches the pan free and throws it across the room. A smug grin appears on his face.

Stacy doesn't hesitate. Her foot kicks out and nails him in the knee.

It snaps back with a sickening CRACK. He falls in pain.

Stacy grabs a carving knife and leaps on top of him. Holds the knife to his throat, ready to kill.

Dan lets out a hellish WAIL!

He laughs.

DAN  
Set me free.

She rises to her feet, keeping the knife at his throat.

STACY  
I don't think so.

She plunges it into his leg.

Dan curls up in pain.

He tries to snatch at Stacy as she backs away.

Stacy's hair blows back in a sudden wind. The kitchen lights flicker. They get brighter then flash.

STACY  
No!

The kitchen goes dark.

Pre-dawn light filters in through the window.

Stacy looks around for any sign of the demon.

Dan lies still on the floor. His skin appears normal again. He looks drained.

He stirs.

DAN  
(weakly)  
Stacy? What's happening? Where am I?

Stacy back away.

DAN  
You have to help me.

He pulls himself to a sitting position. Touches the knife. Cringes in pain.

STACY  
How can I trust you?

Dan is still confused.

DAN  
I don't... We've always trusted  
each other. What happened?

Panic creeps into his voice.

DAN  
I went down to the cellar to check  
on Rebecca. She grabbed me... Oh  
God. Where's Rebecca?

STACY  
You killed her.

Dan looks at the blood covering his clothes. Gore and dirt  
under his fingernails.

DAN  
I...

Stacy kneels down. Her old fearful personality is gone. She  
places her hand on the knife handle.

STACY  
Listen to me. The demon is real.

Stacy yanks the knife out of his leg.

He YELPS in pain.

She drops it to the floor.

STACY  
It was inside you, but now it's  
back in the house. We're not safe.

She grabs a dish towel and presses it to his leg.

DAN  
I should have believed you.

STACY  
Doesn't matter. We just need to get  
out of here.

Dan struggles to stand up.

DAN

I have a boat at the dock.

STACY

Good. I want to finally get off  
this fucking island.

She helps him out of the kitchen.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

They walk around the pool of Tanner's blood.

Dan stares in revulsion.

DAN

Whose blood is that?

STACY

I don't care. Keep moving.

Dan limps to the entrance.

Stacy sees Rebecca out of the corner of her eye, crouched  
behind the dining-room counter.

Rebecca is a bloody mess, but she's still alive. Stacy holds  
up a finger to hush her.

Stacy follows Dan to the door.

The sky is growing lighter.

Dan steps out and smells the pre-dawn air.

DAN

Do you think demons can survive in  
the sunlight?

Stacy shuts the door and locks him out.

He turns and looks through the window. POUNDS on the door.

DAN

What are you doing?

Stacy backs up.

Dan limps around to the back entrance.

Stacy heads to the back door. Locks it just before Dan gets there.

DAN  
Open the door, damn it!

He slaps his hand against the door frame.

DAN  
Stacy! We're so close. Please.

Stacy rushes to the front of the lodge. Locks the other doors. Hurries over to Rebecca.

Rebecca huddles in the corner, resting her eyes.

Stacy kneels down and shakes her shoulder.

REBECCA  
Is that really Dan?

STACY  
You can never trust anyone. Demons  
are great liars. We can't stay  
here.

Rebecca closes her eyes again.

Stacy shakes her awake again.

STACY  
We have to end this!

REBECCA  
It's already over.

STACY  
I'm not going to let you die. I'll  
get us out of here.

REBECCA  
How? The boat?

STACY  
There's a car outside. The keys  
have to be here You must have seen  
someone.

Rebecca looks over at the pool of blood. Stacy follows her gaze.

REBECCA

I can't remember anything. When it was inside me it's like I was asleep.

STACY

We have to find the body.

Dan limps back and forth outside the patio windows. He pounds on the glass.

DAN

Stacy! Let me in!

REBECCA

Just leave me here.

STACY

No. I need you. Get up.

Stacy puts her shoulder under Rebecca's arm and helps Rebecca to her feet.

REBECCA

I don't know where it could be.

STACY

The cellar.

They make their way into...

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy sets Rebecca against the wall so she can open the trap.

She steps down and grabs Rebecca under the arms. Drags her into the cellar.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rebecca's feet thump down one step at a time until they hit the dirt floor.

Stacy sets her down.

Closes the trap door.

She comes back to kneel next to Rebecca.

Stacy strokes her hair.

Rebecca MOANS.

STACY  
It's almost over.

Stacy follows a blood trail in the dirt.

She finds Tanner's body hidden under some boxes. The gore doesn't faze her.

She searches his clothes. Digs into his pants pocket and finds a set of keys.

STACY  
Got 'em.

She comes back over to Rebecca. Jingles the keys.

STACY  
Look.

Rebecca's eyes open half way. She manages a weak smile.

STACY  
Almost free.

Morning sunlight finds its way in between the double doors to the outside.

Stacy tries to open the cellar doors but they won't budge. Sticks her finger through the crack between the doors and tries to pry them open.

STACY  
Fuck!

EXT. LODGE - DAY

The cellar doors are locked from the outside. The chain rattles as the vine-covered doors rock back and forth.

They're not opening.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Stacy's face goes dark. She kicks the door furiously.

A glass window SHATTERS somewhere upstairs.

DAN (O.S.)  
(yells)  
Stacy! Where are you?

STACY  
He's coming.

Rebecca tries to stand up.

REBECCA  
I can't move...

STACY  
You don't need to. No more running.  
We have to end this here.

REBECCA  
A seance?

STACY  
No time.

REBECCA  
We have to kill him.

STACY  
All that will do is release him  
back into the house, or one of us.

Footsteps THUMP around the floor upstairs.

Rebecca is defeated.

STACY  
Wait, you're right. If we can keep  
it contained inside a body we can  
come back later, bring a priest...

A door SLAMS upstairs.

REBECCA  
He's too strong. You won't be able  
to hold him.

Stacy drags Rebecca to the back of the cellar.

STACY  
No. But you can. Inside you.

They look at the chains.

Rebecca realizes what Stacy's plan is. She tries to turn back. Tears welling up in her eyes.

REBECCA

No...

Stacy holds her.

STACY

Do you trust me?

REBECCA

I can't.

STACY

I'll come back to for you.

Rebecca weakly tries to resist as she is pulled back toward the chains.

Stacy picks up a shackle.

STACY

You said it was just like sleeping.

The muffled FOOTSTEPS come closer.

Stacy snaps the shackle onto Rebecca's wrist.

REBECCA

(whispers)

I'm afraid.

Stacy quickly shackles the other wrist.

STACY

Shh...

She pulls a curtain in front of Rebecca.

Quietly hurries across the room and hides under the stairs.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

The dull early morning light fills the room.

Dan stares down at the trap door.

It's dead quiet in the lodge.

He leans down and slowly opens the door. The old hinges CREAK in protest.

He steps down.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Stacy watches Dan's feet descend the steps. They sag under his weight.

He reaches the bottom and scans the dimly lit room.

Makes his way through the cellar, looking behind each shelf and box.

Finally reaches the back corner. Chains CLINK behind the curtain.

Rebecca whimpers.

Dan steps forward.

Yanks the curtain aside.

Rebecca's head hangs down. Her red hair covers her face.

DAN  
(confused)  
Rebecca?

Dan lifts her head up.

Her eyes are wide with fear.

Stacy steps behind Dan. She lifts a long rusty bar.

STACY  
Not who you thought it was?

Plunges it into his back.

Dan GASPS. He looks down. The bar sticks through his chest. He grasps at it. Air sputters from his lungs.

Rebecca closes her eyes and screams as Dan's blood sprays her.

EXT. LODGE - DAY

The sun shines on the lodge.

The boat bumps against the dock.

Waves lap gently on the beach.

The door of Tanner's car stands open. Abandoned.

INT. GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight floods the room.

Stacy's blood-soaked pajamas lie on the floor.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Bare feet step into the shower. Water runs down Stacy's legs, followed by streaks of red, running off into the drain.

Dirt and grime loosens under the hot spray of the shower. Revealing red welts and scratches.

Hands run through dirty hair, washing away bits of gore.

Stacy lets the water pour down her face. She wipes away the water and opens her eyes.

Smiles. Content.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Stacy walks down the hallway in a towel. Opens the door to...

INT. GUESTROOM #5 - DAY

The room is still a mess from the night before. She walks over her mom's journal. Shoves the pillows and sheets to the floor and sits.

She opens Rebecca's backpack. Pulls out and pair of red shorts and the tight tank top that Rebecca was wearing when they first met.

Holds it to her nose and breathes in Rebecca's scent.

Looks out the window at the sunny sky.

She drops her towel and puts on the shirt.

INT. CAR - DAY

A car pulls up. Parks in the spot where Tanner's had been.

JERRY, an eager mid-30s property manager, shoves a stack of papers, including a street-view printout of the lodge, into a satchel.

He steps out.

INT. LODGE - ENTRANCE HALLWAY - DAY

Jerry steps through the open door into the entrance hallway.

Heads into...

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

The pool of blood is gone. A rug covers the spot.

The chairs are straightened up. Everything looks as it should in the daylight.

He hears dishes CLINKING behind the kitchen door.

JERRY  
(calling)  
Hello?

STACY (O.S.)  
I'm in the kitchen!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The last streaks of blood wash down the sink drain.

Stacy stands at the sink, looking incredibly sexy in Rebecca's short shorts and tight tank top.

Jerry enters.

She turns to face him with the long kitchen knife. Picks up a towel to dry it off.

STACY  
I've been waiting for you.

JERRY  
Sorry I'm late.

She smiles and sets the knife in the drying rack.

STACY  
Island time?

JERRY  
(laughing)  
If you're not a half hour late  
you're early. I'm Jerry.

Stacy smiles, reaches out and shakes his hand.

STACY  
Stacy. Come on, I'll show you the  
guestrooms.

He follows her out.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Runs his hand down the wood paneled walls.

JERRY  
I've always wanted to see the  
inside of this place.

He follows her up the stairs, eyes locked on her tight red shorts.

She stops and looks back.

He quickly averts his gaze, not sure if she caught him or not.

STACY  
Like what you see so far?

JERRY  
It's beautiful.

INT. LODGE HALLWAY - DAY

Stacy continues to the first room and opens the door.

STACY  
I know the whole place is a little  
dated. I haven't had a chance to  
redecorate yet.

They peek into the other rooms as they move down the hall.

JERRY

Don't make it too modern. People  
love the rustic feel.

He pauses next to guestroom #5. Reaches up to touch a red  
smear on the door jamb.

Stacy turns around.

STACY

I'm such an fuck up. The first  
thing I did was get paint  
everywhere.

They move on.

INT. STACY'S CABIN - DAY

A sliver of sunlight from between the closed curtains  
highlights the dust in the air.

The door open. Light spills into the room.

Stacy steps aside to let Jerry in.

JERRY

These cabins will easily go for one  
fifty a night on the weekends.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Jerry opens the door and looks in the closet.

Stacy steps up behind him.

He jumps slightly when he notices her.

JERRY

Sorry, startled me.

STACY

Do I scare you?

JERRY

No. It's just... There's something  
about these old cabins that always  
creeps me out.

She pouts.

STACY  
I grew up here.

JERRY  
I mean, it's just me. Families are  
going to love this place.

He scoots away past her. She shuts the door to blackness.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Flames burst to life in the furnace.

Footsteps thump across the ceiling above.

Dan lies dead behind the curtain. The bear trap has been snapped shut over face. Blood drips from holes where the metal teeth have dug into his skin.

Clink.

Rebecca struggles weakly against the chains. Looks up with wild pleading eyes.

She moans. Tries to call out through her gag.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

Jerry packs up some papers and a pen as they head for the exit.

JERRY  
Trust me, you're in good hands.  
I'll have this place packed all  
summer. I can already picture kids  
running through here.

He stops at the door.

JERRY  
Sure you won't come back to visit?

STACY  
I could be tempted.

JERRY  
I hope so. Well, enjoy the trip  
back.

Stacy watches Jerry walk down to his car.

He waves once more before pulling driving away.

A smile slowly creeps onto her face. Her neck twitches.

Tendrils of dark blood swirl in her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.