

**GHOSTS**

Written by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Ethereal morning mist drifts across a sun-kissed hay-field. Beautiful flowers decorate a colourful meadow. A wooden gate bars entry into a dense, dark woodland.

**SUPERIMPOSE:** HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, 1970

**EXT. WOODS**

A dry mud path leads past shrouds of bushes. Sunlight glares through overhanging tree branches.

**EXT. FARMYARD**

A cosy farmhouse nestled beside an immaculate tree-lined gravel road. Gathered crows squawk on an idle tractor.

CLICK-CLACK...

**EXT. FARMHOUSE**

Sunlit shards of glass sparkle on the ground.

CLICK-CLACK...

Unlatched smashed windows bob up and down periodically from gusts of wind. Each time they hit the frame-- CLICK-CLACK...

Front door smeared in blood. A puddle of red covers the porch. Blood drips down narrow wooden porch steps.

A trail of blood leads from the steps, across the ground, across the gravel road... and towards an old, distant barn.

**EXT. BARN**

Large, sturdy closed wooden doors appear as its mouth. Dark windows act as its eyes. MUTTERING, WHISPERING from within...

Closer to the dark windows...

**INT. BARN - DAY**

...and appear out from the dark, mesmerizing eyes of cult leader, OWEN OLIN. Blonde hair. Black hooded cloak. A chain dangles from his neck, a Celtic symbol representing AERON.

Owen, 37, holds his arms aloft. He smirks. Creepy.

He gazes at his adoring flock, a group of ten just-as-crazy looking FOLLOWERS knelt before him, draped in white gowns. Similar Aeron chains dangle from their necks.

Olin nods towards three Followers sat at the back. His wife, KAYLA, 36. His daughter, LILITH, 15. His son, MOLOCH, 11.

He blows a loving kiss to Kayla. She returns the gesture.

Followers sing a calm, almost sickly calm, charming hymn. Bliss-filled smiles. Distant, entranced, vacant eyes.

FOLLOWERS

(singing hymn)

*When he comes a callin', all of us  
will die, I wish for this to  
happen, blood from you and I...*

An elderly FARMER and FARMER'S WIFE struggle, rope-tied to barn beams. Mouths gagged with shreds of bloody material. Beaten, bruised blood-covered faces.

Olin sings with his flock, urging them to raise their voices. Followers obey, repeating the hymn, louder and louder.

RADIO NEWS REPORTER#1 (V.O.)

The Order Of Aeron, a Satanic cult that have been making recent headlines with their violent acts, are reportedly holed up in a Hertfordshire barn...

RADIO NEWS REPORTER#2 (V.O.)

Police sources say The Order Of Aeron, lead by deranged serial killer Owen Olin, are mere moments away from capture, yet the fear is they have hostages...

RADIO NEWS REPORTER#3 (V.O.)

Formed by Owen Olin, with his wife Kayla, his daughter Lilith and his son Moloch, the self-titled Order of Aeron has embarked on a two week reign of terror, where countless innocent civilians have lost their lives.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - DAY**

SIRENS blare. Police cars storm down a narrow woodland lane. Helicopters soar overhead.

**INT. BARN - DAY**

SIRENS grow louder. Farmer and Farmer's Wife, doused in liquid, exchange a hopeful glance. Help is coming.

Followers, drenched in liquid, stop singing. Their trusting eyes look up at Olin.

Olin smirks, satisfied by their submission. Several emptied, disregarded gasoline canisters lay behind him.

He takes a saucier from the floor. Pours the contents, a thick liquid, over himself.

OLIN

We are gathered here today, a united family, to make the ultimate sacrifice to our Lord and saviour. May he bless us all by allowing us entry into the depths of paradise, so we may serve him for eternity.

Olin takes a lighter from his pocket. Grins. Closes his eyes. His blood covered thumb flicks the wheel of the lighter.

**EXT. BARN - DAY**

Police cars arrive.

BOOM!

An explosion within the barn. Furious flames rip through the building's wooden frame.

Stunned POLICE OFFICERS can only watch in horror as the barn burns to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. GREENFIELDS, HERTFORDSHIRE - DAY**

Quiet suburban utopia. Houses in a residential street. Behind a row of houses are hay-fields.

SUPERIMPOSE: GREENFIELDS, HERTFORDSHIRE.

**EXT. PORTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

House at the end of the street. Lights are out. No one home.

SUPERIMPOSE: DECEMBER, 24th.

A decorative garden path leads to the front door. A number plate above the door reads: "47".

Pass through the front door--

**INT. PORTER'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY/ FOYER - NIGHT**

A cramped small space by the front door, a typical English council house foyer. Enough room for a coat and shoe rack and that's about it. A staircase leads upwards.

**INT. STAIRCASE - SUBJECTIVE POV**

Float up carpet-lined steps, pass through the thin gaps of a balustrade...

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

An open door reveals a bathroom. A door to the Master Bedroom is closed.

Move toward the top of the hallway. A girl's bedroom. Turn at a sharp corner.

A half-open door reveals a boy's bedroom. Just before it, is a ceiling attic concealed by a wooden hatch.

Retreat down the hallway.

Pass through the closed Master Bedroom door into--

**MASTER BEDROOM**

A couple's room. Double-bed. Two wardrobes. Photos on a chest of drawers feature the happy PORTER family: JACK, NICOLE and their two kids, DAWN, and MICHAEL.

Glide over the bed and pass THROUGH THE WALL--

**INSIDE THE WALL**

Spiders crawl, feasting on all sorts of disgusting mites and insects too small for the human eye to detect.

We travel downwards, past this bizarre world of the unseen where insects constantly battle with each other, exiting through the other side of the wall...

**INT. O'CONNELL HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

Colourful glittering tinsel decorates shelves lined with antiques. Oddities. Skull mugs. Shrunken head puppets. Christian crosses of various shapes and sizes.

Framed pictures of Christian iconography decorate walls. Jesus Christ in all his glory. The Last Supper. Hail Mary.

JOVIAL LAUGHTER. Christmas decorations adorn the room.

JACK PORTER (37) and his wife NICOLE (36) sit relaxed, drinks in hands. Their kids, MICHAEL (11) and DAWN (15) watch television: *SCROOGE* (1935).

The hosts, ALAN O'CONNELL (65) and his wife BRIDAY O'CONNELL (63), sit opposite their guests.

Alan stands, wobbles from the booze. He tops up Jack and Nicole's glasses. They've all had a few already. Very merry.

ALAN

The O'Connells wish a merry  
Christmas to our dear neighbours  
and friends, the Porter family.

JACK

Hear, hear!

They toast to a merry Christmas.

BRIDAY

May the new year bring your family  
prosperity and good health.

Dawn nudges Michael.

DAWN

And another humiliating year of  
having your Mum and Dad teach at  
the same school.

Michael giggles.

An ad break interrupts the movie, a church commercial asking for donations to help the poor in Africa. COVENTRY CAROL serves as its theme tune.

JACK

Here they go again. You'd have  
thought they might have raised  
enough over the last few decades.

Briday, captivated, fails to register Jack's comment.

BRIDAY

I simply adore this Carol.

JACK

Originates from frightened women  
rocking their babies to sleep,  
fearful Herod's soldiers would hear  
their cries and slaughter them.

Nicole gives Jack a stern look. Cut it out.

NICOLE

Jack, please leave the history lessons in the classroom.

ALAN

All Jack needs is a bit of Christmas spirit.

Alan pours Jack another Scotch. Jack nods, appreciative.

Briday guzzles the remains of her sherry. She turns to refill Nicole's glass. Nicole covers her half-full glass.

NICOLE

Oh, not for me Briday, thank you. Any more and I won't get up.

BRIDAY

And we can't have that, Nicole. Not on the birthday of our Lord and saviour. Which brings me to something I've been meaning to say. Highly intelligent people often feel no need for Jesus. Their own attainments have made them feel as if they are above or beyond...

Jack whispers to Nicole.

JACK

Change the subject. Quick.

Nicole coughs, grabs Briday and Alan's attention.

NICOLE

Jack and I just wanted to say ever since we moved in you've been so kind and helpful. We couldn't have asked for better neighbours.

BRIDAY

To know your home is a happy one warms my heart.

Alan proposes another toast.

ALAN

To the fifth year we've spent as neighbours--

BRIDAY

And nothing untoward happening.

They toast with a unanimous round of "CHEERS".

NICOLE  
Nothing untoward happening?

Jack gestures to Nicole the O'Connells are bladdered.

BRIDAY  
The little ones must be looking  
forward to tomorrow.

Dawn shrugs. Michael nods. Both engrossed in the film:  
*Scrooge is visited by the Ghost of Christmas Future.*

NICOLE  
They're tired. We'll call it a  
night.

DAWN  
I'm tired because I haven't slept.

BRIDAY  
Oh?

NICOLE  
She's excited about Christmas.

DAWN  
Mum, I'm too old for Christmas.

JACK  
Should have told Santa that before  
he went out shopping.

BRIDAY  
I do hope you're not coming down  
with anything, my dear.

NICOLE  
She's fine. She's always had  
trouble sleeping this time of year.  
You might have outgrown Christmas,  
Dawn, but it's an exciting time of  
year, even for oldies like us.

Dawn glares at Nicole.

DAWN  
That's nothing to do with it, Mum.  
I saw something--

Jack stares sternly at Dawn.

JACK  
Dawn. We spoke about this.

Jack detects Briday's intrigue. He smiles, hoping to dampen  
her potential pestering concern.

JACK  
Overactive imagination.

Briday urges Dawn to tell her.

BRIDAY  
What's bothering you, dear?

Dawn glances at Jack and Nicole, checking for permission. Their expressions scream "no". But she's fifteen...

DAWN  
I woke up the other night, and I saw something at the bottom of my bed. A dark figure, just standing there, staring at me.

Silence. Briday and Alan exchange shock.

JACK  
Everyone has woken up at some point where you think you see something, but realize it's still a dream. It's called sleep paralysis.

DAWN  
It wasn't a dream.

NICOLE  
A nightmare, Dawn, that's all.

DAWN  
It wasn't a nightmare. I could see it, I was awake.

MICHAEL  
Why didn't you scream then?

DAWN  
I couldn't move--

JACK  
Like I said, sleep paralysis.

BRIDAY  
Oh my...

ALAN  
Don't start, Briday. Not tonight--

BRIDAY  
What did this figure look like?

DAWN  
I dunno... it was dark... like it was kinda praying... had some sort of hood covering it's face.

MICHAEL

Dreaming about your chav boyfriend?

Dawn, annoyed, nudges Michael with her elbow. He laughs.

Briday circles the room in contemplation, as if she's some crime detective trying to work out the answer.

ALAN

Gotta admit, I'd be concerned if my daughter told me a strange guy appeared in her bedroom in the middle of the night.

JACK

We were very concerned the first time. This is nothing new.

NICOLE

She's had this dream every Christmas for a few years now.

Briday sits, gulps down her drink. Wide eyes beam behind her glasses, the alcohol fuelling her imagination.

NICOLE

Briday, it's nothing to worry about. We appreciate your concern--

Briday milks the moment. She holds a dramatic pause until all eyes are on her.

BRIDAY

Things happened in your house before you moved in. I'm not sure I should say...

Jack leans back, yawns.

JACK

Just spill it.

BRIDAY

One summer day, I was in the garden, planting flowers. I felt a sensation, like I was being watched. I looked up and I saw a dark figure staring down at me...

Briday gazes at Jack and Nicole.

BRIDAY

From your bedroom window.

**EXT. O'CONNELL HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY**

A beautiful summer afternoon. Briday tends to her flowers.

She senses something... looks up at the house next door.

Sun reflects from the house next door's Master Bedroom window. Briday shields her eyes from the dazzle. A dark hooded figure glides away from the window.

Briday's jaw trembles, her eyes wide with fright...

**INT. O'CONNELL HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

Briday snaps out of her reverie. She refills her glass, takes a sip to ease her nerves.

JACK

Probably the previous tenant.

BRIDAY

Oh no, they'd left long before.  
See, they had problems...

NICOLE

What problems?

BRIDAY

They moved because their requested exorcism failed.

NICOLE

An exorcism? In our house?

MICHAEL

Cool!

ALAN

That's enough, Briday.

Briday sits back in her seat.

NICOLE

I think we should be going.

ALAN

Completely understandable.

Jack and Nicole stand up, preparing to leave. Dawn and Michael follow their lead.

JACK

I'm sorry, Briday. I just don't believe ghosts exist.

Briday gazes at the Christmas tree lights.

## BRIDAY

Ghosts may not exist, but what a person does in their life has far reaching consequences beyond the grave. A legacy can be enough to haunt the living for eternity.

**INT. O'CONNELL HOUSE - HALLWAY/ FOYER - NIGHT**

The Porters put on their shoes and coats, ready to leave. Embarrassed Alan opens the front door.

ALAN

Forgive my wife, she didn't mean to scare the kids.

JACK

Don't worry about it, Al. I think they enjoyed it. Thanks for the drinks, mate. Merry Christmas.

Alan smiles as he watches Jack and Nicole lead Dawn and Michael down the O'Connell's garden path. He closes the door. His smile vanishes, replaced by a distant stare.

ALAN

And a happy new year.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The Porters take off their coats and shoes. Dawn and Michael sling their coats over kitchen table chairs.

NICOLE

OK you two, get ready for bed.

Michael chases Dawn upstairs, making ghost noises. Dawn fake screams as she entertains her little brother's antics.

NICOLE

Well, that was a bit more interesting than usual.

Jack fetches a beer from the fridge.

JACK

That was the last time we go round there. I think the old hag got her dates mixed up and thought it was Halloween.

Nicole picks up Dawn and Michael's coats and heads through an open doorway into the livingroom.

NICOLE

She had way too much to drink.

JACK

She always does. I don't know how  
Alan sticks with that bible-basher.  
She's nuttier than a fruitcake.

#### **MICHAEL'S BEDROOM**

A Christmas stocking hangs on the door handle. Football posters cover the walls. Despite video game cases scattered across the floor, various consoles are stored in tidy cupboard compartments.

Michael lies in bed, the cosy glow of a desktop lamplight highlights an excited gleam in his eyes.

Jack enters with a beaming smile. He takes a moment to look at Michael. Reliving his childhood. He sits beside his son.

JACK

Santa's on his way.

MICHAEL

Hope the ghost doesn't block the chimney.

JACK

There's no such things as ghosts.

MICHAEL

There's no such thing as Santa.

JACK

Aww, poor Santa. Don't say that, tonight of all nights.

MICHAEL

He'll be alright. Loads of people say it and they still get presents.

JACK

Are you worried about what that crazy old bat next door said?

Michael giggles.

MICHAEL

I think it's funny.

JACK

Good lad.

Jack kisses Michael's forehead, turns off his light and heads to the door.

JACK

See you in the morning.

MICHAEL

What time?

JACK

Whatever time you wake up. It's Christmas.

MICHAEL

Really? Three O'Clockish?

JACK

Uhhh, let's try and make it bit later then that. More like seven.

TELEVISION AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

ON TV SCREEN:

A Christmas Eve Chat Show Host enjoys adulation from his audience.

#### **DAWN'S BEDROOM**

Dawn and Nicole laugh as they watch TV on her bed.

NICOLE

Maybe next year we should just stay in and watch the box.

DAWN

Maybe next year we should get drunk down the pub.

NICOLE

You'll only be sixteen. No chance.

DAWN

Mum, everyone my age drinks.

NICOLE

You're not everyone. I think Briday started drinking at sixteen...

DAWN

Is that supposed to be a deterrent?

Nicole smiles.

DAWN

It's pretty effective.

Dawn slides into her bed. Nicole gives Dawn a good-night kiss on her cheek.

NICOLE

Don't have bad dreams.

DAWN  
Thanks, mum. Now I'll have probably  
have bad dreams.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Nicole and Jack settle into bed.

JACK  
Kids alright?

NICOLE  
Sound asleep.

Jack rubs his hands with glee.

JACK  
Excellent.

Nicole switches her bedside cabinet light off.

NICOLE  
You know what that means.

JACK  
Oh, baby, I sure do.

NICOLE  
It means we should be asleep too.  
I've gotta get up early, put the  
turkey in the oven--

JACK  
Ahh, don't worry about anything.  
It's Christmas. Santa's looking  
forward to delivering his load.

NICOLE  
(faux prim and proper)  
Oh, Jack!

Nicole and Jack giggle as they cuddle under the sheets.

JACK  
There's only one thing that goes  
bump in the night, baby...

Nicole turns on her side. Jack kisses her neck. Nicole's  
unresponsive. She's asleep. Jack sighs.

JACK  
Guess it won't be us.

Jack rolls on to his back. He nestles down to sleep.

**KITCHEN**

Moonlight shines through the back door window. Plates, saucers and knives rest in a drying-board.

**LIVINGROOM**

A fireplace mantle clock TICK-TOCKS. Christmas tree decorations: Tinsel. Baubles. Happy Santa chocolate figures.

**DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Coats hang on rails. Shoes in a rack. Front door secured by a dead-bolt. An unnerving feel about the staircase steps...

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

All doors are closed. Quiet. Dark.

**DAWN'S ROOM**

Dawn sleeps. Peaceful.

**MICHAEL'S BEDROOM**

Michael sleeps. A picture of innocence.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Boiler room door. The attic hatch directly above...

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Nicole and Jack sleep peacefully.

SOMETHING gently blows a small patch of Nicole's hair.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:****INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Jack, draped in a dressing-gown, creeps towards the attic.

He gently opens the boiler room door. He takes out a collapsible step ladder.

Jack places the step ladder underneath the attic hatch.

He climbs up the ladder. Opens the attic hatch... and carefully takes down wrapped presents.

**MONTAGE/ FAMILY VIDEO FOOTAGE**

A> Morning. The Porter family celebrate Christmas. Delight as they unwrap gifts.

B> Christmas dinner. Jack and Nicole share a tender kiss over candlelight. Dawn and Michael share mock disgust.

C> Jack's asleep in his armchair. Nicole and Dawn wash dishes. Michael adapts to his new gift, uses a smart-phone.

D> Evening. Jack and Nicole drink merrily, watch Michael and Dawn have fun playing on a video game.

END MONTAGE

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The Porter's jovial LAUGHTER carries through the closed livingroom door.

Creep up the stairs...

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

...float across the hallway.

The closed attic hatch door... RUMBLES lightly.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - POV - DAY**

Creeping up the staircase. Blurry, misty vision. SOUNDS of BANGING, DRILLING grows louder with every step.

Pause by the balustrade. Scan through the bars to see the upstairs hallway. A step ladder placed below the open attic.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - POV**

Moving across the hallway, slowly approaching the step ladder leading to the attic...

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY**

Michael relaxes his smart-phone, ending his cameraman operation that was modified by a "Spooky Ghost App". He looks up at the dark attic, curious.

MICHAEL

Dad, what're you doing up there?

Jack peers down from the attic.

JACK

Can't tell you. I have to show you.

Jack extends his hand from the attic hatch.

**KITCHEN**

Nicole and Dawn eat a light lunch at the table. Dawn reads latest twitter messages on her Ipad. Nicole admires an article in ARTS WEEKLY magazine.

NICOLE

Oh, just look at this. Kaprinsky's latest gallery.

Nicole shows Dawn the magazine page. A photo of an exquisite art gallery. Dawn grunts, less than enthused.

NICOLE

Not quite the awe inspired sigh I was hoping for.

Dawn shows Nicole her Ipad. A twitter photo page features a rugged handsome male model.

DAWN

This is what I call art, mother.

A loud THUD from upstairs. Dawn and Nicole look at each other. *What the hell was that?*

A SCREAM. Michael.

Dawn and Nicole rush into the livingroom.

**STAIRCASE**

Dawn and Nicole dart up the steps, panic stricken.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Michael cringes as Jack carefully removes a small nail from his bare foot, a disregarded bloodied sock nearby.

NICOLE

What the bloody hell--

JACK

It's OK, he just stepped on a nail.  
It's just a flesh wound.

Nicole storms into the bathroom.

#### **BATHROOM**

Nicole grabs a roll of toilet paper. She opens a cabinet and takes a bottle of antiseptic and a box of elastoplasts.

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Nicole brushes Jack aside. She takes over attending to Michael's injury. She wipes his foot clean with tissue, douses it with antiseptic and covers it with a plaster.

Jack stands and watches, like a guilty child awaiting discipline from a teacher.

JACK

At least he didn't step on a rusty one.

NICOLE

(angry sarcasm)  
Oh God, no, perish the thought.  
(angry)  
What were you thinking, letting him up there?

JACK

He wanted to take a look.

Dawn, realizing Michael is OK, mockingly mimics him stepping on a nail and gestures painful expressions.

JACK

Don't wind up your brother, Dawn.

Dawn stifles her giggles. Michael scowls.

MICHAEL

It's nothing, Mum. Chill.

Repaired Michael hobbles down the stairs in pursuit of laughing Dawn, who pretends to be scared of becoming infected by her crippled brother.

NICOLE

Would you two pack it in?

Michael and Dawn head into the livingroom. With the kids out of sight, Nicole aims her eyes on Jack.

NICOLE

What are you doing up there anyway?

JACK

Clearing out any vermin. I could convert the space into a games room for the kids.

NICOLE

As long as they don't step on the floor I'm sure they'll be fine.

Nicole storms off. Jack catches up with her. He grabs her arm, spins her towards him.

NICOLE

You're a dick, you know that?

JACK

Absolutely.

Jack's cheeky grin softens Nicole's mood. Jack zooms in for a kiss, Nicole dodges it.

NICOLE

The kids are growing up, Jack. They want PS5's, Ipad7's. They don't need a games room.

JACK

OK, OK. I'll convert it into something else. Something for us... Maybe a sex dungeon.

Nicole laughs. Jack tries his luck again. Kisses her. She reciprocates... before she pulls away.

NICOLE

Just don't let the kids up there again. Not until it's finished and it gets my approval.

JACK

You're the boss. Now gimme a cuddle to cement the deal.

Nicole gives Jack a warm hug. Jack squeezes her tightly, a loving embrace.

He kisses her forehead, gently blows her hair. His eyes distant, as if contemplating something else...

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY**

A gust of wind shakes growing blossom from a half-naked tree onto the pavement, where they drown in drizzle-formed puddles. The sun shines on this cold Spring day, creating a false warmth.

A group of weather-wrapped PARENTS pass the sidewalk, leading their joyful, playful CHILDREN on the way to school.

**SUPERIMPOSE:** MARCH 20th

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

A radio plays as Dawn and Michael, dressed for school, eat breakfast together at the table. They share humorous tweets on their I-phones.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Today's equinox marks the moment the Sun crosses the celestial equator - the imaginary line in the sky above the Earth's equator - from south to north. This happens on March 20th every year.

Nicole enters, dressed for work in teacher attire. She gathers her purse, fixes her hair in a mirror.

Jack enters, wearing a suit and tie. He taps a watch on his wrist, surprised the kids are still at the table.

JACK

Come on guys, we gotta go.

NICOLE

They're walking.

JACK

Since when?

DAWN

Since today. Seriously Dad, being given a lift by your parents is bad enough, but when you add in your parents are teachers too...

MICHAEL

It's not cool.

JACK

Dawn, you're becoming a bad influence on your brother.

DAWN

He needs a role model.

JACK  
 Since you're apparently taking that  
 position, we trust you will look  
 after Mike.

Jack hurries Nicole out of the back door.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY**

Nicole's car leaves the driveway. Dawn and Michael wave bye  
 from the house door. Nicole's car drives off down the road.

Once the car is out of sight, Dawn turns to Michael.

DAWN  
 Look, Mike, I've gotta meet my  
 mates. You don't wanna hang around  
 with a bunch of girls, do you?

MICHAEL  
 But, Dad said--

DAWN  
 I know what he said, but you're old  
 enough to walk to school on your  
 own. Alright?

Michael nods.

Dawn sets off in an opposite direction to Michael.

**EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREET - DAY**

A series of bushes line the quiet street. Dawn meets up with  
 her boyfriend, JOSH (15). They share a lustful kiss.

Michael spies from behind a bush. He watches Josh rub his  
 hands up and down Dawn's body with curious eyes.

Dawn and Josh hold hands as they head on their way.

Michael smirks, amused at catching out his sister and smug he  
 wasn't detected. He turns around -- faces a trio of BULLIES.

BULLY#1  
 Oh look, it's the teacher's pet.

BULLY#2  
 What were you pervin' at, you  
 little gimp?

MICHAEL  
 Nothin'.

BULLY#3 looks down the street. Dawn and Josh in the distance.

BULLY#3

Urgh, the little creep's stalking his own sister.

BULLY#1

I bet he wraps her dirty knickers round his face when he wanks off.

Michael stares at the ground, intimidated. Bully#1 punches Michael's stomach. Michael double over in pain. Bully#2 trips Michael to the ground. The trio laugh.

BULLY#1

You better stay out of our way you fuckin' faggot.

Bully#1 takes a knife from his school bag. He crouches above Michael, threatens him with the blade.

BULLY#1

If you don't, I'm gonna do an ISIS and cut your fuckin' head off.

The Bullies spot an OLD COUPLE, unaware of what's happening, heading towards them. The Bullies run away, laughing.

Michael gets to his feet, dusts himself down, humiliated.

#### **INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY**

Jack teaches a class full of attentive fifteen/sixteen-year-old public school PUPILS. Chalk geographical drawings fill a blackboard dramatically headlined: "GCSE MOCK EXAM".

JACK

Does anyone know where our town name, Greenfields, originated from?

The Pupils shrug. They don't know. They don't care.

JACK

Our houses, this school, all of the buildings we see everyday were built on acres and acres of farmland. Fields. Pastures.

PUPIL

(mocking)

I remember when it used to be all fields around here.

Good-natured Pupil laughter accompanies the joke.

JACK

Alright, settle down. I'm not that bloody old.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

The point is, history and geography are great tools to understand the past.

PUPIL

Sir, I ain't interested in the past. I'm all about my future.

JACK

That's why history is important. You can craft your future based on things that have happened in the past. You can learn not to make the same mistakes, or you can learn what worked to reap the benefits.

Jack passes out exam sheets. He notices one desk is vacant. He pauses for a moment. He places a sheet on the desk.

JACK

Small steps create landmarks. Your future starts today.

A stunning pupil, ALICIA, enters late. Chewing bubblegum. Big earrings, make-up, short skirt, designer tights. Attitude.

JACK

Thanks for joining us, Alicia.

Alicia smirks, couldn't care less. She takes her seat.

JACK

I hope you're better prepared for the real exam.

Jack sets a timer on his desk.

JACK

Thirty minutes. Begin.

The pupils work in silence. Jack settles into writing out a report. His concentration drops.

He looks at Alicia. She's busy writing. She takes his attention a little more than it should-- her shoes, her legs, her thighs, her short skirt...

#### **INT. SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY**

Thirteen-year-old PUPILS sit at their desks, surrounding a fruit-laden table. A canvas displays an artistic sketch, a quality example, of the still life objects.

Nicole circles her class, observing her pupils illustrating the items.

Nicole grips a Pupil's wrist, taking him by surprise.

NICOLE

Don't use so much weight, you're gonna snap the pencil.

She guides his hand like it were her own, delicately drawing across the pupil's sketch-pad.

Nicole moves across the room. The silent pupils dread when she approaches them, as if a vulture's about to attack.

NICOLE

Use what you've been learning over the year. Study the colour, explore the shape. Shape what you see into something with colour.

A mixed response. A couple of Pupils yawn, bored. Others look confused. Some draw with motivated vigour.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Lights glow behind curtained windows. Merry LAUGHTER.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jack and Nicole sit around the table with best friends, PATRICIA LEE (37) and KEVIN LEE (38).

A half-played game of Scrabble on the table. Various words, some well-thought out, others simple, occupy spaces on the well-worn board surface.

Nicole, a tad tiddly, refills everybody's drinks. Beers for the boys, wine for the girls.

Kevin sighs, stumped at the letters on his rack.

KEVIN

Who even plays this game anymore. I know it used to be our fave, but--

NICOLE

Welcome to the flirty-thirties, Kevin.

PATRICIA

Thirties? He's pushing the naughty-forties.

KEVIN

Patricia, playing this game makes me feel like I'm close to pushing up daisies.

**MICHAEL'S ROOM**

Michael sits on the edge of his bed, his fingers and thumbs working overtime on an Xbox control pad. He stares at mesmeric graphics beaming from his TV screen, a violent first-person shoot-em-up, his eyes glazed in concentration.

**DAWN'S ROOM**

Dawn lies on her bed using her laptop, listening to music via connected headphones as she uses social media, Twitter.

She types the usual chit-chat with her school friend, Aimee, in a private message.

**KITCHEN**

Jack, Nicole, Patricia and Kevin carefully sort letters in their scrabble racks. They eye each other humorously.

Jack places his selected letters on the board. He spells out the word: *AERON*.

PATRICIA

Aeron?

NICOLE

Time to bust out the dictionary.

JACK

It's legit. Aeron - A, E, R, O, N.  
The God of battle and slaughter.

Kevin's turn. He uses his letters to form the word: *BLOOD*

Cue curious slightly disturbed expressions.

Words linked across the board read: *BLOOD WILL FLOW*

Patricia laughs, breaking the uneasy silence.

**MICHAEL'S ROOM**

Michael plays on his Xbox, eyes glued to the screen.

**ON TV SCREEN**

First-person perspective game: Running through a series of dark tunnels.

**MICHAEL'S ROOM**

Michael shudders, looks over his shoulder as if someone or something had just touched him. Nothing there. He quickly diverts his attention back to the screen.

VOICE (V.O.)  
(low unearthly cackle)  
*Michael.*

Michael pauses the game. Listens, unsure if what he heard came from the game or somewhere in his room.

VOICE (V.O.)  
(harsh cackle)  
*Michael.*

Michael's breathing intensifies, fear keeps him rooted to the spot. His frightened wide eyes scan over the room.

VOICE (V.O.)  
*Here...*

Michael looks at the TV screen.

**ON TV SCREEN**

Game graphics divide into pixels, morphing from the animated dark tunnel into crystal clear real life.

A farmhouse. POV heads down a dried mud road. A distant barn.

**MICHAEL'S ROOM**

Michael watches, awestruck, transfixed...

**ON TV SCREEN**

POV leads to the entrance of the barn.

A BLINDING WHITE FLASH.

**INT. BARN - MOLOCH'S POV - DAY**

We're standing at the back, a good view to see members of the Aeron cult gathered before Owen Olin on his make-shift stage. We see Kayla and Lilith, smiling distantly, by our side.

We head towards the cowering, heavily-beaten Farmer and Farmer's Wife, huddled together in a corner.

We bind their hands behind their backs with thick rope. They offer no resistance. We tie them upright to a barn beam, the mark of Aeon visible on our wrists.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

Drink-fuelled Jack and Nicole swap friendly banter with Patricia and Kevin as they enjoy another game of scrabble.

Patricia spells out: BUGATTI

JACK

Impressive. I didn't realise you knew anything about cars.

PATRICIA

Cars? It's the make of a new kettle I just brought. Bloody thing cost so much I expect it to turn water into wine.

**DAWN'S ROOM**

Dawn lies on her bed, using Twitter on her laptop, music playing in her headphones.

**LAPTOP SCREEN**

Dawn's Twitter page. She chats in instant messenger with Aimee, whose glamorous photo appears in her picture.

Music *slows* in Dawn's headphones. A different rhythm takes over. A sinister repetitive beat. The Aeron cult chant.

FOLLOWERS (V.O.)

*When he comes a callin', all of us  
will die, I wish for this to  
happen, blood from you and I...*

Dawn sits up, frowns. Music stops.

VOICE (V.O.)

Dawn.

Dawn rips off her headphones.

She looks at her laptop screen. Checks if the track has skipped. It's still playing as per normal.

**LAPTOP SCREEN**

Aimee's photo is of an OLD HAG. Dawn's picture is of Lilith.

Aimee's PM reads: *Fuck your cunt with Daddy's razor blades. He wants to see your whore hole bleed, slut.*

Dawn gasps, shocked. What the hell is going on? Mesmerized, she stares into the photo of OLD HAG. Closer... closer...

BLINDING WHITE FLASH.

**INT. BARN - LILITH'S POV - DAY**

Sprinkles of dust descend from the ceiling. We're on the barn floor. OLD HAG stares down at us. She's naked. Revolting.

Old Hag straddles us. Her wrinkled hands force our rope-tied wrists above our head. Old Hag leans in, nuzzles our neck.

We turn away, whimpering. Followers are gathered around the barn, their writhing, naked bodies connecting together.

Olin watches us with a sinister smirk.

OLIN

It's part of the process, Lilith.  
It's how families connect.

Olin begins to disrobe as he walks towards us...

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

Jack and Nicole see Patricia and Kevin to the door. They all say farewells. Very merry.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Nicole and Jack head up the staircase, Jack giggling in a drunken manner. Nicole, tipsy, hushes him. Both laugh.

Nicole heads towards Dawn and Michael's bedrooms. Lights out underneath their doors.

NICOLE

They're asleep.

Happy-drunk Jack gives her a thumbs-up.

**MASTER BEDROOM**

Jack sits on the bed and begins to undress. He chortles to himself, remembering something humorous from earlier.

He stands up, just about keeps balance. He glances in the full-size mirror. He double-takes, smile replaced by a frown.

Olin stares back at him in the mirror's reflection.

Jack turns. No one behind him. He turns back to the mirror--

Olin stands directly before him. Black cloak. Aeron amulet draped around his neck. Cold, yet captivating, eyes.

BLINDING WHITE FLASH.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - OLIN'S POV - DAY**

We head up the steps leading to the closed farmhouse door. We knock on the door.

Farmer opens the door with a pleasant, welcoming smile.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - OLIN'S POV - DAY**

We gaze down at the Farmer, beaten, on the floor.

Several Followers trash the household. Three Followers drag Farmer's Wife, SCREAMING, out of the house.

We look in a mirror. Olin reflects back. We lick our finger, gingerly correct a loose strand of eyebrow hair.

We turn to the Farmer.

OLIN

Do you know who I am and why I am here?

Farmer sways his head, no. Dismay on his bloodied face.

OLIN

I'm a messenger of God. And he has blessed us, the Order Of Aeron, with a safe haven.

FARMER

This is no act any God would desire.

We beat the Farmer. Repetitive, almost robotic, strong, firm unrelenting punches to his body and face.

Farmer wheezes, his eyes beg for mercy. A firm punch to his nose sends his head CRACKING down on the hard wood floor.

OLIN

You know not of my God.

**INT. BARN - OLIN'S POV - DAY**

We stand at the forefront, watching two Followers finish dousing the barn with petrol cans. They empty the last contents over themselves and join the rest of our flock.

We look at their faces. Young, middle-aged, old. They're all under our control, submissively awaiting our commands.

OLIN

Our kingdom awaits, through  
destruction of our limited,  
physical shells, we shall receive  
rebirth into our true form.

We raise our drenched hands above our head. We flick the  
wheel of a lighter. Flames ROAR down our cloaked arms.

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Water runs from the basin sink tap. Nicole brushes her teeth.

She inspects her pearly-whites in the cabinet mirror as she  
scrubs away the day's grime.

She spits toothpaste into the sink.

Looks back up at the mirror--

Kayla stands behind her.

Nicole spins around--

Nothing there.

Nicole, startled, turns back to the mirror. Just her own  
reflection.

She shakes her head. Second wind from the booze.

She finishes scrubbing her teeth-- her motions slow down...  
she seems mesmerized, as she glares in the mirror.

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT.

**INT. BARN - KAYLA'S POV - DAY**

We study the Farmer's Wife, tied upright against the barn  
beam. She's terrified, tearful, beaten, bruised.

FARMER'S WIFE

Why are you doing this to us?

We move closer to her. Reveal a cheese grater in our hand.

KAYLA

The flesh of your flesh will be the  
blood of our blood. Don't you  
understand, silly piggie?

We grate Farmer's Wife's cheek, gripping her hair to keep her  
head steady. She SCREAMS in pain.

A repetitive CHANT is heard: *The Aeron Cult Chant*.

We turn to see naked Followers chanting, dressing back into their robes. Orgy over. Back to prayer.

FOLLOWERS

(chanting)

*He resides on a throne of blood and  
bones, we'll crush your cities and  
destroy your homes.*

We turn back to the Farmer's Wife. We grate her cheek bone even harder, with malice, with eagerness to shed--

Blood drips from Farmer's wife shredded skin.

We grate harder, enjoying Farmer's Wife's screams of pain, motivated by her whelps, invigorated by her agony.

Past the flesh, severing thin muscle, exposing bone...

#### **INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nicole slumbers into the dark room. Jack is asleep. Nicole, dazed, zombielike, climbs into the bed. She falls asleep.

#### **INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Jack wakes up to the nightmarish cheerful chirping of morning birds. He murmurs, hungover. He rolls over to an unexpected empty side of the bed.

Nicole, also looking worse for wear, enters with a glass of fizzy water. She offers the Alka-Seltzer to Jack.

NICOLE

Let's make sure we never drink  
spirits on a weeknight again.

Jack accepts the glass and guzzles down the contents.

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Jack slumbers into the bathroom. He slams the door shut.

Nicole, spruced up and dressed for work, heads towards Dawn's bedroom door. She gives a warning knock before opening it.

#### **DAWN'S ROOM**

Dawn rises from her bed, knackered.

NICOLE

Good morning.

DAWN  
Leave the good out of it.

NICOLE  
Rough night?

DAWN  
Must have had a nightmare. I just  
don't remember it.

#### **MICHAEL'S ROOM**

Closed curtains. Room illuminated by flashing colours emanating from the TV screen. KNOCK on the door.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
Morning, Michael. Rise and shine.

Nicole opens the door. She pokes her head inside.

Michael sits on his bed, playing an Xbox shoot 'em up game. His eyes locked on the screen. Determined. Concentrating.

NICOLE  
How long have you been playing that  
thing?

No response. Michael's absorbed in the game.

Nicole sighs.

NICOLE  
At least you're up.

Nicole closes the door as she leaves.

Michael plays, eyes glazed, his hands working incredibly fast on the control pad...

#### **KITCHEN**

Sombre-faced Nicole, Dawn and Michael sit around the table, gnawing their way through breakfast.

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Jack, half-dressed, opens the airing cupboard door. He grabs a shirt from the shelf. He closes the door.

He double-takes as he notices the attic hatch is ajar. A cold chill whispers down upon him.

**KITCHEN**

Nicole, Dawn and Michael are dressed ready to leave. Nicole, impatient, calls out for Jack.

Jack stomps through the livingroom and into the kitchen, face of stone, mood to match.

NICOLE  
Finally! What took you so long?  
We're gonna be late--

JACK  
Who's been messing with the attic?  
The hatch was open.

Nicole shrugs. Michael and Dawn stare blankly. No idea.

JACK  
No one?

Jack chortles sarcastically.

JACK  
I suppose we're gonna blame  
Briday's bloody ghost. No one goes  
up there. Understood?

Dawn and Michael nod. Nicole frowns, surprised by Jack's temper.

**INT. NICOLE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY**

Nicole drives, staring dead ahead. Jack sits quiet, miserable in the passenger seat. Radio plays an upbeat music track.

JACK  
(under his breath)  
I hate this bloody song.

Nicole frowns at Jack.

NICOLE  
Huh?

JACK  
Nothing.

Nicole turns the radio off.

JACK  
Why'd you turn it off?

NICOLE  
You said you didn't like the song.

JACK

You don't have to turn it off just because I don't like it.

NICOLE

I don't like the song either.

JACK

It was gonna finish in a minute.

NICOLE

What is your problem this morning?

JACK

I don't have a problem. I'm fine.

NICOLE

God, you're a miserable so and so when you've had a drink.

JACK

I didn't turn the radio off. I didn't mess about with the attic--

NICOLE

Who cares about the fucking attic?

JACK

There you go.

NICOLE

There I go? There I go what?

JACK

(mimics Nicole)

I don't want the kids anywhere near the attic, Jack. It's your fault if they go up there, Jack.

NICOLE

Don't you dare take the piss out of me, you grumpy bastard.

Jack scowls, stares out of the passenger door window. Nicole, almost tearful through rage, concentrates on the road.

**EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREET - DAY**

Michael, tense, hides behind a hedgerow. BULLY#2 passes by with a group of CHAV SCHOOL-KIDS.

Relieved, Michael exits his hiding place. He bumps into BULLY#1 and BULLY#3.

BULLY#3

Hey watch it, fudge-packer.

Michael steps back, dreading the worst.

BULLY#1

I thought your Mum was a teacher,  
didn't the bitch teach you manners,  
faggot? You gonna apologise, freak?

Michael breathes deep and fast, either too scared to move, or he's trying to control an anger building from within.

BULLY#1

We need to teach this dickhead  
about respect, bruv.

Bully#1 grabs Michael in a headlock. He forces him to his knees, tapping the top of his head with his knuckles.

Bully#3 laughs. Michael squirms in Bully#1's grip, anger building...

Michael bites Bully#1's hand.

Bully#1 YELPS in pain. He pulls away, releasing Michael.

Bully#1 looks at a bite mark on his hand. He shows a stunned Bully#3 before he tries to rub away the painful mark.

BULLY#1

Look what this fuckin' psycho did!

BULLY#3

Weirdo thinks he's Dracula!

The bullies retreat, staring back at Michael as they leave. Michael, pumped on adrenaline, keeps his eyes on them.

BULLY#1

I'm gonna cut your fuckin' head  
off, blood, swear down.

Bully#1 and Bully#3 dart down an alley. Michael smirks.

#### **INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY**

Tentative pupils sit at their desks. Jack stands before them.

JACK

Remember, these are only the  
results of your mock exam. Don't  
get too excited or too depressed.

Jack takes a pile of papers from his desk. He dishes them out to the class.

JACK

Very good, Mr. Barnes.

BARNES nods in appreciation.

JACK  
Keep up the improvement, Jason.  
Excellent work.

JASON breathes a sigh of relief.

JACK  
I'm gonna need you to stay after  
class, Alicia.

Alicia scowls.

**INT. SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY**

Nicole addresses her attentive class from her desk.

NICOLE  
Today, since your mocks were so  
impressive, mostly, we will be  
taking it a little bit easier.

Nicole pauses, lost in a daze.

**FLASHCUT TO:**

**EXT. BARN - NICOLE'S DAYDREAM - NIGHT**

Dusk clouds swirl overhead. Yellow light beams from barn windows. The barn's double-doors burst open, revealing an impenetrable darkness inside.

**INT. SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY**

Nicole comes to her senses. Shaken, she sips a glass of water.

CONCERNED PUPIL  
Are you alright, Mrs. Porter?

Nicole walks to the canvas. She begins to sketch.

NICOLE  
I want to see each of you interpret  
what I'm about to draw. Don't hold  
back. Free your mind.

**INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY**

Home-time bell RINGS. Alicia tuts, annoyed, as she watches her fellow pupils leave the classroom.

ALICIA

Sir, you gave me a C plus. It ain't even that bad, so why have I gotta stay behind?

Jack closes the door, sits on his desk. He stares dominantly at Alicia.

JACK

We need to raise the bar, Alicia. You have the potential to do that.

Alicia shuffles, unnerved by Jack's lustful eyes.

**INT. SCHOOL - ART CLASSROOM - DAY**

Nicole, at her desk, snaps out of a distant gaze.

Mystified Pupils leave the class, a mixture of mocking faces.

Class emptied, Nicole sits back with a hefty sigh. She rubs her eyes, trying to scrub away her disorientation.

She takes a sip of water. Rises to her feet, faces the empty classroom. Horrified.

Nicole moves around the room, looking at her pupil's art work. Each one shocks her even more.

PUPIL'S ART WORK: Massacres. Mutilations. Dead bodies.

Nicole turns to the centrepiece, her sketch on the canvas.

ON CANVAS: A masterfully drawn sketch. Hideous demons. A barn in flames. Dead blood-soaked bodies. The symbol of Aeron.

**EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - DAY**

Alicia, tear smudged make-up, runs distressed across the empty park.

**INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY**

Jack, tense, watches Alicia from the window. He sighs heavily as he rearranges his trouser belt.

**INT. NICOLE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY**

Nicole and Jack drive home. Awkward, moody silence.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Nicole, brooding, prepares dinner. Dawn enters from the livingroom, dressed in a hockey outfit. She grabs a soda from the fridge.

NICOLE

Dawn, where's your brother?

DAWN

How do I know?

NICOLE

You're supposed to look after him.

DAWN

No, you said all I had to do was take him to school. No one said anything about walking him home.

NICOLE

Great, Dawn.

DAWN

He's not my responsibility, Mum. In case you forgot, I've got training to get to.

A car horn HONKS from outside.

DAWN

That's Aimee. I'll see you later.

Dawn leaves before Nicole can wish her luck.

Jack lingers at the livingroom/kitchen doorway.

NICOLE

Thanks for backing me up.

JACK

What did you want me to say?

Nicole slams a saucepan into the sink.

NICOLE

Nothing, Jack, I want you to say nothing.

Jack sulks back into the livingroom.

The door opens. Michael enters casually inside.

NICOLE

Finally. Where have you been?  
School finished two hours ago.

MICHAEL  
Just hanging out with some mates.

NICOLE  
What mates?

MICHAEL  
You don't know 'em.

NICOLE  
Well, do they go to our school?

Michael takes off his school backpack. Removes his shoes.

MICHAEL  
We just played football for a bit.

Michael wanders into the--

#### **LIVINGROOM**

Jack loafs in his armchair.

JACK  
Let your Mum know next time.

Michael, nonchalant, nods. He heads upstairs.

#### **KITCHEN**

Nicole sighs, frustrated.

#### **DAWN'S BEDROOM**

Jack vigorously cleans Dawn's windows. He overhears a car parking nearby. He stops cleaning, looks through the window. He watches Dawn exit the car and approach the house.

Jack's eyes gaze at Dawn's legs. Her short hockey skirt. Her budding figure.

#### **MOMENT LATER**

Dawn enters, dressed in her hockey outfit.

JACK  
Hey, pumpkin. How'd you get on?

DAWN  
How long are you gonna be?

JACK  
All finished. No need to thank me.

Dawn opens a drawer. Jack notices a collection of knickers.

JACK  
Daddy likes that.

DAWN  
Huh?

JACK  
Nothing. I'll get out your way.

Jack leaves, confused, embarrassed as why he made that remark. Dawn stands bewildered, unsettled.

#### **INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nicole sits on her bed, contemplating the day's events, her gloomy mood shadowed by the low glow of a bedside table lamp.

She grabs a portfolio case propped up against her wardrobe. She takes out a bunch of her pupil's drawings.

She flicks through them, aghast at each and every creation.

She stares at the final one -- her original sketch.

She shakes her head, dismayed.

Nicole rubs her arms from a sudden chill. She puts her hand to an aching, throbbing vein in her neck.

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Jack, tired, dusty, fixes the attic hatch firmly in place. He steps down a ladder, work finished for the day.

He unbuckles his tool-belt. His attention turns to the closed bathroom door. Light seeps from underneath. Gentle SPLASHING.

Jack turns to Dawn's bedroom. The door is open. He peeks inside. Dawn's clothes strewn across her bed.

#### **BATHROOM**

Bubble-covered Dawn relaxes in the tub.

The door bursts open.

Startled, Dawn sits up and covers herself with her hands.

Jack takes in an eyeful. Much longer than he should.

DAWN  
Dad!?

Jack finally shields his eyes, turns away.

JACK

Sorry, Dawn, I didn't know you were in here.

Jack darts out, shuts the door behind him.

Dawn gathers her breath, shocked by the intrusion.

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Jack leans against the staircase balustrade, confused at his actions, sickened by his lustful tendencies.

#### **EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT - TIME LAPSE**

Night to dawn. Dawn to day.

#### **INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Nicole, sleep-deprived dark rings under her eyes, waits at the open door, ready to leave for work.

Michael, school shirt untucked, dishevelled hair, wanders in from the livingroom.

NICOLE

Tuck your shirt in, Michael, bloody hell. Look at the state of your hair, did you even comb it?

Nicole takes a brush from her handbag. She tries to fix his hairstyle.

MICHAEL

Mum, it's fine, leave it.

Jack enters, applying rushed, finishing touches to his tie.

NICOLE

How's Dawn?

JACK

Still not fit enough for school. She's got a temperature, think something's going around.

NICOLE

Poor baby.

JACK

That's three days in a row. Attendance record's gone to pot.

Jack notices Michael's appearance.

JACK

Speaking of gone to pot, Mike, tuck  
your shirt in, for Christ's sake.

Michael begrudgingly tucks his shirt inside his trousers.

**EXT. SCHOOL - DAY**

School kids enter the grounds.

**INT. SCHOOL - HEADMISTRESS' OFFICE - DAY**

Nicole, nervous, sits at the Headmistress' desk, opposite  
MISS. SARAH CLARKE, 60.

Clarke analyses one of Nicole's pupil's drawings, laid out  
across the table. The typically childish sketch features  
depictions of death, destruction and blood.

Clarke looks up at Nicole. Agitated. Disappointed. Stern.

MISS. CLARKE

I'm glad you bought this to my  
attention, Nicole, because I would  
have had to call you in here  
myself. I've received complaints  
from three concerned parents,  
rightly so, that their art teacher  
made them draw pictures of... well,  
whatever the hell this is.

NICOLE

I wanted to explain myself--

MISS. CLARKE

I'm all ears. This better be good.

Nicole swallows a lump in her throat. It's called guilt. She  
composes herself, about to tell a lie she probably spent the  
whole night dreaming up.

NICOLE

Sarah, I went against the  
curriculum to give the kids a  
break. They've been working hard  
all year, and I felt with the  
talent they have, I needed to see  
them express their own creativity.

MISS. CLARKE

Why this stuff?

Clarke nods to the picture on the desk. Nicole clasps a  
throbbing vein in her neck. She hides her discomfort.

NICOLE

Art needs to be expressed, we live in a violent society, we can't keep the kids wrapped in cotton wool. And they're not stupid... in a way, through what they draw, we can see what that child is thinking, what they may be holding back. It's a key to understanding how they think and feel.

Clarke sighs admirably. Nicole's shocked. She can't believe she's buying this bullshit.

MISS. CLARKE

I would have preferred you spoke to me before about this. I'm certainly not happy about that.

NICOLE

I apologize, it was ill-judged.

MISS. CLARKE

Accepted. However, any future misconduct of this nature will result in a suspension.

Nicole nods, trying hard to remain demure, and not delighted by the low-level caution.

NICOLE

Thank you.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY**

Nicole's car parks into the driveway. Nicole and Jack step out of the car, sombre-faced. They enter the house.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - DAWN'S ROOM - DAY**

Dawn's in bed, unwell. Hair wet from sweat. Moist pale skin. The door opens. Jack greets Dawn with a fatherly smile.

JACK

Hey, how you doing, pumpkin?

DAWN

Not great. Just gotta sweat it out.

Jack crouches beside her. He wipes her hair, concerned.

JACK

You're doing a good job of that. Nasty bugger, isn't he?

Dawn nods weakly.

JACK  
I'll let you get some rest.

Jack moves to the door. He pauses. Takes out a smartphone from his pocket. He snaps a photo of Dawn.

DAWN  
Why did you take a picture of me?

Jack, tense, puts his phone away. He perks up.

JACK  
I've got a present to give you later. It will make you feel better.

Jack leaves and closes the door behind him.

Dawn frowns, confused, before she drifts to sleep.

#### **KITCHEN**

Nicole, anxious, scrubs grime off dinner plates at the sink. She looks over at the wall clock. It reads: 6:30PM.

Michael, scruffy, enters through the door.

NICOLE  
Where the hell have you been?

Michael takes off his shoes and schoolbag. He shrugs.

NICOLE  
What does that mean?

Nicole sniffs something in the air. She moves closer to an increasingly irritated Michael.

NICOLE  
You stink of smoke.

MICHAEL  
It's probably from one of my mates.

NICOLE  
And look at the state of you--

Michael's hands and clothes are smudged in ash and a dry, crusty, red residue.

NICOLE  
What is that? Blood?

MICHAEL

I found a dead cat on the road. I couldn't just leave it there.

NICOLE

Oh, for God's sake!

Nicole forces Michael to the sink. She scrubs his hands clean under steaming hot water. Michael cries out in pain.

Jack, sweaty and dusty from working in the attic, enters, disturbed by the commotion.

JACK

What's going on now?

Nicole stops washing Michael's reddened hands, oblivious to his pain. Michael cools his hands in cold water.

NICOLE

Michael touched a dead cat. I can only hope he hasn't picked up an infection, some disease--

JACK

You been smoking, boy?

Michael sees Moloch, standing in the corner. Moloch's clothes are burnt. His deathly-pale skin blotched by blue marks.

Moloch smirks. He puts his finger to his lips, gestures Michael to keep silent. Michael smiles.

NICOLE

Apparently his friend smokes.

MICHAEL

I didn't say that.

JACK

What friend?

Michael dries his hands on a towel.

MICHAEL

We cremated the cat.

Jack and Nicole frown at each other, speechless.

MICHAEL

It was just gonna rot otherwise.

Nicole throws her hands up, shakes her head in dismay.

JACK

I've got work to do in the attic. I don't need this crap.

NICOLE  
Michael, go to your room.

MICHAEL  
But--

JACK  
Do as your Mum tells you.

Michael skulks into the livingroom. He slams the door shut behind him. His footsteps BOOM up the staircase.

NICOLE  
I don't know what's gotten into him lately.

JACK  
At least it wasn't dope.

NICOLE  
He just burnt a fucking cat.

JACK  
It was dead.

NICOLE  
And that makes it OK?

JACK  
As usual, I don't know what you want me to say.

NICOLE  
There's something poisonous around here. Can't you feel it, can't you see what's been happening to us?

JACK  
I haven't got time for this shit.

NICOLE  
You haven't got time...?

Nicole throws a glass at Jack. It narrowly misses him as it smashes against the wall.

NICOLE  
I'm sorry...

Jack sways his head, shocked. He heads into the livingroom.

NICOLE  
Jack, where are you going? We need to talk about this, we need to sort out what's going wrong.

Livingroom door slams shut. Footsteps stomp up the staircase.

Nicole slumps on a chair. She sinks her head in her hands.

**EXT. PORTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A nearby broken street lamp flashes on and off... Finally, the light bulb fizzles out and dies.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - DAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Dawn, weak, half-awake, lies in bed, room lit by her bedside cabinet lamp.

A KNOCK. Dawn looks at the door. Before she can answer, Jack enters inside. He gingerly closes the door behind him.

He smiles. Nervous. On edge. He grips a carrier bag with something inside.

DAWN

Dad?

JACK

Hey, honey. Just wanted to give you that present we were talking about.

Jack crouches beside her. He hands her the bag. Dawn sits up, curious. She pulls out a sexy red nightie.

She looks at Jack, tentative, confused.

DAWN

This is for me?

Jack nods. A distance in his leering eyes. He speaks with a demanding, dominant tone...

JACK

Why don't you put it on.

Dawn laughs, nervous. She puts the nightie back into the bag.

DAWN

Dad, I'm--

Jack grabs her wrist.

JACK

It's OK, honey.

Dawn looks at him with fearful eyes. Jack's hand relents-- he strokes her arm, his hand gently rising to her shoulder.

JACK

Behold, I have a daughter who have not known any man.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Let me bring her out to you, and do  
to her as you please.

Jack caresses Dawn's shoulder. His hand travels inside her nightie, delving snake-like down across her chest... and further below where her body is covered under the bed sheets.

**INT. BARN - NIGHT (SERIES OF SHOTS)**

- 1> Squirming female thighs drenched in blood.
- 2> Multiple blood drenched dead bodies lined up side by side.
- 3> Followers worship a giant upside down crucifix.
- 4> A blood soaked new born baby screams.
- 5> Sweeping fire consumes the cult of Aeron.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nicole jolts up in bed, sweating. She regains her breath, looks over at Jack asleep next to her. She calms down, lies back and drifts back to sleep.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Nicole's hands tremble as she sips a cup of coffee. She looks opposite the table at a sympathetic, concerned Patricia. Radio plays music in the background.

PATRICIA

Sweetheart, this is awful, I had no  
idea you and Jack were having  
problems.

NICOLE

It's been one thing after another.  
Dawn's still poorly. Michael's out  
all the time, doing God knows what  
and Jack won't even talk to me.

PATRICIA

You've got to reign it in, honey.  
Put your foot down. Be the boss.

NICOLE

I've tried. I just don't know what  
to do. Jack's not happy anymore...

PATRICIA

He wouldn't cheat. Would he?

Nicole's eyes water. Patricia consoles her. Nicole bravely laughs her concerns away. Radio announcer goes unnoticed...

RADIO NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
Greenfield Police are anxious to speak with anyone who can help them with their enquiries regarding the disappearance of a fourteen-year-old boy.

PATRICIA  
You've got to talk it over with Jack. It's your only option.

Nicole sighs. She's tried that.

NICOLE  
He's always busy in the attic, or out.

PATRICIA  
Out? Where?

NICOLE  
If I ask, he gets the hump.  
*Clearing my head*, is all he says.

PATRICIA  
I'll talk to Kevin, he could have a word with Jack.

NICOLE  
No, no. I just needed someone to talk to, someone who'd listen.  
Thank you, Pat.

#### **INT. O'CONNELL'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

Briday hums a merry tune as she gracefully dusts shelves containing her collection of oddities.

She admires a human skull. She gently flicks her duster over the top of its cracked, bony surface.

KNOCK on the front door.

Briday smirks.

#### **DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY/ FOYER**

Briday opens the front door. Nicole stands at the doorstep, hesitant, embarrassed to ask for help.

#### **LIVINGROOM**

Nicole, uptight, sits on the settee. Briday brings in a tray of afternoon tea and places it on a table. She pours herself and Nicole a cup.

NICOLE

I really had no one else to turn to, Briday. I'm sorry if this sounds a little nuts...

Briday sits close to Nicole, eager to hear her concerns.

BRIDAY

Not at all dear, tell me all about it. Good neighbours watch over each other.

NICOLE

We've been having some family problems lately. I think... I think we need an exorcism.

Briday chokes on her tea.

**LATER**

Briday adds a healthy amount of whisky in her tea. Offers Nicole a top up. Nicole declines.

BRIDAY

Exorcisms are no longer available.

Nicole's spirits are dampened.

NICOLE

But, I remember last Christmas. You said you witnessed an exorcism take place in our house.

BRIDAY

The church outlawed them long ago. The priest that conducted the rite died in a car accident. Terrible news, it really hit me hard.

Nicole sighs. She tried, but now has no idea what to do next.

NICOLE

I best not keep you any longer.

BRIDAY

I do know of someone who may be able to help.

Nicole's curious. Anything.

BRIDAY

Her name is Elizabeth Zogo. She rents an office down at Wood-Green Lane. I can call and let her know you would like to see her.

NICOLE

Wait, what does she do?

BRIDAY

She's a therapist--

NICOLE

I don't need a therapist--

BRIDAY

She's a past life regression therapist. There's a difference.

Nicole stands to leave. Briday takes a sheet of paper from a noteholder on a nearby desk. She writes down an address and gives it to Nicole.

BRIDAY

Try her.

**EXT. WOOD-GREEN HIGH STREET - DAY**

Nicole's car drives past offices and shops.

**INT. NICOLE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY**

Nicole checks the note Briday gave her. It reads: *15 Wood-Green.*

Nicole parks opposite an office block.

**EXT. OFFICE BLOCK - DAY**

Nicole presses a buzzer on a keypad. A high and mighty voice CRACKLES over an intercom speaker.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Madame Zogo.

Nicole frowns. A bit sceptical.

NICOLE

Hello, my name is Nicole Porter. I called you earlier about--

The door CLICKS ajar.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Floor three, room one.

**INT. OFFICE BLOCK - CORRIDOR - FLOOR THREE - DAY**

Nicole knocks on a door which has a name plate: *ELIZABETH ZOGO - SPIRITUAL REGRESSION THERAPIST.*

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
You may enter.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Low Ambient music. Dim blue lighting. Tacky beads drape from walls decorated in Rorschach Test paintings.

Nicole sits at a velvet tablecloth covered circular table, a fake, cracked crystal ball placed in the middle. Opposite Nicole sits ELIZABETH ZOGO, 50.

NICOLE  
Thank you for seeing me at such short notice.

Nicole eyes the cheap crystal ball.

NICOLE  
I've gotta be honest with you, Madame...

ELIZABETH  
Call me Elizabeth.

NICOLE  
I've gotta be honest with you, Elizabeth. I'm not entirely convinced this is the help I need.

ELIZABETH  
This is a free consultation, Mrs. Porter, a discussion about any problems you have. If I can help, we will arrange a suitable session.

NICOLE  
I don't have to cross your palm with silver do I?

ELIZABETH  
You just need to talk.

NICOLE  
I'm not sure where to start.

ELIZABETH  
From the beginning.

**LATER**

NICOLE  
Every Christmas, my daughter Dawn says she sees something in her room. We all thought nothing of it, a bad dream, a nightmare.

Elizabeth writes notes.

NICOLE

Everything was fine until a few weeks ago. Ever since then, everyone's been acting... strange.

ELIZABETH

Strange how?

NICOLE

Dawn's never leaves her room. Michael's rarely at home, and Jack...

ELIZABETH

Go on...

NICOLE

Jack's like a completely different person.

ELIZABETH

Do you believe in ghosts?

NICOLE

I'm sorry?

ELIZABETH

Christmas and late March are a period where ghosts are commonly seen by prepubescent children.

NICOLE

Even if I believed, how would seeing a ghost explain why my family has... changed?

ELIZABETH

Have you been experiencing any changes in yourself?

NICOLE

This sounds crazy, but, yes. I've been seeing things, sometimes.

ELIZABETH

Tell me what you see, how you feel.

NICOLE

It's difficult to explain. Brief moments, flashing images. I know they're not real, it's just a daydream. But just for that second-- that moment-- I can feel somebody else's emotions. Like I'm in somebody else's body.

ELIZABETH

Déjà vu?

NICOLE

Yes. Exactly.

ELIZABETH

Déjà vu is temporary possession. It is attempted by spirits that lived or died in that area. In most cases, it's harmless. We all experience it at some point. Entities are not strong enough to take over a living body, thus you experience a fleeting sensation.

NICOLE

The feelings are becoming stronger, visions more vivid. Yet I'm the only one that can see something is wrong.

ELIZABETH

You should not be afraid. Ghosts envy the living. I can offer you my hypnotic regression sessions that may help you to understand the spirit inside--

NICOLE

Of course.

ELIZABETH

Excuse me?

Nicole stands to leave. She's being duped, fallen into this con-woman's trick.

NICOLE

Thank you for your time, I really need to get going.

Nicole heads to the door.

ELIZABETH

Nicole.

Nicole looks back.

ELIZABETH

Don't be afraid to come back if you change your mind.

Nicole flashes a smile. Yeah, I don't think so.

She leaves and closes the door behind her.

Elizabeth sits back in her chair, legitimate concern.

**EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY**

Jack trudges aimlessly through a muddy, knee-high, wind-blown field. Bleak dusk clouds hover above.

He mutters, disorientated, eyes glazed.

JACK

For you alone, O Lord, make me to dwell in safety.

**EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT**

Jack's eyes open. He sits up, confused at his whereabouts. He's in a muddy ditch surrounded by trees.

Jack gets to his feet, stares out at the field. Bewildered.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

Nicole sits in the dark, the only light flickers from a black and white horror movie on TV. She's not really watching the movie, merely looking at it, lost in her own thoughts.

The sound of a key unlocking the back door wakes Nicole from her stupor. She turns her head, gazes into the dark kitchen.

She hears the back door slam shut.

Nicole turns back to the television.

Jack enters the livingroom, tries to disguise his weariness.

JACK

Why are you sitting here with all the lights out?

NICOLE

I was just going up. Suddenly realised I have a husband out somewhere doing God knows what with God knows who.

JACK

I just went for a walk to--

NICOLE

*Clear my head, yeah, I've heard that before.*

Jack takes off his jacket, opens the door and hangs it on the downstairs foyer coat rack. He sighs heavily.

JACK

I'm not arguing, it's late, I just wanna go to bed.

NICOLE

Whose?

JACK

You're being stupid.

NICOLE

What's going on!?

JACK

Nothing is going on.

NICOLE

Are you blind, Jack? Can't you see something is happening in this house? Can't you see we need help?

JACK

One of us does, and it ain't me.

Jack heads up the stairs. Nicole fumes.

#### **MASTER BEDROOM**

Jack sits on the bed to remove his socks.

He pauses-- his eyes flutter, his body wavers. He grabs his face with both hands...

#### **JACK'S HALLUCINATION BEGINS**

#### **EXT. SWAMP - POV - NIGHT**

Trudging through knee-high marshland, a whisperish mist hangs in the silent air.

The mist clears, revealing a murky desolate landscape.

A strange figure sits on a floating dolls house, its back turned toward us. It wears a horned mask, its tatty burnt clothing reveals seeping wounds on its skin.

Droplets of blood secrete from its injuries, creating red lily-pads on the water.

The lily-pads float away, where they make living plants wither and die on contact.

We approach the figure.

The figure turns around - Owen Olin.

OWEN

Welcome...

Something about his gaze disturbs us, so we turn around--  
face to face with a blood-soaked, crazed-looking Jack.

OWEN

To you.

**END HALLUCINATION**

**EXT. THE ALCHEMIST'S INN - DAY**

A quaint village pub.

**INT. THE ALCHEMIST'S INN - DAY**

Kevin and Jack sit at the bar. Kevin sips his half pint of  
lager as he watches Jack curiously.

Jack downs his beer like no tomorrow. He slams his empty  
glass on the bar, grabbing an anxious BARMAN's attention.

JACK

Another.

BARMAN

You got it, Jack.

JACK

How about a double JD to go along  
with it.

Barman nods, raises an eyebrow at Kevin before he puts  
together Jack's order.

KEVIN

Hey, slow down, man. What's the  
rush? You're gonna be pissed before  
dinner time at this rate.

JACK

What difference does it make.

KEVIN

Look, Jack, I'm your mate. I know I  
said we should meet up for a few  
beers so you can forget about  
everything for a few hours, but I  
didn't mean get paralytic.

JACK

Desecrate your temple, so a new one  
shall be rebuilt.

Kevin frowns, concerned.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Nicole irons a shirt, taking her anger out on the material. She pauses for a moment-- lost in her own thoughts.

Steam rises. The iron hisses. Nicole cusses as she removes it. A burn in the shirt.

Nicole replaces the iron on its base, crumples up the destroyed shirt and tosses it across the kitchen.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

I'm going out for a bit.

Michael heads for the back door. He's dressed in black. Hoodie. Sun glasses. Rucksack.

NICOLE

Where...? And why are you going out dressed like a bloody terrorist?

Michael shrugs, heads out and closes the door behind him.

Nicole rushes to the door, furious. She tries to open the door. The handle won't budge. Stuck.

Nicole wrestles with the handle, infuriated. The handle finally gives way. The door opens.

Michael's gone.

Nicole heads back inside, reaching the end of her tether.

NICOLE

Fuck!

**DAWN'S ROOM**

Dawn lies in bed, groggy, sweating. Nicole places her hand over her head to feel her temperature.

NICOLE

That's it, I'm calling the doctor.

**LATER**

DR. ROGERS gives Dawn a medical test. Shines a penlight in her eyes. In her mouth. Checks her breathing and temperature.

Nicole watches, anxiously.

Dr. Rogers finishes, packs medical items away in his case.

NICOLE

Well?

DR. ROGERS  
Heart-rate's fine. Healthy lungs.  
I'm pleased to say there's nothing  
seriously wrong.

NICOLE  
But there's something wrong?

DR. ROGERS  
Nothing physically.

NICOLE  
Then how do you explain her  
temperature?

DR. ROGERS  
May I have a word in private?

DAWN  
I wanna hear it.

Dr. Rogers looks at Nicole. She nods her approval.

DR. ROGERS  
Have you been feeling stressed  
lately? Run down, problems at  
school or in your private life?

Dawn frowns. Shakes her head no.

DR. ROGERS  
It is quite common, especially in  
young people of your age, when your  
body and mind are still developing,  
to experience growing pains. This  
can cause a range of effects.

DAWN  
I'm not a kid, Doc. I'm fifteen.

DR. ROGERS  
I agree. But the mind can often  
become confused with what the body  
is going through, so it sends  
signals that bring on symptoms very  
similar to what you're  
experiencing. It's a very normal  
and natural stage, and nothing to  
worry about. It's mild anxiety.

NICOLE  
So what can we do?

DR. ROGERS  
I'm afraid there's not a lot that  
can be done.

(MORE)

DR. ROGERS (CONT'D)

I'm against prescribing medication for a fifteen year old, they can have adverse effects and risk increasing or developing a mental problem that may not even exist.

Nicole runs her hands through her hair. Frustration.

DAWN

So, I'm nuts?

DR. ROGERS

No, not at all. But if things don't improve within a week or so, come and visit me and we can discuss consultation with a psychologist.

Dawn and Nicole gaze at each other, teary-eyed.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY**

JANET, 45, stands anxiously at the top of the garden path. She eyes the house, fearful. She adjusts a scarf tighter around her neck, zips up her winter-coat with shaky hands.

She takes a deep breath. Heads down the garden path.

Janet knocks on the front door. She takes a tissue from her handbag, dabs perspiration from her forehead.

The front door opens. Nicole answers, curious.

NICOLE

Can I help you?

JANET

Mrs. Porter, on the contrary, I think I might be able to help you.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

Nicole gestures tense Janet to sit on the settee.

NICOLE

You said your name was Janet?

JANET

Yes, Janet Cole, I live a few houses down the street. It's funny, I've lived here all my life and we've never spoken.

Janet takes a seat, but she remains on edge.

NICOLE

Janet, I really am sorry to sound rude, but I have a lot on my plate, if you'd kindly tell me why you came round--

JANET

Yes, yes of course.

Janet fidgets with her handbag, nervous as she looks around at the room. Nicole can sense her stress. She's intrigued.

JANET

Rumours spread fast in a small town. When I heard about some of the things...

NICOLE

What have you heard exactly?

JANET

I've been in this house before. I will never forget what I... Mrs. Porter, have you been seeing things, feeling strange sensations--

NICOLE

What are you talking about?

JANET

Something evil lives in this house.

Janet takes a note out of her handbag. She offers it to Nicole. It has a written address: *Ben Carver, 1 Glendales.*

JANET

I recommend you visit this man. He might be able to help you.

Nicole accepts the note. She's not sure what to say.

Janet stands up, eager to leave.

JANET

I wish you God's luck, Mrs. Porter.

Janet leaves. Nicole stands, stunned, bewildered.

#### **EXT. BEN CARVER'S FARMHOUSE - DAY**

Nicole's car drives up a gravel road surrounded by fields. An open gate leads to a farmer's house. Nicole parks outside.

Nicole exits her car. She looks around. Quiet. Desolate. She walks past the gate and enters on to the grounds.

A CHOPPING sound grabs Nicole's attention.

She turns to see BEN CARVER, his chequered-shirt back turned, struggling with some object in the far corner of the grounds.

Nicole cautiously approaches him.

NICOLE

Ben Carver?

Ben's engrossed in his work, muttering aggressively under his breath. Whatever he's chopping up is stressing him out.

Nicole edges closer to Ben. Gravel cracks under her feet. Ben swings around, mad-as-a-hatter, axe in his hand.

Nicole's eyes bulge in horror-- before Ben relaxes his axe.

BEN

You'd better be careful, Miss,  
creeping up on people like that.

Nicole breathes a sigh of relief.

NICOLE

I'm sorry, I tried calling out to  
you--

BEN

This is private property and right  
now, you're trespassing. I'd advise  
you to leave.

Ben tightens his grips on the axe. Frowns. Menacing.

NICOLE

I need to talk to you. My name is  
Nicole, Nicole Porter.

BEN

Didn't you hear me, Miss? I told  
you to leave.

NICOLE

It's about forty-seven Greenfields.

Ben's shaken by the sheer mention.

BEN

I don't know what the hell you're  
talking about.

NICOLE

Janet Cole told me to come see you.

Ben freezes. Another blast from the past.

NICOLE

She said you'd tell me about the  
house. What happened there.

BEN

What business is it of yours?

NICOLE

I live there. It's my house.

BEN

You might live there. But it sure ain't your house.

NICOLE

Meaning?

Ben gestures her to sit on a nearby picnic bench.

Nicole sits. She looks over at what Ben had been chopping up. Piles of wood. Ben catches her gaze.

BEN

Devil don't like fire, that's why God sent him to hell. I always make sure my place is burning. Hot.

Ben remains standing, his eyes drifting into the distance as he remembers...

BEN

I've been a farmer all my life, Mrs Porter. Just like my father and his father. Did you know all this land would have been turned into another residential street if I never outbid the bastards?

Nicole sways her head. Not sure where he's going but willing to listen.

NICOLE

Modernization. It creates houses, homes, shops.

BEN

Whatever you wanna call it. Whatever makes money, right?

NICOLE

I'm not sure what your point is.

BEN

They don't care what they build or where they build it. They don't care about history. If me and you dropped dead right now, they'd take our bodies away, demolish this place and build something over it.

NICOLE

I'm getting a little lost, Ben...

BEN

They say when your body dies, your spirit stays in the same place.

Nicole ponders. Ben picks up on it.

BEN

Now you're getting it, ain't ya?

NICOLE

Ghosts?

BEN

Sounds crazy, I know. But I know... because I lived there. I was the tenant before you moved in.

NICOLE

You were the one who called in an exorcism?

BEN

I discovered the land the house had been built on used to be a barn. A barn where a devil worshipping cult, the Order Of Aeron, sacrificed themselves to the Devil.

Nicole gasps.

NICOLE

But newspapers reported the council renovated the area into a stream...

BEN

And waste such prime land? Don't believe everything you read.

NICOLE

What happened to you, Ben. What made you call in an exorcist?

BEN

My wife and I were having problems. I met Janet. She was also married, unhappily. One day, whilst my wife was at work, Janet and I were upstairs in the bedroom...

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - BEN'S FLASHBACK**

Sunlight sneaks through a gap inbetween closed curtains, creating shadows on sickly yellow kitsch wallpaper.

Ben and Janet make love underneath bed sheets. Ben climaxes. He rests his head next to Janet, her eyes closed, pleased.

A shadow crawls over Janet's face. She opens her eyes. Horrified.

A FACELESS FIGURE draped in a hooded cloak looms above her.

Janet SCREAMS. Ben, startled, spins round.

Faceless Figures are lined up against the walls, watching Janet and Ben. Curtains flap wildly. Scratch marks shred the wallpaper as if an invisible animal were ripping it apart.

Ben grabs Janet's arm. He drags her through the open door--

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

--and into a hallway crowded with Faceless Figures, their postures directed towards Ben and Janet.

Janet SCREAMS, hysterical. She runs down the staircase, Ben following closely behind her.

END FLASHBACK

#### **EXT. BEN CARVER'S FARMHOUSE - DAY**

Ben rubs his hands together, chilled by the memory.

BEN

I felt... I could feel what they were feeling, I could see what they were seeing... it was pure evil.

He chortles to himself.

BEN

Neighbours must have thought we were mad, a couple of naked lunatics screaming and yelling in the back garden.

Ben turns to Nicole, expecting her to think he's nuts. She gently pats his shoulder, urging him to continue.

BEN

I never told my wife, I figured it was a one-off, a warning from God not to mess around. But it didn't matter. They came back. Haunted us for weeks, months. Tormented us until we couldn't take no more.

NICOLE

You asked the Father for help.

Ben nods, stares into the distance. Fearful.

BEN  
He obliged, started performing his  
little ritual...

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY - BEN'S FLASHBACK**

FATHER LEE, 66, takes slow steps up the staircase. He uses an aspergillum to sprinkle holy water, a silver crucifix in his other hand. Ben and his wife, KATHY, follow behind him.

FATHER LEE  
In the name of Jesus Christ, I  
command all demons and spirits of  
isolation to flee, may the power of  
eternal light bless this house--

Father Lee reaches the top of the staircase. He pauses, sensing a sinister presence. Silence...

BEN  
Father Lee?

Father Lee trembles. Something ahead of him, something only he seems able to see...

BEN  
Father Lee, are you alright?

Father Lee turns around. Vacant expression. Eyes black. He thrusts the crucifix into his throat.

Ben and Kathy watch in horror. Father Lee screams, a disturbing animalistic noise, as he rips the crucifix downwards, splitting his chest in two.

END FLASHBACK

**EXT. BEN CARVER'S FARMHOUSE - DAY**

Ben snaps back to reality. He takes a deep breath.

BEN  
He killed himself. Right there in  
front of us. Blood everywhere.

Nicole's stunned, speechless.

BEN  
The police arrested me, then let me  
go due to lack of evidence... the  
whole thing got covered up. You ask  
about Father Lee and everyone says  
he died of a heart attack. A heart  
attack ain't gonna make you split  
your goddamn body apart.

NICOLE

How's your wife after all this?

BEN

I don't know where Kathy lives.  
I've given up trying to find her...

Ben breaks down. Nicole consoles him. Ben composes himself.

BEN

Get your family out of that house.  
Don't wait for tomorrow. Do it now.

**EXT. WOOD-GREEN HIGH STREET - DAY**

Nicole's car drives past offices and shops. Nicole parks opposite Madame Zogo's office block.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Elizabeth sits at her table. Calm. Relaxed. Expecting.

The door opens. Nicole enters. She marches to the table.

NICOLE

Elizabeth, you've got to help me.

ELIZABETH

I can tell by your voice you carry  
a weight on your shoulders, my  
dear. Please have a seat.

Nicole remains standing, impatient.

NICOLE

I don't have time. Can you help me  
or not?

Elizabeth eyes Nicole curiously.

ELIZABETH

Tell me what troubles your mind.

NICOLE

I've been speaking with someone, a  
former tenant who lived in my  
house. He told me why he left, he  
told me what ground my family are  
living on, and who died there.

ELIZABETH

Spirits are harmless--

NICOLE

Ever heard of the Order Of Aeron?

Elizabeth's taken aback by the mere mention.

NICOLE

Don't try and tell me they're harmless spirits, I'm not dealing with Casper the fucking ghost.

ELIZABETH

OK, try and relax, Mrs .Porter.

Nicole takes a deep, calm breath.

ELIZABETH

I can offer my regression hypnosis service for a discounted fee--

Nicole sighs. Shakes her head in disappointment. *What a fraud.* She storms to the door.

ELIZABETH

Wait.

Nicole stops at the door. *One last chance.*

ELIZABETH

I can feel your pain, Mrs. Porter. Please, take a seat.

Nicole sits opposite Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Listen, you wouldn't believe the type of people that come to see me. I don't make a great deal of money from this job, but that's what this is. A job. So I have to accept just about anybody who comes through that door regardless. Most of the time, they have a simple psychological block which can be cured through normal hypnosis. I try to maximize my profits by selling them more of a sizzle.

NICOLE

So all this is just a facade.

ELIZABETH

I haven't felt a sensation like this since I began. The same sensation that made me want to do this type of work. I feel it with you, I don't want to let it go. Help me to help you.

Nicole studies Elizabeth's eyes. She's sincere.

NICOLE  
What's your price?

ELIZABETH  
You've given me my belief back,  
Mrs. Porter. We call it evens.

NICOLE  
So what now?

ELIZABETH  
I want to try a session. I want to  
see if I can contact who may be  
inside you.

**LATER**

Dim light. Nicole lies on a sofa. Elizabeth places a lit  
candle on the table and sits opposite her.

ELIZABETH  
Fix your gaze on the candle-light.  
Let your eyes drift out of focus.  
Take a deep breath. Relax, let go.

Nicole's eyes grow heavy as she stares at the candle-light.

ELIZABETH  
Your eyes are becoming heavier.  
Don't fight it. Let them close.

Nicole's eyelids close.

ELIZABETH  
All tension is leaving you,  
draining away. You are so very  
comfortable and drowsy now. Listen  
attentively to what is being said,  
listen only to my voice.

Nicole drifts into hypnosis.

ELIZABETH  
Let go, deeper with each breath.  
Deeper and deeper. Now imagine that  
you are standing at the top of a  
staircase. See the steps in front  
of you. I will count backwards from  
ten to zero. Start walking slowly  
down as I count. Ten...

**INT. STAIRCASE - NICOLE'S HYPNOTIC STATE - NIGHT**

Nicole, surrounded by darkness, descends glowing white steps.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
 Each count takes you deeper. Nine,  
 eight, seven, six. You are going  
 deeper and deeper. Five, four,  
 three, much deeper. Two, one, and  
 zero. Now, step off the staircase  
 and onto a lighted stage.

Nicole steps onto a glowing white platform. The staircase  
 behind her fades into darkness.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
 Imagine vividly the existence of  
 inner senses, perceive an inner  
 world. You have been blind to this  
 world all your life, but you are  
 now gaining sight within it.

Nicole's eyes detect moving shapes within the darkness. Her  
 ears prick, hearing the smallest of sounds.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
 I am going to snap my fingers. When  
 you hear the sound, you will be  
 fifteen years old. Only pleasant  
 episodes will be remembered.

A loud SNAPPING noise echoes.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
 How old are you?

NICOLE  
 Fifteen.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
 Where are you?

**INT. NICOLE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

TEEN NICOLE (15) sits with her MUM and DAD. They're enjoying  
 time together, laughing at a show on TV.

NICOLE  
 I'm at home. In the livingroom.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Elizabeth carefully monitors Nicole on the sofa. Nicole's  
 eyes are closed, blissfully asleep.

ELIZABETH  
 Who is with you?

Nicole smiles.

NICOLE  
My mum and Dad.

ELIZABETH  
What year is it?

NICOLE  
Nineteen ninety five.

ELIZABETH  
What are you doing?

NICOLE  
Laughing.

ELIZABETH  
I am going to snap my fingers. Now  
as odd as this might seem, when you  
hear the snap, you will see scenes  
from a time before you were born.

Elizabeth snaps her fingers together.

ELIZABETH  
How old are you?

NICOLE  
Thirty.

ELIZABETH  
Where are you?

NICOLE  
Somewhere... sacred.

ELIZABETH  
Who is with you?

NICOLE  
Olin. Moloch. Lilith.

ELIZABETH  
What year is it?

NICOLE  
Nineteen seventy.

ELIZABETH  
What are you doing?

A distorted smile creaks across Nicole's face.

NICOLE  
Something horrible.

ELIZABETH  
What is your name?

NICOLE

Kayla.

Elizabeth gulps, unnerved yet eager to know more.

ELIZABETH

Tell me what you see.

**NICOLE'S POV - VARIOUS**

FIELD: A new born baby burns in a huge bonfire. Naked cult members dance around the flames, screaming praise for Satan.

DARK CORNER OF A ROOM: Our hands clasp a terrified, crying CHILD's face. She holds a toy rabbit in her hands, petrified.

FIELD: A NAKED MAN lies on the ground, screaming in pain, wooden stakes nailing his hands and feet to the ground. We teasingly trace a knife from his neck down to his stomach... NAKED MAN screams in agony.

DERELICT WAREHOUSE: Fire burns from a bonfire constructed from junk material. A burnt CORPSE hangs above it, tied from chains connected to the ceiling.

Flames create shadows against the walls, shadows of multiple bodies writhing against each other, some kind of sex orgy, each participant wearing a huge, animalistic horned mask.

BARN: We look at Moloch and Lilith, doused in petrol and blood. They turn and smile.

Olin stands in front of his devoted cult members, arms outstretched. He smiles, before he ignites himself in flames.

A huge explosion. Waves of ferocious fireballs fry everyone in front of us, before they cover all that we see.

INSIDE FIRE: SCREAMS of PAIN. Skin melts from our burning hands, exposing skeletal fingers, as we clasp our face.

**DARKNESS**

Silence. Death.

Yet, something moves within this black void. Small shapes, dots, flickers of light in the distance.

A terrifying DRONE, as if something's about to hit us...

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Nicole's eyes flutter. Elizabeth gets up from her chair. She looks down at Nicole. Closer...

ELIZABETH  
Nicole...? Kayla...?

Nicole's eyes open. Pure white. She GRABS Elizabeth, speaks in a possessed tongue.

NICOLE  
The order of Aeron shall live.

Elizabeth pushes Nicole down.

ELIZABETH  
I am going to count from one to five. When the count is completed you will be back in the present time. You will be Nicole Porter, thirty-six years old.

Nicole claws at Elizabeth's face. Elizabeth turns her head, keeps Nicole pinned to the sofa.

ELIZABETH  
One, Two, Three, Four, Five.

Nicole's body relaxes. Her eyes close. Her breathing returns to normal.

ELIZABETH  
Very good. Now breath deeply. Do you feel fully awake?

Nicole snaps out of her regressed state. She looks confused.

NICOLE  
Did it work?

Elizabeth catches her breath, nods, relieved.

#### **LATER**

Nicole sits, astonished.

NICOLE  
I don't remember any of it.

Elizabeth, still shaken, trawls through her phone.

ELIZABETH  
Good. Listen, I know some friends of mine who might be able to help. They're paranormal specialists, they've been searching for an opportunity to prove the existence of the spirit world. I'd like them to visit your house.

NICOLE  
When do we start?

Elizabeth finds her contact. She puts the phone to her ear.

ELIZABETH  
I recommend immediately.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM/ KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Dawn and Michael place packed suitcases on the floor.

Nicole watches the kitchen back door, anxiously awaiting Jack's arrival.

DAWN  
Seriously, Mum, the day I feel  
better and you're sending us away?

NICOLE  
It's just for a few days.

The kitchen back door opens, Jack enters. He's staggered to see the suitcases, fears the worst.

JACK  
What's going on?

Nicole turns to Dawn and Michael.

NICOLE  
Go upstairs.

MICHAEL  
I want to see Dad--

NICOLE  
Now.

Dawn takes Michael's hand. She leads him out of the room. Their footsteps can be heard climbing the staircase.

JACK  
If you're leaving before we've  
talked this out--

NICOLE  
I'm sending them to live with my  
Mum, until we can get this sorted.  
I've cleared it with Social--

JACK  
Christ, you're overreacting. What  
about Dawn? She's still ill--

NICOLE

And she's not gonna get any better living under this roof.

Jack shakes his head in dismay.

NICOLE

I've discovered a few things, Jack, about this house.

JACK

Go on.

NICOLE

We're living on the exact site where the Order Of Aeron committed suicide thirty years ago. The previous tenants left because they were haunted. This place is cursed, Jack, don't you understand?

Jack's gobsmacked. He thinks she's nuts.

NICOLE

I went to see a past-life regression therapist.

JACK

You went to see a... Christ, take out the past-life regression nonsense and I'd say congratulations.

NICOLE

She's sending over a specialist team to help us.

JACK

Specialists in what? Decorating?

NICOLE

They specialise in the paranormal. They're going to help us get rid of the poison inside this house.

JACK

If you think I'm letting a bunch of fucking fruitcakes enter my house--

NICOLE

It's not up for debate, Jack. They come in or I leave.

Jack gazes into Nicole's teary but stern eyes. She's serious.

JACK

OK. OK, whatever you want.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

Jack, despondent, stands at the window. He watches Nicole await their guests outside. He frowns.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY**

A car parks opposite the house. Nicole smiles as energetic Elizabeth exits the vehicle. They greet with a hug.

NICOLE

I'm glad you could make it,  
Elizabeth. I feel lost without you.

Elizabeth clutches Nicole's hand in a motherly fashion.

ELIZABETH

I shall have no such talk. I  
wouldn't miss this for the world.  
(correcting herself)  
The opportunity to help someone.

Elizabeth takes a long, hard look at the house. Examining.

NICOLE

Will the specialists be here soon?

ELIZABETH

Oh yes, any moment now. Tell me,  
Nicole, is everyone home?

NICOLE

Jack. He wasn't thrilled with the  
idea, but I talked him round.

ELIZABETH

Good, good. And the children?

NICOLE

Spending a few nights with their  
grandmother.

Elizabeth sighs, disappointed.

NICOLE

Oh...?

ELIZABETH

Oh... no, that's perfectly  
reasonable. It's just--

A white van pulls up.

The drivers door opens. ZACK KENYON (45) steps out. He surveys the area with a sniff of fresh air, euphoric at his chance of making science-fiction science-fact.

He slides open the van door. Three SPECIALISTS, all dressed in white containment suits, step out.

ED JONES (33), CARLY BRENNAN (30) and PAUL PETERS (41).

Elizabeth takes Nicole over to meet the new arrivals. Nicole shakes their hands as Elizabeth introduces them.

ELIZABETH

This is Zack Kenyon, commander in chief of the operation.

ZACK

Thank you so much for allowing us this opportunity, Mrs. Porter.

Nicole nods, slightly unnerved by his eagerness.

ELIZABETH

Over here we have Ed Jones. Ed specializes in all the gadgetry.

ED

Technical supervisor and cameraman. Not that complicated.

ELIZABETH

Carly Brennan, senior investigator.

CARLY

Nice to meet you.

NICOLE

Likewise.

ELIZABETH

Paul Peters has been searching for scientific proof of the paranormal for almost twenty years.

PAUL

From what we've been briefed, I believe we will find it here.

NICOLE

I only hope you can get rid of it.

PAUL

We'll do the best we can.

NICOLE

Thank you. Please come inside.

Nicole leads the enthusiastic group inside the house.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

Jack stands at a distance as Nicole leads Elizabeth and the paranormal specialists inside.

Jack shakes his head in disapproval. Ridiculous.

Nicole introduces Elizabeth and Zack to Jack.

NICOLE

Jack, this is the therapist I was telling you about, Elizabeth Zogo.

ELIZABETH

A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Porter. It's unfortunate we must meet in such circumstances.

Jack nods, keeping his brooding demeanour. Zack reaches for an ice-breaking handshake.

ZACK

I want you to know we will be doing the best we can to help you.

JACK

Which one are you, Egon Spengler?

Zack smiles.

ZACK

Zack Kenyon. Paranormal academic.

JACK

They actually teach that shit?

Jack ignores the handshake. Stares Zack out. Zack relents, pulls his hand back. An awkward atmosphere amongst the group.

Nicole frowns at Jack. He softens... a little.

JACK

Just do what you gotta do, then get outta my house.

That's good enough for Zack. He turns to the group and starts giving them directions.

ZACK

OK, guys. We're gonna be spending the next four hours here so let's get acquainted with the place.

Jack takes Nicole aside.

JACK

If I knew you were gonna go this far, I would have preferred going to a marriage counsellor.

NICOLE

And how long would that have taken, Jack? I can't even remember the last time we "talked".

Carly heads upstairs with Paul. Zack and Ed examine the livingroom and kitchen.

#### UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Carly approaches Dawn's bedroom. She rubs her arms from a chill. She opens Dawn's bedroom door. She peeks inside.

#### DAWN'S BEDROOM

Daylight beams through the window. Well-maintained. Bed recently made. Everything in order. Carly turns back.

#### UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Carly BUMPS into something, startling her. It's Zack.

ZACK

Jumpy today?

CARLY

Notice how cold it is up here?

ZACK

Even colder than the reception Jack Porter gave us.

Zack and Carly look at Michael's room. Door closed. Above it, the attic, wooden hatch shut. Cold.

Paul exits the master bedroom. He heads downstairs.

Through the staircase balustrade, Paul notices Zack and Carly gazing at the attic.

PAUL

Want me to start bringing in our equipment?

A breeze drifts from the attic, chilling Carly and Zack. A RUMBLE drones beyond the attic hatch... before it fades.

ZACK

Paul, pronto. Get our stuff.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY**

Paul and Ed rush excitedly towards their van.

ED

What the hell happened up there?

PAUL

This place is either spook house central or they've got some serious heating problems. Finally we've got a chance to prove, scientifically, the existence of a spiritual realm.

Paul and Ed grab bags of equipment from their van.

**EXT. O'CONNELL'S HOUSE - DAY**

Briday spies through a downstairs window. She watches Paul and Ed with suspicious, curious eyes.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - DAY**

Paul and Ed head inside the house with their equipment bags.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

Zack hands out equipment to Carly, Paul and Ed. Digital voice recorders. Flashlights. Walkie-Talkies. Notepads. Digital thermometers.

Nicole and Elizabeth watch with interest. Jack sways his head, chortles at the ridiculousness.

**MONTAGE**

Ed sets up tripods and cameras around the house. The Master Bedroom. Carly's room. Upstairs Hallway. Everywhere... except the attic.

ED (V.O.)

We leave most cameras static. Our handycams record any movement from changes in the room. We have night shot plus, assisted by an external infra red light attached besides the camera. The trail camera, which we set in each room, takes three photographs within a sixty-second period once the motion sensors have activated. It also records audio and video footage once activated.

Carly sets up Infrared trip beams around the house.

CARLY (V.O.)  
Infrared Trip beams are strategically set up to detect any unseen movement in a room. You'll hear a chime when the beam is broken.

Paul sets up portable lights and voice recorders around the house.

PAUL (V.O.)  
We've set up several digital voice recorders. As we might not be in the same place as the spirits at the same time, and they may want to talk to us, this is a must-have piece of equipment.

END MONTAGE

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

The specialists strap equipment into their suit belts.

JACK  
You forgot the proton pack.

Zack grins. It's a confident smile, one that makes Jack look away and feel foolish.

The specialists display their more obvious items. Zack flicks his flashlight on and off.

ZACK  
We might want to turn the lights off, explore more intimately. Other times, you never know, a sudden power cut and these simple things become life savers. We also use ultra violet. There's a theory that spirits are attracted to UV light.

Carly checks her walkie-talkie.

CARLY  
These are another necessity. You'd be amazed how many times we've heard of ghost activity interrupting mobile phone connections. We play safe.

Ed reveals a digital thermometer.

ED

We each have one of these. You can read surface or air temperature using the laser attached. Vital for detecting hot and cold spots.

Finally, Zack displays his KII meter.

ZACK

KII meters detect electromagnetic fields. The lights change when a spirit is in close proximity. Ghosts can use the lights to give us a yes or no answer.

Elizabeth and Nicole are impressed. Jack's calm facade drops.

JACK

I'm sorry. I don't believe in all this bollocks.

Jack heads for the back door.

NICOLE

Where are you going?

JACK

I need a drink.

Jack leaves. Slams the door shut behind him.

Nicole sighs, disappointed. Hurt. Elizabeth consoles her with an overbearing motherly hug.

ELIZABETH

These spirits are drawn, attracted by the prospect of splitting you two apart.

Nicole separates from Elizabeth. She smiles, grateful for the gesture, but needs a moment by herself.

NICOLE

I just need a few minutes.

Elizabeth nods, understanding. Nicole walks into the kitchen.

#### **KITCHEN**

Nicole's alone. She's temporarily relieved. Temporarily as in the next thing she knows, her hands are shaking and tears are forming in her eyes.

She takes out her mobile phone. Dials a number.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
 (on phone)  
 Hey, Nicole.

NICOLE  
 Patricia, thank God.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
 Babe, you OK? You sound a little  
 distressed.

NICOLE  
 Jack's gone out, I've sent the kids  
 away and I've got a bunch of  
 strangers crawling around my house  
 setting up God knows what...

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
 Say that again?

NICOLE  
 I know, it sounds crazy. It is  
 crazy, but it's real and I just  
 don't have anyone--

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
 I'll be round in a tick.

NICOLE  
 No, Pat, look, you don't have to do  
 that. I don't want to interrupt--

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
 I'm on my way.

NICOLE  
 Thank you.

Nicole hangs up her call. She sighs, relieved.

**EXT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - DAY**

An upmarket home nestled in a cosy, safe cul-de-sac.

**INT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

Patricia's ready to go out.

KNOCK, KNOCK from the front door.

**FOYER**

Patricia answers the door. Briday stands at the doorstep with  
 a mile-wide smile. Patricia looks confused, surprised.

PATRICIA  
Oh... Briday...?

BRIDAY  
Patricia, lovely to see you again.

Patricia's gazumped.

PATRICIA  
Can I help you?

BRIDAY  
We need to have a chat, dear.

PATRICIA  
I'm just heading out--

BRIDAY  
It won't take long.

Briday enters the house, smiling at a stunned Patricia.

#### **LIVINGROOM**

Patricia, dumbfounded at Briday's intrusion, follows Briday as she marches through the livingroom into the kitchen.

#### **KITCHEN**

Briday looks around, casually inspecting the place.

PATRICIA  
Excuse me, but what do you think  
you're doing?

Briday takes an expensive Bugatti metal kettle to the sink and begins to fill it with water. She smiles at Patricia.

BRIDAY  
Let's just get a cup of tea on the  
go and we'll talk all about it.

Briday places the filled kettle on its base. Clicks it on.

PATRICIA  
I don't have time... I'm on my way  
out, Briday, this is most  
inappropriate and your behaviour--

BRIDAY  
We need to talk about Nicole.

The kettle boils. Steam rises from it's funnel.

PATRICIA  
What about Nicole... is she OK?

Briday takes the kettle in her hand. She sways her head, shrugs her shoulders at Patricia's question.

PATRICIA

What does that mean? Yes or no? I need a bloody answer--

Briday removes the kettle lid. She hurls the kettle's boiling hot water in Patricia's face.

Patricia SCREAMS, covers her face with her hands as she falls to her knees in pain.

Briday slams the kettle repeatedly over Patricia's head.

Patricia falls face down on the floor, unconscious.

BRIDAY

Don't get involved in things you have no idea about.

Briday, eyes crazed, spots a collection of knives hanging on a wall rack. She walks to the sink and puts on a pair of marigold gloves. She takes the butcher knife and looms over Patricia, aiming the blade to the back of her head.

BRIDAY

I'll let Nicole know you were concerned about her.

Briday grips the knife handle with both hands. She thrusts the blade down.

#### **INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Ed scans Michael's dark, open doorway with his meter. He looks up at the attic hatch.

ED

We've gotta check up there.

Zack scans Dawn's bedroom with his meter.

ZACK

That's the hot spot. Let's make sure other areas are secure first.

#### **LIVINGROOM**

Paul takes a gadget from one of the equipment bags. He runs up the stairs. Garbled technical talk descends from upstairs.

**KITCHEN**

Nicole sighs, clasps her head in her hands. The noise and constant movement is upsetting. Annoying. Irritating.

Elizabeth pats her shoulder, sensing her unrest.

ELIZABETH

It's only for a few hours. They're here to help, remember?

NICOLE

Just not used to all this commotion. It used to be my home. It's been taken over.

KNOCK, KNOCK on the front door.

NICOLE

Finally.

**DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY/ FOYER**

Nicole opens the door, expecting Patricia.

LISA, 68, stands at the doorstep. Michael and Dawn head sheepishly inside and sit on the staircase steps.

Nicole's stunned.

NICOLE

Mum?

LISA

I can't look after them, I won't tolerate another night. They're constantly making noise, keeping me awake. You mentioned Dawn was recovering, but I really think you need to take them both to a doctor.

Nicole looks at Michael and Dawn. Heads bowed.

LISA

I'm sorry, Nicole. I won't have language of that sort in my house. I thought I raised you better.

Lisa heads down the garden path. She gets in her car. Nicole and Lisa exchange a look. Nicole's confused. Lisa's disgusted and upset, teary-eyed. Lisa drives away.

Nicole turns to Dawn and Michael.

NICOLE

What the hell did you say? What did you do to keep her awake all night?  
(MORE)

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You know she's an old lady, I told you to be on your best behaviour.

Michael sniffs, teary-eyed. Dawn shuffles awkwardly.

Nicole relents. She knows why. Christ, she's got a bunch of paranormal specialists practically renovating her house.

NICOLE

Come here.

She hugs Michael and Dawn.

NICOLE

We're gonna get through this. All of us, together.

### LIVINGROOM

Michael and Dawn sit on the sofa. Michael plays a game on his I-phone. Dawn, puzzled, watches the specialists perform analysis around the room. She raises her eyebrows. Cynical.

NICOLE

I'm really sorry.

ZACK

We don't normally perform experiments with children in the vicinity, but it's perfectly safe.

NICOLE

You can guarantee that?

ZACK

If it wasn't safe, we wouldn't be here. Ghosts can't hurt you physically. Look at it like this. They're like a bad odour. We're like Vanish, the deodorant cleaner.

A KNOCK on the front door.

NICOLE

That's gotta be Patricia.

### FOYER/DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Nicole opens the front door. Briday stands at the doorstep, handbag over her shoulder.

BRIDAY

Oh, Nicole. I was just checking to make sure everything was alright?

NICOLE  
Everything's fine.

Briday tries to peek inside.

BRIDAY  
Are you sure, dear? There's seems  
an awful lot of commotion...

Nicole checks her watch. Sighs. Where's Patricia?

NICOLE  
There's a few things I'm trying to  
get done with the house.

BRIDAY  
You look upset, sweetie. Why don't  
we have a cup of tea and you can  
tell me all about it.

Nicole shrugs. Sure. She could do with some support.

NICOLE  
Why not.

Nicole allows Briday inside.

### **LIVINGROOM**

Nicole leads Briday through the room. Briday observes Carly, Ed and Zack as they work with their equipment. She counts the number of specialists in the room with her fingers: 1,2,3.

BRIDAY  
My, what is going on, Nicole?

NICOLE  
Long story.

### **KITCHEN**

Nicole introduces Briday to Elizabeth.

NICOLE  
I believe you know Elizabeth.

They smile at each other, nod politely.

BRIDAY  
Yes, how wonderful to see you  
again. It's been a while.

ELIZABETH  
It has indeed.

A loud BANG upstairs. Paul's voice crackles over the walkie-talkies in the livingroom.

PAUL (V.O.)

It's OK, I just dropped something.

BRIDAY

Nicole, may I use your lavatory?  
I'll be just a tick.

Nicole puts the kettle on.

NICOLE

Sure, go ahead.

### MASTER BEDROOM

Paul roams, sways his meter. BLIP-BLIP. *Something's* detected.

He flicks a wall switch, ceiling light turns off. Infrared beams spread out across the floor.

Paul turns on his UV torch. He follows the BLIP-BLIP on the meter. It grows stronger, louder. He kneels down by a corner. The meter reaches peak levels.

### STAIRCASE

Briday tiptoes up the steps. She slowly unzips her handbag. She take out a pair of large scissors.

### MASTER BEDROOM

Paul gazes at the meter. BLIP-BLIP-BLIP! Paul, excited, turns to grab his walkie-talkie from the bed.

Briday lunges towards him. Paul opens his mouth in shock.

Briday thrusts her scissors through Paul's mouth. Blood-soaked blades slice through the back of Paul's head.

She takes out a pack of tissues from her handbag. She wipes away splattered blood from her hands and face.

Briday whispers the Aeron hymn, praying for something to happen. She's sweating, anxious.

BRIDAY

*When he comes a callin', all of us  
will die, I wish for this to  
happen, blood from you and I...*

Eventually --

Blood, pooled around Paul's head, trickles up the wall. Letters form from the liquid. Words read: *KILL THEM ALL*

Briday smiles, delighted. She senses a presence.

She turns -- a transparent dark hooded figure, the DARK SHAPE, stands by the window.

BRIDAY

Welcome home.

**EXT. THE ALCHEMIST'S INN - NIGHT**

Warm cosy light glows from within.

**INT. THE ALCHEMIST'S INN - BAR - NIGHT**

Kevin and Alan sip beers at a corner table. Jack's slumped in his chair, eyes bloodshot.

Kevin and Alan raise eyebrows at each other, concerned.

ALAN

What's happened to him?

KEVIN

Jack, come on mate, cheer up.

JACK

I'm fine.

An awkward silence.

KEVIN

So, Al, how's your grandkids?

ALAN

Good. I spoke to Karen the other day, she's moved into a flat in Broxbourne with her new fella.

KEVIN

She invited you to see the place?

ALAN

God, no. I think she's glad to see the back of us. Briday will be telling her how to decorate the place. It'll drive her to murder.

Kevin laughs, trying to spur some energy into glum Jack.

KEVIN

Family's important. Sometimes it's all we've got. Right, Jack?

Jack frowns. He downs the remains of his beer.

JACK  
 (slurring)  
 Family? Family can be either heaven  
 or hell. Why be a slave in heaven,  
 when you can reign in hell.

Kevin and Alan exchange concerned expressions.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Ed arranges scrabble letters on the back of the board game surface. He sets up a makeshift Ouija board.

He takes a soap bar container from the sink and places it upside down on the board.

**MICHAEL'S BEDROOM**

Carly runs some tests with her equipment. The door is open, behind her Zack places a ladder underneath the attic hatch.

Carly grabs her walkie-talkie.

CARLY  
 Ed, any luck with the Ouija?

ED (V.O.)  
 (via walkie-talkie)  
 We'll find out. I'm using a soap  
 box, ironically, as a planchette.

CARLY  
 Hope you don't rub the spirits up  
 the wrong way.

Zack removes the attic hatch. He climbs up inside. COUGHS.

CARLY  
 Be careful up there, Zack.

ZACK (V.O.)  
 (via walkie-talkie)  
 Dusty as hell up here... Oh Jesus--

STATIC interrupts Carly's walkie-talkie. She frowns.

**BATHROOM**

Ed places his fingers on the soap dish.

ED  
 Spirt, spirit, are you there? If  
 so, go to yes. If you go to no,  
 I'll just assume you're dyslexic.

Dark Shape looms behind Ed.

Ed feels a presence. He turns around. Face to face with-- the  
 porcelain toilet.

Ed sighs, chortles at his own stupidity.

ED  
 Get a grip, man. Scared of a  
 haunted toilet? Curse of the turd?

Cracks form across the porcelain. Water pipes behind the  
 toilet shake, a deep GURGLING within them. Pipes bulge.  
 Crack's spread. Ceramic tiles split, fall into the bathtub.

Ed grabs his walkie-talkie. STATIC on every channel.  
 Frustrated, Ed throws the worthless device.

ED  
 Guys... you'd better get in here.

Ed gets to his feet. He opens the door.

ED  
 Paul? Zack? Carly?

Ed looks down the hallway. Dawn's bedroom door opens...

#### **MICHAEL'S BEDROOM**

Carly kneels in a corner, inspecting a high BLIP-BLIP-BLIP  
 reading on her meter, attached headphones covering her ears.

From her position she's unable to see behind her... where  
 Briday darts from Dawn's bedroom toward the bathroom.

#### **BATHROOM**

Briday marches towards Ed with a tripod gripped in her hands.  
 Ed looks at her, confused.

Briday slams the tripod over Ed's skull. Ed falls to the  
 floor, his head CRACKING violently against the toilet base.

Briday mercilessly beats Ed with the tripod, battering his  
 head repeatedly. Ed's crushed skull splits apart, blood and  
 brain matter splashes out across the ceramic floor.

**MICHAEL'S BEDROOM**

Lights cut out. Infrared rays beam across the room. ALERT CHIMES wail.

Carly removes her headphones. Grabs her walkie-talkie. Tries to contact someone. Nothing but STATIC.

Multiple incomprehensible demonic VOICES speak from digital voice recorders set around the room.

Carly panics. The door slams shut.

Carly's digital thermometer freezes in her hand. The meter cracks, then boils itself into a mushy mess.

Carly's meter, stuck in her shaking hand, explodes.

Carly SCREAMS in pain. She looks at her hand. Shreds of plastic embedded into her palm.

CARLY

Help me! Someone help me!

**LIVINGROOM**

Dawn and Michael relax on the settee watching TV. Nicole sits on the edge of her seat, head in her hands, deep in thought.

Elizabeth gives Nicole another cup of tea.

ELIZABETH

Don't worry, Nicole. Everything will be sorted soon enough.

Nicole offers her a smile.

**MICHAEL'S BEDROOM**

Carly cowers against the wall. Blue light flickers from alert lamps, MENACING GHOSTLY FIGURES appear between flashes.

Ghostly fingers reach for Carly's hair, eager to torment, eager to tease. Carly feels their cold touch. She SCREAMS, runs to the door and tries to open it. It won't budge.

Dark Shape appears before Carly, rendering her speechless.

Dark Shape points to the door. It opens.

Carly shakes in terror, unable to move through fear. Dark Shape points to the door again.

Carly gets to her feet. Without taking her eyes off the figure, she backtracks out of the room into--

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Carly steps away from Michael's room.

Zack's dead body falls from the attic.

Carly SCREAMS. She runs across the hallway. Stops midway, horrified at the sight in front of her.

Ed's body in the bathroom. Dark Shape lingers in the doorway. He points down, gesturing the staircase.

Carly darts into the master bedroom, SCREAMING hysterically.

**LIVINGROOM**

Nicole's startled by Carly's scream. Dawn frowns, angry. Michael's calm. Elizabeth, in Jack's armchair, concerned.

DAWN

What are they doing up there?

MICHAEL

I bet they're going through all our stuff.

DAWN

Oh no they're not.

Dawn's pissed off. She runs for the stairs. Michael follows.

NICOLE

Get back here! Both of you!

Dawn and Michael ignore her, open the door and head upstairs.

Nicole rushes after them.

**STAIRCASE**

Blue UV-lamp lights cast menacing shadows as Nicole storms up the stairs. She stops halfway, suddenly cautious of safety.

NICOLE

Michael? Dawn?

She continues up the stairs. She reaches the--

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Nicole gazes down the hallway, unnerved. Flashing lights create deceiving, ever-changing shadows.

NICOLE

Anybody?

Nicole opens the bathroom door.

#### **BATHROOM**

Blood covered walls. Ed's contorted body lies in the bathtub.  
Nicole backs away, shocked--

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Nicole steps back from the bathroom. SOMEONE grabs her, pulls her into the--

#### **MASTER BEDROOM**

The door slams shut. Nicole frees herself from her assailant. It's Carly.

CARLY  
Everybody's dead...

Dawn and Michael sit together on the edge of the bed. Nicole hugs them, relieved. They're unresponsive. Shocked.

Nicole sees Paul's dead body in the corner of the room.

NICOLE  
What happened?

CARLY  
They're everywhere...

NICOLE  
Who?

Cold breath exhales from the group's mouths. Ice forms across the walls. Cracks appear. Small parts of the wall fall and shatter on the floor.

Nicole grabs Dawn and Michael. They're hyperventilating, too scared to move.

NICOLE  
Get up, move!

DAWN  
They're coming.

MICHAEL  
No. They're already here.

HOODED GHOSTS materialise, their faces recognizable from the cult of Aeron that sacrificed themselves in 1970.

Nicole and Carly grab Michael and Dawn. The four run out of the room--

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

-- where the stairs are blocked by Hooded Ghosts.

Nicole, Carly, Dawn and Michael dart into Dawn's room. They close the door behind them.

#### **DAWN'S BEDROOM**

Michael and Dawn scramble on to the bed, Nicole and Carly drag a chest of drawers to block the door.

Nicole and Carly look at each other. Horrified. Shocked.

Carly opens the window, peers down at the drop.

CARLY

It's doable. We'll lower each other down, your kids first.

Nicole gently takes Dawn and Michael's faces in her hands.

NICOLE

Everything's gonna be OK.

Wardrobe door bursts open. Briday stands inside the closet, scissors poised to strike. Michael and Dawn SCREAM.

Carly puts her hands up to defend herself. Briday attacks, stabs her wrist, drags her to the floor.

Nicole pushes the chest of drawers from the door, knocking it over, spilling contents everywhere.

Michael and Dawn rush out of the door.

NICOLE

Michael! Dawn!

Nicole runs after them.

Briday stabs Carly repeatedly, a demented satisfied grin on her blood splattered face.

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Michael and Dawn, scared stiff, gaze at a group of Hooded Ghosts that stand before them.

Nicole protectively wraps her arms around Dawn and Michael.

She looks back at Dawn's bedroom. Bridal looms in the doorway, bloody scissors in her hands, demonic smile.

Nicole guides Michael and Dawn across the hallway, directly towards the ghosts.

Nicole passes through GHOST #1 and GHOST #2.

**INT. VOID #1/ SPIRIT REALM #1**

A long dark corridor. Light teases exit at the far end. Translucent black and white walls. A demonic DRONE. Fluttering speckled images, Ghost #1 and Ghost #2's faces in ever increasing pain, appear and fade.

Nicole runs towards the end of the corridor, her pounding footsteps echoing on the barely visible ground.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Nicole, Michael and Dawn emerge from the back of Ghost #1 and Ghost #2. They face Ghost #3 and Ghost #4.

Reinvigorated that she and her kids made it through, she guides Michael and Dawn towards Ghost #3 and Ghost #4.

**INT. VOID #2/ SPIRIT REALM #2**

Flames surround a long corridor. Sporadic blobs of lava spit from a pit, each blob engraved with images: Children suffering; rotting bodies; men and women screaming in pain.

Nicole runs through the flames.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Nicole, Michael and Dawn emerge from the back of Ghost #3 and Ghost #4. They're at the top of the staircase. Frowning Ghosts loom on every step.

Nicole guides Michael and Dawn down the steps, through the Ghosts...

**INT. VOID #3/ SPIRIT REALM #3**

Nicole's hands scratch frantically against a wooden surface. She punches the surface, wood splits apart.

Nicole rips through her coffin. She's in a pit. A grave. Nicole climbs out.

A barren landscape. A thick mist haunts the air. Bodies hang on dead trees.

Hundreds of decayed corpses, ZOMBIES, rise from shallow graves. They lurch towards Nicole, surrounding her.

Nicole, fearless, runs towards them--

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER/DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Nicole, Michael and Dawn emerge from the Staircase Ghosts on to the foyer.

Nicole tries the front door. It won't open. She turns to Dawn and Michael, about to reassure them.

Michael and Dawn attack Nicole, clawing at her, trying to drag her down to the floor.

Stunned and confused, Nicole defends herself by blocking their eager, repetitious attack.

Briday heads down the stairs, scissors poised to strike.

The door leading to the livingroom opens. Elizabeth stands with a butcher knife. She smirks at Nicole.

ELIZABETH

Going somewhere, dear?

Nicole SCREAMS.

**EXT. PORTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Quiet. Peaceful.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Nicole stands ambushed, her back against the front door. Dawn and Michael linger with their heads bowed, docile.

Briday grabs Dawn, shoves scissors against her throat. Elizabeth snatches Michael, puts her knife to his neck.

NICOLE

Why are you doing this?

ELIZABETH

We're doing what has to be done.

NICOLE

What... what do you want?

BRIDAY

Follow us.

**STAIRCASE**

The Ghosts have gone. Ghoulish Briday leads Dawn up the steps. Nicole follows in the middle. Elizabeth takes Michael.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Briday leads them to the attic. She takes a ball of rope out from her handbag.

BRIDAY

We won't take any chances. The little runts might come round.

Briday ties Dawn's hands. Elizabeth ties up Michael's hands.

Michael cries a loud shriek, as if waking from a nightmare. Dawn stirs, weary. The possession effects are wearing off.

Briday slaps Dawn into submission. Nicole moves to confront her-- Elizabeth places her knife to Michael's throat.

ELIZABETH

One wrong move, cunt, and your little rat pack bleed.

Nicole relents, steps back. Briday picks up the ladder, places it below the open attic hatch.

**EXT. THE ALCHEMIST'S INN - NIGHT**

A last orders bell rings from inside.

**INT. THE ALCHEMIST'S INN - NIGHT**

Kevin and Alan listen to Jack as he rambles oddities. They share a concerned look. This guy's losing it.

JACK

...through a corridor of darkness,  
we meet the Saviour, the flames  
will nourish our souls, and we will  
rise from the afterlife...

ALAN

Right, I think you've had enough--

Alan reaches to take Jack's beer. Jack slams Alan's hand down on the table.

JACK

Don't ever touch another man's  
beer, you cunt.

KEVIN

Hey, that's enough, Jack.

JACK

Don't tell me what to do. I tell you what to do, got it?

KEVIN

Get the fuck out of here.

Jack stands, confrontational. He throws a drunken punch towards Kevin -- misses. Kevin retaliates, punches Jack in the face.

Jack hits the wall, slumps to the floor. Alan and Kevin rush to his aid.

Barman watches on, sways his head as he wipes beer glasses.

BARMAN

You might wanna take him out for some fresh air.

ALAN

Yeah, no problem. He's just had a few too many.

Kevin crouches beside Jack, gives him a gentle wake-up slap.

KEVIN

Come on Jack, what has gotten into you, man?

Kevin and Alan help Jack up.

JACK

I'm sorry...

Jack covers his face, ashamed. Kevin consoles him.

KEVIN

Jack, you're losing Nicole, mate. You've gotta sort yourself out.

Realization hits Jack.

JACK

You're right. Christ, you're right.

Jack grabs his jacket.

JACK

I've gotta get home, my family need me.

**EXT. THE ALCHEMIST'S INN - CAR PARK - NIGHT**

Alan and Kevin help drunk Jack exit the pub. They enter a quiet car park.

They find Kevin's car. Alan props Jack up whilst Kevin finds his keys. Kevin opens the back door for Jack.

ALAN

Don't stick him in there, he'll lie down and puke his guts up.

Alan and Kevin help Jack into the passenger seat.

Kevin's car exits the pub car park.

**INT. KEVIN'S CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT**

Kevin yawns as he drives down a quiet dim lit country road. Jack stirs in the passenger seat, sobering up from the booze. Alan sits in the back, eyes fixated on the road.

JACK

I've gotta make it up to Nicole, man. To Mike, to Dawn...

KEVIN

You're sounding more like your old self, Jackie-boy.

JACK

Maybe you're right, I should see a doctor. I mean I can't even remember... I can't even remember what I did earlier today.

KEVIN

Maybe Nicole has a point with all this ghost stuff.

Jack scoffs, not dismissing Kev's point but trying to put a more realistic spin on things.

JACK

Probably brain cancer or some shit, What you reckon, Al?

ALAN

Some things happen for a reason. Sometimes you shouldn't interfere with what you don't understand.

KEVIN

What?

Alan takes out a switchblade from his pocket, flicks open the blade.

He grabs Kevin's head, forces it back against the seat and cuts his throat. Blood spurts everywhere.

Jack yells, horrified. Alan smiles in delight.

Kevin's leg spasms, his foot slams the accelerator.

The driver-less car spirals out of control.

Jack tries to grab the steering wheel, he's blinded by a spurt of blood, restricted by his seat-belt...

**EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT**

Kevin's car hurtles off road. The car descends down a grassy ditch, smashes into a tree.

The passenger door creaks open. Jack slumps out. He wipes blood from his face, checks himself for injury. He's OK.

Jack peers inside the car.

Kevin's dead body slumped in his seat. The backseat is empty. Door wide open.

Jack scans the area. No sign of Alan.

He heads up the road. He takes his phone from his pocket. He turns it on... the phone turns off. Out of battery.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Gloomy light from lit candles. Dead animals hang from the rafters. Aeron symbols etched into wooden support frames.

Nicole, Dawn and Michael sit beside each other, hands tied behind attic beams.

Paul's body has been nailed to the low ceiling in crucifixion pose. Elizabeth watches Briday hammer the final nail into Paul's wrist.

BRIDAY

The time for reincarnation draws near.

DAWN

Are you gonna kill us?

ELIZABETH

Why, no, my dear. Your bodies are most important to us...

BRIDAY

And to the Order Of Aeron.

ELIZABETH

You should be happy. You're sacrificing your physical shell to a superior being.

BRIDAY

Owen Olin and his clan will live again. In your bodies.

NICOLE

Why us?

ELIZABETH

We've been waiting for the ideal hosts for a long time. We had to make sure the spirits were satisfied. They've been with you for quite some time now, this is a sign they're pleased.

DAWN

What happens to us... when they take control of our bodies?

Briday and Elizabeth smirk.

BRIDAY

Focus on happier memories, my dear. You won't have them much longer.

Briday carefully takes a human skull from a shelf. Elizabeth's eyes gleam in excitement.

ELIZABETH

The master himself.

BRIDAY

I was the only survivor of the 1970 suicide sect. I was chosen to collect the Master's remains.

Elizabeth slices her knife across Paul's neck. Briday collects his blood inside the skull.

BRIDAY

This offering's blood contains an essence of The Order Of Aeron. When his life was sacrificed, his body became a vessel for the Order.

Briday and Elizabeth turn to the Porters.

BRIDAY

You have felt the touch of the Order, been deemed suitable hosts. The test period is over.

ELIZABETH

We will transfer the blood and soul  
of the Order to their new bodies  
and the Old Ones shall live again.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jack rushes toward the house. He stops by the garden path, notices the specialist's van is still parked outside.

All lights are off inside the house. Something's wrong.

Jack rushes to the--

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Jack tries the back door. It's locked.

He takes a key from his pocket. Tries it in the door lock. The key melts in Jack's hand. He lets go, stunned.

Jack backs away, watches the sizzling remains of the key mould inside the door lock.

He looks up at the dark bedroom window. Frustration grows.

JACK

NICOLE!

Jack picks up a rock from a collection of decorative garden patio stones. He smashes the back door window with the rock.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jack climbs through the smashed window.

He presses the light switch. Nothing happens.

He cautiously steps through the kitchen, aided by the infrequent flashing light from the specialist's equipment.

GHOST VOICES

Jack... Jack...

Jack turns-- no one there. He steps further into the kitchen.

GHOST VOICES

We don't need you yet, Jack...

JACK

Get the fuck out of my house!

A beastly, ferocious, angry ROAR.

Glasses, mugs, cups rattle in a cutlery holder. Cupboard doors swing open and shut. Table chairs SCRAPE across the floor. Plates fly from cupboards, smashing against the wall.

Jack narrowly dodges several plates, forks and knives thrown at him by an invisible force.

Jack rushes toward the livingroom -- the Dark Shape stands in the doorway. Jack pauses. The kitchen commotion stops.

Owen Olin's face emerges underneath the Dark Shape's hood.

DARK SHAPE

You can't deny destiny, Jack.  
Accept your fate. Join us.

JACK

Fuck you.

Dark Shape's face morphs into the spitting image of Jack.

DARK SHAPE

I'm you. You are me. Don't reject the pleasure you enjoyed, embrace it. All those sordid little things we did together, Jack. *All those sordid little things we did...*

JACK

FUCK YOU!

Jack storms through The Dark Shape, entering the--

### **LIVINGROOM**

OLD GHOST FIGURES, illuminated within the glowing lights of the equipment lamps. Mean, angry, mutilated faces.

GHOST VOICES

You belong here. Don't fight us.

Old Ghosts chant the Order Of Aeron hymn.

Jack holds his ears, the echoing chant deafening. He falls to his knees.

Old Ghosts circle around him.

Jack stands up, strong and determined.

The Dark Shape, at the kitchen doorway, raises his arms.

Chair and sofa lift off the ground. They smash against the door leading to the foyer, barricading the entrance.

Jack, undeterred, moves towards the door.

He passes through the old ghosts--

**INT. VOID #4/ SPIRIT REALM #4**

Jack's startled as he appears in a desolate red landscape. Empty, barren.

HELLISH SCREAMS. Blood rains down, each drop sizzling on impact with the ground.

Several Old Ghosts, in naked human form, emerge from the crusty ground. They surround Jack.

Jack runs past them.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT**

Jack emerges from the back of the Old Ghosts. He hastily removes the furniture from the door. He enters into the--

**DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY / FOYER**

Dark. Quiet. Jack looks up at the staircase.

JACK  
Nicole!? Dawn!? Michael!?

Jack storms up the staircase.

**STAIRCASE**

Jack reaches the top of the steps. A loud HISSING noise behind him. Jack turns, looks down at the foyer.

Sat on the floor of the foyer, looking up at him, is a hideous, naked OLD GHOST WOMAN.

OLD GHOST WOMAN  
You disgusting vile pig.

Jack tries to turn away-- his feet are stuck on the step. Jack lifts his foot but it's glued to the step by strong strands of ooze.

OLD GHOST WOMAN  
Everyone's dead, Jack. Your whole family are burning in hell, and it's all your fault.

Old Ghost Woman's size has grown. Obese.

OLD GHOST WOMAN

It wouldn't stop you though, would it? It wouldn't stop you fucking your daughter one last time.

Jack tries to free his foot with his hand. Not happening.

OLD GHOST WOMAN

Fucking your dead daughter's pussy one last time? I bet you'd love to fuck that tight, teenage pussy one last time.

Old Ghost Woman's obesity has expanded. Her entire frame fills the foyer... and she's still growing!

OLD GHOST WOMAN

Your dead daughters cunt. Fuck it, Jack. Fuck your baby's cunt before she's buried in the pits of hell.

Old Ghost Woman explodes! Fat splurges from the foyer, coating Jack in huge chunks of sick grease and bile.

FLASHBACK

**INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY**

Jack crouches besides Alicia. He gropes her thigh. Alicia bolts from her chair, storms out of the classroom.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - DAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Jack feels Dawn under her bed covers. Realization hits him. He removes his hand, disgusted at himself.

He takes the red nightie and leaves the room, shocked.

END FLASHBACK

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Jack snaps out of his daze. Checks himself over. No slime. He's fine. He looks down at the staircase. Completely normal.

A menacing, taunting ghostly laugh CACKLES.

Jack hears movement, unclear voices above him. The attic.

Jack darts to the attic. The hatch is closed. Light flickers between its edges.

**FLASHBACK**

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

Jack roams aimlessly, as if in a trance. He stops, looks down curiously at something on the ground.

He picks up a dead rat and a dead rabbit.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Jack, obsessed, fixes shelves to the walls. Scratches the Aeron symbol on wooden beams with a penknife. Hangs dead animals from ceiling hooks.

END FLASHBACK

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Jack grabs the ladder from the floor, props it against the wall. He steps up the ladder towards the attic hatch.

A loud ROAR -- Jack turns behind.

Alan runs towards him, stabs a knife into Jack's calf.

Jack yells in pain, falls from the ladder to the floor.

**ATTIC**

Elizabeth and Briday hear Jack and Alan below. They share an anxious look.

Elizabeth holds Michael's head firm in her hands, forces his mouth open.

Briday pours blood from the skull down his throat. Briday and Elizabeth chant the Order Of Aeron hymn.

NICOLE

Don't swallow it, Michael!

Michael has no choice, the gunk slides down his throat. Briday removes the skull from Michael's mouth. He vomits.

Briday and Elizabeth move towards Dawn.

Nicole tries to free her hands. Behind the beam, her ropes hit splintered wood. Nicole rubs her binds against it.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Alan lunges at Jack, knife poised to strike. Jack grabs the ladder, swipes it in more hope than anything, but it hits Alan, knocking the knife from his hand and onto the floor.

Adrenaline kicking in, Jack scrambles off the floor and attacks Alan, bundling him up against the wall.

Jack headbutts Alan, viciously forcing his head to smack back against the wall with a vile CRACK. Alan sinks to his knees.

Jack picks up the knife. He sets the ladder, about to climb into the attic--

Alan runs at Jack. Jack turns, instinctively thrusts the knife out. The blade connects with Alan's throat.

Alan sinks to the floor, dead.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Jack climbs the ladder. He opens the attic hatch just a little. He peers inside.

He sees Nicole, Dawn and Michael tied to the beams. Nicole looks down at the hatch.

NICOLE

Jack, don't come in, they're...

A knife slices through the hatch, the blade misses Jack's head by inches.

Jack angrily pushes the hatch upwards, adrenaline driving him inside the attic.

#### **ATTIC**

Jack invades the attic, pushes the knife-embedded hatch against Briday. Briday falls to the floor, overpowered.

Jack's stunned by the sight of the ceremony in hand.

Elizabeth stands over Dawn, rushing her Order Of Aeron hymn words, forcing Dawn to drink from the skull.

Dawn turns her head, spits the blood out.

Jack runs towards Elizabeth, punches her face, knocking her flat on the floor.

Jack unties Nicole, a large wooden splinter breaks off onto the floor.

NICOLE

Oh, Jack. Thank God.

Nicole and Jack untie Michael and Dawn. The Porters share a group hug. Unified.

JACK

It's over. It's finally over.

Behind them, Briday rises.

Briday attacks with her knife, screams wildly.

Nicole pushes Jack aside just as Briday's about to strike.

She grabs the splinter shard, stabs Briday in her throat.

Briday collapses, blood spewing from her mouth.

Jack covers Michael and Dawn's eyes, turns them away from the gruesome sight.

JACK

Let's get outta here.

DAWN

What about the ghosts?

NICOLE

They can't hurt the living. They just envy us.

MICHAEL

Are you sure?

JACK

I'm gonna make sure.

Jack scans the attic. A horrific museum of death catered for the Aeron cult. He's angered he created it.

He punches the wooden beam, covered in symbols of Aeron, releasing his anguish.

Jack tears down the hanging dead animals, disgusted. He stares at Paul's dead body. Anger. Sadness.

Jack drops to his knees in pain.

NICOLE

Jack?

JACK

Get out... Get out now...

Nicole hurries Michael and Dawn toward the attic hatch. They descend the ladder.

Last to leave, Nicole looks up at Jack.

NICOLE

Come on, what are you doing?

Jack turns to her. His eyes, face, bulge -- something unnatural, something evil, monstrous deep within.

JACK  
GET OUT NOW.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Nicole helps Michael and Dawn through the back door window. She follows.

They dart into the garden, far away from the house.

Nicole looks at the house, scared, worried about Jack. It's quiet, dark, lonely. As if nothing is happening inside.

NICOLE  
Look after your brother.

DAWN  
You're not going back in there.

NICOLE  
I have to.

DAWN  
Mum...

Nicole runs to the back door of the house. The broken window is rebuilt in BONE.

Nicole tries the windows. BONE smashes the glass, rebuilding the pane, making the house impenetrable.

**INT. PORTER HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT**

Jack's slumped on his knees, weak, frail.

Elizabeth's huddled in a corner of the room. She dangles a pendant over a symbol of Aeron engraved into the floor.

ELIZABETH  
Comfort me in my time of pain, use  
my body as you wish.

She drinks the remains from the skull, thrusts a knife inside her gut. Blood spills over the symbol.

Elizabeth's blood sinks inside the symbol, as if the pentagram were absorbing her very soul.

Jack watches, horrified.

Elizabeth's body shrivels, dissolves into a mass of liquid. The slime disappears inside the symbol.

Beams throb, as if pulsating veins re-energized by a new source of life. The floor pounds up and down. Dust falls from the ceiling as the attic pulsates like a heartbeat.

Jack tries to get to his feet. He crumbles to his knees.

Ghosts rise from the floor. The whole Aeron clan gathered...

The Dark Shape emerges in front of Jack. Smirks.

DARK SHAPE

I'll always be with you, Jack. I  
am you, you are me. Accept it.

The Ghosts grow larger in number, gathering for a celebration. As the numbers grow, Jack weakens.

Jack pushes a candle onto the floor... the flame hits exposed blanket insulation. Fire spreads across the room.

The Ghosts back away, terrified of the flames. They disappear, engulfed by the fire.

The Dark Shape looks at Jack, horrified, as the flames burn the attic.

JACK

I'll see you in Hell.

Jack smiles before he too is engulfed in the fire.

**EXT. PORTER HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

Nicole, Dawn and Michael stand back, tears in their eyes.

Upstairs windows smash. Smoke bellows. Flames flicker.

Nicole turns Dawn and Michael away from the sight.

SIRENS blare in the distance.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. NICOLE'S NEW HOUSE - DAY**

Sunshine glorifies a pleasant house. Beautiful garden.

A removal van parked outside. REMOVAL MEN take furniture from the back of the van into the house.

Removal Men pass by Dawn, sat on the doorstep. She fiddles with a wrist bracelet, mind occupied by deep thoughts.

**INT. NICOLE'S NEW HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY**

Removal Men pass through the house.

Nicole nods politely to the Removal Men as she talks on her mobile phone. It's a strain to even smile.

NICOLE

It's gonna take time. Everything's  
a struggle, it's difficult to--

Nicole steadies herself, heaves. She take a deep breath to prevent herself crying. Again.

NICOLE

Sorry, I'm still here, Mum...  
Dawn's doing OK, considering...  
Michael's coping the best out of  
all of us...

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

Sun-kissed hay ripples from a gentle gust of wind. A shadowy grove of trees in the distance.

**GROVE OF TREES**

Michael sits underneath a tree, shaded in darkness.

He's staring at something opposite him, fascinated. He cocks his head to the side, smiles curiously.

NICOLE (V.O.)

He's quiet, but he likes to go out  
for walks. I think it helps him  
clear his head.

Opposite Michael, placed on a mound, sits the charred, decapitated head of BULLY#1.

Michael smiles menacingly. The Mark Of Aeron emerges on his wrist.

**CUT TO BLACK.**