

**HOUSE OF FLIES**

Written By:

Shane Allen Yount

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INT. (MONTAGE)

Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" PLAYS AGAINST MONDO FOOTAGE of a group of COLLEGE STUDENTS tripping on LSD in a room. The following shots are CLOSE and TEASING:

-- A BRUNETTE convulses on the floor, vomiting all over herself.

-- TWO NAKED GIRLS make out nearby, violent and passionate.

-- A BLONDE rips off her blouse with a pair of scissors, LAUGHING MANIACALLY as she STABS her NAKED BOYFRIEND in the face with a pair of scissors.

-- MORE ANGLES on the bloody aftermath as the blonde continues stabbing her dead boyfriend. Nearby, a REDHEAD LAUGHS and SCRATCHES the skin off her own face.

-- WOMAN'S HAND slides into a LONG WHITE GLOVE with NUMEROUS SWORDS imbedded into it.

-- A PROFESSOR records all of this footage on site as it happens with a handheld. Her lens gets SPLATTERED with blood. She smiles.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

MUSIC DROPS to RAIN and THUNDER. CAMERA RACKS INTO FOCUS on a HIGH PANORAMA of a dense forest in the middle of a storm, eerily illuminated by flashes of lightning.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN and ZOOMS SWIFTLY into the trees-

VIVIAN, a tough blonde of eighteen in a rain-soaked night, runs towards us, ducking behind a massive trunk. She's hiding from someone.

A subliminal COLLAGE of SIGHTS and SOUNDS. Distant maniacal LAUGHTER. Figures in BLACK ROBES disappear and reappear amongst the trees.

Another SOUND, closer--the distinct SCRAPE of metal. It sets Vivian on edge. She notices something warm and red--BLOOD.

Vivian desperately searches herself--no cuts. Then to her horror, in the white of lightning, she sees that the TREE IS BLEEDING. Another metallic SCRAPE sends Vivian running--

Vivian darts towards a small clearing with a well and hides behind it, claspng her mouth shut. Dreadful anticipation.

The BLACK ROBES are in DROVES, an army of cloaked phantoms with odd pointed hoods, drawing ever closer.

Closer.

Vivian cowers as shadows loom around her. She VAULTS and SCREAMS at--

Nothing but trees and rain. They're inexplicably GONE.

CAMERA CIRCLES until Vivian's staring into our eyes, her gaze unwavering. She is soaked through, her legs caked with mud. Then a BANSHEE SCREAM, terrible and inhuman, and Vivian sprints further into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Vivian's figure makes a mad dash through throngs of trees and brush and arrives at a decrepit HOUSE. No one's been there for years but Vivian is soon UPON the FRONT DOOR--

She CLAWS and HAMMERS at it, a panicked mess of SCREAMS. She makes for a nearby window, kneeling down to pick up a large ROCK. And at that precise moment the lightning flashes just so that she sees it--

A horrific-looking forest SPRITE with red eyes, stag antlers, and the face of a bird approaches in the distance, its impossibly long arms extended. And at the end of all ten fingers, massive swords--terrible metal hands, the stuff of nightmares. The sword fingers SCRAPE against one another and CUT into more BLEEDING TREES.

The Thing draws frightfully close--

With every flash of lightning it leaps towards us in bounds--

Vivian goes to jelly in her horror, struggling for the ROCK at her feet but the Sprite is already UPON HER--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/VIVIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vivian wakes with a SCREAM, eyes darting about the dark room. It's raining outside. Someone KNOCKS at her door.

CAROL: (O.S.)  
Viv? Everything alright?

CAROL, thirty, pokes her head in the door. Vivian stretches and YAWNS.

VIVIAN:  
Nightmare.

The older blonde, still pretty in her sleepy state and with bed hair, steps into the room.

CAROL:  
You're kidding. Another one? That makes ten this month alone.

VIVIAN:  
Twelve, actually.

Carol gives her sister a one-over.

CAROL:  
I didn't know things had gotten this bad.

VIVIAN:  
I'm sorry.

Carol motions with her head.

Vivian looks down and sees the unmistakable red of BLOOD on her nightie and bedsheets. She feels all over her body, fingers searching for a scratch, anything.

BEN. (O.S.)  
Carol?

CAROL:  
Just a second.  
(softly, to Vivian)  
How do you explain the blood?

VIVIAN:  
I don't...

CAROL:  
Accidents happen. I've been there. It's not such a big deal, really.

Carol disappears out the door--

BEN: (O.S.)  
Are you coming back to bed, or  
what?

CAROL: (O.S.)  
I said "just a second," Ben.

She reappears with clean change of sheets--

VIVIAN:  
Thanks.

CAROL:  
Need help?

VIVIAN:  
I'll get it. Don't wanna keep your  
hubby waiting anymore.

Carol rolls her eyes and dumps the sheets on a chair and  
pauses in the doorway.

CAROL:  
I'm down the hall if you need  
anything. And Vivian--

VIVIAN:  
Yes?

CAROL:  
Do your big sis a favor and go see  
Dr. Campbell tomorrow.

VIVIAN:  
I have class--

CAROL:  
Not anymore. Something came up.  
Now please try and get some sleep.  
Good night, Viv. I love you.

VIVIAN:  
I love you, too.

Carol is out the door and Vivian is alone in her room,  
clearly and deeply disturbed, as she clutches her gown in her  
hands, her face as white as a ghost.

IN ON a HOUSEFLY on the windowpane.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: HOUSE OF FLIES

THE MAIN THEME PLAYS AS CREDIT ROLLS OVER A COLLAGE OF GRAINY BLACK-AND-WHITE MONDO FOOTAGE--SEXUAL DEVIANCE AND VISCERAL CARNAGE--MERCIFULLY BRIEF SHOTS OF FIRE, RITUALS, NAKED WOMEN, FARM ANIMALS, AND BIZARRE RITUALS THAT LEAVE MUCH TO THE IMAGINATION.

EXT. RESEARCH BUILDING - DAY

FADE UP ON SHOT OF a large research building, several stories high. Vivian climbs out of a white convertible with music BLARING, leaving behind her best friend, MAYA, and the owner of the car, REID.

In the BACKGROUND a BLACK ROBE watches from a grove of trees--

Vivian FREEZES, staring back--

ANGLE FAVORING MAYA. She's a pretty African American with a natural easy-going coolness about her. Reid, a good-natured youth, handsome in a scruffy kind of way, notices Vivian staring at something.

REID:

Viv?  
(whistle)  
Yo, Earth to Viv?

MAYA:

Hey. Vivian.

Vivian SNAPS out of her trance--

VIVIAN:

Do you see that?

MAYA:

See what?

Vivian POINTS but the Black Robe is gone.

VIVIAN:

No way. How did they do that?  
They were right there.

REID:

Well, they're gone now.

MAYA:

What did you see? Was someone  
standing over there?

VIVIAN:

No. I guess not. I must have  
imagined it.

MAYA:

Are you sure you're gonna be okay?  
I can come with--

VIVIAN:

Geez, Maya. You make it sound like  
it's my first time. I'll meet you  
guys back here in an hour.

Vivian disappears into the building.

REID:

Is it just me, or did Viv seem a  
little, well, different?

MAYA:

No, I felt it, too. There's  
something she's not telling us.  
I'm worried about her.

INT. RESEARCH BUILDING/WAITING ROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON Vivian as she fidgets in her seat in a near vacant  
waiting room, thumbing through the latest issue Marie Claire.  
We finally get a thorough look at her. She is strikingly  
pretty, with an unmistakable strength, her tousled blonde  
locks forming a long mane around her stoic face. A  
RECEPTIONIST, dowdy and overweight, SMACKS on her gum loudly.

ON A CREEPY OLD LADY with a maw of yellow, rotted teeth and  
tattered clothes sitting across the way, STARING DAGGERS  
through Vivian, SNICKERING and TAPPING her withered fingers  
on a nearby table. Vivian avoids eye contact, pretending to  
stay focused on the magazine in her shaky hands. But the old  
lady's gaze is long and unforgiving--

OLD LADY:

They're gonna get you.

Then a DOOR OPENS and DR. HELEN CAMPBELL, 40, graceful and  
collected, her long hair held up in a messy bun, appears--

HELEN:

Vivian.

Vivian looks up. The old lady is gone.

INT. RESEARCH BUILDING/HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Helen calmly watches Vivian from across the a room subdued in color, with only a few pieces of furniture and a handful of paintings for decor. She holds a clipboard in hand with a pen at the ready. Vivian seems absent-minded, staring out the window.

WIDER, ON WINDOW, REVEALING a panoramic view of a large college town in the American Northwest, its skyline framed with forests and mountains in the far off distance.

VIVIAN:

I had another nightmare last night.

HELEN:

They're becoming much more frequent lately, aren't they?

A pause.

VIVIAN:

Yes. But this one was...different.

Helen coolly adjusts her glasses, her interest mildly piqued.

HELEN:

How so?

VIVIAN:

It was...scarier.

HELEN:

I'm listening.

NOTE:

INTERCUTS with Vivian and Helen in the office with ALTERNATE SHOTS of the nightmare as she describes it.

VIVIAN:

I was in a forest at night and it was raining. And there were these weird people in long black robes chasing me. I tried to hide but all I could do was keep running. And then I found a house--the same one from all my other bad dreams--and just like in all my other bad dreams, I can't get in. But then I saw it--

HELEN:

It?

VIVIAN:

The monster. It must have been at least eight feet tall. It had had the head of a bird, antlers, and these really long arms that went out to here with these...huge, wicked-looking swords for fingers on both of its hands.

HELEN:

Go on.

VIVIAN:

I was paralyzed with fear when I first saw it. Every time it scratched a tree, the tree would bleed. And then before I knew it, it was on top of me with those giant, horrific sword hands--

END INTERCUTS.

HELEN:

And then what happened?

VIVIAN:

I woke up screaming.

HELEN:

Were you able to get back to sleep last night after that?

VIVIAN:

Not really, no. Not restful sleep, anyhow. I've felt really uneasy since I woke up. Dr. Campbell?

HELEN:

Yes?

VIVIAN:

I know this is gonna sound strange, but is it possible for things from the dream world to bleed out into the real world?

HELEN:

Like what, for instance?

VIVIAN:

Like...well...blood.

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - LATER

IN ON A SIZZLING HOT PEPPERONI PIZZA as a WAITRESS delivers it to the table in a lively local pizza restaurant.

WAITRESS:  
Be careful, it's hot.

CHEERS all 'round. WIDE ANGLE ON THE TABLE. Those present are Vivian, Reid, Maya, in addition to ELEANOR, an equally beautiful, stylish, and bitchy Asian American of nineteen; as well as ROXY, a twenty-one year-old rocker-type chick still stuck in the 1980s, for better or worse, with long bone straight locks of platinum hair. They all dig in--

ROXY:  
Fuck diets.

ELEANOR:  
You might wanna rethink that.

A round of LAUGHS--

ANGLE ON VIVIAN, she's only half-amused, clearly thinking, worried about something. She's physically present, but mentally, she's miles away. Reid notices this and brushes her hair, a SOFT SMILE.

REID:  
Are you okay?

Vivian nods a lie.

MAYA:  
Why did you need to see your psychiatrist today, anyway? I thought your next appointment wasn't until--

A LOUD SCATTERING OF BOOKS AS a backpack full of TEXTS SPILLS onto the table--

WIDER ANGLE ON BRIDGET, a book-smart brunette with a smart mouth and a trendy pair of frames, exposing the worst part of her semester, more than happy to let her less intellectual friends in on her suffering.

BRIDGET:  
I hate school. Hate, no--no, hate's not strong enough. Loathe? Despise? Not close, it doesn't quite scratch the surface. Getting closer, hold up--

Eleanor smirks coldly.

ELEANOR:  
Matches my exact sentiments for  
you, love.

BRIDGET:  
Eat it. Anatomy's killing me!

ROXY:  
Why in the hell would anyone take  
six, I repeat, SIX, classes a  
semester, anyway?

Bridget FLIPS OFF her friends with both hands numerous times  
as if they were dual revolvers before SNATCHING a slice of  
pizza.

REID:  
Hey! Who gave you the invite,  
anyhow? I paid for this shit.

ELEANOR:  
Yeah, Bridget. You heard the man.  
Keep your paws off.

BRIDGET:  
Suck my tits.

ROXY:  
Gladly!

Roxy BOWLS OVER a glass of soda in her eager efforts to  
MOTORBOAT BRIDGET, much to the delight of SURROUNDING  
PATRONS.

BRIDGET:  
That was tasteless. Utterly  
tasteless and tacky, at that.

ROXY:  
You liked it.

ELEANOR:  
Don't let the hipster glasses or  
the messy haircut fool you; she's  
smarter than she looks.

Maya and Roxy SNICKER--

ANGLE ON Vivian, her gaze focused OUT THE WINDOW--

ON WINDOW: Pitch black, hardly even the parking lot itself  
much less the traffic on the nearby street can be seen, when--

REID:  
 (softly, to Vivian)  
 What's up with you, anyway?

VIVIAN:  
 I'm okay.

ANGLE ON Maya, listening in--

REID:  
 Bullshit.

VIVIAN:  
 Look, now's not the time or the  
 place--

MAYA:  
 Vivian--

ELEANOR:  
 What's going on?

Now it's everyone's business.

ON VIVIAN--

VIVIAN:  
 My nightmares have been getting  
 worse.

BRIDGET:  
 And here I was thinking it was  
 something serious. Who cares? We  
 all have nightmares.

MAYA:  
 Hey, Bridget, who asked you?

BRIDGET:  
 Easy, Gayle. I didn't mean Oprah  
 any offense.

Reid HOLDS UP his hands in absolute EXASPERATION; the only  
 man in the group, he is amazed at the immaturity of these  
 college-aged women--

REID:  
 Look, that's enough. Now, I'm fine  
 if you ladies wanna tear each  
 other's throats out or duel to the  
 death--just make sure that you do  
 it naked and either me or Roxy is  
 included. Preferably me.

MAYA:  
Naturally...

ROXY:  
Now we're talking.

ELEANOR:  
As if. Both of you fail to mention, Viv here could do LIGHT YEARS better than either one of you. I mean, not trying to be the cunt of the group, but--

BRIDGET:  
Oh, but Eleanor? You turn being the cunt of the group into an art form.

ELEANOR:  
Get laid.

BRIDGET:  
Get bent.

ROXY:  
It reeks of bitches in here. Just shut up and start kissing already.

ELEANOR:  
If it reeks, close your legs. God knows all the rank ass dykes and moldy hand-me-down dildos you shove up there.

VIVIAN:  
You guys are beyond insane.

MAYA:  
You're only now figuring this out? Hey, Viv, I was gonna ask you: are you joining a sorority this year?

BRIDGET:  
That's right. It's rush week. I'm so psyched.

ELEANOR:  
You can be psyched all you want, but you've got no chance in hell.

ROXY:  
Sorority girls are easy.

ELEANOR:  
You're easy.

ROXY:  
Absolutely.

REID:  
That makes two of us.

MAYA:  
Well? I mean, I know sororities  
aren't normally your thing and  
they're not necessarily mine  
either, but I think we should check  
it out tomorrow.

VIVIAN:  
I don't know.

ELEANOR:  
It's really not half as bad as  
you're probably thinking.

BRIDGET:  
At least sleep on it.

REID:  
A shit-load of free booze, drugs,  
and ass against a backdrop of  
drunken douchebags and wasted  
airheads with the music blasting?  
What's not to like.

MAYA:  
Who knows? You might actually  
enjoy it.

VIVIAN:  
I'll think about it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/VIVIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

FADE UP ON INSERT OF FLAT SCREEN.

An old horror movie, Dario Argento's Suspiria, plays. NEARLY  
NO SOUND from the set.

PULL BACK to REVEAL VIVIAN propped in bed, watching.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN. A YOUNG WOMAN approaches her pitch  
black bedroom window, convinced something is outside.

IN A PARALLEL to what is happening on her own TV, VIVIAN goes to her own window and THROWS IT OPEN, breathing in a cool GUST of night air.

EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE/VIVIAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HIGH ANGLE, AT SECOND STORY LEVEL. Vivian is looking out absently at the trees and streetlight. THEN SHE SPOTS IT--on the sidewalk, by a streetlight, illuminated by a HALO OF LIGHT, the BLACK ROBE looks up at her.

Then someone PITCHES UP through the WINDOW, just as the young woman on TV is similarly attacked--

Vivian SCREAMS, then stifles it, noticing REID PERCHED precariously over her windowsill.

REID:

I hate to seem presumptuous or anything, but can I come in?

VIVIAN:

Reid, for shit's sake, you scared me half to death.

She helps YANK him in, craning to ensure that neither her sister nor her brother-in-law has caught on. Instantly, REID is propped up on her bed, his arms folded behind his head.

Vivian hesitates, then smiles--

REID:

You know, I've been thinking about you.

Vivian plops down on the bed beside Reid.

VIVIAN:

What, about how quickly I've descended into sheer and utter insanity?

Reid smirks--

REID:

No. I've always known you were nuts.

Instantly, he realizes the gravity of what he says, backpedaling--

REID: (CONT'D)  
 Whoa. Sorry. Honestly, I'm not normally this much of an asshole.

Vivian catches his gaze.

VIVIAN:  
 Yeah, you are.

He feigns hurt.

VIVIAN: (CONT'D)  
 Don't be such a pussy.

REID:  
 To be fair, I alluded to the possibility that I may or may not be an "asshole." Not once did I ever utter the word--

VIVIAN:  
 Ugh, just shut the hell up and stick it in me, already.

And Vivian is quickly upon him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/VIVIAN'S ROOM - LATER

ANGLE ON Vivian cuddling against Reid's lightly hairy chest in bed basked by subtle moonlight, his arm around her small frame. It's quiet. The only noise are GUSTS OF WIND outside and the finale of the horror movie on TV.

REID:  
 I never really got the chance to make my point.

Vivian gives Reid a playful squeeze.

VIVIAN:  
 Yeah, you did.

He sits up a little. They make EYE CONTACT.

REID:  
 I'm serious.

VIVIAN:  
 Whatever. It's not like we're exclusive.

REID:  
What are you talking about?

Vivian goes cold and defensive, PULLING AWAY.

Reid shrugs, playing off his hurt the best he can.

REID: (CONT'D)  
Okay...Viv, look. I'm being completely and brutally honest when I say that you scared the shit outta me earlier. I never saw you so--

Vivian is about to BREAK--

VIVIAN:  
So what, exactly? Neurotic?  
Demented? Loose?

Reid GRABS her wrist, softly, pulls her closer towards him--

REID:  
So scared, is what I was getting at. Seeing you like that...I don't like it. It's just not you. And look, if you ever have anything you need to talk about, I'm your guy.

Vivian smiles absently, resting on Reid's chest again.

VIVIAN:  
I know.

REID:  
We used to talk. Why don't we talk anymore?

VIVIAN:  
Beats me...

ANGLE ON Reid. He's quietly exhausted with the situation, at a loss for words. Vivian notices this and softens, relenting with a HEAVY SIGH and taking his hand in hers.

VIVIAN: (CONT'D)  
Ugh, you win.

REID:  
I always do.

VIVIAN:  
What do you wanna know?

REID:  
Everything.

VIVIAN:  
It's a steady slope downhill, I guess. I dunno what you want me to say.

REID:  
You mean, since--

VIVIAN:  
Since my parents died? Yeah, absolutely. I get it--I'm eighteen, in college, time to grow a pair, you know?

REID:  
Well, I'd rather you not.

Vivian fights it but can't help but smile.

REID: (CONT'D)  
No way, what--is that? No, I must be dreaming.

VIVIAN:  
Piss off. Anyway, where was I...

REID:  
Anywhere you wanna be. You've been troubled lately. I've known you since 5th-fucking-grade, Viv. You'll always be part of me. And not to sound chauvinistic or sexist or dated, but chicks can be catty. There's some things you can't tell your other friends, so--

VIVIAN:  
Ha. You just want more pussy.

REID:  
Get serious!

Vivian SIGHS, but gives in, despite how clearly aggrieved and uncomfortable she is with the situation.

VIVIAN:  
The nightmares aren't changing or getting better or going away or any of that nonsense.

REID:  
But your sister--

VIVIAN:  
Yeah, Carol set me up with some college friend of Ben's, some "brilliant psychiatrist." But even I'm too fucked up for her, all the supposed dream suppressants and anti-psychotics and experimental bullshit she hurls my way, there's no difference. It just numbs me to it a little and that's all I can ask for.

REID:  
You deserve better. You know, you need to get out of here. Get some space. Focus on your education. Focus on you.

The look on Vivian's face SAYS IT ALL. Reid is the last person she ever expected to be having this sort of conversation with.

VIVIAN:  
Don't even say it--

REID:  
I won't--

A beat.

REID: (CONT'D)  
It's rush week still and yeah, change is hard, it's scary, but it makes us grow. Whatever, it's your call. Just promise me that you'll give it some thought.

VIVIAN:  
I will. Anyway, it's late. I adore you but--

REID:  
You're kicking me out?

VIVIAN:  
I'm kicking you out.

REID:  
But you adore me?

VIVIAN:  
Yes, despite my better judgment.

Vivian KISSES him and he BLUSHES. Then she eases him out of her bed.

REID:  
We'll be at the studio until 4:00 tomorrow. I'll hit you up then.

VIVIAN:  
You better.

REID:  
Hey, you can count on me. Alright, I'm out like a roach.

And then Reid disappears out the window, but Vivian pokes her head out of it and KISSES him--

VIVIAN:  
Speaking of, you owe me tomorrow after rehearsal! I really need to get high. More so than ever, maybe.

As he descends the WOOD LATTICE down to the front yard--

REID: (O.S.)  
Anything you want. Just think about what I said.

VIVIAN:  
Hey, you can count on me.

Vivian shuts the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A black sedan enters the driveway of a typical suburban home-- two stories, with a lush front yard nice neighborhood.

WE ENTER THE CAR and see Helen is driving and FOLLOW AS:

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE/GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Helen Campbell enters her garage and PRESSES the door SHUT behind her via her KEYCHAIN REMOTE.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - LATER

Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit" plays on a record player against the backdrop of a shower.

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

WE SEE A REFLECTION of Helen's beautiful form in the GLASS SHOWER DOOR as she cleans herself.

Moments later, Helen exits the shower and dons a towel around her hair, still fully nude as we FOLLOW HER--

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back into her bedroom, where she dons a seductive robe from a dresser and gives herself a quick one-over in the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - LATER

IN ON Helen eating a dinner of leftover Chinese takeout with half a glass of red wine while watching a JEWELRY SHOW on a HOME SHOPPING NETWORK in her quaint kitchen.

Helen tosses the leftovers and leaves the table and heads for the sink, AGAINST A WINDOW staring into an ABYSS OF PITCH BLACK as she washes her wine glass.

DEEP FOCUS ON THE DARK OF THE WINDOW when suddenly--

Blondie's "Heart of Glass" starts SKIPPING upstairs--

HELEN:

The hell?

WE FOLLOW Helen through her house, mercifully slow and tactful, anticipating that anything can happen as--

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Helen heads right for the record player without a second thought and UNPLUGS it entirely.

HELEN:

Get a grip, Helen.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - LATER

IN ON Helen finishing up the remaining dishes in her sink from that week--

HELEN:  
Well, that only took all night.

As she washes her hands--

FOCUS ON the pitch black of the window. SOMETHING seems to be MOVING out there. Helen is intrigued, pressing her face up closer to the glass--

HELEN: (CONT'D)  
What is that?

BUT NOTHING HAPPENS.

ON Helen's bewildered expression. Something is most definitely outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELEN'S HOUSE/BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

ON the massive BUTCHER'S KNIFE in Helen's hand as she shakily guides the narrow BEAM OF LIGHT from her flashlight across the pitch black density of her lush yard.

HELEN:  
Who's out here? I've got a knife,  
do you hear me? You'd better leave  
if you don't want anything cut off.

WE FOLLOW THE BEAM as it bounces on TREES, THE BIRD FEED, and the GARDEN SHED.

But again--nothing happens.

ON Helen's expression--even more confused than before.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WIDE ANGLE ON Helen's bedroom. NUMEROUS PATIENTS' FOLDERS are strewn across her bed and she lays against her headboard, thumbing through the contents of one in particular.

We see that the folder belongs to Vivian.

IN ON Helen's notes about her patient, ranging from such things as "recurring nightmare," "past trauma," "neurotic," "paranoid," "borderline sociopathic," "psychological damage," etc. as well as a list of various medications.

Suddenly something SCRATCHES Helen's bedroom window.

She goes over to investigate, surprised at FIVE CLAW MARKS in the glass.

HELEN:  
What the hell?

She touches it, DRAWS BLOOD--nicked herself. As she sucks on her new cut and peers outside but it's pitch black--impossible to see anything. She opens it and leans outside--

WHEN GLASS BREAKS DOWNSTAIRS--

We follow Helen as she creeps to her door, opening it--

WIDE ANGLE on the stairwell as Helen peers down, craning her neck to see what's going on downstairs when a figure in a BLACK ROBE dashes into dark obscurity elsewhere in the house, instantly followed by a second BLACK ROBE. Then the sound of more GLASS BREAKING from somewhere nearby. Before Helen can even register what is happening, a third BLACK ROBE BURSTS from the shadows, DARTING up the stairs for her. She hurries back to her bedroom, slamming and locking the door shut.

She goes for her phone just as her attacker starts to BANG the door relentlessly. In seconds, a DAGGER begins HACKING through the door and Helen ditches the phone, making a beeline for the open window. As she quickly wriggles out, halfway through--

Helen SCREAMS as the window is SLAMMED SHUT on her BACK by a BLACK ROBE hiding in her room! She CLAWS at the window, pure panic mode, a trapped animal. Then the window is opened and SLAMMED SHUT on again and again, mercilessly, until she can no longer move. Helen is DRAGGED further in through the window, only to have the window SLAMMED SHUT on her hands, breaking them--

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW FROM OUTSIDE as Helen has her face SMASHED through the GLASS! A bloody mess, only half-alive, Helen struggles against her assailants as they FORCE her neck closer to the EXPOSED JAGGED GLASS, like a row of teeth on the bottom of the windowsill--

She has her neck SHOVED against the GLASS SHARDS until her head is severed and drops into obscurity below--

ANGLE ON THE HOUSE DIRECTLY NEXT DOOR, in a mirroring window, a WOMAN, 40, watches in horror.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT - EXACT

A Black Robe STARES directly at her from the shattered window, and suddenly GLASS SHATTERS from somewhere downstairs in the woman's home. She makes a mad dash for the door when her daughter, 17, leaves her own room groggy-eyed.

DAUGHTER:  
Mom, WHAT is going on?

WOMAN:  
Get in your room and lock the door!  
Call the police!

DAUGHTER?  
WHAT?

WOMAN:  
Just do as I say! Now!

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE/SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT - EXACT

WE FOLLOW as the daughter follows order, locking her door behind her and grabs her phone. MORE GLASS SHATTERS from elsewhere in the house and the ELECTRICITY GOES OFF, blanketing everything in darkness--

The daughter hears her mother SCREAM somewhere downstairs--

DAUGHTER:  
Mom?

The daughter leaves her room, creeping towards the stairwell, total blackness. The silence speaks volumes and it can be heard in her voice when she utters a pitiful cry--

WOMAN: (O.C.)  
Get out...

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT - EXACT

IN ON the kitchen of the house, where the woman is cornered by two Black Robes.

DAUGHTER: (O.C.)  
What the hell is going ON?!

WOMAN:

Get out of the house, now! PLEASE!

ANGLE ON what's going on in the kitchen from the daughter's hampered view; a trio of muddled shapes--

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - EXACT

WE FOLLOW as the daughter hurries for the front door, fumbles with the locks, and THROWS the door open, only to be--

YANKED BACK into the house by a Black Robe and HURLED into a glass coffee table, sending thousands of tiny shards all over the floor--

A Black Robe PINS the daughter's right hand to the floor with a dagger. A second does the same with her left.

The woman can only watch from the kitchen in anguish, held by Black Robes, SCREAMING like a wild animal as--

A third Black Robe saws off her daughter's right arm at the elbow with a dagger. And then the left.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - EXACT

IN ON the flame of a gas burner as the stove turns on. The woman is beside herself as a Black Robe drags her to the stove, another with a dagger drawn close. All she can do is SCREAM and struggle, only to have a--

HAND STABBED to the counter with a dagger. Then her face is SHOVED ever close to the flame--

IN ON her face as it is slowly burned off completely.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

IN ON the same rainy forest at night from the beginning. Vivian SETS OFF running with the BLACK ROBES in hot pursuit--

She dashes right through the clearing in the well--

BEHIND HER, the shadow of the Sprite, its massive arms drawn out to both sides, is in hot pursuit--

A horrific, alien CRY pierces the woods--

WE FOLLOW Vivian as she makes for the same familiar house from her dreams in the distance, leaping over and under logs and branches, trekking through a handful of puddles and creeks, until finally--

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Vivian SLAMS into the front door of the house, then averts herself. The Sprite and its Black Robes are too close and she runs right for the nearest window and SMASHES THROUGH--

CUT TO:

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/VIVIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

IN ON Vivian's eyes fluttering open.

WIDE ANGLE on her in her bed. Her bedroom window is SMASHED OPEN, glass all over the floor--

VIVIAN:  
Goddammit.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

IN ON an indie rock band playing a loud grunge-inspired instrumental track in a small room at a modest recording studio. Reid is on drums, Roxy on lead guitar, and NORMA, 25, a sexy alternative redhead chick, is on bass.

The door OPENS and in comes MICKEY, 30, with some bags full of fast food breakfast from McDonald's. The music STOPS. Everyone goes for their food.

REID:  
Only an hour late today. That's an improvement, I guess.

ROXY:  
Mickey...you shouldn't have.

NORMA:  
Big spender.

MICKEY:  
Hey, fuck you, Norma. Thanks for the warm welcome, guys. Catch the news this morning?

NORMA:

And feed into the corporate monster rather than focus on the big picture? Not likely.

ROXY:

Easy, girl.

REID:

Something happen?

MICKEY:

You could say that. They found some bodies butchered last night. Like, some crazy gang or cult shit, brutal stuff.

ROXY:

Lovely.

NORMA:

And this is why you were late? 'Cause you were cutting some people up last night?

MICKEY:

Not me! I'm a lover, not a fighter.

ROXY:

Well, you're half-right. Anyway, ten minutes and back to practice. Sounds like shit with a missing guitarist. Not pointing any fingers or anything.

REID:

You? Never.

Then Reid's phone RINGS and he looks at it--

ROXY:

Your other half?

Reid rolls his eyes and brings the phone to his ear--

REID:

Viv? What's up?

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSIC STUDIO/DAY

Vivian and Reid are sitting on the grass, leaning against a large tree outside the music studio sharing a joint.

VIVIAN:

So, I guess that's it. My mind's made up. Assuming I can actually find a sorority willing to put up with my neurotic bullshit, anyway.

REID:

We've all got things we're working on. You've been through a lot.

VIVIAN:

Everyone's been through a lot. I just keep making excuses for myself to not succeed in life.

REID:

Stop being so hard on yourself.

VIVIAN:

Hmph. That's your job, huh?

REID:

Yeah. How'd you sleep?

VIVIAN:

Better.

REID:

No nightmares?

VIVIAN:

Well, I didn't say that. You hear about those murders?

REID:

Mickey mentioned it.

VIVIAN:

Crazy. Like, it happened not even ten minutes away from my house.

REID:

Then it's a good thing you'll be moving into some random posh sorority house with a bunch of cultured rich girls with a bunch of fascinating and enlightening things to say, I guess.

VIVIAN:  
Let's not get too far ahead of  
ourselves. Or cynical.

Then Roxy approaches--

ROXY:  
Reid, goddammit. I said ten  
minutes.

REID:  
Chill out and take a hit of this,  
will you?

He hands her the joint--

She takes a hit--

ROXY:  
First Mickey and now you. For  
shit's sake, you can't rely on a  
man for anything. I'm glad I'm a  
lesbian.

Reid reaches for the joint--

REID:  
That makes two of us.

But Roxy takes another long drag on it--

ROXY:  
Honestly, completely useless. Oh,  
hi, Viv.

VIVIAN:  
Hi, Roxy.

Roxy returns the joint to Reid. He takes a hit and hands it  
to Vivian.

ROXY:  
Let's go.

REID:  
I guess I'm out.

ROXY:  
Damn right you are. Sorry, Viv.

VIVIAN:  
No harm done. Keep him in line.

ROXY:  
I always do.

And then they disappear, leaving Vivian alone to finish the joint by the trees.

IN THE BACKGROUND, a Black Robe appears from behind a tree, watching her.

Vivian notices this and closes her eyes, opens them--but the Black Robe is still there. Vivian puts out the joint and stands up, but the Black Robe is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE/LIBRARY - LATER

IN ON a large college library. It is exceptionally quiet and nearly vacant. Vivian and Bridget are seated at a table with mass of textbooks about an array of subjects are sprawled across its surface. Bridget is flustered, trying to write notes from three different books at once, while Vivian remains fixated on a book of her own.

BRIDGET:  
This semester will be the death of me.

VIVIAN:  
That bad, huh?

BRIDGET:  
Worse, actually. What are you looking at?

IN ON the grizzly looking picture of a DEMON in Vivian's book, which she covers up.

VIVIAN:  
It's nothing. What's the worst nightmare you've ever had?

BRIDGET:  
I'm living it. I didn't get into Yale and I'll never hear the end of it. You?

VIVIAN:  
Well--

Then Eleanor APPEARS, rudely knocking down some of Bridget's books to make way extra room for her handbag.

BRIDGET:  
Ugh. Bitch.

She picks up her things.

ELEANOR:  
What are you losers up to?

VIVIAN:  
I was asking Bridget about  
nightmares.

ELEANOR:  
Seems about right.

BRIDGET:  
Hey, bite me.

VIVIAN:  
Did you know that in ancient  
Mesopotamia, Babylonians divided  
their dreams into "good" ones sent  
by gods and "bad" ones sent by  
demons?

ELEANOR:  
Uh-huh. Well, I for one certainly  
didn't know that. What about you,  
Bridget?

BRIDGET:  
Piss off, Eleanor. Go on, Viv.

VIVIAN:  
The ancient Egyptians believed that  
the gods themselves appeared in  
dreams. They thought dreams were  
caused by real things unable to be  
interpreted by the conscious mind  
and differentiated between three  
main types: those in which a god  
would command some pious act, those  
that contain warnings, and those  
that came about through ritual.

ELEANOR:  
Fascinating. I guess you really do  
learn something new everyday.  
Thanks for the totally random and  
vaguely disturbing lesson in dreams  
in ancient culture.

BRIDGET:  
 God, you're by far the biggest  
 bitch I know.

ELEANOR:  
 Well, you don't know that many  
 people. Nice hair, by the way.

BRIDGET:  
 Eat me.

ELEANOR:  
 Hey, Viv, did you make up your mind  
 about attending rush tonight?  
 There's still a few houses with  
 spots left.

VIVIAN:  
 Yes, actually. I called Maya on  
 the way over here.

ELEANOR:  
 Great. Well, I guess I'll see you  
 whores on sorority row. Dress to  
 kill.

And then Eleanor is gone.

BRIDGET:  
 I hate her.

VIVIAN:  
 She's not so bad.

BRIDGET:  
 Compared to what?

CUT TO:

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - LATER

IN ON a picture of Carol and Vivian at the beach in a frame  
 on the wall; a memento from happier times. Carol smiles at  
 it, half a glass of white wine in her glass. She takes a sip  
 and touches the photograph, an absent smile on her lips.

CAROL:  
 We used to be close. Like real  
 sisters. Like an actual family.  
 What happened to us?

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - NIGHT

Reid, Roxy, Norma, and Mickey are finishing up a number. Everyone save for Roxy is clearly spent.

ROXY:  
Still sounds like shit. Let's try  
that again.

A round of GROANS--

MICKEY:  
Fuck that.

NORMA:  
Roxy, c'mon.

REID:  
Listen, I'm all for rock 'n roll  
and "follow the muse" and all that  
shit but get real--we already  
stayed two hours late.

NORMA:  
Three hours.

REID:  
Three hours. Let us go already,  
Lady Hitler. Have mercy on our  
pitiful souls.

MICKEY:  
We're tired.

ROXY:  
Fine, I can sense a mutiny about to  
break out in here. Fuck off, all  
of you.

Reid is out the door first.

REID:  
Peace!

WE FOLLOW as Reid leaves the room and heads down the hall, lined with sticker-laden walls and doors leading into mirroring rooms for bands to practice. A HODGEPODGE OF ROCK BLARES LOUDLY from all directions, different bands in the middle of rehearsal.

EXT. MUSIC STUDIO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reid heads for his car and as he prepares to get into it, notices a Black Robe watching him in the distance, and stops--

REID:

Hello?

But the Black Robe vanishes into the shadows. Reid watches in disbelief.

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

IN ON Vivian putting on makeup at a dresser in Maya's bedroom at her apartment. Crystal Coast's "Dead Girl" PLAYS off an iPad nearby. Maya enters the room from an adjoining bathroom in a slinky dress, a handkerchief tied around her neck. She starts to look for an appropriate pair of heels in her closet.

MAYA:

Does this go together?

VIVIAN:

Mmm. Let me see it with those.

MAYA:

Better?

VIVIAN:

Much.

MAYA:

So, we're gonna have fun tonight, right?

VIVIAN:

That's the plan.

MAYA:

I never got a chance to ask you about yesterday. How was your appointment with Dr. Campbell?

VIVIAN:

The same as always.

MAYA:

Everything cool? You seemed really out of it yesterday.

VIVIAN:

More than usual, you mean?

MAYA:

Well, yes. No offense.

VIVIAN:

None taken. I'm fine, really.

MAYA:

The most important thing is to have a good time. But just think, the two of us in the same sorority? Can you imagine?

VIVIAN:

Let's just see what happens.

MAYA:

Fingers crossed.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - NIGHT

IN ON Roxy storing her guitar in its case in her recording room at the music studio while Teenage Daydreams' "Fuck You" BLASTS in her ears from an iPod touch. She gathers her purse, puts on a jacket, and leaves.

WE FOLLOW as she shuts the door behind her and as she fumbles with the keys to lock it--

A DOOR further down the hall opens--

Roxy locks the door and turns, noticing the open door. She CUTS the music, puts the iPod in her purse, and approaches--

ROXY:

Hello?

WE FOLLOW as Roxy slowly nears the door and steps around it to REVEAL--

Nothing except a pitch black room. She strains to see into the darkness.

ROXY: (CONT'D)

Who's in there?

Roxy steps in and turns on the lights to REVEAL--

A BLACK ROBE standing in the middle of a blood-drenched room strewn with mutilated bodies and indiscernible gore, the aftermath of a MASSACRE--

The Black Robe ATTACKS and Roxy SCREAMS--

The chase is on. Roxy runs down a narrow corridor and turns a corner to a makeshift lounge, where A SECOND BLACK ROBE AMBUSHES HER--

A brief struggle and Roxy ROLLS over the back of a sofa and quickly recovers, BOLTING down another hall, her attackers in hot pursuit--

WE FOLLOW Roxy as she turns to the final stretch to the exit, where NORMA'S BODY IS PINNED TO THE DOOR WITH DAGGERS, THROAT SLIT, GUTS EXPOSED--

Roxy SCREAMS and a Black Robe KNOCKS HER to the floor. The other Black Robe stands overhead--

IN ON a dagger as it COMES DOWN--

INTO THE FLOOR as Roxy ROLLS out of the way and makes a beeline for the door. She tries to squeeze through, the Black Robes now descending upon her, only a few feet away--

Roxy RIPS A DAGGER from Norma's hand, giving her just enough time to squeeze out the door into darkness--

CUT TO:

EXT. SORORITY ROW - NIGHT

A small street that ends in a cul-de-sac. Old homes adorned with greek signs with massive tree-laden yards populate it. CROWDS of DRUNK STUDENTS LAUGH and MAKE CAT-CALLS while the bass from dance music BLARES. Everyone's partying. This is Sorority Row.

IN ON Vivian, Maya, and Bridget, all three sexed up and looking better than ever. A random GUY WHISTLES in approval as they approach the yard of a particular house, Gamma Phi.

MAYA:

See? This isn't so bad.

VIVIAN:

So far, so good.

Eleanor approaches, dressed impeccably in a short dress with designer heels, a red cup in hand.

ELEANOR:

Viv! Glad you could make it.  
Maya.

MAYA:  
Eleanor.

ELEANOR:  
Nice shoes, Four Eyes.

BRIDGET:  
Fuck you.

VIVIAN:  
Hey, this is great.

ELEANOR:  
It's nice to live in the real world  
sometimes, isn't it? I half-  
expected you sluts to pussy out.

MAYA:  
No, you didn't. Any houses still  
looking for fresh meat?

ELEANOR:  
A few. Speaking of which, there's  
someone I want you to meet. C'mon.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Maria Minerva's "Black Magick" BLASTS over a rowdy party that encompasses most of the sorority house. The house is strangely decorated in a quasi-60's mod vibe with weird wallpaper, numerous paintings, and multi-colored bulbs casting off contrasting shades of blue, green, and red.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

IN ON MEREDITH, 22, beautiful with long summer blonde hair, dressed to perfection, standing with a red cup in front of a wall-sized reproduction of Henry Fuseli's "The Nightmare."

WE FOLLOW as Eleanor leads Vivian, Maya, and Bridget closer--

MEREDITH:  
Nice to meet you. I'm Meredith.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSIC STUDIO - NIGHT

Roxy BOLTS towards her car in a frenzy, bloody dagger still in hand, disarming the alarm as she approaches.

INT. ROXY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Roxy leaps into her car, slamming and locking the door behind her. As she puts the keys into the ignition--

SOMETHING SLAMS INTO HER WINDOW--

MICKEY, a DAGGER lodged DEEP in his throat at a weird angle, GURGLES, smearing BLOODY HANDPRINTS on the glass--

Roxy watches in ANGUISH when a Black Robe suddenly BURSTS from the shadows and DRAGS the imbedded dagger across Mickey's neck, nearly decapitating him--

The Black Robe approaches her window when SOMETHING DROPS DOWN ONTO THE HOOD OF HER CAR--

ANOTHER BLACK ROBE stares at her through the windshield and Roxy SCREAMS. She starts the car, throws it into reverse, sending the Black Robe FLYING off the hood--

Roxy PEELS OUT as she drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Made in Heights' "All the Places" BLASTS over loud speakers while a group of scantily-clad DRUNK GIRLS perform a choreographed dance number.

Vivian watches from nearby with Maya, Bridget, Eleanor, and Meredith when she feels her cell VIBRATE--

She looks at it--

Reid is calling.

VIVIAN:  
Sorry, just a second.

Meredith watches as Vivian leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. SORORITY ROW - NIGHT

Vivian and Reid are tucked away in a shadowy grove of trees outside the sorority house sipping from red cups and sharing a cigarette.

REID:  
So, what do you think?

VIVIAN:  
I dunno. It's not like I've got that many opportunities and this one's basically been shoved at me on a silver platter, so--

REID:  
Hard to say no to that.

VIVIAN:  
Almost seems too good to be true.

REID:  
Good things DO happen, you know.

VIVIAN:  
I know. I'm surprised you showed up. This isn't your scene.

REID:  
Anything for you. How goes the party in there?

VIVIAN:  
It goes. I'm not really used to these types of things. That's more of a question for Eleanor, anyway--

A SCREAM SUDDENLY PIERCES the air, shrill and terrified, stopping Vivian mid-sentence--

A round of CRIES and GASPS as a NAKED SORORITY GIRL darts across the lawn, a BLACK ROBE right behind, STABBING AT HER WITH A--

Rubber dagger. It's just some drunken frat in a cheap costume; a lame excuse for a prank. An equal amount of LAUGHS and GROANS as the "Black Robe" chases the naked sorority girl further down the sidewalk into obscurity--

REID:  
Well, THAT was anticlimactic.

VIVIAN:  
No shit. I'm not drunk enough for this junior high bullshit.

REID:  
Yeah, I don't get drunk off beer. Especially crap beer.

SUDDENLY MORE SCREAMS, much more VISCERAL and HORRIFIC than before. Reid and Vivian turn their attention to see--

The SPRITE with its MASSIVE SWORD HANDS BURSTS out of shadows and SHREDS a FRAT to pieces on the sidewalk--

TWO BLACK ROBES FLANK a pair of FEMALE STUDENTS running for a car, STABBING and SLICING them beyond recognition--

Absolute chaos, everywhere. Vivian holds Reid's hand and SQUEEZES, tight. He looks at her, totally calm--

VIVIAN:

Reid?!

REID:

What's wrong?

Vivian STARES at him, BEWILDERED--

But nothing has happened. She BLINKS. Everything is perfectly normal. She must have been hallucinating. In the far off distance, the naked sorority girl is briefly seen being chased by the so-called Black Robe.

VIVIAN:

Nothing, I guess. I'm not sure.  
I've just got this really bad  
feeling all of the sudden.

REID:

You just need more to drink.

VIVIAN:

Yeah. Maybe.

REID:

Lead the way.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

IN ON the outside of Carol's house, a typical two-story house in a suburban neighborhood. BEN, 30, leaves his car and sets the alarm with the clicker on his key chain, a briefcase in hand. He goes up the front steps, onto the porch, and tries the door--

It's locked. He RINGS the doorbell--

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - EXACT

IN ON Carol in the shower, blissfully unaware. The doorbell continues to RING throughout the house, unnoticed--

EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - EXACT

Ben STRUGGLES with the numerous keys on his chain at the door. A BLACK ROBE APPEARS from behind a tree, that same familiar wavy dagger exposed--

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EXACT

WE FOLLOW as Ben enters the house and locks the door behind himself. He nonchalantly DROPS his suitcase by the doorway.

BEN:

Carol?

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - EXACT

MORE SHOTS of Carol in the shower. She can't hear a thing.

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - EXACT

Ben enters the kitchen, first noticing a FOIL-COVERED PLATE on the table, which he goes for immediately--

IN ON a plate of spaghetti carbonara, still tasty-looking despite the holding time. Ben grabs a fork and digs in, wolfing down a few bites--

Then he notices the SMASHED GLASS ON THE FLOOR and the BACK DOOR PARTIALLY-OPEN--

BEN:

What the fuck?

WE FOLLOW as Ben approaches the shattered bits of glass and GRABS the door, PEEKING HIS HEAD out into the BLACK ABYSS--

He FLIPS on the nearby back yard lights, REVEALING A TRIO OF BLACK ROBES--

Then the door is SLAMMED into Ben's neck, MULTIPLE TIMES, a fourth Black Robe is already inside the house--

Ben goes limp and the three Black Robes from outside enter--

CUT TO:

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

IN ON Carol's reflection in her bedroom wardrobe as she SLIPS into a see-through nighty, smiling at herself--

AN ODD MUFFLED CRY from downstairs disturbs her--

CAROL:  
Ben? Vivian?

Silence. Carol SHRUGS and presses PLAY on her stereo--

Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" BLARES through the speakers and she sits down at her vanity, putting on her nightly regimen of creams and lotions--

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A nearly-unconscious Ben is LAIN OUT on the kitchen counter by the Black Robes, PINNED to its surface with daggers through his hands--

WE VAGUELY HEAR the song playing from upstairs until an ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE ROARS TO LIFE--

The vibrating knife is PLACED RIGHT AGAINST HIS HAIRLINE AND STARTS CUTTING--

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

IN ON Carol rubbing in the remainder of her beauty products as the LIGHTS FLICKER, ultimately SHUTTING OFF--

The house is BLANKETED in darkness--

CAROL:  
Gimme a break. Ben? Are you home?  
Ben?! Goddammit.

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

IN ON Carol at the top of the staircase, using her cell phone as a makeshift flashlight as she prepares to make her way down the dark stairs--

WE FOLLOW as she descends, mercifully slow--

Carol reaches the living room. Nothing seems out of the ordinary save for an ELECTRONIC WHIR from the kitchen--

Carol cranes her neck to try and see what's happening--

CAROL:  
Ben? Is that you? Are you home,  
baby?

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW as Carol enters the kitchen, when suddenly the lights FLICKER BACK ON and the KNIFE COMES BACK TO LIFE, watching in horror as a Black Robe scalps Ben--

She SCREAMS, PRIMAL AND ANGUISHED at the bloody sight and the Black Robes who are QUICKLY UPON HER, rushing out--

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW as Carol BOLTS for the front door, a group of Black Robes in hot pursuit. She STRUGGLES with the locks as a ceremonial DAGGER FLIES into the door and she LEAPS out of the way, DROPPING HER PHONE--

CAROL:  
Shit!

The Black Robes are after her--

She BOLTS up the stairs--

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE/2ND FLOOR HALL - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW as Carol RUSHES up the stairs and down the second story hallway, Black Robes close behind--

Without thinking, Carol BURSTS OUT a window at the end of the hall, TUMBLING THROUGH the air, landing on the LAWN below--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

IN ON a round of WINE GLASSES held in cheers, a celebration of sorts--

PAN OUT on Vivian, Maya, Bridget, Eleanor, Meredith, and fellow sorority members MARGOT, 22, and BETSY, 22, as well as sexy newcomer TIFF, 18--

Reid watches with a bottle of whiskey near the back door--

MEREDITH:  
Gamma Phi for life--

A CLANKING of glasses in a unified toast--

OTHERS:  
Gamma Phi for life--

Everyone takes a sip--

Vivian WINCES, trying to hide her discomfort--

A round of SHRIEKS and SCREAMS disrupts the festivities--

ELEANOR:  
What in the hell is going on out  
there?

MEREDITH:  
Damned if I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - EXACT

IN ON a the blade of a WAVY DAGGER DRENCHED IN BLOOD as a group of drunken students SCREAM and scurry off--

WIDE ANGLE ON Roxy, clearly deranged, changed from what she's been through, as she stalks across the lawn, sending more droves of students running in fear--

Vivian APPEARS in the open doorway of the sorority house; her facial expression says it all--

VIVIAN:  
Roxy?!

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/SPARE BEDROOM - LATER

IN ON Roxy in bed in a spare bedroom in the house, a blue bulb casting an otherworldly glow across the room. She is drenched with sweat, tossing and turning in her sleep--

MAYA:  
What did you give her?

MEREDITH:  
Something to help her rest.

BRIDGET:  
I've never seen Roxy like that.  
What happened to her?

ELEANOR:  
Looks like she was rolling on  
something. Hard. Must have been a  
bad trip.

VIVIAN:  
That's some trip. How do you  
explain that weird-looking knife  
she had in her hand?

ELEANOR:  
I don't.

IN ON a nearby nightstand where the dagger lay--

MAYA:  
Is that blood?

MEREDITH:  
It's rush week. People are being  
hazed left and right out there;  
just some poor excuse for a prank.

Vivian approaches the dagger, as she reaches for it--

A QUICK FLASH OF GRAINY FOOTAGE OF VIVIAN FLEEING THE BLACK  
ROBES THROUGH THE WOODS--

Vivian stops herself and just looks at the blade--

VIVIAN:  
I dunno. I think there's more to  
it than that.

MARGOT:  
Do you see a scratch on her?

VIVIAN:  
Well...

BETSY:  
You can ask her all about it when  
she wakes up. Whatever happened to  
her, she needs to sleep it off.

BRIDGET:  
We're just gonna leave her here?

ELEANOR:  
Well, if you wanna join a house  
this year--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - LATER

WIDE ANGLES ON the posh interior the house itself and all its weird halls, art, and lighting. The party has mostly cleared out by now.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - CUT

IN ON a large bedroom with a canopy bed. Vivian, Maya, Bridget, Tiff, Betsy, and Margot are all dressed in revealing nighties, gowns, and other sleep attire--

A round of GIGGLES and GOSSIP, girls having fun--

Meredith approaches with a TRAY LINED WITH PILLS AND GLASSES OF WATER--

MEREDITH:

It's that time.

Eleanor, Betsy, and Margot grin ear-to-ear--

VIVIAN:

What is this?

MEREDITH:

A testament to your strength. You wanna be a new muscle in the arm of Gamma Phi, don't you?

TIFF:

Absolutely.

Tiff takes the pill and downs the water without thinking--

MEREDITH:

Very good, Tiff.

MARGOT:

Eager. I like that.

BETSY:

You've set the pace. Your turn.

Vivian and Maya exchanged awkward glances--

ELEANOR:

Oh, it's Molly, for fuck's sakes. The purest form of Ex with a few cuts of some extra goodies. It's all been tested. Just let go already and live a little. Don't you trust me?

OFF OF Tiff's joyous reaction, running for the nearest CUSHION off an antique parlor sofa tucked away in the corner, Vivian and Maya grab the pills and toast with their glasses--

MAYA:  
Here goes nothing. Good luck.

VIVIAN:  
Likewise. Down the hatch.

IN ON Vivian and Maya as they take their pills--

CUT TO:

EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

IN ON EYES FLUTTERING OPEN--

ANGLE ON Carol waking up outside her yard, surrounded by shattered glass--

She GROANS and COMES TO, slowly recovering, checking every direction possible--

Nothing--

She makes her way around the house when--

A BLACK SACK WITH A POINTED HOOD IS SUDDENLY BROUGHT DOWN OVER HER FACE--

Carol SCREAMS and a brief struggle ensues, but the Black Robes have her surrounded and overpowered and carry her off into the shadows--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

IO Echo's "Berlin, It's All A Mess" PLAYS over a nearby stereo as the SORORITY GIRLS engage in a sexy pillow fight, sending a blizzard of feathers all across the room--

CUT TO:

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE/POOL - NIGHT

Reid sits outside the sorority house alone, nursing his whiskey, staring absently at the empty pool.

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/SPARE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

WIDE ANGLE ON Roxy slowly waking up in bed in the spare bedroom, groggy. She rubs her head and looks at her alien surroundings in horror and bewilderment--

ROXY'S P.O.V. - CONTINUOUS

WE SEE the room from Roxy's perspective, PULSATING COLORS as the WALLPAPER COMES TO LIFE--

She grabs the nearby dagger--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/SPARE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW Roxy into the adjoining bathroom and she SLAMS the door. In here, everything seems normal. Roxy tries to collect herself but there is something off about her now. She approaches the mirror and stares at the pitiful, disturbed face looking back at her--

IN ON her eyes--

A TINY BLACK WORM CRAWLS ACROSS HER SCLERA--

NOTE:

INTERCUTS with Vivian and the other sorority girls still in the middle of their pillow-fight, SLOWED DOWN for a trippy, dream-like effect, while ROXY brings the DAGGER up--

CLOSER and CLOSER, mercifully slow, to her eye--

The worm is MOVING in her EYEBALL--

Roxy CUTS the worm out of her eye--

END INTERCUTS.

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM from nearby stops the girls dead in their tracks--

ANGLE FAVORING Vivian--

VIVIAN:

Roxy?

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/SPARE BEDROOM - INSTANT

The girls SWARM the spare bedroom Roxy was resting in--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/SPARE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW them into the adjoining bathroom and a CHORUS OF SCREAMS at what they see--

Roxy stands at the mirror, ONE EYE MISSING, ABOUT TO CUT OUT HER OTHER--

VIVIAN:  
Roxy! Stop!

MAYA:  
What are you doing?!

ROXY:  
There's something inside of me.

Vivian YANKS the bloody dagger from Roxy's hand and supports her weight--

TIFF:  
Did she cut out her eye?!

VIVIAN:  
We need to get her to a hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

IN ON the girls descending the stairs in a state of panic as they approach the front door, everyone rallying around Roxy--

Vivian and Eleanor help Roxy towards the door, a makeshift tourniquet in place--

BRIDGET:  
Whose car are we gonna take?

VIVIAN:  
Whoever's closest.

Reid approaches from the kitchen as the group nears door--

REID:  
What happened?

ELEANOR:  
Roxy hurt herself.

REID:  
What?

MAYA:  
She cut her fucking eyeball out  
with a knife.

Reid STOPS at this, shocked--

Tiff THROWS the door open and a BLACK ROBE IS RUNNING DOWN  
THE SIDEWALK RIGHT FOR HER, DAGGER DRAWN--

A round of SCREAMS and the girls SLAM the door shut on their  
assailant--

A tense struggle, the Black Robe is exceptionally strong,  
SLICING the familiar wavy blade of the kris in the ajar space  
at the girls, but Reid SLAMS his weight into the door--

The Black Robe drops the kris and Bridget picks it up off the  
floor as Eleanor locks the door--

The girls are a mess of tears and screams, total panic--

Roxy is BALLISTIC--

ANGLE FAVORING Vivian, she recognizes these phantoms from her  
nightmares all too well--

TIFF:  
What was that?!

VIVIAN:  
A nightmare.

MAYA:  
Oh, God, there's more of them out  
there--

ON WINDOWS--

Several more Black Robes DART around the houses through the  
shadows outside, spectres in the night--

VIVIAN:  
They're surrounding us--

ELEANOR:  
The back--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

IN ON the open doorway peering into ominous darkness--

Reid makes a beeline for the door and SLAMS it--

ON THREE BLACK ROBES THAT BURST into the ajar space, SWINGING THEIR DAGGERS MADLY--

TOTAL PANIC as Reid struggles--

The Black Robes are almost in--

REID:

Help me--

Vivian, Maya, and Eleanor are upon the door to help. Bridget STABS one of the Black Robes. Meredith, Margot, and Betsy grab some knives and head over to help. Tiff watches from the doorway with Roxy as they finally shut and lock the door--

MAYA:

There's so many of them.

BRIDGET:

What do they want?

VIVIAN:

They want us dead.

ELEANOR:

But why?

MEREDITH:

Margot, go call the police--

MARGOT:

But--

MEREDITH:

Now, Margot--

Margot hurries off elsewhere into the house--

ANGLE FAVORING Tiff and she suddenly KEELS OVER, Roxy nearly drops to the floor herself, but Betsy is quick to help--

BETSY:

Tiff?

Tiff VOMITS PROFUSELY all over the floor--

Copious amounts of a weird black liquid ERUPTS from her SCREAMING mouth onto the floor--

BRIDGET:  
What is happening to her?!

Vivian, Maya, and Eleanor tend to Tiff. Meredith brings a glass of water.

VIVIAN:  
Is that from the pill? Is that going to happen to us?

MEREDITH:  
Don't be ridiculous. You took it at the same time. Who knows what this slut has in her system.

ROXY:  
It's in her.

VIVIAN:  
What is?

ROXY:  
The same thing that's in me. I tried to cut it out but I can still feel it deep inside. It's crawling around under my skin, it's alive, it's everywhere.

MAYA:  
But what is it?!

ROXY:  
Something bad. Something old.

Then the lights FLICKER and TURN OFF, shutting the whole house in darkness--

A round of SCREAMS but Meredith takes hold of the situation, grabbing flashlights from a nearby closet and distributing them amongst the group--

MEREDITH:  
It's probably the breakers on the fritz again. It's a really old house. Betsy, take Bridget with you down to the basement and try to get these lights back on.

BETSY:  
Aye, aye.

BRIDGET:  
The basement?

Betsy passes the baton of helping Roxy to Vivian. She then takes Bridget by the wrist and leads the way and they head off into the shadows with a single flashlight between the two of them--

MEREDITH:

Eleanor, take Tiff upstairs. See what you can do for her until the cops get here.

ELEANOR:

Got it.

Eleanor helps Tiff and they disappear with their flashlight--

REID:

What do you need to me to do?

MEREDITH:

I need your help making sure all the windows are locked and secure. We'll cover more ground that way. Hopefully find Margot while we're at it. God knows what that nitwit got herself into.

Reid is quick to secure the kitchen windows--

VIVIAN:

And us?

MAYA:

Need help with the windows?

Reid hurries off towards the living room with his flashlight--

MEREDITH:

Just sit tight and take care of your friend. Someone's gotta watch her and make sure she doesn't pull any other crazy stunts. The lights will be back on any minute and the cops should be on their way.

VIVIAN:

She needs an ambulance--

But Meredith has disappeared after Reid. Vivian and Maya exchange exasperated glances.

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

The creepy basement of the sorority house, even more creepy under a blanket of darkness--

WE FOLLOW Betsy and Bridget as they venture further in, the BEAM from their flashlight picking up unsettling details--

TATTERED STAINED SHEETS STRUNG UP in sub-divisions, making makeshift rooms--

A WHEELCHAIR turned on its side, its wheel spinning--

SEVERAL MANNEQUINS, no rhyme or reason to their placement--

BRIDGET:

What do you girls do down here?

BETSY:

Storage, mostly. Hardly any of this shit belongs to us, either leftovers from past sisters or something the housemother wanted.

BRIDGET:

The housemother? Where is she?

BETSY:

Not here. First things. Breakers, remember?

BRIDGET:

Right.

The girls approach the breaker box and Betsy hands the flashlight to Bridget--

BETSY:

Here, cover me.

Bridget shines the light accordingly while Betsy fumbles with the breakers--

Nothing then--

A DEMONIC ROAR RIPS from the shadows--

Bridget TURNS, shining the light at every corner of the darkness, but she sees nothing amongst the odd mannequins and walls of sheets--

BRIDGET:

What was that?

BETSY:  
What was what?

A beat.

BRIDGET:  
I could've sworn I heard something.

BETSY:  
Light, Bridget.

Bridget focuses the beam on the breaker box again and Betsy gets back to work--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A lavish bathroom, tough to make out the details in the dark. Tiff is taking a shower and Eleanor sits on the vanity with her iPad. The flashlight nearby is placed in such a way its cone of light favors Tiff through the rippled glass.

ELEANOR:  
Tiff?

TIFF:  
What?

ELEANOR:  
Feel any better?

TIFF:  
Yeah.

IN ON Tiff in the shower, a typical lady's shaver RAZOR in her hand, gazing at it, a disturbed look in her eyes--

ELEANOR:  
You sure?

TIFF:  
Yeah.

ELEANOR:  
So, what was that all about,  
anyway?

TIFF:  
I don't know.

ELEANOR:  
Huh?

TIFF:  
I don't know.

ELEANOR:  
Oh. Well, the other girls seem alright, so, it couldn't have been the pill. Besides, I had one myself. Maybe you had an anxiety attack or something?

TIFF:  
Maybe.

ELEANOR:  
It's understandable. But the cops will be here before you know it. Everything's gonna be just fine, you'll see.

In the shower, Tiff begins to CUT herself all over by using the razor in the wrong direction, unseen by Eleanor--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reid and Meredith go from room to room throughout the sorority house securing windows--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vivian sits on a sofa with Roxy facing the wall with the huge painting on it while Maya paces by the windows, straining to see outside--

VIVIAN:  
See anything?

MAYA:  
Dunno. It's hard to tell.

ANGLE FAVORING "The Nightmare" on the wall, especially haunting cast in darkness--

Roxy is fixated by it, her expression grim--

ROXY:  
We're all gonna die in here.

MAYA:  
Speak for yourself.

VIVIAN:  
Honestly, Roxy, what is going on?  
You cut your eye out with a knife.

ROXY:  
Yeah, I was there.

VIVIAN:  
Well, what's this thing you keep  
talking about, this thing that's  
inside of you? Is there anything I  
can do to help?

ROXY:  
It's not just inside of me anymore.  
It's in all of us. It's in the  
house. It's outside. It's  
everywhere.

VIVIAN:  
You know, I've had nightmares about  
those things out there, the guys in  
the weird hoods. A lot, in fact.  
For many years now. Ever since my  
parents died.

MAYA:  
Like, a premonition or something,  
you mean.

VIVIAN:  
I hope not. It's certainly no  
coincidence, they're one and the  
same. Hey, I noticed a study  
earlier. I wanna look at  
something. Stay with Roxy for a  
minute, will you?

MAYA:  
Yeah, of course. Be careful.

Vivian disappears with the flashlight--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/SPARE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM SHINES on the bloody aftermath of Roxy's  
earlier incident in the spare bathroom--

REID:  
Jesus Christ.

MEREDITH:  
No windows in here.

Reid nods and approaches the vanity, looking at his haggard reflection--

REID:  
I see that.

Meredith follows--

MEREDITH:  
You don't remember me, do you?

REID:  
Huh?

Then Meredith SLAMS REID'S FACE DOWN into the sink, SMASHING HIS MOUTH, KNOCKING TEETH OUT--

A VIOLENT STRUGGLE--

It happens so quick, but Meredith manages to BEAT REID'S HEAD against the sink SEVERAL TIMES--

TEETH GO FLYING--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

In the basement, A DEMONIC ROAR freaks Bridget out and she casts her flashlight beam off into random cryptic corners--

BETSY:  
Goddammit, Bridget.

BRIDGET:  
C'mon, tell me you didn't hear that.

BETSY:  
Okay. I didn't.

BRIDGET:  
There's something down here with us.

BETSY:  
You're tripping.

BRIDGET:  
Fuck you, no, I'm not.

BETSY:  
Whatever. I've almost got this fixed. A lot of help you turned out to be.

BRIDGET:  
Bite me, Betsy. Whatever it is, it didn't sound human.

BETSY:  
If you heard some creepy noise, why not go investigate it? That's obviously the only sensible thing to do.

A CHORUS of peculiar CLICKING and SHUFFLING sounds--

Bridget SHINES the light off of MANNEQUINS and SHEETS--

BRIDGET:  
Who's there?

BETSY:  
Goddammit, you're really getting on my nerves.

BRIDGET:  
I'm serious. We're not alone down here. I'm going back upstairs.

BETSY:  
Bridget!

Bridget heads off with the flashlight--

Betsy is left to fumble with the breaker box alone, using a lighter, murmuring to herself--

As Bridget heads back towards the stairs, through the bizarre labyrinthine walls of sheets--

A SHEET BILLOWS, as if something behind it--

Bridget focuses the beam on the curtain, nervously cautious, as she approaches--

BRIDGET:  
Is someone there?

The sheet MOVES again--

BRIDGET: (CONT'D)  
 C'mon, I know you're there. Who  
 are you?

Bridget PULLS the sheet and SHINES her light into the  
 makeshift mini room--

ON A HUGE CROWD OF DRONES, NAKED ALBINO WOMEN WITH NO EYES OR  
 HAIR, ONLY EYES AND ABNORMALLY LARGE MOUTHS FULL OF JAGGED  
 SHARP FANGS, WITH LANKY LIMBS AND LONG HOOK-LIKE NAILS--

THEY LET LOOSE A ROUND OF ALIEN BANSHEE CRIES--

Bridget SCREAMS and DROPS her flashlight just as Betsy turns  
 on the lights--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

On various rooms of the sorority house as its lights come  
 back on, casting the manor in its atypical dream-like glow  
 from a surreal array of fluorescent bulbs--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eleanor hops off the vanity and approaches the open doorway  
 leading into the adjoining master bedroom where the winter  
 wonderland of feathers still lay fresh--

Tiff is still in the shower--

ELEANOR:  
 Finally. So, you're feeling  
 better, right?

TIFF:  
 Right.

ON THE true horror of what Tiff has accomplished, numerous  
 deep, visceral cuts all over her naked body--

She drags the razor in again and again, clumps of flesh  
 washing down the drain with blood--

ELEANOR:  
 Alright, I'm gonna go get the  
 others and find out just what's  
 going on here. Just call out if  
 you need anything.

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bridget is SWARMED--

The horrible Drones, over ten of them, are AFTER HER and she RUNS OFF--

SMACKS INTO A MANNEQUIN--

In an absolute state of sheer panic as she BOLTS for the nearby stairs--

BETSY:

Bridget, what is--

Then the DRONES pool into the main area of the basement and Betsy SCREAMS--

Betsy DARTS amongst the mannequins, HURLING a few random items at her attackers--

But she is trapped in a corner and can only scream as the Drones savagely eat her alive like a pack of feral hyenas--

WE FOLLOW as Bridget RUNS up the stairs--

MARGOT, HER NIGHTGOWN DRENCHED WITH BLOOD, EYES DERANGED, A CLEAVER IN HER HAND stands in the doorway!

BRIDGET:

Margot?!

Margot SWINGS the CLEAVER at Bridget--

Bridget dodges the blade but stumbles back and TUMBLES down the stairs--

Her glasses SMASH and hits her head HARD

She's out cold--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/STUDY - CONTINUOUS

A lavish study lined with enough books for a small library. Antique furniture. A roaring fireplace. A suit of armor armed with a SPEAR tucked away in a corner.

Vivian runs a finger along a shelf--

All books about similar themes of the occult, witchcraft and all its derivatives--

She pulls out a particularly dusty grimoire and sits in a chair, as she thumbs through the pages--

Various wicked-looking archaic imagery--

Ancient symbols--

Human sacrifice--

Terrible demons--

VIVIAN:  
What the hell is this?

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maya and Roxy sit on the sofa in the living room--

Roxy is still darkly fascinated by the painting on the wall--

ROXY:  
It's alive, you know.

MAYA:  
What is?

ROXY:  
The painting. This house.  
Everything in it. Everything  
around it. We're all cursed.

MAYA:  
We're gonna get you to a hospital  
soon, okay, it's--

ROXY:  
It's too late for me. It's too  
late for everybody.

MAYA:  
Roxy--

ROXY:  
Maya, I need you to do something  
for me.

MAYA:  
Anything, name it.

ROXY:  
I need you to kill me.

MAYA:

What?!

ROXY:

Maya, look, it's easy--

MAYA:

No, you look, I'm not--

ROXY:

Just go in the kitchen and get a knife and stab me in the heart--

Maya BOLTS up, appalled--

MAYA:

You've flipped. Whatever's going on out there, fuck it, you need help. I'm gonna go get Viv. And just to make sure you don't go anywhere--

Maya unties her handkerchief and GRABS Roxy's wrist, tying her to the arm of the sofa--

ROXY:

What are you doing?

MAYA:

What does it look like? It's for your own good. I don't trust you to not to try something stupid. Betsy and Bridget should be up here any minute. Be right back.

ROXY:

Maya, please--

MAYA:

No, I am not killing you!

And Maya heads off leaving Roxy all alone--

She stares ahead at the painting in front of her and it seems to look back at her--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tiff leaves the shower, a bloody mess, her body riddled with cuts, and stares at her horrible reflection in the mirror--

She examines her fingers up close--

Something dark MOVES under her fingernails--

Tiff TUGS until she PULLS a fingernail off--

And another--

Then something in the open doorway catches her eye--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW Tiff into the bedroom--

ON HER bloody feet as they march across the feather-laden floor--

She picks up a pair of nearby SCISSORS and sits down in a corner, bringing the blades up into her mouth--

She SNIPS the left side of her mouth, then the right--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Vivian is still engrossed with her grimoire when Eleanor suddenly APPEARS in the doorway--

ELEANOR:

Hey.

VIVIAN:

Hey.

Eleanor approaches and takes a seat nearby.

ELEANOR:

Where is everybody?

VIVIAN:

Maya and Roxy are downstairs.

ELEANOR:

And the others?

VIVIAN:

I thought you'd know.

ELEANOR:

Well, I don't. Tiff is resting. How long does it take to make a phone call, flip a few breakers, and lock some windows, anyway?

VIVIAN:  
Don't ask me.

ELEANOR:  
What are you looking at?

Vivian looks at Eleanor--

VIVIAN:  
What do you know about witches?

ELEANOR:  
What?

VIVIAN:  
What do you know about--

ELEANOR:  
No, I heard the question, just--  
really? I mean, you're serious?

VIVIAN:  
You've never read any of the books  
in here? Eleanor, this is your  
house. I mean, it's all about the  
occult. Really old, too, by the  
looks of it.

ELEANOR:  
What are you getting at, exactly?

VIVIAN:  
How do you explain all of the weird  
shit that's going on? I think  
we've been cursed.

Maya suddenly APPEARS in the doorway--

MAYA:  
Roxy needs help.

ELEANOR:  
Yeah, no shit.

MAYA:  
No, it's bad. Police or no police,  
we gotta get her somewhere or seal  
her ass in a padded cell somewhere.

VIVIAN:  
Maya--

MAYA:  
She asked me to kill her!

VIVIAN:  
What?

Maya approaches--

MAYA:  
I'm serious. She told me to go get  
a knife and stab her. I tied her  
up downstairs so she can't do  
anything to herself. Well, again,  
I guess.

ELEANOR:  
Good God.

VIVIAN:  
See? I might be onto something.

MAYA:  
Huh?

ELEANOR:  
Well, maybe I wasn't completely  
honest with you. This house, it's  
really old. It's got lots of  
secret passages and hidden rooms  
and weird stuff like that.

VIVIAN:  
What do you know, exactly?

ELEANOR:  
Not much.

VIVIAN:  
Oh, get off it, Eleanor.

ELEANOR:  
Viv--

MAYA:  
Hey, what's going on here, exactly?

VIVIAN:  
Ask her.

MAYA:  
Well?

ELEANOR:  
Well, nothing.

VIVIAN:

Bullshit. You know damn well--

MAYA:

Relax. Let her talk. She's gotta have some shred of dignity left. I mean, Roxy's desperate to die downstairs and there's a bunch of freaks outside trying to kill the rest of us. Seems a bit over the top for a haze, no?

ELEANOR:

I don't know what the rest of the sisters are up to. You can believe me or not, but that's the reality of it. All I know is that they're all a little, well, weird. Meredith, especially. I don't trust her.

VIVIAN:

And you let her go off alone with Reid? For fuck's sake, Eleanor! He might be in danger! What else are you not telling us?

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bridget COMES TO in one of the quasi rooms set up like a crude doctor's office with old medical equipment--

Bridget is STRAPPED in and HOOKED up to an IV--

A lone Drone wobbles in the corner, oddly disturbing, almost as if having seizures, while Bridget STRUGGLES against her bindings to no avail--

ON a nearby medical tray lined with vicious, archaic-looking tools with SHARP, RUSTY edges--

Bridget's SMASHED glasses lay amongst them--

The curtains suddenly MOVE and the SURGEON approaches--

A LIVING, FULLY FUNCTIONAL MANNEQUIN WITH MIX-MATCHED SYNTHETIC LEGS AND ORGANIC ARMS, A PAPER SURGEON'S MASK TIED OVER THE NOSE AND MOUTH OF DR. HELEN CAMPBELL'S SEVERED HEAD, HER LIFELESS EYES DART ABOUT, FOCUSING ON BRIDGET--

The surgeon approaches and the Drone watches through unseen eyes in disturbed, quivering anticipation--

Bridget can only SCREAM and PANIC in utter TERROR as the Surgeon proceeds to slowly dissect her alive with the nearby medical tools--

The Surgeon looks like an enigma from one's worst nightmares as she cuts Bridget open in gory, medically-accurate detail and takes out a few unnecessary organs first, keeping Bridget alive so she can feel everything up to the last minute, when she pulls out her heart from the new cavity in her chest--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roxy sits alone in the living room ,tethered to the sofa with Maya's handkerchief, still completely obsessed with the massive reproduction of Henry Fuseli's "The Nightmare" on the wall--

There is something especially haunting about it--

The combination of the sleeping woman, the scary gremlin, the black stallion head--

It seems to CHANGE, come to LIFE--

The blonde damsel looks JUST LIKE VIVIAN

PAINTED VIVIAN:  
You're all dead already.

Roxy is PETRIFIED with HORROR--

The black stallion LAUGHS MENACINGLY as the little demon ANIMATES--

Roxy can only scream, trapped, as the painting comes to life before her very eyes--

The small GREMLIN comes out of the wall first and Roxy cannot flee, STRUGGLING against her bindings--

The Gremlin PULLS out of the painting, SURREALISTIC and HORRIFIC--

Roxy SCREAMS as the small beast APPROACHES, its FACE in HERS--

A visceral SNARL and the Gremlin is upon her, MAULING HER FACE OFF in gory detail like a wild animal--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Roxy's DEATH CRIES fill the room--

VIVIAN:  
What was that?

MAYA:  
Oh, God--Roxy!

An otherworldly animal CRY fills the whole house, SHAKING the very foundation itself--

ELEANOR:  
Uh, I think we should just take our chances against those weird creeps in the black cloaks and get the hell out of this house. Now.

More SHAKING--

Loud SLAMMING--

The girls huddle together--

MAYA:  
What is that?!

ELEANOR:  
We have to get out of here.

The NOISE gets LOUDER, CLOSER--

Maniacal, demonic LAUGHTER--

Eleanor makes a run for the doorway--

VIVIAN:  
Eleanor!

THE BUTCHER APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY, THE HEAD OF A BLACK STALLION AS A CRUDE MASK, GARGANTUAN IN SIZE, DRAPED IN A BLOODY LEATHER APRON, ARMED WITH A MASSIVE INDESTRUCTIBLE STEEL SLEDGEHAMMER--

Eleanor SCREAMS--

DODGES out of the way as the Butcher SWINGS his sledgehammer into the doorway--

KICKS Eleanor into a nearby bookshelf, she goes DOWN--

Vivian and Maya SCREAM--

MAYA:

What the fuck is that?!

The Butcher enters the room--

SLAMS his sledgehammer into--

VIVIAN:

No!

THE FLOOR as Eleanor rolls out of the way just in time--

Vivian BOLTS for the fireplace, GRABS a nearby poker--

Maya follows suit, a fireplace shove in hand--

The Butcher is on a RAMPAGE--

His sledgehammer LEVELS a bookshelf--

Books TUMBLE to the floor--

Vivian and Maya are on the ATTACK, WHACKING the Butcher with their weapons of choice--

Eleanor SCREAMS and RECOVERS, bolting AWAY from the Butcher's sledgehammer--

But the butcher HITS Vivian and she goes down--

ELEANOR:

Vivian!

Eleanor GRABS a nearby chair and BREAKS it over the Butcher's back--

Only to be HURLED into a bookshelf with a powerful SWING--

The Butcher PULLS Vivian by her hair towards the fireplace--

Maya BEATS the Butcher as hard as she can with her shovel--

MAYA:

Leave her alone!

Eleanor groggily RECOVERS, watching in a delirious state as--

The Butcher DRAGS Vivian up to the fireplace and forces her face closer and closer towards it--

Vivian's face is right against the flames, drenched with sweat, resisting with all her might--

Eleanor STABS one of her STILETTOS into the NECK of the Butcher and he ROARS--

FLAILS wildly--

Vivian RECOVERS and SCURRIES from the fireplace--

A sledgehammer KNOCKS Maya square in the CHEST and she FLIES into a wall, hitting at a bad angle, going down--

VIVIAN:

Maya!

Maya is woozy, nearly out cold--

Eleanor BOLTS forward with a FLURRY of kicks and hits but is violently SHOVED into some nearby furniture--

Vivian grabs the SPEAR from the armed KNIGHT and STABS the Butcher in the side--

Only to be viciously THROWN into Eleanor--

Both of them go down like bowling pins--

They struggle to get back up they can only watch the Butcher LAYS Maya out on the floor--

MAYA:

Don't!

Vivian goes for the spear nearby on the floor--

Eleanor LEAPS on the Butcher's back, STABS her other stiletto in DEEP--

The sledgehammer COMES DOWN--

Into the FLOOR as Maya ROLLS out of the way just in time--

Vivian BEATS the Butcher over the back with the spear viciously, BREAKING it in half--

Eleanor is FLUNG into the wall with the brunt of a swing--

Maya recovers and STABS the severed spear halves into the Butcher's side--

VIVIAN:

Eleanor!

MAYA:

We have to go!

Vivian helps Eleanor up and the three are out the door while the Butcher writhes in a frenzied rage--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/2ND FLOOR HALL - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW the trio into the 2nd floor hall--

Margot stands at the top of the stairs--

ELEANOR:

Margot?

Margot ATTACKS the girls--

SLICES Eleanor across the arm--

MAYA:

What are you doing?!

Vivian and Maya approach to help, a brief struggle--

Then Margot CUTS Maya in the shoulder and she TUMBLES down the stairs--

VIVIAN:

Maya!

The Butcher enters through the nearby doorway--

ELEANOR:

Behind you!

The sledgehammer SWINGS--

Into the WALL as Vivian DUCKS just in time--

Margot SLICES Vivian in the thigh--

The Butcher chases Eleanor down the hall in one direction, while Margot has Vivian running down another--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/SPARE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vivian SLAMS the door and locks it--

Margot is already HACKING through it with her cleaver--

A familiar tell-tail trail of blood leading back into the same bathroom where Roxy gouged her eye out earlier--

VIVIAN:

Hello?

Vivian follows the blood to an ajar doorway--

INT. SORRORITY HOUSE/SPARE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vivian enters and SCREAMS at what she sees--

Reid's bloody body, his face ravaged, almost unrecognizable, propped up against the toilet--

Written in his own BLOOD above his splayed corpse, on the wall in gory detail--

A weird ancient symbol and a MESSAGE--

LOOK AT WHAT YOU DID

Vivian SCREAMS and COLLAPSES, a total wreck--

VIVIAN:

Reid--

Reid's body is a total mess, the lower part of his face BASHED in, TEETH missing, BLOOD everywhere--

Vivian approaches just as Margot BURSTS into the bedroom and Vivian THROWS the door shut--

On Margot, who SLASHES her cleaver madly through the air, nearly cutting Vivian--

Vivian SLAMS the door with all her weight on Margot's arm, causing her to drop the cleaver--

Vivian REACHES for it--

As Margot BURSTS into the bathroom, knocking Vivian to the floor--

Margot BOLTS for the cleaver but Vivian gets it first and--

HACKS off Margot's hand--

She SCREAMS but keeps attacking--

A brief struggle, the girls TUMBLE into the shower, knocking the bar down, the CURTAIN goes down around them--

As Vivian CLEAVES Margot in the middle of her face--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/2ND FLOOR HALL--

Eleanor BOLTS down the hall, the Butcher in hot pursuit--

To a dead end--

But she PULLS down the attic drop ladder and SCURRIES up them as the Butcher approaches--

And BRINGS the ladder back up with her, SEALING herself in the attic--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maya COMES TO at the bottom of the stairs in a daze--

Looks around--

Notices Roxy motionless on the sofa--

It's impossible to see from this angle--

MAYA:

Roxy?

Maya recovers and approaches Roxy--

ON ROXY'S MANGLED FACE--

Something MOVES behind a chair--

Maya isn't alone--

MAYA: (CONT'D)

Who's there?

A curtain MOVES--

Maya slowly approaches it--

MAYA: (CONT'D)

I know someone's there. Show yourself.

The Gremlin BURSTS from the curtain at Maya and she TUMBLES onto the coffee table--

A brief struggle--

Maya HURLS the ghastly thing away from her and BOLTS for the door, FUMBLES with the locks--

But the Gremlin is already heading right for her so she runs away into the kitchen--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maya heads for the door--

And SCREAMS as the Gremlin bites a CHUNK out of her calf--

Another brief struggle, a chase around the island--

Maya OPENS the oven and FORCES the Gremlin into it--

She has to use all her power to keep the door closed while she turns the oven on--

Horrific alien CRIES as the Gremlin is cooked alive, BURSTING into flames--

Maya watches through the door--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/2ND FLOOR HALL - CONTINUOUS

Vivian walks down the second floor hall but suddenly STOPS in her tracks--

MEREDITH, DRENCHED IN BLOOD, A GROUP OF BLACK ROBES BEHIND HER, HOLDING HELEN'S SEVERED HEAD--

Vivian SHUTS her eyes--

When she OPENS them--

THE BLACK ROBES ARE STILL THERE, BUT INSTEAD OF MEREDITH SHE IS STARING BACK AT A BLOODY VERSION OF HERSELF--

Then it's all gone--

But Vivian notices someone WALK into an open doorway--

VIVIAN:

Tiff?

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Eleanor struggles through the dark in the attic to an overhead drawstring light--

The creepy remnants of a nursery--

A dusty CRIB--

Scattered TOYS--

Several shelves lined with creepy DOLLS--

As Eleanor maneuvers around the rows of doll-filled shelves, there's something unnerving about them, as if they are WATCHING her--

IN ON an exposed nail as Eleanor STEPS on it with her bare foot--

Eleanor goes down and as she painfully RIPS the nail out--

Muffled NOISE--

ELEANOR:

Hello?

THEN ALL OF THE DOLLS SPRING TO LIFE AT ONCE, LEAPING FROM THEIR SHELVES--

Eleanor SCREAMS in absolute HORROR--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maya can finally leave the stove--

As the Butcher enters the kitchen doorway--

She SCREAMS and BOLTS for the back door, but the Butcher HITS her with the sledgehammer and sends her FLYING into a wall--

As Maya struggles to recover, the Butcher approaches--

RIPS out one half of the spear from his body, then the other--

The Butcher PICKS Maya up by her throat off the floor--

IMPALES Maya's left arm, then the right with the spear parts--

She's still half-alive, dangling there in pain, helpless--

All Maya can do is watch and SCREAM the Butcher DRAWS back and SWINGS the sledgehammer, SMASHING her face into the wall, turning it to mush--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vivian enters the master bedroom with the blanket of white feathers over everything--

Bloody footprints lead to--

Tiff, standing in the corner, staring at the wall--

VIVIAN:  
Oh, God, Tiff--

Vivian approaches but Tiff stays put--

VIVIAN: (CONT'D)  
Who did this to you?

No response--

VIVIAN: (CONT'D)  
Come on, talk to me--

Vivian TURNS Tiff around--

On Tiff's bloody GLASGOW SMILE--

TIFF:  
What do you want me to say?

Tiff ATTACKS with scissors--

SLICING Vivian across her shoulder--

A brief struggle around the room and onto the canopy bed--

Tiff has Vivian pinned, free hand around her throat--

SCISSORS RAISE UP--

Vivian PUNCHES Tiff in her SLIT MOUTH, GROSSLY WIDENING IT--

Tiff RECOILS, then LOOKS down at VIVIAN with a menacing grin, and LAUGHS--

Vivian manages to wriggle free from Tiff's grip, rolling over the bed, NARROWLY DODGING being slashed as her frenzied attacker follows--

Vivian is KNOCKED to the floor, Tiff STABS the scissors--

INTO the FLOOR as Vivian moves her legs out of the way just in time--

Both girls go for the imbedded blade, Tiff reaches it first--

Vivian YANKS Tiff by her hair, MANGLING her mouth even further, but she only LAUGHS--

Vivian GRABS the scissors and the girls tumble around on the floor, this time Vivian getting the upper hand--

She STABS Tiff in the heart--

Watches as the life leaves her eyes--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Eleanor recovers as the Dolls swarm her--

A chase amongst the shelves ensues--

As she passes a shelf, some Dolls leap upon her and grab on, HITTING and BITING her--

Eleanor KNOCKS down a shelf while she HURLS the attacking Dolls off of her--

Makes for the latch door, THROWING down the ladder as--

A Doll BITES Eleanor in back of the neck--

She HURLS it into a wall--

ANOTHER Doll attacks, but Eleanor KICKS it away--

TRIPS through the open latch door, TUMBLING down the ladder, HITTING the floor hard--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vivian is a bloody mess after her attack--

She looks back at her reflection in a mirror, scissors still in hand--

AND WATCHES IN HORROR AS HER REFLECTION SLICES ITS THROAT WITH THE SCISSORS--

And then her reflection is normal again--

Vivian drops the scissors at her feet--

VIVIAN:  
What the fuck?

THEN THE MIRROR EXPLODES AS MEREDITH ATTACKS FROM A SECRET DOOR BEHIND IT, PULLING VIVIAN IN--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/SECRET PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

A secret hall within the walls of the sorority house with weird otherworldly blue fluorescent lighting--

Meredith SLAMS Vivian into a wall--

AN IRON BATTLE-AXE is displayed nearby--

A brief struggle--

Vivian fights Meredith off and BOLTS down the passage--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/SECRET CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW Vivian as the passage widens into a into an odd chapel--

Occult symbols are scribbled on nearly every surface--

Numerous candles--

A creepy black altar--

A neon cross hangs UPSIDE DOWN on the wall--

Meredith approaches with a HUGE shard of GLASS in her bloody hand, totally deranged--

Vivian RUNS to a corner in the room, a trapped animal--

VIVIAN:  
Meredith. What is wrong with you?  
Are you the one behind all of this?

MEREDITH:  
That's funny, coming from you.

VIVIAN:  
I don't understand.

MEREDITH:  
I don't care.

VIVIAN:  
Why are you doing this? Did you  
kill Reid?

MEREDITH:  
And if I did?

Vivian ATTACKS--

The girls TUMBLE over a pew--

Meredith STABS Vivian in her shoulder wound, DEEP--

Vivian PUNCHES Meredith in the face and she DROPS her shard--

Vivian GRABS it, RAISES it for a killing blow--

A BLACK HOOD is BROUGHT DOWN over Vivian's head--

She SCREAMS--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/2ND FLOOR HALL - CONTINUOUS

Eleanor comes to in a daze on the floor. The attic's latch door is still open above her--

She stares at it in dread anticipation--

A Doll PEEKS OVER the edge, LOOKING right at her--

DOLL:  
Wanna play, Eleanor?

Eleanor SCREAMS and the Doll DROPS down at her--

Eleanor ROLLS out of the way and RECOVERS, BOLTING down the hall in a MAD DASH as--

MORE DOLLS RAIN DOWN from the attic, A HORDE of them after her in hot pursuit--

WE FOLLOW Eleanor down the hall, THROWING random vases and statuettes back at her army of attackers--

But there are too many of them--

Eleanor makes a beeline down the corridor towards the stairwell--

THE BUTCHER APPEARS--

Eleanor SCREAMS and disappears into the nearest door--

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eleanor SLAMS and LOCKS the door--

A small bedroom, decorated in good taste. Looks fairly normal in comparison to much of the rest of the house--

No decent weapons in sight--

As the Butcher begins to HAMMER his way through the door, Eleanor RUMMAGES through a DRESSER--

Finds a LETTER OPENER--

The Butcher has SMASHED a hole through the door, SHATTERING the wood--

Eleanor approaches, waits for an opening--

And STABS the Butcher in the arm REPEATEDLY until the onslaught stops--

Silence--

THEN THE KNOB STARTS RATTLING WHILE THE BUTCHER CONTINUES TO HAMMER THROUGH THE DOOR--

Eleanor SCREAMS, trapped, crying in the corner of the room and clutching her letter opener--

ELEANOR:

Go away!

WIDE ANGLE on the room--

THE WINDOWS--

Something clicks in Eleanor's brain--

She goes for the desk chair and HURLS it through a window, SHATTERING it open--

LOOKS DOWN, far too high to risk jumping down onto the CONCRETE two very long floors down--

ELEANOR: (CONT'D)

Shit.

She SCRAMBLES for the CLOSET and HIDES in it--

FROM A CRACK IN THE AJAR CLOSET DOOR, WE WATCH AS THE BUTCHER BURSTS INTO THE ROOM--

THE BUTCHER LOOKS AROUND, SLOWLY APPROACHES THE SHATTERED WINDOW--

THEN ELEANOR BURSTS FROM THE CLOSET AND ATTACKS THE BUTCHER WITH A FLURRY OF STABS TO HIS BACK, AN ADRENALINE-FUELED RAGE, FORCING HIM OUT THE OPEN WINDOW TO HIS DEMISE ON THE CONCRETE BELOW--

Eleanor approaches the open window and looks down at his dead body in a pool of blood on the concrete, his hammer and the chair she hurled nearby--

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/INNER SANCTUM

Vivian COMES TO strapped to a chair in the inner sanctum of the house--

A HEXAGRAM OF BLOOD surrounds her on the floor--

MONDO FOOTAGE of the 70's LSD trip/college massacre from the very beginning plays on a screen from a nearby projector--

Meredith approaches, Vivian's psyche records in hand, the light of the film casting her in a nightmarish light--

MEREDITH:

Welcome back to the real world,  
Vivian.

VIVIAN:

Meredith? Everyone's dead, aren't they? For God's sakes, what--

MEREDITH:

God? There's no God here. He forsake you a long time ago.

VIVIAN:

I didn't do anything--

MEREDITH:

Uh-uh-uh. That's not what these say. You're not innocent. In fact, you're barely even human.

VIVIAN:

Fuck you.

MEREDITH:

Recognize anyone?

ON THE footage--

The reporter RECORDING all of the footage--

VIVIAN:

Mom?

MEREDITH:

So, you're not as dumb as you look.

VIVIAN:

What is this?

MEREDITH:

What does it look like?

ON SOME VISCERAL CARNAGE--

GIRLS EATING EACH OTHER'S FLESH--

SETTING ONE ANOTHER ON FIRE--

CHOPPING THEIR BOYFRIENDS WITH AXES--

Vivian looks away in utter disgust--

VIVIAN:

I can't watch this.

MEREDITH:

As you can see ,your mother wasn't so innocent, either. It's in your blood, Vivian. It's you. It's family. And what's more important that family?

A beat.

REALIZATION--

Vivian FIGHTS against her bindings in a FRENZY--

VIVIAN:  
Carol. What the fuck have you done  
to my sister?!

MEREDITH:  
Nothing. Yet.

Meredith HURLS Vivian's psyche records at her--

A shower of papers--

Then Meredith STABS her in the THIGH with her huge jagged  
glass shard--

VIVIAN:  
Crazy bitch--

MEREDITH:  
Your parents rot in hell for all  
eternity because of what you've  
done, you filthy cunt--

Vivian SPITS in Meredith's face--

Meredith WIPES the spit--

A SMIRK--

Then she STABS Vivian's other thigh--

VIVIAN:  
It doesn't make any sense. Why--

MEREDITH:  
Look at all of the blood on your  
hands. Look at what you've done--

ON VIVIAN'S BLOODY HANDS--

VIVIAN:  
But I didn't--

MEREDITH:  
Ever hear of a repressed memory?

VIVIAN:  
What of it?

MEREDITH:  
It's in all these papers. Your  
psyche profile is interesting, to  
say the least. And you call me  
crazy. You honestly don't remember  
when you killed your parents?

IN ON VIVIAN.

Time seems to stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - BLACK & WHITE

*ON YOUNG VIVIAN AND YOUNG CAROL, HOLDING HANDS IN THE WOODS DURING A THUNDERSTORM--*

*WATCHING THE HOUSE FROM VIVIAN'S DREAMS BURN IN AN INFERNO WHILE THEIR PARENTS SCREAM FROM WITHIN--*

*THE FIRE IS SO INTENSE THE RAIN HAS NO EFFECT ON IT--*

CUT TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE/INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS

Vivian's eyes fill with TEARS--

VIVIAN:

You're lying--

MEREDITH:

Now, we both know that's not true.

VIVIAN:

My parents died in a fire. I was just a little kid, I had nothing to do with it.

MEREDITH:

Your "therapist," and I use that term very loosely, implanted a fake life in your brain. A fake reality.

VIVIAN:

No, that's not true--

MEREDITH:

Your parents curse you and the ground you walk on from their fiery graves in hell where they're still burning as we speak.

VIVIAN:

Meredith, stop--

Meredith DRAGS the blade up Vivian's abdomen, pressing the point up against her NECK--

MEREDITH:

Everything you've ever done. Every thought you've ever had. Every word you've ever said. All of it. It's all lead up to now.

VIVIAN:

Please--

MEREDITH:

You can run. You can hide. But you can never escape your fate.

VIVIAN:

Who are you?

MEREDITH:

One of many.

MEREDITH DRAWS HER SHARD UP READY TO KILL--

VIVIAN SCREAMS--

MEREDITH'S HEAD GOES FLYING OFF--

BLOOD SPRAYS ALL OVER THE SCREEN--

ELEANOR STANDS, IRON BATTLE-AXE IN HAND--

MEREDITH WOBBLER AROUND A BIT BEFORE COLLAPSING--

ELEANOR:

You talk too much--

Eleanor COLLAPSES, a bloody mess--

VIVIAN:

Eleanor!

ELEANOR:

Is it over?

VIVIAN:

Eleanor, you saved my life.

ELEANOR:

I owed you one.

VIVIAN:

What happened to you?

ELEANOR:

A lot.

Eleanor recovers--

Helps Vivian out of her bindings--

VIVIAN:

We have to get out of here. My  
sister is in danger.

ELEANOR:

So, what do we do?

A beat.

VIVIAN:

Sometimes the only way to end  
something is to go back to the  
beginning.

ELEANOR:

Meaning?

Vivian rummages through the papers Meredith tossed at her  
earlier--

Amongst the psyche records and medical documents, she finds a  
photograph of the same house from her dreams--

The house she just saw burning moments ago--

VIVIAN:

Here. We have to go here.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A LONE CAR drives down a dark windy highway through the  
middle of dense woodland. Storm clouds loom overhead and  
thunder ROARS.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEANOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mistfit Mod's "Queen Love Zero" PLAYS on the radio. Eleanor  
drives with Vivian in the passenger seat.

ELEANOR:

Where's the turn at?

VIVIAN:  
Coming up on the right.

Eleanor turns at the designated spot into considerably more rural terrain, a dirt road into the thickest part of the forest--

ELEANOR:  
I have a bad feeling about this.

VIVIAN:  
Me, too. But we don't have a choice. We're the only ones left that can stop it.

ELEANOR:  
Stop what?

A beat.

VIVIAN:  
We'll know when we find it.

ELEANOR:  
Way to narrow it down.

VIVIAN:  
Something put a curse on everyone who went in that house tonight. It's still inside the both of us. We may not have much time. There's no escaping it. There's only killing it at the source.

ELEANOR:  
And if we can't?

VIVIAN:  
We'll die trying.

The car comes to a STOP in front of a locked GATE leading onto someone's territory with a sign marked: NO TRESPASSERS--

ELEANOR:  
Looks like the rest of the way is on foot.

VIVIAN:  
Looks like.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

ON ELEANOR'S CAR TRUNK OPENING--

An assortment of the kind of car tools and road safety supplies one would expect to find in a trunk--

Vivian and Eleanor grab FLASHLIGHTS and ROAD FLARES--

MORE THUNDER--

ELEANOR:  
It's gonna rain soon.

VIVIAN:  
I know. Let's hurry.

Eleanor helps Vivian over the fence first--

Vivian returns the favor, then they venture further up the road and into the woods on foot--

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Eleanor and Vivian walk deeper into the forest--

Their FLASHLIGHT BEAMS shine against trees and shadows as FLASHES of LIGHTNING and the ROAR of THUNDER foretell an oncoming storm--

A CAMPFIRE in the far off distance--

ELEANOR:  
Do you see that?

VIVIAN:  
See what?

Eleanor SIGNALS in the general direction--

ELEANOR:  
Over there.

VIVIAN:  
What is that?

ELEANOR:  
A campfire?

VIVIAN:  
Let's check it out.

ELEANOR:  
 Sure, why not? What harm could  
 that do?

The closer they get to the campfire, they see--

A NAKED FEMALE STRUNG UPSIDE DOWN IN-BETWEEN TWO TREES NEAR  
 THE FLAME--

VIVIAN:  
 Oh, God...

ELEANOR:  
 Is that--

VIVIAN:  
Carol!

The girls approach and Vivian immediately goes for her  
 lifeless sister's bindings--

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING AND CAROL BURSTS TO LIFE WITH THE  
 SCREAM OF A MADWOMAN--

LIGHTNING FLASHES AND THEY SEE THE ARMY OF BLACK ROBES  
 STANDING NEARBY IN THE WOODS--

Totally surrounded--

ELEANOR:  
 Viv, we're not alone--

The Black Robes approach--

One of them armed with BRANDING IRON in hand HEATS it in the  
 nearby campfire--

The girls FIGHT against the Black Robes but are overtaken and  
 forced to watch as--

CAROL IS BRANDED WITH THE HOT BRANDING IRON IN HER BACK,  
 SCARRING HER WITH A WEIRD OCCULT SYMBOL--

Then the Black Robe with the branding iron approaches Vivian,  
 getting closer--

She DRAWS her hood back, SHOWING THE HIDEOUSLY BURNT FACE OF  
 AN OLDER WOMAN--

VIVIAN:  
 ...Mom?

HOUSEMOTHER:  
 Welcome home.

Vivian is about to be BRANDED next--

Vivian STRUGGLES against the Black Robes holding her--

ELEANOR:

Vivian!

She BREAKS free--

In the confusion, Eleanor manages to do the same--

VIVIAN:

Run!

The girls BOLT OFF IN A MAD SPRINT IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS--

ANGLE FAVORING the Housemother, eerily calm--

HOUSEMOTHER:

After them.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW as Eleanor RUNS down the side road SCREAMING--

Black Robes in hot pursuit--

The locked gate she previously crawled over is in the distance--

More Black Robes join the chase from the shadows of the surrounding woods--

Eleanor reaches the gate and STRUGGLES to get over it, hampered by her hurt foot--

HOPS OVER just as a Black Robe ATTACKS, narrowly missing--

Eleanor RUNS over to her car and HOPS in--

CUT TO:

INT. ELEANOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON the gate from within Eleanor's car as the DROVES of Black Robes climb over it--

Eleanor DROPS the keys on the floorboard--

ELEANOR:

Shit!

GOES for them--

TURNES the ignition just as--

A BLACK ROBE GRABS HER FROM THE BACKSEAT--

SHE SCREAMS, A BRIEF STRUGGLE, RUNS FROM THE CAR--

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Black Robe follows after her as others climb it over the gate and approach from the woods--

Eleanor BOLTS down the side road but STOPS--

A ROW OF BLACK ROBES STANDING SIDE BY SIDE--

The Black Robes surround her--

Eleanor LIGHTS her road flare, WAVING it frantically, desperate to ward them off--

They overpower her and she DROPS her road flare--

They have her PINNED on the pavement not far from her car--

ELEANOR:

No! Stop!

A Black Robe GRABS her nearby road flare--

SHOVES IT IN ELEANOR'S MOUTH, KILLING HER--

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW Vivian as she BOLTS through the thickest part of the forest, darting amongst trees--

THE BANSHEE SCREAM FROM HER NIGHTMARE SOUNDS OUT--

She STOPS--

Hides by a tree--

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING--

RAIN begins to POUR--

Vivian looks at her hands, DRENCHED IN BLOOD--

A moment of realization---

MORE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING--

BLOOD IS RAINING FROM THE SKY--

THE ALIEN CRY OF THE FOREST SPRITE ECHOES IN THE WOODS AGAIN--

In the FAR OFF DISTANCE, amongst the trees, Vivian SEES IT--

THE SPRITE, THE TERROR FROM HER NIGHTMARES--

HUGE, ITS LONG ARMS, SWORD FINGERS, AND BIRD HEAD ALL COVERED  
IN BLOOD--

Vivian BOLTS off--

CUT TO:

EXT. BURNT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW Vivian towards the smoldering remnants of a house--

The same house of her dreams, the one she Meredith showed her  
in the pictures--

METAL SCRAPES amongst the THUNDER AND LIGHTNING--

The Sprite is after her--

She tries the front door, but it's LOCKED--

She makes a running leap and SMASHES through a window--

CUT TO:

INT. BURNT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The burnt skeleton of the house is a charred nightmare of ash  
and ruin. It almost seems haunted. Charred furniture fill  
the rooms and scorched photographs decorate the walls.  
Vivian recovers. She wanders amongst various burnt rooms  
into the ruins of a bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BURNT HOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She approaches the charred bed.

VIVIAN:  
I'm sorry...

HOUSEMOTHER:  
You're too late.

Vivian TURNS--

The Housemother stands in the doorway, looking especially wicked covered in blood--

The branding iron in her hands is cold now, like the burnt remnants of the room they stand in--

HOUSEMOTHER: (CONT'D)  
You couldn't save your sister.

VIVIAN:  
What the fuck did you do to Carol?

HOUSEMOTHER:  
You'll see.

The Housemother ATTACKS--

SMASHING her branding iron into a nightstand as Vivian LEAPS out of the way--

A brief struggle around the room--

The Housemother PINS Vivian to the floor--

VIVIAN:  
Go back to Hell!

VIVIAN PEELS THE HOUSEMOTHER'S BURNT SKIN OFF HER FACE WITH HER FINGERNAILS, EXPOSING BONE--

Both women SCREAM but Vivian manages to WRIGGLE free and BOLTS out the door--

CUT TO:

INT. BURNT HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vivian RUNS into the living room but STOPS and SCREAMS at what she sees--

CAROL, STILL NAKED, FULLY DRENCHED IN BLOOD, HOLDING A SCYTHE, DRAWING AN OCCULT SYMBOL ON THE WALL WITH HER OWN BLOOD--

VIVIAN:

Carol?

Carol looks at her with a deranged smile--

CAROL:

Welcome home.

Carol ATTACKS with her scythe--

A chase around the room--

The Housemother, the better part of her skull exposed, watches from a doorway--

HOUSEMOTHER:

Kill her! Kill her! Kill that  
dirty bitch!

CAROL:

Yes, Mother.

Vivian is TRAPPED between the two--

Carol HURLS her scythe at Vivian--

SHE HITS THE FLOOR--

THE SPINNING SCYTHE IMPALES THE HOUSEMOTHER THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF HER FACE--

CAROL SCREAMS IN A FRENZIED RAGE, SCRATCHING OFF PIECES OF HER SKIN AND PULLING OUT CLUMPS OF HER HAIR--

THE HOUSEMOTHER FLAILS ABOUT--

VIVIAN RECOVERS AND SHOVES THE HOUSEMOTHER WITH ALL HER MIGHT, KNOCKING HER INTO A NEARBY WALL--

Vivian recovers and SHOVES the Housemother with all her might, KNOCKING her into a wall--

ANGLE ON THE HOUSEMOTHER AS SHE FALLS FACE-FIRST ON THE FLOOR, HER FACE SLIDING DOWN THE BLADE OF THE SCYTHE IN GREAT GORY DETAIL--

Carol is still having a fit--

Vivian bolts for the front door, unlocks it, THROWS the doors open--

ANGLE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, THE SPRITE DRAWS CLOSE--

Vivian SCREAMS and secures the door just as CAROL ATTACKS--

Carol has Vivian PINNED against the door, digging her NAILS into her little sister's throat--

VIVIAN:  
Carol, please!

CAROL:  
It's time for you to go to sleep.

CAROL KISSES VIVIAN HARD IN A DEEP PASSIONATE KISS--

THEN VIVIAN SCREAMS AND--

A CLOUD OF HOUSEFLIES SWARM OUT OF HER MOUTH, FILLING THE ROOM--

METAL SCRAPES--

GIANT SWORD FINGERS IMPALE THE DOOR--

CAROL LOOKS UP--

VIVIAN WRIGGLES FREE FROM HER GRIP, BOLTS AWAY, WATCHES AS--

THE SPRITE CLEAVES THROUGH THE DOOR--

SEVERS CAROL IN HALF WITH ITS MASSIVE SWORD HANDS, SPRAYING THE ENTIRE ROOM WITH BLOOD--

THE SPRITE AND VIVIAN BOTH SCREAM IN UNISON, HOUSEFLIES FLYING ABOUT--

THE SPRITE BURSTS INTO THE HOUSE--

VIVIAN BOLTS FOR THE HOUSEMOTHER, YANKING THE SCYTHER FROM HER CORPSE--

VIVIAN:  
You can't scare me anymore, you hear me?! You can't scare me!

VIVIAN CHOPS OFF THE SPRITE'S HEAD--

COUNTLESS HOUSEFLIES BURST FROM ITS WOUND--

THE SPRITE FLAILS ABOUT THE ROOM IN ITS DEATH THROES--

VIVIAN DODGES OUT OF THE WAY OF ITS SWINGING BLADES AS IT FINALLY COLLAPSES, DEAD--

SHE DROPS THE SCYTHER ON THE FLOOR--

SHE COLLAPSES--

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

IN ON familiar forests as the sun begins to shine across the tree tops. A highway cuts through the woodlands.

ANGLE ON VIVIAN, COMPLETELY DRENCHED IN BLOOD, WALKING ALONGSIDE THE HIGHWAY--

SEVERAL VEHICLES PASS BY--

NO ONE STOPS TO HELP--

VIVIAN KEEPS WALKING--

FADE TO BLACK

THE END