

They Beckon

written by

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Over black

Filleann an feall ar an bhfeallaire.

(The bad deed returns on the bad-deed doer)

- Traditional Gaelic quote.

FADE IN:

INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT PRESENT DAY

A dark, sparse interior from another era of time. A painting of Elmwood Mansion hangs in a gold frame over a cold, uninviting fireplace.

MARGARET ELMWOOD, a frail woman in her seventies, lies in bed, eyes closed. An IV pole and heart monitor next to her.

DOCTOR ED BRANDT, 50s, sits vigil and waits for death to arrive. With dark circles under his eyes and a sagging, worn face, he seems older than his years.

The Doctor comes out of a silent yawn and glances at the dresser across the room, covered with framed photographs of long departed family members carefully arranged.

The wisp of a MOAN reaches his ears and he turns his gaze to Margaret.

As if awakening from death, her eyes sluggishly open, red and watery. The Doctor is stunned. His quivering lips search for words that he cannot find.

Margaret manages a slight smile.

MARGARET

Doctor Brandt.

The Doctor can't do anything but stare in disbelief.

THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The bedroom door CREAKS open and the Doctor emerges.

He almost collides with his brother, NICK BRANDT, 60s, a loud and aggressive weasel who tries to hide his age with Grecian formula and nice suits.

One glance at the Doctor tells him something's wrong.

DOCTOR

Her eyes opened. She spoke.

NICK

Whoa, whoa! What the hell are you talking about!? She's in a coma!

DOCTOR

She wants a cup of tea.

NICK

A cup of... Ed! What the hell!? You said she was gonna kick!

DOCTOR

I know, Nick, I know! I don't understand it. She bounced back!

NICK

How the hell do you bounce back from dead!?

DOCTOR

She wasn't dead.

NICK

You said she would be!

The Doctor struggles to comprehend.

DOCTOR

I know, Nick, I know! I must have misdiagnosed.

NICK

What the hell does that mean!?

DOCTOR

Something I didn't see.

NICK

I know what it means! How could it happen!?

DOCTOR

I don't understand. Everything pointed to...

Nick wraps an arm around the Doctor's shoulder and leads him away from the door.

NICK

This puts me in a difficult position, Ed.

NICK (CONT'D)

You're telling me Tessie Teacup in there is good for another twenty years!?

DOCTOR

Who said twenty years?

NICK

The town needs this house.

DOCTOR

Nick...

NICK

Being town treasurer has its advantages. Remember what we talked about? How good things can be? A little off the top.

The Doctor's distressed.

NICK (CONT'D)

Think of how close you are to Chapter 11, baby brother.

DOCTOR

What are you saying?

Nick twists the last dagger of conviction.

NICK

Everyone's expecting her to die. It's not going to surprise a living soul.

The Doctor turns and faces him.

DOCTOR

I'm not a murderer!

NICK

There must be something you can prescribe.

DOCTOR

I can't do it. And the curse! Remember the curse.

Nick loses his patience.

NICK

Nothing but bullshit.

DOCTOR
Curses are not bullshit.

Nick studies the anguished face of his brother.

NICK
Don't make me tell Helen.

DOCTOR
About?

Nick smiles.

NICK
Breaking the bedsprings at the
Motel on the two-o-two with what's-
her-name.

DOCTOR
Jesus Christ, how do you--

NICK
I know.

Flicking his chin towards the door.

NICK (CONT'D)
Take care of it.

The Doctor scowls at his brother.

MARGARET'S BEDROOM

Margaret is awake and resting. The CREAK of the old door draws her attention to the Doctor. He glances at the faded, framed memories on the dresser.

MARGARET
(weak)
How long was I asleep?

The Doctor's gaze drifts back to his patient. She waits for an answer.

He gently closes the door, and advances towards her in the dim light as night sounds seep in through the open window.

Margaret's calm expression decays into fear.

The Doctor summons help from some inner demon. With quivering hands he reaches for her pillow.

Margaret cannot find her voice to scream.

The pillow's yanked from under her and stuffed over her face.

Margaret's bony hands grab the Doctor's arms... brittle fingers grasping and clawing.

A violent thrust as he presses down with all his might in a controlled rage... sweat and tears fall onto the linen.

Margaret's feeble fists pound on the arms of her killer.

Muffled shrieks cry out as the Doctor pushes her deeper into the bed and squeezes the death cushion against her face.

Her body arches and twists in violent convulsive seizures.

The Doctor shuts his eyes tight, unable to watch as he divests the spirit of its body.

The heart monitor flat-lines.

An eerie stillness fills the dark room except for the chirps of distant crickets and cicadas.

Lifting the pillow gives him a shock as Margaret stares back at him. Her terrified eyes are large as saucers. Her mouth contorted and frozen in a silent scream.

The Doctor pries loose the dead hands that clutch his arms.

THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Nervous and smoking, Nick leans against the wall with his ear inclined to the door as he tries to hear any sound from inside.

The CREAK of door breaks the silence as the disheveled and trance-like Doctor scuffs into the hallway.

The instant change in his brother is obvious. Nick looks on the bright side.

NICK

When this joint makes money,
you'll thank me.

Three loud POPS explode throughout the house. POP! POP! POP! Sickening wallops, like amplified hammers smashing into watermelons.

Nick and the Doctor take reluctant steps, cautiously peering over the railing into the black chasm below.

The Doctor turns to Nick for an explanation.

NICK (CONT'D)

Old pipes.

EXT. MANSION OF THE ELMS - NIGHT

Clouds conceal the moon which can only cast a hazy glow over the large Victorian in the middle of a mist-covered field.

A distant woodline of trees surrounds the perimeter like a stockade fort. A long driveway stems from the house and seems to lead to nowhere.

EXT. FRONT DOORS - NIGHT

A POLICEMAN, 30s, stands guard at the double doors that face the cul de sac which ends the driveway.

The hearse and a patrol car parked in front.

Lost in thought, Nick leans on his Luxury Car as headlights shine on him.

Nick shields his eyes until the blinding light pans away to reveal the car.

The door opens.

CLAIRE TAYLOR steps out. As the matronly head of the Elmwood Historical Society, the sixty-three year old Claire conceals curler-filled hair with a kerchief, and a knee-length buttoned coat.

She greets Nick as she dabs her moist eyes with a tissue.

CLAIRE

I just heard the news.

Nick manages a crooked smile.

NICK

Oh. I thought you just drove all the way out here for the hell of it.

She ignores the cynicism.

CLAIRE

Poor Miss Elmwood. She was so young.

NICK

Seventy-three and far from poor.

The FUNERAL DIRECTOR, his ASSISTANT, and the Doctor emerge with the covered body. They head towards the hearse as the Doctor approaches Nick and Claire.

CLAIRE

Did she die peacefully, Ed?

The Doctor doesn't respond.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She didn't suffer, did she?

Suddenly realizes he has been asked a question.

DOCTOR

No.

(to Nick)

I'll ah... I'll send someone over tomorrow... to collect the equipment.

NICK

Thanks, Ed.

As the Coroner's van pulls away, the Policeman closes the front doors.

CLAIRE

She should have gone to the hospital.

DOCTOR

She didn't want to leave Elmwood.

Claire gives an understanding nod.

CLAIRE

I suppose she wanted to die in her own bed.

Nick and the Doctor lock eyes for a second.

NICK

We'll need the death certificate to get things moving.

CLAIRE

What the hell, Nick!? She's not even at the funeral home yet.

NICK

This place is on the town's dime now. I'm responsible for making it pay for itself.

The Doctor's eyes are filled with disgust as he moves towards his car and doesn't look back.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Headlights slice through thick ground fog, passing faint outlines of trees covered by the dark.

INT. DOCTOR'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

The Doctor tries to navigate through tears of shame and disgust. A loud THUMP on his door! Startled, he looks out his window where a human-like SHADOW FIGURE runs alongside his car.

A Shadow hand slams onto the glass next to his face leaving an imprint on the condensation.

The Doctor SCREAMS.

DOCTOR

What the hell!?

His head snaps back and forth from the side window to the road ahead.

THE GAS PEDAL

His foot presses down.

THE DOCTOR

THUMP! He turns to the passenger window as another Shadow Figure keeps up speed with the car. It flickers in and out as the fog passes through the shadow body. THUMP! THUMP! A shadow hand BANGS on the glass.

THE GAS PEDAL

The Doctor's foot presses it to the floor.

THE DRIVEWAY

The car accelerates as Shadow Figures run effortlessly alongside.

THE DOCTOR

Through the windshield, the gate quickly approaches.

THE DRIVEWAY

The car recklessly speeds towards the gate as several more Shadow Figures run out from the woods.

One jumps onto the roof of the car and STOMPS on it. STOMP!
STOMP!

THE DOCTOR

Completely terror stricken, he fumbles with the steering wheel to keep control. STOMP! STOMP! He looks up at the ceiling being pushed in like a soda can.

THUMP! THUMP! - fisted shadow hands slam against doors and windows. He frantically spins the wheel.

THE DRIVEWAY ENTRANCE

The car fishtails-- SCREECH! Grinding metal scrapes and sparks shoot upward as it broadsides the stone columns.

The car, surrounded by the Shadow People, turns onto the road at top speed.

THE DOCTOR

He screams incoherently. STOMPSTOMPSTOMP! STOMPSTOMPSTOMP!
The ceiling's about to cave in from the constant pounding it's taking.

The Doctor wrenches his head to the passenger window.

A featureless SHADOW FACE glares back at him with red, glowing eyes.

DOCTOR

Holy Jesus!

EXT. THE CAR WINDSHIELD - CONTINUOUS

A transparent horse head and a loud NEIGH as breath shoots out its nostrils and fogs the windshield.

INT. DOCTOR'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

The Doctor SCREAMS OUT and covers his eyes. The steering wheel spins!

EXT. ELMWOOD ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car swerves off the road several times and smashes into a tree.

The Shadow Figures sink into the ground fog... and are gone.

Smoke exhales from undetectable places in the mangled wreck of what was once the Doctor's car.

His twisted, bloodied remains are crushed behind the engine which has been pushed into the driver's seat.

The Doctor's dead eyes are fixed in a terrified stare. His open and contorted mouth frozen in a silent scream... the same expression as Margaret Elmwood's last moment.

EXT. ELMWOOD ROAD - DAY

A practical, late model car travels at normal speed.

SUPER: One Month Later.

INT. KALI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, KALI SAVIN, 30s, projects confidence and authority. She's a natural leader and dressed for business.

In the passenger seat, preppy MATTHEW OSTRUM, 20s, soft-spoken antique furniture expert, uses his cell phone as a GPS.

The backseat belongs to JOHN PARO, 40s, who personifies tough and gruff. An authority on antique clocks, his suit cries out "lived-in," with wrinkles to prove it.

PARO

So, this is the nowhere everyone's
five hundred miles away from.

MATTHEW

Is that original?

PARO

I got it from an old movie.

MATTHEW

Which movie?

PARO

You never saw it.

MATTHEW

How do you know?

PARO

It's in black and white.

MATTHEW

You're right. I never saw it.

KALI

What's it saying?

Matthew checks the GPS.

MATTHEW

Less than a minute.

PARO

Why the hell would someone build a mansion out here?

MATTHEW

Privacy?

PARO

More like solitary confinement.

KALI

It was built in the eighteen fifties. Twenty miles from town in those days was like living on the moon.

Matthew lifts his eyes from the GPS and points.

MATTHEW

Turn here.

EXT. THE FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS

The car makes the turn under the arched "ELMWOOD" sign of corroded iron. The stone columns wearing the paint scraped from the Doctor's car.

EXT. THE FRONT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Nick Puffs on a cigarette, checks his watch, leans on his car.

INT./EXT. CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

Turrets of the mansion rise above the treetops.

Paro stretches his neck into the front seat.

PARO

Did they move this place from one of those crappy English shows with butlers and shit?

The mansion comes into full view.

MATTHEW

(with doubt)

Just the three of us, Kali?

KALI

I'm expecting someone from the Boston office to arrive today. I'll call if we need another.

Matthew nods ahead.

MATTHEW

He must be our official greeter.

Nick paces and looks at his watch again.

KALI

That doesn't look like a Claire Taylor.

MATTHEW

Uh-oh, the "looking at the watch" bit.

PARO

"My time is more valuable than yours."

Spotting the approaching car, he crushes out his cigarette and folds his arms.

The car comes to a stop.

Kali smiles at Nick.

Nick doesn't return the smile.

KALI
(through her teeth)
Let me do the talking.

They exit the car.

EXT. THE FRONT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Kali, Paro, and Matthew approach Nick.

NICK
Well, well, well.

KALI
Hello, I'm Kali Savin.

They shake hands.

NICK
Nick Brandt. Town Treasurer.

KALI
Nice to meet you, Mr. Brandt.
These are my associates, John Paro
and Matthew Ostrum.

Matthew and Paro extend their hands, but Nick ignores them.

NICK
We said eleven, right?

Kali maintains her smile.

KALI
Yes, I'm sorry. We didn't know the
house was so far out of town.

NICK
Right.

KALI
I was told I was to meet Claire
Taylor?

NICK
She's late, too.

KALI
Ah.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

The colorless room has tiled floors with several floor drains, long work counters, and a stove from the 1950s.

No windows. No sunlight.

A key struggles in the lock and a moment later the door scrapes against the floor as it begrudgingly opens.

Nick leads them in.

He flips a switch and an old-style light bulb hanging in the middle of the room comes to life with a haunting glow.

NICK

I promised the Board of Selectmen
this whole procedure stays on
budget. Will it?

Kali observes her surroundings.

KALI

I won't know the answer until I've
seen the rooms and the contents.

NICK

It's seventy rooms filled with old
shit. What's there to know?

Matthew defends his area of expertise.

MATTHEW

An 18th century table made by
Thomas Tufft of Philadelphia
recently sold at auction for four
million, six-hundred and twenty
thousand dollars.

A dumbfounded pause.

NICK

What the fu-- for one table?

PARO

Easily mistaken by the untrained
eye as a piece of shit.

Suddenly very happy, Nick slaps his hands together.

NICK

We've got a ton of tables! Okay, the sooner this gets done, the sooner the house can be turned over to the town and pay for itself.

The light bulb EXPLODES! Shards fall all over in a puff of smoke as everyone turns away as the room plummets into darkness.

PARO

Son of a bitch!

MATTHEW

How did that happen!?

NICK

The damned wiring in this place. Hang on, I'll get a new one.

Nick stumbles away into blackness.

MATTHEW

Jeez, this place is creepy in the dark.

PARO

I have a hunch it's gonna be creepy in the *light*.

Using her cell flashlight, Kali examines the socket of the hanging bulb.

Paro twists out the screw cap.

KALI

How could it explode?

MATTHEW

Mr. Brandt said something about wiring.

PARO

This bulb is ancient. Early twentieth century.

MATTHEW

And it was still working?

PARO

These old bulbs will last forever.

The kitchen door opens and frames the silhouette of Claire.

CLAIRE

Hello, hello! I see you found the place!

She enters, well coiffed and impressively dressed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

My God, it's dark in here. You must be Kali Savin!

They shake hands.

KALI

I am. And you're Claire?

CLAIRE

Claire Taylor, the one and only.

KALI

This is John Paro, specializing in antique clocks.

Claire and Paro shake hands.

PARO

Nice to meet you.

CLAIRE

Mister Paro.

Matthew offers his hand to Claire, and they shake.

KALI

Matthew Ostrum, our furniture and art expert.

MATTHEW

Miss Taylor.

Nick emerges from the dark with a new bulb in hand.

NICK

This place... as a museum. Can it pull in two hundred grand a year?

KALI

It would depend on how many visitors you attract. But that's not quite what we do.

NICK

Right. So what's the process?

KALI

We'll start by photographing every room from every angle, then we evaluate and categorize all the furniture, paintings, and anything of historical value.

NICK

Historical value. That's good!

CLAIRE

Value can be in terms of history, Nick, not just financial.

Nick turns to Claire.

NICK

Finally got here, eh?

THE SERVANTS HALLWAY

Drab and dingy. Vacant of style or character. The walls are pocked with closed doors and lead to a narrow stairway at the far end.

CLAIRE

These rooms would have been for kitchen staff. House staff would live on the third floor.

They climb the stairs.

THE MAIN HALLWAY

A door opens opposite a GLASS DISPLAY CASE. Claire and the others emerge into the shadow-filled hallway.

CLAIRE

The Main Hall.

They pause to take in the opulence.

KALI

Impressive.

Matthew drifts towards the display case.

PARO

What we can see of it.

Claire searches for a light switch near the door.

CLAIRE

Just a moment.

She discovers the switch. CLICK! The dim glow of an old chandelier illuminates the room.

THE GLASS DISPLAY COUNTER

Thick dust puffs into the air as Matthew brushes off a section of the glass counter.

He peers inside at the display which includes a large wooden mallet, stone mason tools, and a cracked, sepia photograph of an OLD MAN seated with twenty young workers around him.

He leans in for closer examination.

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

Behind the old man stands a TEEN WORKER, 16, with his eyes closed.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

That's Joseph Elmwood in the photograph, with some of the workers.

BACK TO SCENE

Matthew furrows his brow.

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

The Teen Worker's eyes are now open and stare directly at Matthew.

BACK TO SCENE

Matthew reels back with a GASP!

PARO

What's the matter?

Matthew collects himself and shakes his head - "nothing."

Claire thinks a moment about his sudden jolt, dismisses it, and moves on.

CLAIRE

Library, study, ballroom, family and formal dining rooms all on this floor. Bedrooms on the second, servants' quarters on the third, as I said.

POP! POP! POP! blasts throughout the house. Everyone freezes in place with surprised faces.

Except Nick, who has heard this before. He takes a few inquisitive steps forward... eyes subtly scanning the room.

He lifts his head upwards towards the second floor to Margaret's room.

NICK

Pipes.

Claire smiles.

CLAIRE

Shall we have a look upstairs?

She leads the way as Kali and Paro follow. Nick hesitates at the bottom step and fumbles for a smoke.

GLASS DISPLAY COUNTER

As Matthew starts to follow, a BUMP in a room off the hallway stops him. He turns and moves towards the sound.

THE MAIN HALLWAY

Matthew arrives at a set of closed French doors. He cocks his ear and listens.

Nothing. Reaching out with slight trepidation, he opens the doors and faces a wall of blackness. A small CLICK comes from within the room... as if someone moved an ashtray.

MATTHEW

Hello?

He steps into the dark.

THE LIVING ROOM

In the blackness he can make out a Grandfather's Clock, both hands frozen at twelve.

A wisp of wind WHISTLES out of the fireplace. Several chairs and a sofa are covered in snow-like dust.

A RUSTLE of what could be clothing makes him dart his head towards a corner of the room.

His eyes fix on a rocking chair swathed in shadow and silence.

Matthew backs out of the room.

A Shadow Figure rises from the rocker revealing a red velvet cushion that bleeds a bit of color in the dark.

THE MAIN HALLWAY

Clouded by cigarette smoke, Nick leans against the wall at the bottom of the stairs.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

You have your pick of the bedrooms.

KALI (O.S.)

Thank you. They're all quite wonderful.

Nick turns to Claire as she leads Kali and Paro down the stairs.

CLAIRE

Why do you want to stay here instead of the hotel in town?

KALI

The town is so far away, Mrs. Taylor. Staying here we can work late and start early.

Matthew joins them as they step off the stairway.

PARO

Find anything interesting?

MATTHEW

Just more dark.

Violent RAPS on the front doors. Bangbangbang! Bangbangbang! Nick stumbles backwards into Paro.

NICK

Shit!

No one moves. All eyes fixated on the doors.

Nick turns to Claire.

NICK (CONT'D)

See who it is, Claire.

Claire shoots Nick a "look." She gathers her confidence and inches towards the doors.

More BANGS slam on the door and stop her in her tracks.

Paro joins her, holding out his hands for the keys which Claire gives him.

PARO

Those Girl Scouts get more
aggressive every year with those
cookies.

He unlocks the door and swings both of them open.

No one is there.

She steps onto the stoop.

EXT. FRONT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

CLAIRE

Hello?

RON (O.S.)

Hello!?

Claire turns towards the voice to find RON GARRICK at the far corner of the mansion. In his thirties, he's blessed with matinee idol looks, a natty wardrobe, and charm to match.

CLAIRE

Yes?

Ron turns to Claire and approaches her.

RON

Elmwood Mansion?

CLAIRE

Yes. Can I help you?

RON

I rang the bell but no one
answered. I was checking for
another entrance.

CLAIRE

There was no need to knock as hard
as you did. That's the original
door!

Ron stops at the bottom of the steps, genuinely puzzled.

RON

I didn't knock on it at all. I
rang the bell.

CLAIRE

The bell doesn't work.

Realizing what he just said, she pauses and looks at the
door.

Paro appears on the stoop, not happy at the sight.

PARO

You're kidding.

RON

Paro! How are you, bud?

PARO

Jesus.

RON

No, it's Ron.

Claire turns to Paro.

CLAIRE

You two know each other?

Kali steps in Ron flashes a smile.

RON

Kali!

She holds her temper.

KALI

He's with us, Mrs. Taylor.

CLAIRE

Oh! Good!

Nick plows into the tension.

NICK

So, how long till I get a value on
everything in this joint?

KALI

I won't know until we've had the time to...

NICK

...yeah, yeah. Look, just do it right, be thorough... and step on it.

Nick scurries out the door and heads for his car.

NICK (CONT'D)

Hope you find a million dollar desk and a four million dollar table.

He shouts his last order without looking back.

NICK (CONT'D)

And don't take too long doing it!

Claire turns to Kali.

CLAIRE

You can say it. He's an asshole.

Kali smiles with a glance to Ron.

KALI

Every group has one.

Claire hands Kali the keys.

CLAIRE

You have my number so call if you need anything. I'll pop in later this week to see how it's going.

She exits down the steps.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Take care, now.

KALI

Thank you, Claire.

Ron whispers in Kali's ear.

RON

So... hi!

She turns to Paro and Matthew.

KALI

Let's get our luggage.

She exits out the front doors followed by Paro, Matthew, and after a moment, Ron.

The open door opposite the glass display counter breaks the stillness with a CREAK as it slowly closes shut.

EXT. MANSION OF THE ELMS - NIGHT

The cloud-covered moon casts a dim glow over the mansion and the woodline.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paro screws a final bulb into the last of the hanging kitchen fixtures.

Kali enters with a legal pad in hand.

PARO

Let there be light.

KALI

You going to start on the clocks down here?

PARO

Hey, ah...

Kali knows what's coming.

KALI

Ron?

PARO

I hate that prick.

KALI

I didn't invite him here.

PARO

Get rid of him. Better yet, I will.

A deafening POP POP POP explodes in the room. Kali and Paro jump as if hit by a stun gun.

Silence. They listen. Nothing.

With delicate caution, Paro braves a few steps as he scans the room.

Matthew bursts into the kitchen and gives Kali and Paro another scare.

MATTHEW

Did you hear that!?

Paro SCREAMS from the shock.

PARO

Son of a bitch, Matthew! Knock next time!

MATTHEW

But did you hear it?

PARO

Yes! And now all I hear is my heart pounding a mile a minute!

MATTHEW

That wasn't the pipes, Kali.

KALI'S BEDROOM

Dark oak walls with brass fixtures. A sheer white curtain screens a floor length window.

Kali relaxes in the large bed as she leans against the ornate headboard attacking paperwork.

A horse WHICKERS outside.

She goes to the window, parts the curtains, and looks outside.

A sea of ground fog covers the grass and distant field.

The unseen horse WHICKERS again.

Kali crams her neck to look in both directions.

THE MAIN HALLWAY

Matthew heads for the staircase and passes the front doors as a distant, horrific WAILING cuts through the night and spills into the house.

Curiosity overtakes his dread. He OPENS the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Matthew cranes his neck at the woodline across the field. Trees and bony branches hide the source of the screams.

INT. SMALL ROOM IN SERVANTS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Paro works at a table on an antique clock with it's face removed. Paro scribbles notes on his observations.

A dark blur that crosses by his open door. He looks up, but nothing is there.

PARO

Hello?

He listens. No response. Paro dismisses it and turns back to his notes. A loud THUMP! He springs from his chair and looks into the hall.

THE SERVANTS HALL

At the far end, hidden by shadows, A MAN enters the kitchen.

PARO

Ron?

He makes his way down the corridor.

THE KITCHEN

Paro enters to find no one in the room. He crosses to the service door and notices it's bolted from inside.

He hears the muffled, distant screaming outside.

EXT. THE FRONT DOORS - NIGHT

The blood-curdling screams echo across the field and Matthew has had enough.

INT. THE FRONT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

He steps back and closes the door, turns on his heels and smashes into Kali. Both jump from the scare.

MATTHEW

Did you... hear...

She nods "yes" and opens the door.

EXT. THE FRONT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

She no sooner sets foot on the stoop and the SCREAMS stop.

MATTHEW
Someone in trouble?

Kali's eyes pour over every bit of woodline in sight. After a few moments the CHIRPS of crickets fill the night air.

KALI
I think it was a fox.

She steps back inside.

INT. THE FRONT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Matthew bolts the door.

MATTHEW
A fox?

KALI
They sound like humans when they cry out.

MATTHEW
A human being tortured.

A nervous Paro approaches them.

PARO
You two weren't just downstairs, were you?

With a slight head-shake, Kali responds "no."

PARO (CONT'D)
Where's Ron?

KALI
In his room.

POP! The hideous blasts from upstairs. They exit.

BOTTOM OF THE STAIRCASE

Arriving at the stairs, Kali, Paro, and Matthew stop and listen. POP! POP! The sickening impact comes from all corners of the house.

Followed once again by dead silence.

Bangbangbang! The front door rattles. An angry Kali storms towards it.

THE FRONT DOORS

She unbolts the lock, yanks the door open, and faces nothing but air.

EXT. THE FRONT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Kali, framed in the doorway. Night sounds hover around the vacant field and still woods. Paro steps up behind her.

PARO

This place is fucked up.

Kali gives a barely visible nod in agreement.

PARO (CONT'D)

Pardon my Bronx.

INT. RON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ron, bare chested, lies on his bed with earbuds in place with muffled music spilling out. His face and glazed eyes are lit by the glow of his cell phone he's staring at.

On his bed table a few drops remain in a bottle of whiskey, as does a crystal glass containing one last gulp of straight-up.

INSERT - SMARTPHONE SCREEN

Pictures of himself and Kali in happier days. His finger slides over the images as memories flip by.

Swipe - with Kali on the beach, Swipe - on Tower Bridge in London, Swipe - skiing on a mountain, Swipe - riding horses in the autumn, Swipe - the wedding picture.

BACK TO SCENE

His eyes are closed... locked tight from too many glasses of amber libation. His grip on the phone loosens and it falls onto the bed.

A horse WHINNIES outside. Silence.

Ron breathes heavy in a deep sleep..

Another WHINNY.

INT. KALI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She enters with her laptop in one hand and coffee cup in the other. She closes the door using her back and leans against with eyes closed.

The horse WHINNIES outside. Kali opens her eyes with slow caution.

She hurries towards the window and violently tosses the curtains aside. Another muffled WHINNY drifts through the glass.

She opens the tall window as the room fills with night sounds.

EXT. THE FIELD - NIGHT

A low ground fog covers the field as moonlight silhouettes the distant woodline.

CLOP-CLOP-CLOP. She hears a horse walking on grass and the CREAKY wooden aches and pains of a wagon, but nothing can be seen.

KALI'S BEDROOM.

Kali spins from the window and rushes to the door.

THE STAIRCASE

Kali emerges from the darkness of the highest steps as she bolts down fast as she can.

THE FRONT DOORS

Kali hurls herself to the door and flings the dead bolt sideways. She pulls the door open and rushes outside.

EXT. THE FIELD - NIGHT

She runs onto the field as her head darts left and right. She turns full circle in search of the horse. Puffs of ground fog swirls in her wake.

She stops halfway through the field.

The woods are silent. She turns towards the woodline.

THE WOODLINE

A contained heavy mist rises from the fog. A horse WHICKER carries across the field.

Kali watches as a dark shadow drifts out of the mist.

The shadow transforms into a black horse with a tall black plume atop his head. CLOP-CLOP-CLOP rings out as the horse leads a black coach from the mist. A hazy blur appears to be a coachman in the driver's seat.

The CREAKS and GRINDS of wooden wheels moan as the apparition slowly parades in front of the woodline.

Kali takes several steps closer. She stumbles on the uneven ground which diverts her eyes for only a second.

Her eyes dart back to the woodline. The horse and the coach are gone. She looks everywhere in total shock and disbelief. She's alone in the field.

EXT. ELMWOOD HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING - DAY

A row of quaint, smart store fronts on Main Street. A sign over one of the doors reads "Elmwood Historical Society."

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A small room stuffed with file cabinets, piles of books, and maps on the wall. Claire reads the morning paper with a cup of coffee.

The phone RINGS. She downs a gulp from her mug before answering.

CLAIRE
 Elmwood Historical Society, Claire
 Taylor speaking.

No response.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Hello?

KALI (V.O)
 Claire?

CLAIRE
 Kali? Is that you?

EXT. THE MANSION OF THE ELMS - DAY

Seated on the front steps, Kali looks tired and disheveled.

KALI
 Yes.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

CLAIRE
 I didn't expect to hear from you
 so fast. How are things going,
 dear?

Kali can't find the words.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Kali? Is something wrong?

KALI
 That's what I was hoping you could
 tell me.

She chooses her words carefully.

KALI (CONT'D)
 Did you tell me... everything...
 about the Mansion of the Elms?

Claire's genuinely puzzled by the question.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

Paro at a side table drinking coffee with a cigarette in
 hand. Matthew enters and heads to the stove. Both of them
 appear to have been up all night as well.

MATTHEW

Where's Kali?

PARO

Outside on the phone.

MATTHEW

Hopefully telling the office we're leaving.

PARO

Leaving? We're just starting the job!

Matthew pours a coffee.

MATTHEW

I thought you quit smoking?

PARO

I keep an emergency pack in my luggage. This is the first time I've ever needed it. They're stale, but what the hell.

Matthew joins Paro at the table.

Ron enters. He looks like he went ten rounds with a champ who remained the champ. He makes for the coffee pot.

RON

Morning, gents.

Matthew and Paro ignore him.

Ron pours with an unsteady hand.

PARO

You look like shit.

RON

I love you too, Paro.

Ron drags himself to the table.

MATTHEW

Did you hear anything last night?

RON

Hear what?

MATTHEW

The screaming in the woods?

PARO
Kali said it was a fox.

Matthew turns to Paro --

MATTHEW
What about you? You saw someone go
into the kitchen!

PARO
It was a blur and I was tired.

MATTHEW
So why are you smoking!?

RON
What blur?

PARO
I thought it was you.

RON
Me?

Paro takes another puff.

Matthew sits in silence.

Ron studies their faces... and takes another sip.

MUSIC ROOM

An open space once used for dances. Ornately decorated with
lavish woodwork. Kali types a few last words on her laptop
and closes the lid.

She uncovers the tarpaulin on the grand piano. A snowstorm of
dust fills the room.

KALI
Oh, dear God!

Kali has a coughing fit as Ron enters.

RON
Hey.

He rushes to help with the tarp.

KALI
Just... leave it, please.

The tarp drops on the floor.

RON
I was hoping we could talk.

KALI
About?

She raises the lid on the piano.

RON
Everything.

Kali brings her laptop to the piano and examines a small brass plate behind the keys.

KALI
Talking about "everything" takes a lifetime. You blew that chance.

RON
I know I did. I know it.

Reading from the brass plate, Kali types the serial number into her computer.

RON (CONT'D)
I just realized it too late.

KALI
You realized it too late three times. We separated three times. That's not normal.

RON
Lots of people separate then get back together.

KALI
Not in the first year! My God, Ron, it's over. We're divorced! Done!

Kali slams the laptop cover shut.

KALI (CONT'D)
Start work in the Breakfast room. There's a few paintings in there we need to look at.

Ron shows the glimmer of a smile.

KALI (CONT'D)
It's temporary. I'm calling the office today to have someone else sent out.

RON
I'm not so sure you really want
to.

KALI
Oh, really?

RON
If you hated me that much you
would have phoned them last night.

He smiles and exits.

Kali watches him go. She sits at the piano and lands one
finger on a b-flat that echoes in the room.

THE LIBRARY

Matthew takes pictures of a Queen Anne's chair. Paro wears a
headlamp as he examines the exposed back of a mantle clock.

PARO
Kali used to have a light in her
eye. Then she met Ron.

MATTHEW
And?

PARO
He turned it off.

Paro uses his jeweler's loupe as he studies the mechanisms.

PARO (CONT'D)
These Swiss gears... never cease
to amaze me...

Behind them, the door to the room opens in silence.

Paro turns to his laptop as the screen goes black.

PARO (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Matthew turns to him.

PARO (CONT'D)
The battery's dead.

MATTHEW
Change it.

PARO

I just charged it this morning!

Matthew focuses his camera on the Queen Anne, but he abandons the shot and examines his camera.

MATTHEW

Huh.

Paro turns to him.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Camera battery just died.

PARO

Something's wrong with the chargers.

Matthew shoots Paro a pissed off "nod."

Paro's headlamp fades out. He holds his hand in front of his eyes. No light.

PARO (CONT'D)

Great.

As Paro and Matthew change the batteries, they don't notice the door behind them close as silently as it opened.

EXT. ELWOOD ROAD - DAY

Ron's races over the narrow road at top speed.

INT. RON'S CAR - DAY

Ron focuses on the road with his radio blasting. The scenery rushes by in a green blur.

EXT. MINNIE RYER'S HOME - DAY

A well-kept small home on a residential street. Claire's car pulls up and parks. She exits and heads for the door.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Thank you for seeing me on such short notice, Minnie. I hate dropping in like this.

MINNIE (V.O.)

Nonsense, Claire.

INT. MINNIE'S LIVING ROOM

Small and neat with everything in its place. MINNIE RYER (85), a prim and proper woman dressed with care and class with her white hair done up in a bun. Articulate and sharp.

MINNIE

How are things at the Historical Society?

CLAIRE

Fine, just fine. But I'm afraid I'm a poor substitute for you.

MINNIE

I hear you are doing a wonderful job. The school roof?

CLAIRE

We got the estimates.

MINNIE

Nick will be pleased.

CLAIRE

I'm dreading it.

MINNIE

I'm glad he's your toothache now. So tell me, what can I do for you?

CLAIRE

It's about Elmwood Mansion.

Millie doesn't react.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know you took a lot of interest in it.

MINNIE

I did.

CLAIRE

As you probably know, we hired a group of appraisers to ascertain the true value of the house and furnishings.

MINNIE

And?

Claire struggles to get the words out.

CLAIRE

They think it's haunted.

Minnie stares at Claire, deep in thought.

Claire becomes worried with the silence.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Have you... ever... heard of something like that?

MINNIE

In 1850, Joseph Elmwood started to build the mansion. He hired a group of Irish immigrants to do the work. They were stone masons.

Minnie crosses to her curio.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

By all accounts their work was excellent. In those days, no one would hire the Irish, you see.

CLAIRE

Because of the famine?

MINNIE

They came here in droves. Stores had signs in windows that said "N-I-N-A" Nina. "No Irish Need Apply."

Minnie opens a drawer and removes a leather-bound folder.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

But regardless, Joseph Elmwood hired them.

Minnie holds the folder as if it were a priceless gem.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Workers in the town were angry.

She hands Claire the folder.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Some made threats... but that's where legend and rumor takes over, for none were ever written down.

Claire opens the folder and finds an old newspaper page. Her eyes light up.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER PAGE

Headline reads:

"JOSEPH ELMWOOD HIRES IRISH WORKERS."

Below the headline appears the familiar photograph of Joseph Elmwood and the young workers.

BACK TO SCENE

Claire looks up from the photo to meet the stern eyes of Minnie.

MINNIE

They never finished the job.

INT. THE MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Kali heads for the living room.

MATTHEW (O.S.)

(Distant)

Kali?

She stops and looks towards the glass display counter.

KALI

Matthew? Where are you?

She waits for an answer. Nothing.

KALI (CONT'D)

Matthew?

MATTHEW (O.S.)

(Distant)

Upstairs.

She heads for the staircase and begins to climb.

KALI

You'll never guess what the piano
is worth --

MATTHEW (O.S.)

(Distant)

Hurry.

She passes into the darkness.

THE SECOND FLOOR

She reaches the top landing and immediately darts her eyes to the bedroom doors. They're all closed.

KALI

Matthew?

Silence.

A voice comes from the bottom of the stairs.

MATTHEW (O.S.)

Kali? Are you calling me?

Jolted, she clutches the railing and turns rapidly to discover Matthew at the bottom of the stairs.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

She shoots a confused look to the second floor doors.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Kali?

KALI

Where were you just now?

MATTHEW

Working in the library with Paro.
Just came out to get the battery
charger.

Kali stares at him in disbelief.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Damned batteries died twice! Fully
charged!

She can't find her voice.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Did you need me?

Kali tosses another look at the closed bedroom doors... her hand has a death grip on the railing as she squeezes it even tighter.

She steps onto the second floor landing.

KALI

I'll be down soon.

Matthew responds with an uncertain "nod," and exits. Apprehensive, Kali makes her way to the first closed door. She stands in front of it.

INSERT - THE DOORKNOB

Her hand grabs hold, and turns the knob.

BACK TO SCENE

The door opens.

Her eyes peruse the dark room covered with tarps, dust, and cobwebs.

EXT. MAIN STREET - ELMWOOD - DAY

Ron pulls up and parks in front of the liquor store.

He enters the store only a split second before Nick Brandt storms by, a manila folder in his hand.

INT. THE LIBRARY - DAY

Paro uses an X-Acto knife as he works on a clock gear, while Matthew surveys a round breakfast table and speaks into his recorder.

MATTHEW

A Regency period Gonçalo Alves
wood Breakfast Table, circa 1820.
We have a crossbanded circular top
with leaf and strap gilt brass
edging above narrow frieze --

He squats down and looks underneath.

Paro cuts his finger with the X-Acto Knife and yells out.

PARO

Damn!

The outburst causes Matthew bangs his head on the table.

MATTHEW

What the hell!?

He stumbles to his feet.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

That hurt!

Paro wraps a tissue over his barely visible cut.

PARO

Sorry, I'm bleeding to death over here.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Engrossed in her computer research, she feverishly writes notes on a legal pad.

She hears the door open in the outer office.

NICK (O.S.)

Claire!

She continues to write as Nick enters.

CLAIRE

Kali phoned. She thinks the house is haunted.

Stopped in his tracks and his bluster evaporated, a rattled Nick sits in a chair.

NICK

Haunted?

CLAIRE

I told her that I've lived in town my whole life and never once did I hear of it being haunted.

NICK

What specifically did she say was going on?

CLAIRE

She's... seen something.

Nick's face looks flushed and he can barely speak.

NICK

Margaret?

CLAIRE

Margaret!? Why would Margaret Elmwood haunt that place?

Nick can't respond.

EXT. ELMWOOD ROAD - DAY

Ron's car speeds back to the mansion. Muffled music escapes as it passes by.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kali enters data on her laptop as her cell phone hums.

She pulls it from her coat pocket.

INSERT - CELL PHONE SCREEN.

Incoming: RON.

BACK TO KALI

She answers.

KALI

This better be important.

RON (V.O.)

It's important.

KALI

Well?

RON (V.O.)

I need you.

KALI

That's important!?

RON (V.O.)

It's important to me!

KALI

I'm in the middle of something here.

RON (V.O.)

I can't live without you.

KALI

It's only been six months. Give it a try.

RON (V.O.)

I need you.

KALI

Ron, I'm busy!

Hangs up and takes a deep breath. HUM-HUM-HUM --the cell rings.

She answers quickly.

KALI (CONT'D)

Cut the shit, Ron! You need to --

RON (V.O.)

Listen to me, bitch! Don't you fuckin' hang up on me again, got that, bitch!? When I say I fuckin' need help, then that means I fuckin' need help! Scully! Scully! And when I say I had a life, don't mock me! Don't you fuckin' mock me or you'll be dead! Fuckin' dead! Understand me, bitch!? Scully!

The line disconnects. A furious Kali dials back.

The ring-back tone fills her ear.

RRRRING! RRRING! A distant phone echo's from deep in the house.

RON (V.O.)

Hi, this is Ron. You know the routine.

BEEP.

Kali dials and waits.

The ring-back tone from her cell HUMS as a simultaneous distant RRRING RRRING slices the air with a sharp trill.

She steps into the hallway.

THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As she makes her way to the stairs, the ringing stops. A voice replaces the dial tone on her cell.

RON (V.O.)

Hi, this is Ron. You know the routine.

She disconnects after the BEEP with her eyes glued to the blackness at the top of the stairs.

INSERT - CELL PHONE SCREEN

She hits the "REDIAL" button.

BACK TO KALI

She waits. Her cell phone HUMS. A muffled RRRRING from upstairs.

INSERT - CELL PHONE SCREEN

Her finger hits the "END" button.

BACK TO KALI

Her cell phone stops.

She disconnects the call. The upstairs ringing stops.

Kali drifts towards the base of the staircase and stares up at the shrouded second floor.

She advances up the stairs with pensive determination. Without breaking her steady pace, her finger presses "Redial."

Ring-back tone beeps as a phone rings ahead of her.

RON (V.O.)

Hi, this is Ron. You know the routine.

She hangs up as she reaches the top landing. She hits "redial."

RRRRING RRRRING. It's close.

With calculated steps she advances towards the bedrooms. The unseen phone continues to ring as she passes each closed hallway door.

Reaching the last door, she hears RRRRING RRRRING on the other side.

She clutches the doorknob and slowly turns it. The door opens with a CREAK.

Ron's cell phone lies on the dresser. RRRRING. She leans in for a closer look.

INSERT - SMARTPHONE SCREEN

It reads: "KALI."

BACK TO SCENE

From the phone in her hand comes the voice message.

RON (V.O.)
Hi, this is Ron. You know the
routine.

BEEP.

Kali turns white as a ghost and leans against the dresser for support. Her phone HUMS. The screen reads RON.

With a shaking hand she lifts the phone to her ear.

KALI
Who the hell is this!?

RON (V.O.)
I'm right behind you.

Kali spins on her heels to face nothing but an empty room.

THE LIBRARY

Matthew rewinds his tape.

MATTHEW
It works!

PARO
Good.

He hits "PLAY."

MATTHEW
(On recorder
playback)
-- circa 1820. We have a
crossbanded circular top with leaf
and strap gilt brass edging above
narrow frieze --

VOICE ON RECORDER
What are you doing, Matthew?

PARO
 (on recorder)
 Damn!

MATTHEW
 (on recorder)
 What the hell!?

PARO
 What?

Matthew rewinds and hits "PLAY."

MATTHEW
 (On recorder
 playback)
 -- circa 1820. We have a
 crossbanded circular top with leaf
 and strap gilt brass edging above
 narrow frieze --

VOICE ON RECORDER
 What are you doing, Matthew?

RON
 (On recorder
 playback)
 Damn!

A fast rewind and he hits "PLAY."

VOICE ON RECORDER
 What are you doing, Matthew?

Matthew's finger shakes as he again presses "REWIND" and
 "PLAY."

VOICE ON RECORDER (CONT'D)
 What are you doing, Matthew?

EXT. THE FRONT DOORS - DAY

Kali paces. She's a restrained wreck. She hears a car and
 looks up as Ron's car appears.

He parks and makes his way towards her with a brown paper bag
 in hand and smile on his face.

RON
 Waiting for me?

Kali holds up his phone.

RON (CONT'D)
Let me guess. My cell phone?

KALI
Don't try to be funny, Ron!

RON
Okay, okay! I forgot my phone!
Chill!

KALI
You called me on this phone ten
minutes ago!

RON
How could I?

She hands it to him as she holds her own phone in front of his face.

INSERT - SMARTPHONE SCREEN

It says: "RON 5:40PM "

BACK TO SCENE

RON
Impossible.

KALI
I know.

MATTHEW (O.C.)
Kali?

Kali and Ron turn to see Matthew in the doorway, recorder in hand.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
You need to hear this.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everyone's gathered around Matthew and the recorder on the coffee table. He presses "PLAY."

MATTHEW
(On recorder
playback)
-- circa 1820.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

We have a crossbanded circular top
with leaf and strap gilt brass
edging above narrow frieze --

VOICE ON RECORDER

What are you doing, Matthew?

PARO

(On the recorder
playback)

Damn!

He presses "STOP."

RON

Whose voice is that?

MATTHEW

I don't know.

KALI

This place has got some problems
way beyond appraisals.

Matthew grows more nervous by the minute.

MATTHEW

Yeah. Ghosts.

PARO

Oh, for Christ's sake.

The Living room door slams shut.

RAPID IMAGES

-- Library door slams shut.

-- Kali's bedroom door slams shut.

-- Matthew's bedroom door slams shut.

-- Paro's bedroom door slams shut.

-- Whiskey decanter flies off the table and smashes.

Matthew slams to the floor on his knees.

POP! Loud as thunder blasts throughout the house as Matthew
jolts forward.

POP! He's tossed sideways. POP! Matthew falls as his arms fly
up behind his head.

An invisible force violently drags Matthew and slams into the wall.

The others rush to him.

KALI
Matthew! Are you hurt?

PARO
What the hell!

Paro and Ron help a shaky Matthew to his feet.

KALI
We're leaving. Now!

EXT. THE FRONT DOORS - NIGHT

They break open as Paro helps Matthew down the steps and to the cars. Kali and Ron follow.

RON
Meet up at the hotel in town?

KALI
Yes.

They hurry to their cars.

INT. KALI'S CAR - NIGHT

Kali joins Matthew and Paro and slams the door.

INSERT - IGNITION

She inserts and turns the key.

BACK TO SCENE

Silence.

MATTHEW
Hurry!

Kali turns the key again and steps on the gas, only to get a CLICK CLICK CLICK sound.

KALI
What the hell!?

She tries again. CLICK CLICK CLICK.

PARO

Battery's dead. The damn battery's
dead!

A hand RAPS on her window and Kali jumps with a start.

It's Ron. She opens her door.

RON

My battery is dead. You got any
cables?

KALI

Mine's dead too.

RON

What!?

MATTHEW

Shit.

PARO

What?

MATTHEW

Ghosts drain energy from
batteries.

RON

How do you know that?

MATTHEW

I saw it on a TV show. It's
usually just camera batteries.

PARO

But our ghosts are special. They
do cars as well.

As they climb out of the car, VOICES rise up from the distant
woodline. ANGRY INDISCERNIBLE MALE WHISPERS cut across the
field.

Everyone turns to the field. No sign of people.

Several of the unseen voices SCREAM as if in pain.

The screams and whispers fade away.

They stare at the field. Behind them, faces appear in all the
windows of the mansion. Ghostly, gray, lifeless apparitions.

Kali pulls a business card from her coat pocket and her other hand produces her cell. She dials the number on the card.

KALI

I'll call Nick Brandt and tell him
to get us out of here.

She punches a few numbers and stops with a frustrated exhale.

RON

Don't tell me.

Everyone checks phones. The faces in the windows evaporate.

RON (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

Kali steals another glance at the field and to the rigid line of trees on the other side.

KALI

We should get inside.

INT. THE MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A Shadow Man looks at the glass display case. The door opens as Kali and the others enter.

PARO

Bolt the door, Matthew.

MATTHEW

Ghosts go through walls! How's a
closed door going to stop them!?

PARO

Cut with the ghosts! Christ,
you'll have me believing in them!

The activity blocks the glass display case for only a moment in which the Shadow Man disappears.

MATTHEW

Did you see me flying around on
my ass in there!?

PARO

I'm tryin' to wrap my brain around
this! It's just too fucked up to
be real.

MATTHEW

It's real, Paro!

PARO

I know it is - but it can still be
fucked up!

Crossing into the Living Room, no one notices a TRANSPARENT
MAN climbing the staircase

THE LIVING ROOM

Paro rummages through his work bag on the floor and pulls out
his cell phone charger. He plugs it into the wall socket.

PARO

Got power. What's the number,
Kali?

Kali pulls the card from her pocket.

KALI

518...

POP POP POP! The squishy, crushing, sickening sound fills the
house as the lights shut off.

PARO

Great. This is just great!

Paro fumbles for his lighter.

MATTHEW

It doesn't want us to leave.

PARO

Don't start, Matthew.

CLICK! The cigarette lighter flickers.

MATTHEW

Right. It's just a coincidence.

RON

Let's hope the lamps in this place
still have kerosene.

EXT. NICK'S HOME - NIGHT

A Colonial farmhouse in darkness except for a single light in
a downstairs window.

INT. NICK'S DEN - NIGHT

Nick has a drink in one hand and an old journal in his lap.

INSERT - THE JOURNAL

In faded ink: "DEC. 15, 1880. Thirty years and the bastards still live in my nightmares. All I have are nightmares."

BACK TO NICK

Nick's eyes are heavy, red, and moist as they read the entry.

OLD BRANDT (V.O.)

"Dreams never make pleasant my sleep. But I am close to death and will soon be in the inferno and purgatory where I belong. May my descendants -- and the descendants of this town -- forgive the hell I have unleashed upon them. May God have mercy."

INSERT - THE JOURNAL

"forgive the hell I have unleashed upon them. May God have mercy."

BACK TO SCENE

Nick closes the book and sits silently for a moment.

He picks up a business card and his phone. After a brief hesitation, he dials.

Ring tone hits once and goes directly to voice mail.

KALI (V.O.)

Hello, this is Kali Savin of Jenkins Estate Appraising. I can't take your call at the moment. If you --

BEEP. Nick hangs up.

EXT. THE MANSION OF THE ELMS - NIGHT

The soft glow of kerosene lamps lights the dark house in two windows; one upstairs, the other downstairs.

INT. KALI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kali rests on her bed but her eyes are glued on the open window. The long curtain gives the illusion of breathing from the night breeze.

Calming night sounds fill the room.

The tranquil spell ends with three light TAPS on her bedroom door.

KALI

Yes?

THE DOOR

The knob turns... CLICK! It latches.

KALI

props herself up on her elbows.

KALI

Well?

THE DOOR

The silhouette of Ron stands in the frame.

BACK TO SCENE

KALI

Ron.

RON

You should come downstairs with the others. Safety in numbers.

KALI

I don't think that matters when dealing with spirits.

RON

I guess you're right.

He stands there for a moment before he steps forward and softly closes the door. He crosses to the window and stares out over the field.

The pale blue of night shadows reflect onto his face to make him look even more striking.

KALI

The first time I saw you... you looked just like that.

He turns to her.

KALI (CONT'D)

Standing by a window at that mansion in Beverly Farms.

RON

No ghosts on that job.

Ron moves to her bedside and sits on the edge. He leans over to kiss her. Kali tries to pull back as he cups her cheeks in his hands and gently kisses her.

KALI

Ron... no... no, we can't.

RON

Kali... I love you... I still love you.

He pulls and tears at his shirt buttons to rip them open as fast as he can. Kali's hands slide up to his shoulders, pushing the shirt down his back.

Passion overcomes her.

Grasping and fondling, they devour each other.

He lays on top of her. Kali turns to look at the window as passion overtakes her. She watches the curtains breathing as Ron kisses her neck.

Kali's hands grab his arms as he braces himself on the bed.

Her eyes become trance-like as she watches the curtains with his lips on her neck.

A memory stirs.

KALI

Ron... Beverly Farms wasn't a job. It was Jim and Rachel's wedding.

Ron grunts as he continues to kiss her neck.

A wet, loud SQUISH slops in her ear. Kali's eyes open wide.

Pinned down by Ron's passionate kisses, she sees his arm.

Her hand sinks into his flesh as black, coagulated blood seeps out of the holes her fingers are pressed into.

The arm starts to rot as it becomes leathery and covered with mold.

Kali looks up and she's nose to nose with a hideous, rotted, half-skeletal face.

She tries to scream but can't. She darts her eyes to the other arm as her panicked fingers pull the skin off the putrefying flesh.

She squirms under the decaying body as she struggles to escape.

The specter lurches closer as she confronts his black, hollow eye sockets and a thick pus seeps from his nose and mouth onto her face.

It speaks in a guttural, clipped, voice.

APPARITION

What's the matter, Kali? Don't you like my kissin'?

Kali finds her SCREAM!

The apparition LAUGHS.

Kali falls onto the floor and in uncontrolled panic she scurries to get away on all fours.

RON (O.S.)

Kali! Kali!

PARO (O.S.)

In her room!

Paro opens the door as Ron rushes to her. She fights him off in blind terror.

KALI

No! No, no! Get away, get away!

RON

It's all right... you're all right, now.

KALI

He's... on the bed... he's in here! He's here!

Paro checks the closet and looks the window for any sign of an intruder.

PARO

There's no one here, Kali.

She looks back at the room. No sign of any struggle. No apparition.

THE LIVING ROOM

Kali recovers on the sofa with a glass of whiskey in her hand.

A few steps away, Ron, Paro, and Matthew speak in low tones.

RON

Any ideas?

MATTHEW

Maybe it wants help in some way?

PARO

And maybe it just wants to kill us.

RON

No matter what it wants, we need to get the hell out of here before things get worse.

KALI

How?

They turn to her. She waits for an answer.

KALI (CONT'D)

How?

RON

Walk.

KALI

Twenty miles?

RON

Not all of us. Just me.

KALI

It's too far.

He's slightly offended by her lack of confidence.

RON
I run five miles a day.

KALI
You used to.

Caught off-guard by sudden truth, Ron has no response.
He looks at Paro, who guzzles from an imaginary glass.

PARO
Glug-glug-glug-glug.

RON
I can still walk and run twenty.

KALI
I think we should all stay
together.

RON
You were physically attacked. That
means it can kill, too. We need to
get help.

PARO
I think he's right.

RON
See? Paro thinks I'm right! That's
proof we're in desperate times.

Paro tries to hide his smile.

THE MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ron heads for the doors followed by the others.

RON
I wish I had a gun.

MATTHEW
Ghosts are already dead.

RON
It's psychological.

He reaches for the doorknob but Kali grabs his hand.

KALI
Are you sure about this?

He turns to her and smiles.

Kali thinks a moment. She reluctantly surrenders the door knob.

Ron opens the door and disappears into the dark.

Kali bolts it shut. Paro furrows his brow as if she's crazy. She catches the look.

KALI (CONT'D)
It's psychological.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Crickets, tree frogs, and more unseen sounds of the night surround Ron as he cautiously treads along the driveway.

Both sides of the drive are lined by solid rows of trees on each side.

Something STIRS in the brush.

RON

He peers towards the sound and studies the woods.

A sudden movement behind trees and the rustle of branches causes him to stop.

The activity in the woods stops.

RON
Hello?

From somewhere behind the trees booms POP! POP! POP! Ron takes a few steps towards them.

IN THE WOODS

Something watches Ron on the driveway. A dark figure passes in front and momentarily blocks him out.

RON

waits a few moments for a response. Seeing nothing, he continues.

Footsteps CRUNCH on dry leaves join in cadence with his steps on the pavement. Ron quickens his stride and looks towards the woods.

The hidden footsteps keep pace.

THE WOODS

Watched from behind trees, Ron hurries along.

DRIVEWAY GATE

The gate appears from the black. Encouraged at the sight, Ron starts to jog. A SHADOW FIGURE appears at the gate.

RON

stops his jog. His face gives way to despair.

DRIVEWAY GATE

Another Shadow Figure appears... followed by several more. They block the gated exit.

RON

His eyes search for an escape path.

He quickly peels off the driveway and vaults into the woods.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A tense Paro and Matthew can only watch as Kali paces the room sneaking glances at her watch and the bay window.

She stops. Ignoring her fear, she grabs a lamp and heads towards the hall.

PARO

Where are you going?

KALI

We need to check the fuse.

THE MAIN HALLWAY

Paro and Matthew follow her in the dim light as she heads for the other end of the hall.

MATTHEW

We know where the entrance to the
basement is?

KALI

Claire pointed it out.

PARO

(flat)
Thank you, Claire.

She passes the display case and exits the Main Hallway.

A CORRIDOR

Kali hurries down the plain servants passageway and stops at
a closed door.

PARO

This is not a good idea.

With the twist of the knob the door opens. She extends her
arm into the dark. The lamp reveals a steep stairway.

PARO (CONT'D)

Shit. Why are these goddamn things
always in the basement!?

MATTHEW

Fuse boxes are always in the
basement.

She starts down the worn steps, begrudgingly followed my
Matthew and Paro.

THE BASEMENT

Kali brushes aside a sea of cobwebs as she leads the way down
the stairs guided by a shaky banister.

The basement is a treasure of tarp-covered history long
buried and forgotten.

Matthew spots the fuse box.

MATTHEW

There.

Dust sifts into Matthew's face as he opens the box and
examines.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Nothing's tripped.

As they double-check the fuse box, a BLACK MASS emerges behind them. A fog-like shadow begins taking shape.

It churns and twists until it begins to take on human form.

A transparent man in his teens. Dressed in 19th century work clothes, he's frightened and sobbing.

Kali, Paro, Matthew slowly turn and face the apparition.

TEEN WORKER

Help me.

Kali's eyes can't open any wider.

TEEN WORKER (CONT'D)

Please, help me.

The Teen Worker falls to his knees as if pushed.

TEEN WORKER (CONT'D)

Help me!

A heavy ANVIL strike!

The Teen Worker slumps forward as blood splatters from behind his head and evaporates into air. Kali, Paro and Matthew recoil in horror.

Invisible hands yank the Teen Worker back to his knees.

A second ANVIL strike. The side of his face caves in from the intangible weapon.

He slumps sideways when a third ANVIL strike crashes into his head. He collapses... evaporating in puffs of dark smoke before hitting the ground.

Kali, Matthew, and Paro are barely able to breathe.

KALI

I know who he is.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Ron plows through the woods. Branches scrape his skin as he stumbles on uneven ground pitted with rocks and underbrush.

Indiscernible voices WHISPER all around him.

He stops and listens. Movement rustles a short distance away. The whispers fade into the breeze.

THE ROAD

Ron staggers from the woods and onto the flat, safe, road. Exhausted, he bends forward with hands on knees to catch his breath.

A horse whinnies.

Ron lifts his head.

THE BLACK COACH

blocks the road ahead. The HEADLESS DRIVER wears a black Inverness coat. He clutches a tall whip in a gauntlet-clad hand, and the reins in the other.

RON

straightens up and watches in amazement.

THE BLACK COACH

With a jerk-movement the headless driver raises his right arm into the air.

With a well-practiced flick, the whip slices through the silence of night with a harsh WHOOSH-CRACK!

The plumed black horse advances at a slow pace.

RON

Looks all around in a desperate search for an escape route.

THE ROAD

The coach draws closer with each moment. Ron sprints for the woods.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The basement door opens as Kali, Paro, and Matthew emerge.

PARO

You said you knew who that is.
Who?

Kali turns to Paro.

THE GLASS DISPLAY COUNTER

Kali presses a pointed finger onto the glass top.

KALI

Him.

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

The Teen Worker stands behind the old man in the chair.

KALI (O.C.) (CONT'D)

The man behind Joseph Elmwood.

BACK TO SCENE

Paro and Matthew study the photo.

MATTHEW

It's the same kid.

PARO

You know, it takes a lot to rattle
me. I'm rattled.

Bangbangbang! Bangbang! The loud raps on the door jolts them!

PARO (CONT'D)

Je-sus!

Bangbang! Bangbang!

THE FRONT DOOR

Kali slides the deadbolt and opens the door. Ron spills in on the verge of collapse.

RON

I don't know what the hell they
are or who they are... but I know
one thing...

KALI

What?

RON
They want us to stay here.

THE LIVING ROOM

Ron pours himself a whiskey.

RON
No wisecracks. I earned this.

KALI
Ron. The ghost here in the house... he's one of the Irish immigrants. He was murdered. We saw it happen.

RON
What do you mean you saw it?

MATTHEW
A residual haunting!

Ron shrugs.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
They don't know we're watching, they just re-enact events.

RON
How do you know?

MATTHEW
TV.

RON
The shit on TV is fake. This is real.

SCREAMING and WAILING from the distant woodline seeps through windows.

With a burst of energy fueled by frustration, Paro lunges into the camera bag. He pulls out a camera and a battery.

KALI
Paro, it won't work.

PARO
In the house - in the camera. This battery hasn't been in the camera. It might work outside.

Matthew thinks on this.

MATTHEW

It might.

KALI

What are you going to do?

PARO

Find out who's doing all the screaming.

KALI

I'm not sure that's a good idea.

PARO

If we can get something on this camera maybe we'll keep our jobs.

Paro puts his hand on Matthew's shoulder. Matthew has the "Uh-oh" look.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

The screaming has stopped. Paro, camcorder in hand, films Matthew who leads the way.

PARO

Still working.

MATTHEW

I think the energy concentrates more in the house.

Paro pans upward.

INSERT - CAMERA VIEWFINDER

The night vision tree tops in a greenish hue. The camera pans down just in time to catch Matthew as he slams into a tree.

MATTHEW

Ow! Damn!

PARO

Watch out for trees.

Matthew gives him a "no shit" look.

PARO (CONT'D)

You don't swear enough, Matthew. It's good for the soul. Keeps the blood pressure down. Medical fact.

A woman starts crying. It's not terror-ridden screams like before, but softer... quieter... and closer.

PARO (CONT'D)

Listen.

MATTHEW

That's not the same. It's different, right?

They head towards the sobbing.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kali peers towards the woodline from the bay window. Ron paces as he examines the report with the photo.

BANG BANG BANG slams against the front doors. BANG BANG BANG!

RON

Wait here.

Ron rushes towards the doors with Kali right behind.

THE MAIN HALLWAY

Ron yanks open the doors. No one there.

From the top of the stairs, INDISCERNIBLE MALE VOICES speak in whispers. Kali goes to the bottom step.

KALI

Who's up there?

The FRONT DOORS violently slam shut behind them. Ron tries to re-open the door but it won't budge.

SMASH! Glass explodes and CRASHES in the hall. Ron and Kali look everywhere until they discover the top of the Glass Display Counter has been shattered.

Ron notices the photograph and picks it up.

Red lines in acute angles have been slashed through each of the Irish workers. Joseph Elmwood remains untouched.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

The crying grows much closer as Paro and Matthew plod forward on uneven ground.

The crying stops.

Matthew and Paro stop and listen. The woods are dead silent with not a sound to be heard.

The sobbing returns. With nods of agreement they continue their advance.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ron studies the photo.

RON

These red lines. They're not ink.
It's blood.

Kali leans in to look and touches one of the lines.

KALI

It's still wet.

She lifts her index finger with a dab of red on the tip.

Blood Curdling SCREAMING blasts from outside.

KALI (CONT'D)

Matthew and Paro!

Ron drops the photo as they run for the front door.

EXT. THE FRONT DOORS - NIGHT

The doors fly open and Kali and Ron rapidly shoot down the steps.

EXT. THE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the edge of the field and stop. They look all over. No screams. Just silence.

Two dark figures emerge from the distant woodline. They move slow and are covered with shadows.

Kali and Ron watch as the figures step onto the field.

KALI

It's them.

PARO AND MATTHEW

Matthew and Paro are still and silent as Kali and Ron run up to them.

KALI

Paro!?

Paro doesn't react. Ron turns to the woodline.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Overcast morning light comes through the bay window as Paro sleeps on the sofa. Matthew's out cold on a mattress from a bed.

Kali rests in a chair while Ron peers out the window.

RON

What the hell did they see?

KALI

The coach... Shadow people...

RON

It's out there somewhere.

An uncertain Kali furrows her brow.

RON (CONT'D)

The camcorder. Maybe they got it on tape.

KALI

Oh, come on!

Ron heads for the Hallway.

KALI (CONT'D)

Ron, no!

THE MAIN HALLWAY

Ron makes for the doors with Kali right behind.

KALI

Are you sure this is a good idea?

RON

No, but we're out of appraisers and someone needs to stay here. I elect you.

Ron opens the door and in an instant, he's gone.

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

Nick's car with Claire in the passenger seat speeds along the wooded road.

INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Claire has her cell to her ear and a worried face.

KALI (V.O.)
This is Kali Savin of Andrews
Estate Appraising. I'm unable to
take your call at the moment.
Please leave a message.

BEEP. Claire disconnects with a heavy sigh.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Ron searches through the deep woods as he pushes dead leaves aside with a stick. A shiny object glistens ahead.

It's the camcorder. As he kneels to pick it up, there's a RUSTLE in the woods. Ron turns towards the sound. All is still.

INT. THE MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Kali opens the door to an impatient Nick and a nervous Claire.

NICK
Ghosts? You're screwin' with me,
right?

He plows past Kali.

CLAIRE
I've been trying to call you since
last night.

KALI
Every battery is dead... including
the cars. And then we lost power.

Nick stops at the broken display case. He turns to Kali and gestures to it.

Kali shrugs.

KALI (CONT'D)

All on its own.

THE LIVING ROOM

As he steps into the room, Nick notices Paro, asleep.

KALI

We've had a rough night, Mr.
Brandt.

Nick spots the photograph with the red lines and picks it up.
His face grows ashen.

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

his forefinger touches the image of Joseph Elmwood.

BACK TO SCENE

Nick grows more nervous by the minute.

CLAIRE

(to Kali)

I researched the history of the
house and the only thing
unusual...

She gestures to the photo.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

...that I was able to find out
about them was that just two days
after that photo was taken... they
were gone.

Front doors open and close. Footsteps approach. Ron enters
and holds up the camcorder.

KALI

Does it show what happened?

He gently nods "yes," and puts the camcorder on the table.

NICK

I thought the batteries were all
dead?

RON

This one's okay. Don't ask me why.

He turns the camcorder on.

INSERT - VIDEO SCREEN

In night vision, Matthew advances over uneven ground as a woman sobs in the distance. He stops and faces the camera.

MATTHEW

It's definitely a woman --

PARO (O.S.)

She's just ahead.

MATTHEW

Isn't this close enough?

PARO (O.S.)

Keep moving. We need to see her.

Matthew inches forward.

The camcorder pans to the right and focuses on a woman shrouded and hunched over with her back to the lens

MATTHEW

Ma'am?

Matthew turns back to Paro with a "What do I do" shrug.

PARO (O.S.)

(whispers)

Go on.

Matthew takes a few steps closer.

MATTHEW

Are you all right? We've heard you crying out here.

The crying stops... and so does Matthew.

Dead quiet.

The BANSHEE stretches out her bony arms to each side like a cross and rises off the ground as she spins around in mid-air to show a half skeletal, half decomposing face. Worms dangle from her eyes.

Her jaw drops halfway down her neck and pours forth an agonizing SCREAM.

The camcorder drops to the ground and continues to film sideways catching Matthew and Paro running away.

The Banshee flies to Paro and lifts him into the air. He struggles as she drops him and flies out of frame. The picture goes to static.

BACK TO SCENE

The video leaves everyone staring speechless at the screen.

Ron switches the camera off.

KALI

What the hell was that?

Nick starts to unravel.

NICK

Margaret! It's Margaret!

Panic overtakes him.

NICK (CONT'D)

She wants me dead! Jesus Christ!

She wants me dead!

He bolts from the room.

THE MAIN HALLWAY

Nick practically pulls the front door from its hinges as he yanks it open.

EXT. THE WOODLINE - CONTINUOUS

Being watched from woodline across the field, Nick stumbles down the front steps as he runs for his car.

The watcher moves forward past the few trees and glides onto the field picking up speed faster and faster... zooming over the grass at lightning speed.

In only seconds it soars off the field and onto the driveway.

NICK'S CAR

The invisible entity races toward Nick as he struggles with his keys in full panic-mode.

It slams into him and violently tosses him to the ground.

Nick grabs at invisible arms and hands. His face turns red as he gasps for air trying to pry the unseen hands from his neck.

Kali, Ron, and Claire rush to him.

Ron reaches to help Nick but a force rips him away and tosses him aside like a rag doll.

Red finger impressions materialize on Nick's neck as he gurgles for air.

Ron rebounds and with Kali, grabs Nick and pulls him free.

The attack ends.

Nick picks up his keys and stumbles to his feet. Blind with fear, he opens the car door and jumps inside.

CLAIRE

Nick!

INSERT - IGNITION KEY

He inserts and turns it. CLICK-CLICK. Dead battery.

BACK TO SCENE

NICK

What the hell!?

Paro watches from the bay window as Nick, his hands and chin resting on the steering wheel, looks to the woodline.

THE WOODLINE

The unseen force glides backwards and into the woods as the trees quickly hide the mansion from view.

EXT. MANSION OF THE ELMS - NIGHT

Under a threatening sky, the glow of kerosene lamps flicker in several windows.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Matthew and Paro have rejoined the living, sitting with the others around a service island with a whiskey centerpiece. Nick pours a drink.

NICK

I think you're done here.

KALI

What do you mean?

NICK

Pack up and leave.

KALI

We've tried.

CLAIRE

Why did you yell "Margaret" after you watched it?

NICK

I don't know... because she died here.

PARO

The coach - and this screaming ghost. They're connected. But how?

CLAIRE

Irish folklore tells of a death coach. A driver with no head.

KALI

The woman?

CLAIRE

Well... this is just legend... but... I think it's a Banshee.

NICK

What the hell are you talking about!?

CLAIRE

I don't know, Nick! But this coach shows up, there's a screaming Banshee, and we have the men in that picture missing.

RON

Jesus.

A pause as this sinks in.

Nick breathes a sigh of relief.

NICK

So that thing in the woods isn't
Margaret Elmwood?

Claire shoots a quizzical look to Nick.

INT. KALI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seated on her bed, she studies the blood photo.

INSERT - DIGITAL ALARM CLOCK

Changes from "2:59 to 3:00 AM."

BACK TO SCENE

Outside the window comes the muffled sound of horse CLOPS and rickety wooden wagon wheels. Kali goes to the window.

She sees the barren field covered by night mist. The coach moves through it but can't be seen.

THE MAIN HALLWAY

Kali descends the staircase and heads for the front doors.

EXT. THE FRONT DOORS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kali steps onto the front landing. The Banshee SCREAMS her in the distant woods. Kali turns towards the sound.

THE FIELD

Kali makes her way through the misty field as a dark mass appears near the woodline. She stops and studies the swirling fog.

CLOP CLOP CLOP... the horse and wooden wheels grow louder as the Black Coach materializes from the ghostly cloud.

The horses bring the coach to a stop.

Kali waits for something to happen. She braves a few steps forward with her eyes fixated on the transparent apparition.

KALI

Hello?

The horse and Headless Driver remain perfectly still.

Kali approaches the side of the coach as the door CREAKS open to reveal nothing inside but black upholstered seats.

She starts to gag and wretch. A steady BUZZING gets her attention. Flies swarm around the headless apparition as Kali gags and moves away to the back of the coach.

Kali lifts her arm to touch it. Her hand passes through the transparent wood.

A distant SCREAM startles Kali to turn towards the woodline.

In that instant she turns away, the coach has disappeared.

She faces the woodline of trees and moves forward.

THE WOODS

The agonizing and guttural screams grow more distant as Kali enters the woods.

The wailing bringing on a deep silence.

A male voice and many footsteps fade in from the distance.

MORGAN (O.S.)

This is the way. The woodline is
up ahead.

Kali takes cover behind a tree as a mob of thirty men appear from the shadows.

The men are dressed in nineteenth century work clothes. Some hold pistols.

BRANDT, 30s, a big, strong, bearded man who projects leadership. Next to him walks MORGAN, 17, scrawny, nervous, not sure he's with the right crowd.

BRANDT

Almost there.

MORGAN

Brandt, maybe we should think
about this.

Hearing the name "Brandt," Kali peeks to get a better view. Her foot catches on a fallen branch as she tumbles into the path of the oncoming mob.

She raises her head to find a pistol pointed at her face. The owner opens the chamber and checks it. He locks it shut and moves on, passing directly through her.

Others walk through her as she staggers to her feet. She picks up their pace and follows alongside.

KALI

Hello?

No response. Some of the men pass through trees.

KALI (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Who are you?

Kali hurries to the front and catches up to Brandt and Morgan.

MORGAN

Mr. Brandt, we can't do this.

BRANDT

Why not?

KALI

Brandt?

MORGAN

Just tell them to leave.

BRANDT

And you think they will?

MORGAN

They might.

BRANDT

You want to risk a cholera epidemic that would wipe out the entire town?

MORGAN

They don't have cholera!

BRANDT

As far as you're concerned they do.

KALI

Cholera?

She stops as it hits her.

KALI (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

THE WOODLINE CAMP

The mob stealthily appears from the woodline as Brandt signals for them to stop. They face two rows of old-style canvas pup tents.

Kali emerges from the woodline and looks across the field.

She sees the Mansion of the Elms. It's under construction with walls surrounded by scaffolds and no cars in the driveway.

BRANDT

Get them out here.

The mob runs among the tents and drags out the out sleeping workers. Some attempt to fight back, only to be beaten to the ground.

BRANDT (CONT'D)

Line them up!

The mob pushes and shoves the workers into a line.

The workers, all in their late teens and twenties, stand shivering in the night air.

One of them COUGHS.

BRANDT (CONT'D)

Someone... ill?

The construction FOREMAN, 20, lean and tough, steps forward. He's pissed off.

FOREMAN

What's this all about?

BRANDT

You've brought cholera to this town.

FOREMAN

What the fuck are you talking about?

BRANDT

You heard me.

FOREMAN

Mate, if we had cholera we'd all be dead, and you'd be dying.

BRANDT

Let me put it to you this way. You're doing work that we should be doing.

FOREMAN

You'll have to take that up with Mr. Elmwood.

BRANDT

I intend to... after you go "missing."

The Irish workers panic but the mob restrains them at pistol point. Brandt makes a gesture and the mob makes the workers kneel.

A worker makes a break for it. A mob member pulls a hatchet from a wood stump and throws it.

Kali turns away from the THUD of impact. The worker SCREAMS and crumbles to the ground.

Mob members cock their pistols.

BRANDT (CONT'D)

No! No pistols! Nestor's cabin is a mile from here. Don't want them snooping around.

He approaches a young TEEN WORKER, 16, and stands before him. The young man avoids the gaze.

FOREMAN

Be brave, Scully! Don't let these Yankee bastards see you tremble! Scully! Look at me! Scully!

"Scully" triggers a memory in Kali and she steps closer.

A wooden mallet is at Brandt's feet... the same that's in the glass display counter.

He stoops down and lifts it and feels the weight.

BRANDT

There's plenty of these around. Nice and quiet. Use 'em.

The mob gathers mallets.

The Foreman SHOUTS.

FOREMAN

God damn your souls to hell!

Everyone stops what they are doing and listens --

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

For what you are about to bestow
on us, revenge will bestow in
return!

Brandt grasps the mallet and takes a step closer.

The Foreman nervously gets his words out.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

When the last Elmwood dies... this
land... and all who tread on it...
will be damned... and be forever
cursed. Forever cursed.

No one speaks.

Brandt scoffs..

BRANDT

Why wait, Paddy?

The Foreman's eyes lock onto Brandt with laser-like focus...
calm, cold, dead.

FOREMAN

Elmwood is kind. No harm is due
him or his family. As for the rest
of you - fury and terror will rain
down upon you and your descendents
until your black hearts crack open
and send your souls to the bloody
bowels of hell.

The Foreman stands defiant.

The curse unnerves Brandt, but he can't go back now.

He stands behind one of the workers, wields the mallet high
up and swings his arm down fast.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

POP! The impact of the mallet hitting a human head turns out
to be the cause of the sickening sound.

Ron wakes with a jolt.

THE WOODLINE - CONTINUOUS

Brandt looms over the injured young worker, now on all fours as blood flows from his mouth and the side of his head.

Kali helplessly watches as Brandt grabs the young man's hair and pulls him back. He lifts the mallet high and swings it down.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE LIVING ROOM AND THE WOODLINE

POP! The vibration knocks a lamp to the floor.

Claire wakes with a SCREAM.

NICK

What the hell is going on!?

THE WOODLINE

Brandt holds his bloodied victim by the collar to keep him upright. He raises the mallet and swings it down. On impact -

THE LIVING ROOM

A mirror in the living room SHATTERS!

CLAIRE

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

RON

Kali!? Where's Kali!?

MATTHEW

She said she was going to stay in her room.

Ron rushes into the Main Hallway.

THE WOODLINE

A bloodless mallet hovers in the air.

A worker looks up as it crashes down on him.

THE MAIN HALLWAY

Ron's halfway up the staircase when POP! His head snaps back as if struck and he tumbles backwards.

Paro and Matthew scramble to help him.

A young man's GUT-WRENCHING SCREAM blasts down from the second floor.

THE WOODLINE

Brandt, covered with spattered blood, stands over the dead Foreman as his men murder the last few Irish workers with mallets. The "POP" sound cutting the air with each strike.

Kali turns her back on the killings.

Brandt pulls the terrified Teen Worker from Morgan's grasp and shoves him to the ground.

TEEN WORKER

Help me... please help me...
Please! No!

MORGAN

Brandt!

Kali spins around as Brandt wields the mallet into the back of the young man's head. POP!

-- Her face contorts with the sound of the impact.

-- the young man lurches forward.

The murder happens exactly as she saw it in the basement.

KALI

Oh, my God -- oh, God!

Brandt grabs the boy's hair and yanks him back as he lifts the mallet.

Kali turns away from the killing. The sickening POP mixed with gurgling blood. POP! She hears the body falls to the ground as tears stream from her closed eyes.

THE GRAVESITE

Shovels DIGGING into earth replace the sound of death and dying.

BRANDT (O.S.)

That's good enough.

Kali opens her eyes. She's deep in the woods.

Several men dig a large hole next to a boulder that has a large crack in it, while next to them, rows of blood soaked bodies await burial.

MORGAN

How are you going to explain this to Mr. Elmwood?

BRANDT

We tell him they had cholera and pulled out. Burnt the tents and ground so it wouldn't be catching.

MORGAN

You mean burn all the blood away.

Brandt puts a hand on Morgan's shoulder.

BRANDT

More jobs for the men in town, Morgan. No Irish Need Apply in Elmwood.

Distant SCREAMING of the Banshee cries out.

Kali finds herself alone, next to the same boulder.

The passage of time has obliterated any sign of a grave.

Thunder Boomers roll over the earth announcing a coming storm.

RON (O.S.)

Kali!? Kali!? You out here!?

A glow catches Kali's eye. It shimmers and moves through the deep wood.

PARO (O.S.)

Kali!?

She watches the light come closer.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A frightened Claire sits pensively in a chair. Nick smokes a cigarette and nervously paces the room.

A cell phone RINGS.

CLAIRE
It's working!?

Nick practically rips the phone from his pocket and presses it to his ear.

NICK
Nick Brandt.

No response.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hello? Speak up!

Nothing.

NICK (CONT'D)
Anyone there before I hang up!?

TEEN WORKER (V.O.)
Filleann an feall ar an
bhfeallaire.

NICK
What? Who the hell is this?

TEEN WORKER (V.O.)
Dá fhada an lá tagann an
tráthnóna.

NICK
All right, who is this!? Hello?

A ghostly whisper replies.

TEEN WORKER (V.O.)
Poor Margaret Elmwood.

NICK
What the fuck!?

TEEN WORKER (V.O.)
The last of the Elmwood's.

He throws his phone against the wall.

NICK
We're getting out of here!

He storms out of the living room.

CLAIRE

Where!?

NICK

Out!

Claire hurries behind him.

THE MAIN HALLWAY

The enter the hallway and instantly stop as two IRISH WORKERS, totally transparent with bloodied heads float smoothly down the stairs.

NICK

Shit!

Claire SCREAMS.

FOREMAN (O.S.)

Hello, Nicky!

Nick and Claire turn to the direction of the voice.

THE GLASS DISPLAY CASE

The transparent apparition of the Foreman floats down next to the case. He reaches into it and grabs hold of the wooden mallet.

He SLAMS the mallet on the rim of the counter - THUDTHUDTHUD!

FOREMAN

Come here, Mate! Let's have a bash!

The Foreman laughs as he smashes the mallet into his own head.

The mallet stays in his head as he glides across the floor towards Nick and Claire.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Nicky! Nicky, boy! Come here, Nicky... you murdering bastard!

Thunder rattles the house.

THE FRONT DOORS

The Spirits from the stairs get closer as Nick struggles to open the door.

CLAIRE
Hurry!

NICK
Oh, shut up!

The Foreman pulls the mallet from his head.

FOREMAN
Ouch! That smarts, Nicky!

Nick springs the door open.

EXT. THE FRONT DOORS - NIGHT

They rush towards the car.

CLAIRE
No! No, it won't start, remember!?

NICK'S CAR

The engine turns over and purrs like a kitten.

A CLAP of thunder and the rain starts pouring down in blinding sheets.

NICK
Come on!

They hurry towards the . The headlights turn on, momentarily blinding Nick and Claire. The car inches forward.

NICK (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Two SPIRITS in decaying human form appear in the front seat. The passenger side window explodes as glass shatters into the air.

A moldering arm sticks out carrying a wooden mallet and slams it with brute force - BANG-BANG-BANG - into the door.

The car accelerates. Nick and Claire run.

NICK (CONT'D)
Shit! Shit, shit!

CLAIRE

Stop! Stop, please!

The car speeds towards them! BOOMPH! It slams into Claire and tosses her into the air like a rag doll.

Her lifeless body hits the ground in a hideously twisted and broken mess.

Nick runs for his life as the car veers towards him.

He jumps out of the way at the last moment leaving the car to smash head on into a tree.

The two spirits laugh as they pass through the roof of the smoking wreck.

Out of breath, Nick falls to the ground.

FOREMAN (O.S.)

Nicky, boy!?

From the darkness behind Claire's body, the Foreman sails effortlessly over the ground.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Come have a wee pint, Nicky!? Just
a wee pint. A pint of blood,
Nicky! Your blood.

The Phantom spews out blood as he smacks his lips with delight.

Nick clumsily rises to his feet and races for the field.

NICK

Help! Jesus Christ! Help!

THE GRAVESITE

The rain continues to pour in buckets. Matthew, Ron, and Paro hold their lamps low, searching the area.

RON

And they're buried... here?

KALI

Yes.

PARO

So what are you saying, Kali? You want to dig them up?

KALI

I didn't say that.

MATTHEW

But if we do, the Banshee will find them and show them to the coach! Then they'll leave us alone!

KALI

No. They kill everyone for revenge. That was the curse. "When the last Elmwood dies."

PARO

Why wait till the last Elmwood is gone?

KALI

I think because they respected the Elmwood's. He gave them a job when no one would hire the Irish.

PARO

This is fucked up.

KALI

The leader. The one who started the killing. His name was Brandt.

MATTHEW

Brandt!? As in Nick Brandt?

A blood curdling CRY from above! The Banshee hovers at the treetops.

PARO

Oh, my God...

MATTHEW

I guess she knows where they are now.

A rotting arm breaks through the ground and grasps Matthew's ankle.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Shit!

All around them the ground erupts in bursts of dirt flying into the air. Dead arms and hands thrash and grab at ankles and legs.

Paro falls as hands rip his clothing and tear into his arm. Ron grabs Paro's hand and pulls him up.

Matthew and Kali have backed away from the mass grave as Ron and Paro kick and stomp their way clear of the nightmare.

Putrefying heads with atrocious wounds exposing skull and brains push through the muddy ground.

KALI

Ron! Paro! Over here!

The Banshee reaches her arms to the sky as the forgotten souls climb out of their worm-filled tomb.

Ron and Paro struggle to escape the crop of bodies. Ron kicks an arm. It detaches from its body and smashes into a tree.

Paro steps on a skull as it tries to push through the earth.

Cut and bloodied, they clear the grave to join Kali and Matthew to watch in disbelief.

The bodies have climbed out of their graves. Blinding rain washes over them as several lift their arms and faces upward.

Thunder BOOMS! The Banshee yells in a demonic voice.

BANSHEE

An cóiste báis Glacaimim ort!
Bailigh na hainmneacha seo!

Kali and the others watch in stunned silence as the bodies of the Irish workers crumble! The flesh dissipates into air and clothing turns to dust as the BONES tumble to the ground.

Standing over the fallen bones are the transparent phantoms of the Irish Workers... once again young and handsome with no signs of wounds and death.

From the distance - the WHINNY of a horse echoes into the woods.

KALI

We should leave. Now.

The phantoms take slow steps forward.

Kali starts to back up. The others do the same. After several steps they turn and run.

THE WOODS

Kali, Ron, Matthew, Paro race haphazard in the downpour dodging trees and low branches.

Paro dodges a tree and - THUD - bumps into a hysterical Nick.

NICK

Fuck! No!

PARO

Nick! It's me! Paro!

KALI

Where's Claire?

NICK

Claire! She's dead! They killed her! She's dead! Jesus Christ! I killed Margaret and now they're after me!

KALI

Hold on! You killed Margaret?

NICK

My brother did... but I... I...

Over Kali's shoulder, Nick spots the Phantoms as they approach through the woods.

NICK (CONT'D)

Fuck me!

The Foreman leads the group. He looks as he did before death. He points at Nick and speaks in a playful and lively voice.

FOREMAN

Nicky!

He beckons him.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Join us, Nicky! Come on, Mate!

NICK

No! Get the fuck...

Nick turns and bolts into the direction he came from. The Foreman beckons to Paro and the others.

FOREMAN

How 'bout you!? Any friend of
Brandt's is a friend of ours.
Ain't that right, lads!?

The phantoms Beckon.

PHANTOMS

Join us.

PARO

I ain't a friend of Brandt's!

Paro turns and, with Matthew, they take off after Nick. Kali
and Ron follow.

THE WOODLINE

Paro and Matthew stumble out of the woodline and onto the
field as thunder BOOMS and rain pummels the ground.

A horse WHINNY rises above it all. Paro turns to the
woodline.

PARO

Kali! Kali!?

A mist forms from nowhere... growing in size... dense and
ominous.

PARO AND MATTHEW

PARO

Kali!

MATTHEW

Ron!? -- Kali!?

PARO

Hurry!

THE WOODLINE

Kali and Ron break out from the dark behind the trees and
land face to face with the mist.

The deep pounding of horse CLOPS rocks the ground.

Ron lunges to pull Kali out of the way as the ghost horse and
coach break out of the swirling haze.

The Headless Driver yanks the reins and brings the coach to a stop.

PARO AND MATTHEW

They gesture wildly to Ron and Kali.

PARO
Come on!

THE WOODLINE

Kali and Ron run from the coach.

PARO AND MATTHEW

Kali and Ron join them as Paro leads the way.

PARO
We gotta get outta here!

THE WOODLINE

The Banshee rises above the trees.

BOOM! Thunder rumbles the earth they stand on.

Wind pushes the tree leaves, breaking them loose to send them tumbling through the rain.

THE FIELD

Nick catches his breath as the others meet up with him. He stares over their shoulders.

They follow his gaze.

THE WOODLINE

The Banshee's tattered rags stab the night wind as she points downward to the coach and shouts over the storm.

BANSHEE
i mo pháistí
Fanann an cóiste báis!

THE COACH DOOR

Creaks open.

THE WOODLINE

The ghosts of the Irish Workers emerge.

THE COACH

The spirits approach the open door. They each in turn dissolve away as they reach it.

THE FIELD

All watch in quiet disbelief. Ron takes Kali's shoulder and pulls her close. She doesn't flinch.

THE COACH

The last soul starts to climb into the coach... and stops. He looks over his shoulder and across the field to Nick.

KALI

Stares back at the distant spectre.

THE COACH

The ghost face turns to the door and the wraith evaporates as it climbs into the coach.

With a low CREAK, the door closes.

The Headless Driver stoically raises his arm into the air and CRACKS the whip. The horse pulls the carriage as they fade into the mist.

THE FIELD

The rain continues to fall. Kali looks to the tree tops.

THE WOODLINE

The Banshee has vanished.

Nothing remains but dark and trees.

THE FIELD

Ron notices his arm around Kali and pulls away with an apologetic face.

MATTHEW

What the hell just happened?

PARO

The Black coach took their souls
away.

Delirious with relief, Nick realizes he has escaped.

NICK

That's it!? They're gone!?

He laughs uncontrollably.

NICK (CONT'D)

Thank Christ!

KALI

Nick --

Nick YELLS to the woodline.

NICK

What a bunch of vindictive Blarney
Stone pricks!

KALI

Nick!

NICK

You stupid little Jiminy Cricket
green-ass leprechaun bastards!

KALI

Nick!

He turns to Kali, who glares back at him.

KALI (CONT'D)

You killed Margaret Elmwood?

Nick freezes for a moment.

NICK

Me? No... I... no, I didn't kill her... but ah... hey! They're gone, right!? No... my brother...

No one believes him. He barely speaks above a whisper.

NICK (CONT'D)

It was my brother. My brother may have... but... I don't know.

He stares at eyes full of contempt.

NICK (CONT'D)

He was crazy, you know?

Paro and Matthew turn and head across the field to the house, quickly followed by Ron and Kali.

NICK

Stares back at the woodline as his old self returns.

NICK

(to himself)
Goddamn Micks. "Curse" my ass.

He follows the others.

ABOVE THE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Far below, Paro and Matthew lead the way with Kali and Ron in the middle. Nick trails behind.

Two thin wheel ruts appear Near the woodline and pat the grass down as they advance by an unseen force.

They get closer to the unsuspecting group.

PARO AND MATTHEW

They Limp towards the mansion in exhausted silence through the torrent of rain.

In this wall of white noise, the faint CREAKING of wooden wheels fades in.

RON AND KALI

The harshness between them has lifted.

RON

I was thinking... maybe after all
this...

He turns to her.

RON (CONT'D)

Dinner?

A faint smiles appears on Kali's lips.

KALI

Maybe.

PARO AND MATTHEW

Paro closes his eyes in disgust.

PARO

(to himself)
Christ. He's back.

Matthew looks at Paro and shrugs.

NICK

Fatigue creeps over him as he keeps his distance behind them.

Wooden wheels and heavy hooves pounding into ground overpower
the rain.

Nick stops to listen... his eyes filled with fear.

CLOP-CLOP-CLOP

Two ruts form as grass is pushed down by invisible hooves and
coach wheels.

NICK

Shit --

Nick backs up... turns and runs.

RON AND KALI

Nick flies past Ron and Kali. They look behind.

THE GROUND BEHIND THEM

The grass being pushed down from invisible wheels and dirt kicks up from the unseen horse.

The mist grows thicker.

RON AND KALI

RON

We need to get out of here!

Ron and Kali break into a run. They pass Matthew and Paro.

RON (CONT'D)

It's back! Move it!

Paro can't turn away from the mist. He watches as the horse and coach barrel out of the black cloud like a bullet!

The Headless Driver CRACKS his whip. The sound SPLITS through the rain and wind.

Matthew tugs Paro's arm, and they bolt after the others.

NICK

Runs as fast as he can as he pulls away from the others.

THE HEADLESS DRIVER

Tugs on the reins and leans over as the coach changes direction.

THE COACH AT TOP SPEED

It's on course for the fleeing Nick. A flick of the whip and the black ghost horse charges ahead.

NICK

He looks over his shoulder. The horse and coach close in on him.

He changes direction towards the mansion.

THE COACH AT TOP SPEED

Headless Driver yanks the reins and the horse steers towards Nick.

NICK

His running slows down. He coughs and gasps as the coach closes in.

THE COACH

The side door flies open as four of the Irish apparitions leap out. They hit the ground running... towards Nick.

NICK

Huffing and puffing, unable to continue, he sinks to his knees.

The Coach ROARS past. The Irish Phantoms quickly approach.

Led by the Foreman, they all carry wooden mallets.

Nick cries out and begs.

NICK

No! No, please! I didn't do anything!

The Foreman stands in front of Nick. Another Phantom glides behind him as a third stands to his side.

The Foreman raises his mallet into the air. Nick covers his eyes with shaking hands.

The Foreman's arm swings downward. Nick screams as the sickening, gushing POP explodes into the air.

THE FIELD

From a distance, the barreling coach makes a wide turn as it circles back.

NICK

Slumped forward, his head bleeds as the Irish Phantom behind him swings his mallet sideways towards his head. POP!

THE COACH AT TOP SPEED

The hooves and wheels cut up the ground in clumps as they speed towards Nick. The side door whooshes open.

NICK

The ghost behind him grabs his hair and lifts him to his knees.

PARO AND MATTHEW

stop to catch their breath. They watch Nick and the ghosts a distance away. The coach gets closer and closer.

PARO

Is that Nick?

THE HEADLESS DRIVER

lifts his arm into the air and CRACKS the whip.

NICK

The whip wraps around his neck. His eyes bulge as he chokes.

THE HEADLESS DRIVER

wrenches back on the whip.

NICK

He's lifted into the AIR with flailing arms as blood spills from his head.

THE COACH AT TOP SPEED

Nick soars towards the open passenger door. He's tossed inside like a rag doll. BAM! The door slams shut.

THE HEADLESS DRIVER

pulls on the reins and leans to the side.

THE COACH AT STOP SPEED

comes out of the turn. Paro and Matthew are seen dead ahead.

PARO AND MATTHEW

race towards the mansion with the coach a distance away but closing in as the Headless Driver cracks his whip.

Paro starts to falter.

PARO

I can't make it... to the house...

MATTHEW

We can!

PARO

Keep running!

Matthew hesitates as the coach closes in on them.

PARO (CONT'D)

Beat it, kid!

Paro turns to face the coach and a frustrated Matthew continues to run for the mansion.

THE HEADLESS DRIVER

Cracks the whip as the coach tears up the field.

PARO

takes off towards the middle of the field. Behind him, the coach turns and follows.

MATTHEW

A safe distance away, he stops and turns towards the field.

MATTHEW

Paro! Paro! Head for the woodline!

RON AND KALI

As they near the mansion, they hear Matthew's frantic screams at a distance.

MATTHEW (O.S.)
 Head for the woodline!

A glance back reveals Paro running from the coach.

KALI
 Oh, my God!

RON
 That son of a bitch.
 (to Kali)
 Get to the car.

KALI
 What are you going to do!?

Ron runs back into the field and yells back at her.

RON
 Get in the car, Kali!

KALI
 Ron!

PARO

Slugs forward with a slow jog. Exhausted, he looks over his shoulder.

THE COACH AT TOP SPEED

Plows straight for him. The breath blast from the nostrils of the ghost horse shoots into the air.

THE COACH DOOR

WHOOSH! Swings open.

THE HEADLESS DRIVER

Raises his arm and cracks the whip forward.

PARO

The whip SLAPS around his neck. He hits the ground hard as the horse and coach overtake him with thunderous speed.

A split second and - SNAP - he shoots across the field as if shot from a canon, dragged violently next to the coach.

THE HEADLESS DRIVER

pulls back on the whip.

PARO

flung into the air and towards the open door, his neck CRACKS as he's thrown inside with a hard THUD.

RON

watches from Halfway across the field.

THE COACH DOOR

SLAMS shut.

THE FIELD

The coach makes a wide turn back towards Ron.

RON

a quick glance towards the house for Kali.

THE COACH AT TOP SPEED

Thunders over the field -- CLOSER - CLOSER. The Headless Driver raises his arm and whip into the air -

RON

He doesn't move.

THE COACH AT TOP SPEED

The Headless Driver cracks the whip and spurs the snorting apparition onward.

THE FIELD

Inches from impact, Ron jumps out of the path as the horse and the coach speed past him.

RON

Lifts himself off the wet grass with his eyes glued in the direction of the coach. His brow furrows...

THE FIELD

At the far end, the coach swings around in a wide arc.

RON

Slumps in disbelief.

RON

Oh, give me a break!

THE COACH

The Headless Driver cracks the whip and the gallop picks up speed.

RON

He makes a fast turn for an escape - SLAM!

THE BANSHEE

Nose to nose with Ron. Her jaw drops to her neck as she SCREAMS and grabs him by the throat.

THE FIELD

The Banshee lifts him into the air and flies over the field towards the oncoming coach.

THE COACH AT TOP SPEED

The passenger door swings open.

THE BANSHEE AND RON

Ron struggles to free himself as she flies him towards the coach.

His eyes grow heavy as rotting arms reach out from the open door in a grasp for freedom.

THE COACH AT TOP SPEED

The Banshee flies in close and throws Ron into the coach. The instantly slams shut!

Thunder BOOMS from all directions as a GUST of wind blows in a black mist... in engulfs the horse and coach... and they vanish.

The Banshee has disappeared. The heavy rain has stopped leaving an empty and silent field.

EXT. THE MANSION OF THE ELMS - CONTINUOUS

Kali stands at the side of the mansion and faces the field, terrified with what she has seen.

The lights in the mansion turn on.

Her eyes dart to Nick's wrecked car and the body of Claire lying not far away.

Kali fights to check her emotions and scurries past the wreck.

EXT. KALI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kali falls against the car. A quick tug on the handle and she careens inside and SLAM - closes the door.

INT. KALI'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The key still in the ignition. She turns it as the engine turns over and purrs quietly.

KALI

Leans back on the headrest for a moment of quiet.

A hand SLAMS against the driver's window.

BANGBANG! BANGBANG! It scares the HELL out of her as she SCREAMS.

Matthew's terrified face appears against the glass.

MATTHEW

Kali!

EXT. KALI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Matthew stumbles to the passenger side and the door.

INT. KALI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Matthew plops into the seat. They are both a soaking mess, doing their best to control emotions.

Matthew's eyes are wet and red from tears. He has a sudden thought and jerks around to back seat. He turns to her in pure anguish.

Kali can only manage to whisper.

KALI

No one else.

She reaches over and rests her trembling hand over his. After several moments, Kali shifts the car into "drive."

EXT. OVER THE MANSION OF THE ELMS - CONTINUOUS

Below, the car turns onto the long driveway. The headlights are nothing more than tiny specks in a blackness thick as velvet.

The cell phone RINGS... and RINGS again.

As the car continues on its way, Kali answers. Her voice has become shaken and weak.

KALI (V.O.)

Hello?

The guttural, clipped, voice responds.

FOREMAN (V.O.)

Where 'ya goin', Kali? Think we forgot about you and your friend!?

Car brakes SLAM -- SCREECH! -- sudden STOP.

The beams of the headlights illuminate the road ahead, until the vast darkness engulfs them.

INT. KALI'S CAR - NIGHT

Holding the cell to her ear in stunned shock.

MATTHEW

Calm and exhausted.

MATTHEW
Kali? What is it?

KALI

She quivers as her hand struggles to hold the phone steady.

MATTHEW (O.S.)
Kali, what's wrong? What is it?

Matthew's voice begins to morph.

MATTHEW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Kali? Talk to me. Talk to me,
Love.

She turns to face...

THE APPARITION

Matthew has been replaced by the rotting corpse that attacked her in her bedroom.

He SNAPS his decaying, yellow teeth together as he spews out his guttural, clipped voice.

APPARITION
Fooled 'ya, didn't I!? Give us a
kiss, love!

SHOCK CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER:

*Nuair a fhaigheann an ceann deireanach de Themwood bás -
déanfar an talamh seo a mhaolú go deo.*

Go maraíodh Dia.

After a moment - SUPER:

*When the last Elmwood dies -- this land, and all who tread on
it, will be damned -- and forever cursed.*

Forever cursed.

FADE OUT.