

THE HAUNTED CHURCH

by

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FIRST DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Darkness. Silence. A light mist forms from in between the shapes of trees. Moonlight gives out a ray of light to a small mud ridden path surrounded by bushes and overhanging tree branches.

Twigs snap. Heavy breathing is heard, panting desperately for air. Panic.

A shadowy figure dashes from the distance down the path. The figure stops and leans against a tree, taking a much needed breather.

The man is REVEREND PETER LLOYD REESE, 68. He is a slight and balding man, dressed in a cassock with a white collar. He is very much afraid, his hands trembling as he grips to the tree, looking back in fear from where he has just ran.

He takes out a small crucifix chain from his pocket with shaking hands and grips it tightly. He is exhausted.

Twigs snap behind him. Peter turns around in surprise. There is nothing but darkness and the surrounding bushes.

Peter turns back to the path from which he came. Two squirrels run past him and duck into the darkness of the woods, followed by a rat.

A noise from above. Loud, flapping sounds. Birds flee from their nests.

The sound of bushes being separated down the path - the moonlit shadow of an approaching tall hooded cloaked figure in the distance.

Peter turns to run but he stops and grabs his chest in pain. He falls down to his knees, gasping for air. The loud THUDDING sound of his heart beats FAST until it becomes out of rhythm, blocked.

Peter falls down on his back in agony but without a murmur, his eyes flickering as he stares upwards at the brightly star lit sky and the full moon, paralysed by the heart attack.

Peter tries unsuccessfully to grip the crucifix in his hand. His hand refuses to work despite the veins bulging in his wrist.

Peter's face is one of pure terror as the cloaked figure's shadow falls over him.

A terrified yell echoes around the woods as various animals flee from their nests and hiding spots.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Sunrise falls over a city filled with tall buildings and a busy and hectic street.

One of the buildings has it's name in proud large letters above its main doors - The London Times.

INT. LONDON TIMES BUILDING - OFFICE

A large office in one of the top floors of the building with a beautiful view of the city via its large windows. The clock on the wall reads 8:55 AM.

THOMAS REESE, 38, a moustached well built man sits by his plush desk with a phone in his hand and in conversation. A laptop sits on his desktop facing him.

The laptop displays an article that he is working on. The headline reads : OVERPAID, OVERPLAYED, OVERSTAYED.

TOM

(on phone)

If I got paid the amount they do,
I'd be putting in one hundred
percent every game no matter who
it was against. Know what? I'd go
as far as saying I could play
better then them right now - a
dead leg for over twenty years
and I bet I could still have put
in a better performance -

Tom looks at his expensive looking wrist watch.

TOM

I'll call you back, I gotta get
this done and dusted...

(listening, smiling)

Yeah, yeah. You wait till next
season.

Tom hangs up smiling but shaking his head in obvious disagreement to the person on the other line.

INT. LONDON TIMES BUILDING - OFFICE

The clock reads 3.55 PM.

Tom is at his laptop busy typing. He pauses to glance out at his window. It is an amazingly beautiful view with the sunlight still beaming brightly.

The telephone rings on Tom's desk.

Tom answers in a monotone voice, the same one he has used for years.

TOM
Thomas Reese, London Times sport.

DR. BEN MARTIN (V.O.)
Tom, it's Doctor Martin calling
from Whitewood.

Silence.

TOM
(taken aback)
Dr. Martin...Ben...?

DR. BEN MARTIN (V.O.)
Yes. I'm sorry to be the bearer
of bad news Tom, it's your
father.

Another small silence.

DR. BEN MARTIN (V.O.)
I'm sorry but you're father has
past away. Heart attack.

Tom looks stunned.

DR. BEN MARTIN (V.O.)
I appreciate how hard this may
be, Tom, but I have to ask... Can
you come back to Whitewood.

TOM
(faint, stunned)
Of course...I'll leave straight
away.

DR. BEN MARTIN (V.O.)
If you can come down to the
clinic - I'll let you know
everything.

TOM
(shocked)
Sure...sure...

DR. BEN MARTIN (V.O.)
I'm really sorry Tom.

Tom hangs up the phone. He stands up and walks over to his window that overlooks the city. The sunlight has dimmed, dark clouds forming in the background ominously.

The office door bursts open and in storms DEREK HARRISON, a small balding man in his early 50's. He wears a suit and tie and a face red with anger.

DEREK
Jesus fucking Christ, Tom, I've
just had my balls ripped out
through my ears by Alex fuckin'
Ferguson thanks to that article
you wrote yester-

Derek pauses in mid sentence when he realizes Tom is not at his desk, but at the window.

TOM
My father...he's passed away.

Derek immediately changes his demeanor.

DEREK
Shit...I'm sorry, I didn't
realize mate.

TOM
I'm going to need some time off.
(Tom faces Derek)
I've got to go back home to sort
out -

Derek cuts him off.

DEREK
Tom, by all means. Just do it,
take as long as you need.

Tom huffs reflectively, clearly still taking in the news.

TOM
God, it's been a long time since
I've been at Whitewood.

DEREK
Whitewood? Where the hell's that?

TOM
Small place, couple of hundred
miles from here.

DEREK
That's a hell of a long way,
mate. Look, I can get you a plane
ticket and you'll be there in no
time. Expenses paid.

Tom nods in gratitude to Derek.

TOM

Thanks, Derek. I appreciate it.
But I'm gonna drive. The nearest
airport to Whitewood is forty,
maybe fifty miles out. A long
drive will clear my head a bit.
If I need to I'll be in touch,
I'll only be a couple of days.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

The motorway is jammed packed. A silver 2002 Volvo V70XC is just one of the many cars trapped in the gridlock.

INT. SILVER VOLVO

Tom looks frustrated at the traffic jam in front of him. He checks his wrist watch. It reads 4:26 PM. Tom looks up at the forming dark clouds in the sky. Dusk is drawing in.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

The silver volvo is now sailing through the deserted motorway.

INT. SILVER VOLVO

Tom yawns as he drives down the lonely stretch of road. The large pylon lights on the motorway provide an eerie and eye draining sight as they become repetitive in view.

Tom looks out his side window.

Vast fields and woodland are on either side, stretching for as far as the eye can see in the darkness of the night.

Noctilucent clouds become darker in the sky, breaking out with rain.

A basic ringing tone breaks out from inside the car. Tom's mobile. He takes the phone from his jacket pocket and answers it keeping his weary eyes peeled to the seemingly endless stretch of road.

TOM

Hi.

DEREK (V.O.)

Hey buddy, how's it going?

TOM
Ahh, I'm not gonna make it there
tonight. Was a stupid idea to
even try it.

The rain begins to hammer hard on the car. Tom turns on the window wipers.

DEREK (V.O.)
Maybe you should go to the
nearest roadside inn, take a
break.

Tom looks out at the bleak countryside passing him by from his side window.

TOM
You might be right. I don't think
I can take much more of driving
down this motorway tonight.

DEREK
You've had a tough day mate. You
need to put your head down and
just get this day over with.

TOM
I will. As soon as I find a place
that is, I haven't seen a rest
stop in over an hour.

DEREK
Ok, I'll be in touch Tom. Take
care pal.

TOM
Sure thing.

Tom hangs up and returns his mobile to his jacket pocket.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

The rainfall has stopped. The silver volvo remains the only car travelling down the motorway.

INT. SILVER VOLVO

Tom looks very tired as he tries to keep his concentration on the road. He looks at a road sign which details that a rest stop is within the next mile. He sighs with relief, checking his watch. It reads 12:14 AM.

EXT. THE SLEEPAWAY INN - NIGHT

Tom drives into a near empty car park. He parks, gets out of the volvo and arches his back to relieve it from the aches caused by driving for too long.

The wind blows in gusts. The area looks deserted with only a handful of cars and a couple of trucks.

Tom looks at the Inn. It looks like a typical modern rest stop. The lights are on in the reception. He heads to the main doors.

INT. SLEEPAWAY INN - RECEPTION

The reception is quiet but clean and warm looking.

Tom walks to the counter and a young man greets him at the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello sir, how can I help you?

TOM

Just a room for the night please.

Tom looks over at the empty nearby bar area.

RECEPTIONIST

Shuts late, you could still get yourself a drink if you wish.

Tom fills out the necessary details as he pays for the room and is given his door key.

TOM

I'll pass, thanks.

INT. SLEEPAWAY INN - ROOM

Tom enters the room and switches on the lights. It looks pleasant enough. A single bed, a bedside cabinet and a small television.

Tom walks over and sits on the bed, removing his shoes.

He falls back on the bed with a sigh and falls asleep immediately.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A large golden field. Dazzling sunshine. A boy, six or seven years old sits on a wooden pew in the middle of the field. He looks around. In the distant corners of the field are figures draped in black cloaks and black top hats.

Another corner is covered by three black cloaked men with tall black spiral hats. They have large shining buckles for belts which also appear on their hats.

Blurred people appear in the distance, walking aimlessly along side the trees of a woodland.

Before the boy appears PETER LLOYD REESE. He looks angry, furious. Draped in his cassock, he points to the boy in fury and opens his mouth in a silent scream. His mouth stretches rubber-like to the ground of the field.

INT. SLEEPAWAY INN - ROOM

Tom wakes up in his bed sweating. He breathes deeply and gulps. He touches his face with both hands and squeezes the temple of his nose.

He sits up and breathes a sigh of relief.

Tom looks around the room quickly before his eyes close and he falls back down to his bed and to sleep.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAWN

Tom's silver Volvo drives down the road. He passes various other vehicles. The sun rises amongst the cornfields and woodlands on either side of him.

Tom takes a turn off.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Tom drives down a narrow, winding, unkempt road that seems only fit for one car at a time. There are trees that almost linger over and cover the road, many twists and turns that are ridiculous to handle.

INT. SILVER VOLVO

Tom concentrates on getting through this madness of a road.

Bump after bump hits Tom. He slows down before yet another sharp, crazy turn in the road approaches. He shakes his head in disbelief.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Eventually, Tom drives out of the woodland and onto a bumpy and badly maintained country road which overlooks the vast hills, woodland and fields.

Tom's mobile rings. He picks it up and answers.

TOM

Tom Reese.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hi Tom, this is Adam Kendall. I was you're father's solicitor and I heard you were coming so I would like to arrange a meeting with you.

TOM

Yeah. Look, I'm trying to get there in one piece so can I get back to you on that?

ADAM (V.O.)

Hey, sure thing Tommy. I'm sorry about you're father and all, but by law I've got to let you know, should you go back home, the door keys are underneath the mat, OK? Trust me, it's a safer place as any.

TOM

Over and out, Mr. Kendall, I'll be in touch.

Tom throws the phone to the back seat.

TOM

Wanker.

He passes a badly maintained sign which reads :
WHITEWOOD....2 MILES

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Tom's silver volvo drives out into a road in between two large fields. He passes a weather beaten sign reading "Welcome To Whitewood".

EXT. WHITEWOOD - MAIN STREET - DAY

The street is quiet with only a handful of people walking the paths. The place is a village, very rural with trees and greenery.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - SHOPS - DAY

The silver volvo turns into a car park where there are five shops lined together in a row. A pub named the "OAK INN", a convenience store, a bakers, a butchers and a hairdressing salon.

Tom parks and gets out. He looks around amazed.

TOM

The land where time stood still.

He walks to the convenience store which has a hokey looking sign above it's door: "Ridgewells".

INT. RIDGEWELLS STORE

The store is small but fully stocked with food, drink and the basic needs stacked neatly on shelves.

An elderly man sits at the counter reading a folded up newspaper. He seems to be the only one in the store, and is oblivious to Tom's entrance.

TOM

Good afternoon.

The man looks up and smiles at Tom.

ELDERLY MAN

Hello there, how can I help you?

Tom walks over to the counter.

TOM

Hi, I was hoping you could help me, I'm looking for the clinic.

The elderly man looks at Tom as if trying to read an upside down map.

ELDERLY MAN

Well, sure. You drive straight up past the memorial, take the first left, drive straight until you come to a two way street. Take the left and it's right there.

TOM

Thank you, that's great.

The elderly man's confusion relents. He gasps and smiles. He seems genuinely happy to see him.

ELDERLY MAN

Of course, Reverend Reese's son.
My goodness it's been a long
time.

Tom nods before the elderly man calls out from behind him where there is a door ajar.

ELDERLY MAN

Jane, come here for a moment
please - guess who we have in our
store.

Tom back tracks slowly to the door.

TOM

I've really got to get going.

ELDERLY MAN

Oh, just one moment please, it's
been so long.

JANE RIDGEWELL, 60s, walks out momentarily and looks at Tom.

JANE

Tommy Reese? Oh my...

She walks round the counter and looks at Tom with great sympathy.

JANE

I am so sorry about your father.
If you need anything, anyone to
talk to please do not be a
stranger. Orville and I, we hold
your father in the highest regard
- it is the least we can do.

The elderly man, ORVILLE RIDGEWELL, nods as he looks Tom up and down.

ORVILLE

If there is anything we can do to
help, just let us know. We all
cared for your father very much,
he was an amazing man, worked
wonders for the community.

TOM

Thank you, both of you, that's really very kind. But I've only just got here from London -

JANE

London, of course! Your father said many times you were working in the city...I could never remember the name!

Orville laughs softly.

ORVILLE

Jane can be quite forgetful.

Tom smiles out of politeness.

ORVILLE

That's quite a journey, Thomas, How long do you plan to stay?

Tom reaches the door.

TOM

Until after the funeral. And please, just call me Tom.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - STREETS - DAY

Tom drives down the road. He slows down at a world war II memorial statue of a large cross, taking a lingering look before resuming normal speed out of memory lane.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - CLINIC - DAY

The clinic is a small and simple looking building that looks more like a house than a medical centre.

Tom drives up and parks alongside the road. He gets out and walks towards the clinic's door.

INT. WHITEWOOD - CLINIC - DR. MARTINS OFFICE

The office is small and typically medical, with wall charts, files and a desk.

Tom sits opposite Ben Martin (59 years old), a weary eyed but sincere and warm looking man dressed in doctors attire.

BEN

Tom, I'm really sorry for the passing of your father. You have my deepest condolences.

Tom nods.

TOM
So what happened?

BEN
Heart attack.

TOM
Had he been ill? Diagnosed with a
weak heart, or what?

Ben opens a file on the desk.

BEN
His last appointment was over
three months ago and that was for
a general check up. Medical
records indicate your father was
in good health.

TOM
Was he at home? Who found him?

BEN
Harriet Barlow, one of your
father's helpers at the church
was out for an early morning
walk. He was found by the park
path by the side of the church.

Tom seems a little shaken. He pauses momentarily.

TOM
Do you know how long he'd been
there?

BEN
I'm sorry to say he'd been there
for six to seven hours.

Tom is taken aback.

TOM
Six to seven hours?

Ben nods regrettably.

BEN
The heart attack would have
happened between twelve to one 'o
clock.

TOM
Baffles me what he would have
been doing there at that time of
night, Dr. Martin.

BEN

Your father had always been dedicated to the church, Tom. You probably know more than most - it was his life.

TOM

I guess I should take relief in the fact there's no inquest. You seem to believe it's pretty clear cut.

BEN

I had a pathologist come in and examine him. He came to the same conclusion - natural causes.

Tom nods in acceptance. He stands up to leave.

BEN

Oh, Tom...

Ben hands a medical certificate to Tom.

BEN

If you hand that over to Adam Kendall, your father's solicitor, he will take care of the registrar and finalize the death certificate for you.

Tom takes the certificate and heads to the door.

BEN

I'm sorry we had to meet again under these circumstances, Tom.

Tom looks back as he opens the door.

TOM

How's Anna?

BEN

She's doing good, Tom.

Tom forges a smile, nods then leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - STREET - DAY

Tom drives up the street and into an empty driveway at a house. It is the last house in a row of semi-detached houses.

He gets out and looks up at the house. The garden is small but in good condition.

There are a row of houses to Tom's right and to the left is a large bush that surrounds the perimeter.

Behind the bushes to the left are the gates to the cemetery.

Opposite the house is a church - a modest looking building with a small graveyard to its left, partly concealed by a growing bush acting as a fence.

It has a sloped roof top with a tall spiral at the far end.

A medium sized sign outside the church details the forthcoming events and the name of the building : ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

Further to its left is a pathway that leads to a park. The pathway leads into a growth of overhanging trees and tall hedgerows. It looks dark and gloomy, foreboding even in daylight.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - DAY

Tom walks up to the door of the house. He puts down a small suitcase. He pulls up a worn coir doormat and takes a key that has been placed underneath. Tom tuts to himself.

He uses the key to unlock the door and it opens with a small creak. He walks inside.

INT. REESE HOUSE

Tom stops as soon as he enters, frozen to the spot.

There is a long corridor with a rug across the hallway floor. The living-room is on the left hand side with the kitchen directly ahead which also leads to the back door of the house.

A ticking grandfather clock stands proudly against the staircase, which is on the right with a bannister and a rail. The house is littered with expensive looking items, many framed photos of the church, Jesus and biblical paintings. Many crosses adorn the walls and shelves.

Tom closes the door loudly as if to not only wake him from his fear induced daze, but to alert the house itself of his presence. The noise of the door slamming shut quickly fades.

He walks across the rug and it makes a creaking sound as he enters the living room.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom walks in. The room is lavish and once more full with expensive looking furniture. It has a homely look, but overly religious.

Tom looks at some of the framed photos on the shelf above the fireplace. Pictures of his father and his mother, Tom as a boy. All photos of Tom are from when he was a child.

Tom looks over at a table which has a selection of spirits in decanters. He walks over to the table and opens one. He smells the contents, lingering over it's seductive scent.

Tom glances over at the clock on the wall. 2 PM. Tom puts the decanter down and replaces the lid.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - LAKE - DAY

An overcast sky.

The small lake is quiet and surrounded by trees - a perfect place to fish or catch a moment of peace.

ANNA MARTIN, 37, a pretty mousy looking brunette, sits at the bank of the lake on a bench reading a book.

An unseen figure approaches her slowly from behind.

A twig is broken by the figure and Anna looks behind her in shock - it's Tom.

Anna looks surprised as she looks up at him. Jaw open surprised as if she has seen a ghost.

ANNA
(softly)
My God. Thomas Reese.

Tom smiles awkwardly.

TOM
Sorry I startled you.

Anna forces a smile back, regaining her composure.

ANNA
I should have realized you would
be coming back.
(beat)
I'm sorry about your father. How
are you coping?

TOM
I'm OK, thank you.
(beat)
You look well. How have you been?

Anna smiles politely and turns back to her book.

ANNA
Recently? Or since the last time
we talked to each other?

Tom, looking uncomfortable, takes a seat next to her on the bench.

TOM
In general.

ANNA
I've been fine, thank you. I work
at the primary school. I come
down here for the occasional late
lunch and a little peace from the
chaos. What made you come all the
way down here?

TOM
I'm on my way to my father's will
reading, I thought I'd take a
little detour. A little trip down
memory lane.

Tom looks at Anna, who seems overly fixated on her book.

ANNA
And are they good memories or
ones you'd like to forget?

Tom looks out at the lake.

TOM
They are the best memories I
have. I remember we used to come
up here a lot. When I saw you, I
thought it was part of my
imagination.

Anna looks at Tom long and hard.

ANNA
Seeing as the last time you saw
me was twenty years ago I'm going
to take that as a compliment.

A moment of silence.

TOM
Well, I better be on my way. I
didn't mean to disturb you.

Tom gets up of the bench and walks up the embankment.

ANNA (O.S.)
Dinner?

Tom stops in his tracks and looks back at Anna.

TOM
Sorry?

ANNA
Dinner. Tonight. Can you make it?

Tom smiles, albeit a little taken aback.

TOM
I can make it.

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK - DAY

The office block is small with only two floors.

INT. KENDALL SOLICITORS OFFICE

Blinds are pulled over the windows. A dim lamp light that sits on a highly polished desk gives out a feeling for the theatrical in such a small room.

ADAM KENDALL, a slick dark haired man in his 50's that seems to take pride in his appearance and with a constant glint in his eye, sits behind his desk with various documents in front of him. He strokes his Lucifer-like beard as he flicks through various pages.

Tom sits opposite him looking impatient. The clock strikes on three and Adam seems to come to life.

ADAM
Sorry for the delay, Thomas, but
rules and regulations.

Tom looks at Adam with a frown.

TOM
I just want to get this over
with, Mr. Kendall.

ADAM

Appreciated, and as I said when you came in, I give you my condolences for the loss of your father.

Tom nods thankfully but also growing weary of hearing the sympathy.

Adam leans back in his leather recliner seat.

ADAM

You know, I bet it's been strange coming back here after all this time and yet shit ain't changed. This office for example. I'm still sharing with the dentist and real estate business. Probably not quite what you're used to in London?

Tom forces a smile.

TOM

There's a lot more space in London. For professional businesses, anyway.

Adam looks at Tom for a moment before he opens a file on his desk and puts on his spectacles.

ADAM

Your fathers last will and testament. He has left behind the sum of one hundred thousand pounds of which he has donated to various charities and split said fund with the remaining fifty thousand going towards the church funding scheme.

Tom looks on at Adam with no emotion, as if expected. Adam looks up at Tom.

ADAM

I leave my house and all possessions inside to my only son, Thomas Reese, for him to do with as he wish.

Tom looks pale faced.

TOM

I don't want the house. Or anything inside it. I don't want anything.

Adam leans towards the desk, and Tom, with the look of being deprived.

ADAM

Thomas, be reasonable here. It's your father's last wish. The house is yours.

TOM

I don't want the house - I have a place to live. I certainly didn't want his money. I'm here because I *have* to be here, Mr. Kendall, not because I'm on the take.

Adam sighs.

ADAM

As the last living relative, and only family member left, you can renounce the inheritance but a document will have to be drawn up, signed and finalized.

TOM

How long will that take?

ADAM

A couple of days. Take the time you have here, back home, to think about it Tom. Keep the house, sell it if you wish. But don't just let the last thing your father left you go to waste.

Tom stands up and shakes Adam's hand.

TOM

I was not the best son, Mr. Kendall. I'm pretty sure a lot of people are aware of that around here if they still remember me. I don't deserve anything and I don't want anything.

Tom makes his way to the door.

TOM

I'm settled in London and I intend to go back there.

Just as Tom is heading out of the door, Adam calls him.

ADAM

Tom!

Tom looks back at Adam from the doorway, impatient to leave.

Adam, suddenly remembering something, walks around his desk and to Tom with a book sized brown paper package. He hands it to him.

ADAM

A few days before your father died, he came in to my office. Gave me this package. He told me to give it to you personally.

TOM

A few days? What are we talking here - two, three...?

ADAM

I'm a busy guy Tom, I can't remember every thing.
(looks down in thought)
Wednesday, four days before.

Tom takes the small package and puts it in his inside jacket pocket.

TOM

Well, did he say anything? It's pretty coincidental wouldn't you say?

ADAM

Hey, look. I'm being the good guy here, Tom. He came in pissed as a newt, rambling on about a load of...he just told me to add this to his will. I told him, by law, I couldn't do that unless he rewrote the whole thing again. He left as soon as he came in.

Tom heads for the door.

TOM

Thank you again, Mr. Kendall. Get in touch about the will.

The door slams shut. Adam points his middle finger up before returning to his leather reclining chair.

ADAM

Tosser.

EXT. CORK & BEEHIVE INN - NIGHT

A small dimly lit pub in an area surrounded by woodland and a country road. Only a handful of cars sit in the car park.

INT. CORK & BEEHIVE INN

The pub is nice, warm and cosy with mostly an old fashioned wooden look to its decor. It has a charm to it.

Anna and Tom sit at a table for two, with soft jazz music playing in the background. Both have finished dinner plates in front of them. Anna has a glass of red wine on her table and Tom has a glass of coke.

ANNA

Teaching English for thirteen years might not sound exciting but I try and make it fun for the kids. It's what I always wanted to do.

TOM

I always knew you would. You have that drive to get what you want.

Anna sips some wine.

ANNA

I wouldn't say that. I'm a thirty-seven year old woman still living at home with my parents. I have a failed marriage on my record. And now I'm sharing dinner with the man who dumped me twenty years ago without saying so much as a goodbye.

Tom looks slightly embarrassed and awkward. He takes a sip of his coke.

TOM

You were also always to the point, Anna.

ANNA

I've read your paper, read your articles.

TOM

How's my English?

ANNA

You're working at one of the biggest newspapers in the country and you're asking me for advice? How flattering.

TOM

Well?

ANNA

Well, at least you're still in the game at some level, right?

Tom finishes his coke.

TOM

It's just about all I can do now. Write about something I care about and have a passion for.

ANNA

I just never figured you would become a journalist. To say I was shocked when I found out would be an understatement. But I was proud of you when I found out.

TOM

I'm a better writer than I was a footballer. For one, I get paid to write. Secondly, I've never had my leg so badly fucked up by a keyboard that I couldn't kick a ball again.

ANNA

Going by some of the articles you have written, I'm surprised you haven't had both your knees smashed in yet.

Tom smiles.

KAREN (thirty-four, long blonde hair wearing a white blouse and black skirt) and DAVID CONNELLY (thirty-five, dark handsome and muscular, dressed in an expensive looking suit) approach Tom and Anna. Karen has had clearly a few drinks too many and David looks embarrassed.

KAREN

(to Tom, slurring)

Wow! Tommy Reese? It IS you!

Tom is a little taken aback and confused.

TOM

Hi...

KAREN

I'm so sorry! But I just had to come over and say hi to you! You probably don't even know who I am!

David interrupts.

DAVID

I'm David, this is my WIFE Karen. Sorry about the intrusion folks.

ANNA

It's fine - we were just -

KAREN

Mind if I take a seat?

Karen clumsily takes a chair and sits next to him. Tom looks uncomfortable.

DAVID

I think they were happy as they were now lets go, Karen.

KAREN

(to Tom)

You know, I used to have a massive crush on you -

David yanks Karen by her arm up from her seat.

DAVID

Time we were going.

The two leave the pub amidst arguing.

KAREN

You can't fuckin' tell me what I can and can't do! I was just talkin' to him, we used to go to the same school!

Karen trips over a bar stool.

DAVID

I can't take you any where! Come on!

David angrily helps Karen up and out of the pub.

ANNA

(smiling)

You sure seem to have made an impact on you're return.

Tom shakes his head in embarrassment. He looks at Anna with a stunned expression.

TOM
Wanna get outta here?

EXT. MARTINS HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom's silver volvo stops outside a large detached house.

INT. SILVER VOLVO

Anna kisses Tom on his cheek.

ANNA
Good-night Tom. I'll call you.

She opens the door, gets out and smiles at him as she shuts the door. Anna walks to the house door.

Tom watches her until she gets inside.

A full moon shines brightly in the sky.

INT. REESE HOUSE - HALLWAY

Tom walks in the front door. Darkness. The sound of the grandfather clock ticking hypnotically. Tom switches the light on.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom takes out the brown paper wrapped parcel from his inside pocket and places it casually on the table.

He looks at a framed photo of his father - dressed in his cassock looking proud in front of the church.

INT. REESE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Tom looks for a light switch on the wall. There is none. The window allows the moonlight to shed some light to the room. There is a double bed which is made up, and a bedside cabinet.

Tom sits down at the foot of the bed.

Removing his socks, Tom pulls out two small miniature bottles of Jack Daniels. Unopened. He places them inside the empty bedside cabinet drawer and closes it.

Finally undressed, Tom sits on the bed and before heading down for sleep, takes a look out of the window from his bed.

The church is directly opposite. Tom looks over at it. It is desolate. Empty.

Tom pulls the curtains together but they only stretch a quarter of the way across the window. Tom sighs, and falls back down on the bed.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A large golden field. A thirteen year old boy walks the fields with his head to the ground. He stops. He looks up.

In the far distance, there is masses of woodland that surrounds the field. Blurred people walk aimlessly.

The boy looks to his left. The large woodland has a gap. In between the trees is something dark - an abnormally tall figure draped in black. The sun reflects a shine from a buckle that is on the figure's tall spiral hat. It is guarding the area, the gate. Preventing escape.

The boy looks confused. Unafraid, he walks further down the field and ignores the gap to the left. He stops once he comes to a dried mud ridden path way. He looks up at the sky.

The sky is an amazingly bright blue. The boy looks to the left of the field, then to the right. He is surrounded by woodland. Inside the woodland is darkness.

From under the mud of the field in front of him, PETER LLOYD REESE jumps up, looking decaying. He claws to the mud as if to stop from slipping down; his face slippery and wet as if it is about to slide off the base of his skull.

PETER
LEAVE NOW! LEAVE!

Tremendous screams of pain and yelling is heard from below the pit from which Peter came. Whipping, mocking laughter, screaming, yelling. Screams of extreme pain and agony.

The boy is transfixed in fear and can not move.

PETER
LEAVE NOW!!!

Peter's body is DRAGGED back down in to the pit.

INT. REESE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DARK

Tom wakes up in sweat. He breathes erratically in the midst of a panic attack.

Tom desperately opens the bedside cabinet drawer and grabs a bottle of one of the unopened miniature Jack Daniels. He holds it tightly, closing his eyes. His breathing slowly becomes normal. He gently drops the bottle back in the drawer, falling back into sleep.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens. Tom appears from behind it wearing the same sweater and trousers. He yawns and stretches as he looks up at the overcast sky. He then looks at the church directly opposite.

He looks down, stuck in his routine from home to take the milk in. None has been delivered. Tom looks up.

GLASSES! Tom almost falls back in surprise.

A woman, HARRIET BARLOW, 50-60s, frumpish looking with large framed glasses gazes down at Tom with a wild smile. She has bushy grey hair and a smile that would crack a mirror.

HARRIET

Why, Thomas Reese, welcome back home my love!

Tom looks at Harriet, regaining his composure.

HARRIET

I'm Harriet Barlow, I worked for your father at the church. I want you to know, that everything has been taken care of, everything is fine.

Tom remains stunned before he can mutter a few words.

TOM

Sorry? What?

HARRIET

I'm in charge of all secretarial duties at St.Mary's, arrangements and so forth. So, rest your head my dear, everything is fine.

Tom regains his composure.

TOM
I'm sorry. You found my father, I believe.

HARRIET
Yes, yes indeed I did.

TOM
Please come in.

Harriet seems nervous at the request and steps away.

HARRIET
I will reserve that offer for another time. I only came round to tell you about the new reverend.

TOM
A new reverend? Already?

HARRIET
(gushing)
Oh yes. He is quite the charmer. Reverend Delaney. Mark Delaney as he asked me to call him.

TOM
Wow, don't mess around with replacements do they.

HARRIET
I needed to talk to you, because Reverend Delaney has asked me to continue on as church secretary.

Tom looks at Harriet blankly.

HARRIET
He has also brought the funeral home and asked if I could help out with a few things. My first job is to ask you if you would grant him the right to preside over your fathers funeral tomorrow.

Tom is taken aback. Completely stunned.

TOM
What? Tomorrow? As far as I'm concerned there are no funeral arrangements, let alone tomorrow...and why didn't he ask me himself?

Harriet seems lost for words and skulks back to her doorway. She closes the door behind her.

Tom looks at the church baffled and annoyed.

Tom puts on his shoes. He walks across the quiet road and over to the church.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The church has two doors. One is a small door in the shape of an oval. The other is a rectangular double door and much larger. Tom tries to open them but both are locked.

He walks around the side.

EXT. CHURCH - SIDE - DAY

The side of the church has small gravestone shaped windows. Darkness inside. A trench separates the path from the church which has steel dust bins and full up black rubbish bags outside a door. It looks old and dirty.

At the corner of the church, is a small stairwell that leads downwards to the trench.

Tom continues round to the back of the church.

EXT. CHURCH - GRAVEYARD - DAY

Tom walks around the church. There is a zigzag steel staircase which leads from the ground to a door at the top of the church.

Tom walks into the graveyard.

Large, tall bushes act as barriers from prying eyes. Trees are spread throughout the yard with long overhanging branches.

Tom looks around. The place is quiet and still.

The gravestones differ from shape to size and condition. Most are old and not well maintained. Moss has crept on most despite the gardens being in good condition and trim.

Tom looks to his left, near the bushes. He is startled.

Smoke drifts from the ground, covered by the branches of an overhead tree.

Tom walks over to it cautiously. A grave.

Smoke smoulders.

The ground seems to have given way a foot deep. A rectangular shape that has subsided and fallen downwards slightly into the Earth. From the gaps revealed, smoke rises up.

Tom approaches the grave closer but is quickly turned away by a searing heat that the gap produces.

Tom backs away slowly, watching confused as the thin spirals of smoke continue to rise before disappearing in the darkness of the overhead tree.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Harriet stands at her doorway watching as Tom crosses the road to his house.

Tom looks at Harriet as he opens his door.

TOM

If you see him, tell him to check
with me first before making plans
for my own father's funeral, OK?

Harriet looks at Tom as if he has just insulted her, but she nods in agreement.

Tom slams his door shut.

INT. RIDGEWELL'S STORE

Tom takes a newspaper to the counter. Orville looks uncomfortable as he takes the change from Tom to pay for the paper.

ORVILLE

Never guess who came in earlier,
Thomas.

Tom takes his newspaper, notices Jane in one of the aisles sweeping the floor looking at him.

TOM

I give up. You have me beat.
Keith Harris?

JANE

Reverend Delaney. The new father
of the church.

Jane walks over to the counter as if about to console Tom. Tom looks increasingly agitated, silently seething.

ORVILLE

I know this is not the best of times but... he seems a nice chap. I thought you should know in case you hadn't met him yet.

TOM

No, I haven't had the pleasure.

JANE

It came as a bit of a shock to us, so we thought we should tell you.

(smiling)

He's very suave, polite. Your father would be happy, I feel strongly on that. Hopefully, you will too, Thomas.

Tom forces a smile out of politeness.

TOM

I'm sure I will.

He walks out of the shop.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - RECEPTION

The small room has only three wooden chairs and a table overpacked with magazines. Tom sits on one of the chairs near the window, which over looks the town.

To his left is a closed door - Adam Kendall's office. To his right, is an open doorway which leads to a corridor and two other closed doors. One of the doors has a sign "CHAMBERS" and the other a sign with "CONNELLY".

The door to his left opens and Adam greets Tom with a handshake.

ADAM

How you doing, Tom, sorry for taking so long. Come inside.

INT. KENDALL SOLICITORS OFFICE

Tom takes a seat opposite Adam's desk.

TOM

So, any news on the denouncement yet?

Adam takes his seat and looks seriously at Tom.

ADAM

You still want to go through with this?

Tom nods. Adam leans back in his chair.

ADAM

Well, to be honest with you Tom, I had hoped you might have changed your mind and it was a hasty reaction on your part. I haven't filled out the necessary forms as yet.

TOM

Is this some kind of joke? You thought I might change my mind? Are you my therapist?

ADAM

Calm down, Tom. I just didn't want any rash action. It's happened before, people make quick choices based on the heat of the moment, they live to regret it. I didn't want that to happen to you.

TOM

(sighing)

What a waste of my time. Look, I'm not waiting around here forever. So it's your job on the line here, mate.

ADAM

I was going to fill the forms out before your appointment as a precaution. It's not going to take long, I got preoccupied!

TOM

Yeah, I can see you being rushed off your feet in such a metropolis as this place. What the hell do you mean you were preoccupied?

ADAM

Out of respect, I wasn't going to say anything because I know -

TOM

The new reverend?

ADAM

- Did pay me a visit, yes.

Tom stands up.

ADAM

Tom, I'm only trying to be sensitive to your cause here. Look, I apologize.

He heads to the door and looks back at Adam before leaving.

TOM

Get them forms filled out and whatever you need to do, do it. Please.

ADAM

OK, OK. Relax Tom, I'm on it.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - RECEPTION

Tom walks out of the reception and into the corridor.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - STAIRWELL

Tom walks down the stairs. Walking up the stairs is KAREN CONNELLY - her blonde hair is wrapped in a bun and she is wearing glasses. She has a bundle of files and paper work in her hands.

They exchange pleasantries as Tom passes her before both look back at each other in recognition.

KAREN

Tom!

Karen blushes as Tom smiles at her.

KAREN

Oh my God! I am SO sorry about the other night.

TOM

Everyone has a few now and then, don't worry about it.

KAREN

Thank you for taking it so well.

Karen walks down the few steps on the stairs to meet Tom head on.

KAREN

I'm Karen Connelly, the Whitewood real estate agent, and I've been handling your fathers house and transfer into your name.

KAREN(cont'd)

I imagine Adam mentioned this to you.

TOM

No, as a matter of fact he didn't.

KAREN

Well, we will have to arrange a meeting to discuss a few things, nothing major or troublesome, just formalities.

TOM

I don't want the house, Mrs. Connelly. I'm not staying here and I am denouncing the will. Or did Mr. Kendall not tell you that?

Karen looks surprised.

KAREN

No, not at all.

Tom walks off down the last remaining steps.

TOM

Well, that's how it is. I won't be here for too much longer so I would appreciate you and Mr. Kendall sorting this mess out.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

A small primary school. A handful of delighted young children rush from the school gates, free at last.

Anna walks out of the school gates. She notices Tom's silver volvo waiting for her. She walks up to the passenger door and gets in.

INT. SILVER VOLVO

Tom drives down the road with Anna in the passenger seat.

ANNA

Can't wait to get home and take a long bath. Knackered. How did your day go?

TOM

Strangely. You wouldn't by any chance have had this new priest visit the school would you?

ANNA

Mark Delaney?

TOM

My God, that guy gets everywhere!
Who is he? The bloody pope?

ANNA

I didn't actually meet or get to see him. I was out having a late lunch but I was told he came down to talk to the staff and he even gave a small assembly to the kids.

TOM

Amazing.

ANNA

How do you feel about it?
(softly)
Quick replacement isn't it?

TOM

Lightning couldn't strike faster. I haven't even buried my father and his replacement strolls into town and manages to talk to everyone. Charms everyone. He even wants to conduct my fathers funeral - but didn't even bother to ask for my consent.

Anna looks stunned.

ANNA

Are you kidding me?

TOM

No! The guy asked my next door neighbor to let me know he would like to do my dad's funeral TOMORROW. It's crazy.

A small silence. They drive past the world war two cross monument.

ANNA

Well, maybe we can talk about this later tonight.

Tom looks at Anna.

ANNA

At dinner.

TOM
You never were one to hesitate in getting to the point, Anna.

ANNA
And you were always hesitating in making up your mind. So is that a yes or do I get out now and never see you again.

Tom smiles. He looks again at Anna.

TOM
Well, then yes. Same place as last night?

Anna laughs.

ANNA
Bit theatrical last night wouldn't you say?

TOM
Things did take a turn of events.

ANNA
Lets make it my place. 8 PM.

EXT. SKY

From a white, miserable seemingly sun deprived sky - a thin line of blue emerges.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom watches, looking out of the window at the church.

TOM
(to himself)
Where the hell is he?

Tom looks at the many framed photos of his father and the church that align the walls. Smiles in every one.

A knock at the door. Followed quickly by another.

Tom heads to the door.

INT. REESE HOUSE - HALLWAY

Tom answers the door. Harriet stands at the doorstep with a massive over the top smile.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - DUSK

HARRIET

Oh, Mr. Reese, you missed the Reverend by minutes! He came round for you earlier but you had just left.

TOM

Isn't that something.

HARRIET

He told me he is moving into the bungalow next to the church. It's been vacant for such a long time, it will be truly wonderful to see someone bring it back to life once more.

Tom looks at his watch. 7:48 PM.

TOM

I'm going to get to the point, Harriet. I'm not having some guy I don't know conduct my fathers funeral without even talking to me about it. I'm sure you can understand.

Harriet pulls out an envelope from her inside coat pocket.

HARRIET

Silly me. I almost forgot!

She passes the envelope to Tom.

HARRIET

Mark - I mean Reverend Delaney asked me to give this to you.

Tom takes the envelope and looks at it. It has been handwritten addressed to him. He opens the envelope and takes out a letter.

TOM (V.O.)

(reading the letter)

Dear Thomas Reese, my deepest apologies regarding the arrangements for the funeral of your father, Peter Lloyd Reese. It has been an understandably distressful time for you and I can only offer you my sympathy amidst my embarrassment for what can only be described as shambolic on my behalf.

TOM(cont'd)

I would like to try and rectify this by taking all responsibility for the funeral arrangements. These are detailed below, I pray they are adequate enough and that this may help towards your forgiveness.

Tom looks at Harriet - waiting at his doorstep like a dog waiting for it's dinner.

TOM (V.O.)

(reading the letter)

I have **not** taken any liberties. Therefore no one from the community of Whitewood apart from yourself and guests of your choice will unite and pay their respects to your father. A separate service for the community can be arranged. Once more, I hope this a wish you yourself would have wanted. Should you want to delay the ceremony to invite guests, please do so. The ceremony shall begin inside the church at 11 AM. I shall read a service written in part by the inspirational and uplifting words I have researched in meeting the members of the community. I have reserved a place for you to give your speech, one that only a son can give to his father. From here, I have arranged for your father to be buried in the beautiful peaceful grounds of the cemetery, where I would be honoured to give the burial prayer. **All expenses are to be paid by the church should you accept this offer.** Wishing you the best at this time, Rev. Mark Delaney.

Tom puts the letter inside his pocket. He takes a deep breath.

TOM

(downbeat)

Look, Harriet, if you manage to see this guy before I do which is more than likely...tell him to go ahead with his plans.

HARRIET

Oh my goodness! That is fantastic news! He will be so pleased!

Harriet almost skips back to her house, such is her enthusiasm from the news Tom has delivered.

Tom looks bewildered and slightly aghast. He looks up at the star lit sky.

TOM
I'm putting all of what little
faith I have in you on this one
big guy.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - STREETS - NIGHT

A blacked out windowed hearse drives around slowly, almost silently in the quiet and deserted streets.

EXT. MARTINS HOUSE - NIGHT

All bottom lights are on inside the house as a slight mist begins to wander in the dark of night. Tom's silver volvo pulls up against the road.

Tom knocks on the door.

A couple of moments pass. Tom is about to knock again when the door opens. EMILY MARTIN, 59 has short brown hair and looks like a headmistress. Stern.

EMILY
Tom, come in. Anna has been
expecting you.

TOM
Thank you, Mrs. Martin. How are
you?

EMILY
After all this time I figured you
might have forgotten my name.

Tom corrects himself.

TOM
Thank you, Emily.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A nicely furnished cosy looking room. Ben Martin hurriedly puts his jacket on as Emily waits impatiently in the hall.

Ben shakes Tom's hand.

BEN
Hi Tom, good to see you again.

TOM
Likewise.

EMILY (O.S.)
I'm going to wait by the car.

The front door shuts.

BEN
Excuse Emily, Tom. She's never
been too tactful.

TOM
It's fine. I understand.

BEN
So how are things? You OK?

TOM
My fathers funeral is tomorrow. I
thought you should know.

Ben looks shocked.

BEN
Tomorrow?

EMILY (O.S.)
(from outside)
Ben, would you get a move on!

Anna walks into the living room. She smiles at Tom.

ANNA
Hiya, any problem finding the
place?

Tom smiles back at Anna as Ben heads to the doorway.

BEN
(to Tom)
Look, I'd like to have a little
chat with you when I get back.

TOM
Sure thing.

Ben heads out of the front door.

ANNA
What was that all about?

TOM
I'll explain over dinner. Where
would you like to go?

ANNA
How about the kitchen?

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Tom and Anna sit opposite each other over a table with the remains of a finished meal. Both look happy, smiling to each other.

TOM
My compliments to the chef.

ANNA
Compliments taken. How do you plan to pay for it?

TOM
I can think of a few ways.

Anna stands up and takes their plates to the sink.

ANNA
I was thinking more along the lines of you washing up.

Anna walks back to the table smiling at Tom.

ANNA
So what were you and my dad talking about before they left?

TOM
My fathers funeral.

ANNA
Oh, you've made arrangements?

TOM
It's tomorrow. 11 AM.

ANNA
(surprised)
Tomorrow? You're going ahead with Delaney's plans?

Tom nods.

ANNA
Why didn't you tell me before?

TOM
I didn't want to ruin the evening. It's been nice to *not* talk about it - to think about something else.

TOM(cont'd)

(beat)

I'd like you to come with me.

Anna, slightly taken aback, understandingly nods. She touches Tom's hands.

ANNA

Of course I will.

(she slowly takes her
hand back)

Why the change of mind? How did
he arrange it so quickly?

TOM

Apparently, Reverend Delaney now
owns the funeral home as well. It
could be a load of rubbish since
I only know all this from a
letter given to me by Harriet
Barlow.

ANNA

I know her. She works at St.
Marys. She's quirky, but very
reliable and honest.

TOM

She's strange but then everything
has been a little strange since I
came back.

ANNA

Strange? Such as?

TOM

I mean it's not been what I
expected. People being so nice
and welcoming to me...why you've
been so nice to me.

ANNA

Tom, some people forgive. They
get on with their lives. In the
end, they remember you for the
good things not the bad.

Tom takes Anna's hands in his own.

TOM

I don't care about the other
people around here.

(beat)

Do you forgive me?

A silence.

The front door can be heard opening. Ben and Emily are
home.

The kitchen door opens and Emily walks in, not taking much notice of Anna and Tom.

Tom stands up.

TOM

Thanks for the wonderful dinner,
Anna.

He heads out of the kitchen.

TOM

Good night Emily.

Emily is apparently too busy fiddling with the items in her purse to acknowledge.

EXT. MARTINS HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom walks down the paved driveway headed to his car.

The house door opens and Ben calls out to him. Tom stops and Ben walks over to him.

BEN

Tom, could I just have a few
words with you it will only take
a minute.

TOM

Sure.

BEN

I don't mean to intrude, I know
it's your business but about your
fathers funeral tomorrow. Are you
sure it's legit?

TOM

Reverend Delaney's behind it, I
haven't met the guy, but
according to most he seems
perfectly legit.

BEN

That's what I mean, see. He came
down to the clinic earlier today.
Now I don't want to stir anything
up that might not be, but...

TOM

Go on?

BEN

He arrived in a blacked out
hearse.

BEN(cont'd)

And he just seemed a little off to me. I don't know, I just cant put my finger on it.

TOM

Great, Ben. Thanks for clearing my conscience about all this.

BEN

No, no, wait. I just mean, I'd like to go with you tomorrow. To the funeral. I'd like to pay my respects to your father and make sure everything is above board.

TOM

This Delaney guy now apparently owns the funeral home so I assume he's got all the right credentials. But of course. I'd appreciate it if you could make it.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The blacked out hearse stops outside the church. The passenger door opens. A figure draped in black steps out. The figure walks towards the church doors as the hearse slowly drives off.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Tom's silver volvo drives slowly on the lonely road.

INT. SILVER VOLVO

Tom looks at the deserted streets as he drives past. No one is around. His mobile rings. He answers.

TOM

Hello.

DEREK (V.O.)

Hey Tom. How's it going, mate.

Tom looks relieved.

TOM

Oh man. Good to hear your voice, Derek. I'm slowly going nuts up here.

DEREK (V.O.)

I just wanted to call you, I know
its your fathers funeral
tomorrow, I got your text
message. You want me there? I can
be there.

TOM

Derek, its nice to hear from you
mate. But no, I'll be OK. Thanks
all the same. I'll be a couple of
days, there's some shit going on
about the house and the will I
need to sort out. Amongst other
things.

DEREK

Take care mate, call me if you
need me.

Tom turns his phone off as he drives towards his house.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

The silver volvo drives up into the driveway. Tom steps out
of the car and walks in to the house.

INT. REESE HOUSE - HALLWAY

Tom walks in, removes his shoes and heads upstairs. He
stops midway. He looks down at the parcel on the side of
the table in the living room.

He looks again at the framed pictures of his father.

Tom takes the parcel and walks up the stairs.

INT. REESE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Darkness. Tom walks in, and sits on the bed. He gets up and
spreads the curtains - a dim light seeps inside from the
moon and orange tinged street lamps.

Tom places the package on his bedside cabinet.

Tom looks over out at the church and then the bungalow next
to it. Nothing.

Tom starts to undress, getting ready for bed.

Tom undressed, takes one last look at the church.

TOM
(sombre)
Sorry Dad. I fucked up.

Tom lays back on the bed. The moonlight is too strong as it makes the room light up too much.

Tom sits up, gets out of bed and sets about pulling the curtains further together.

A BRIGHT YELLOW LIGHT flickers on in a top window of the church.

Tom looks at his watch on the cabinet table. 12:01 AM.

TOM
What the hell?

Tom looks on. The light remains on in the top floor of the church.

Tom continues to watch.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A miserable white cloud covered sky.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - BEDROOM

Tom wakes up. He is laying across the bed, not in it. He sits up and looks through the window at the dull sullen white sky.

He checks the time on his watch. 8:33 AM.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - BATHROOM

Tom is in the shower.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - BEDROOM

Tom opens the wardrobe door and takes out a suit and tie.

LATER

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - BEDROOM

Tom, now dressed in his suit, looks out the window at the church. One of the double doors has been opened.

TOM
Looks like game on.

Tom takes a lingering look at the parcel on his bedside cabinet before leaving the room.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom looks around the room at the many pictures and photos of his father.

A knock at the front door.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - HALLWAY

Tom answers the door. It is Harriet Barlow, with her ever present annoying mile wide smile.

TOM
Harriet?

HARRIET
I hope I'm not intruding Tom, but
Reverend Delaney would like to
meet you in the church.

Tom nods.

TOM
About time.

Tom steps out the house.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - DAY

Tom takes a deep breath of air. He looks over at the church. A blacked out hearse sits parked out front.

HARRIET
I will be along shortly.

TOM
Thanks for all your help Harriet.
I appreciate it.

Harriet smiles before rushing back inside her house and closing the door.

Tom heads across the road to the church.

Tom looks at the hearse momentarily. All in black, and with blacked out windows.

Tom approaches the double doors of the church.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Tom walks to the doors. One is open, the other latched shut. Both made of a solid wood.

Tom walks inside.

INT. CHURCH - NARTHEX (RECEPTION)

A dimly lit small room, only the light from the gloom ridden sky sheds light via the open door.

A door remains closed to Tom's left, a doorway is open ahead of him which leads to the main hall.

VOICE (O.S.)

(dark)

Mr. Reese.

Tom turns around.

Standing at the double doorway is a man dressed in a traditional cassock.

He is MARK DELANEY, tall, 26, short tidy jet black hair, a smooth and handsome looking face. He would look more suited to a male model shoot than a place with the church.

TOM

Oh, hi, sorry mate. I'm looking for Reverend Delaney?

MARK DELANEY

And you have found him.

Reverend Delaney puts a hand out to Tom. Tom is startled by his appearance but puts his hand out and they both shake.

TOM

Sorry...I wasn't expecting such a...surprise.

Delaney smiles, his dark eyes glinting from a light unseen.

Reverend Delaney walks in to the hall, beckoning Tom to follow him which he does.

INT. CHURCH - MAIN HALL

The nave of the church is set up in a cross shape with wooden pews facing the alter.

Delaney walks down the aisle with Tom until he stops halfway.

Delaney looks around the building awestruck.

DELANEY

Marvellous building. Your father has done an immaculate job in keeping it in such grandeur.

Tom is also awestruck, but by memories.

TOM

First time I've stepped inside for some years. A long time. A lot of memories.

DELANEY

Forgive me, Thomas. I would like to give you a small rendition of how the ceremony shall be. If you are happy with it and give me your consent, I shall feel very humbled in all deepest respects.

Tom nods.

TOM

That's very nice of you. But I really need to discuss expenses as well as a few other details.

DELANEY

Expenses paid on behalf of the church, Mr. Reese. Your father served the church of your God for forty years, the least we can do is provide.

TOM

That's more than generous. But I do need some answers. Mainly, why you never contacted me directly?

Delaney checks his watch, slightly irritated.

DELANEY

Mr. Reese, please forgive me. But all I can do is ask for you to discuss this and many other things with me after the ceremony as time is not really on our side.

TOM

Sure. Appreciated.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - DAY

Ben's peugeot parks outside. Anna gets out of back door. Emily from the passenger side, Ben the drivers side. All are dressed in black, in respect to the funeral.

Anna walks up to the front door of the house and knocks twice. No answer.

EMILY
(standing by the car)
Typical.

Anna spots Harriet watching her, spying through her house window before she disappears behind the window net once detected.

EXT. CHURCH

Tom emerges from the double doorway. He spots the Martins outside his house and calls over to them. He waits as they walk over to the church.

Anna smiles warmly at Tom, and he returns the glance.

TOM
I want to thank you all for coming, I know it's been a mad rush but I really appreciate it.

Ben pats Tom on his shoulder.

BEN
Anything we can do to help, just ask. Don't worry -

EMILY
(interrupting)
How exactly is this going to work out?

TOM
Basically, it's short and sweet. Reverend Delaney will give a quick sermon before we head over the cemetery for the burial.

ANNA
What's he like?

TOM
Young. But I can see why people have taken to him. He seems nice enough. Humble, respectful.

Reverend Delaney walks out from the double doors of the church.

DELANEY

Ready when you are, Mr. Reese.

Before Tom can reply, Delaney heads back inside the church.

ANNA

(stunned)

Is that him?

Tom nods.

ANNA

I thought that was the alter boy.

INT. CHURCH - MAIN HALL

Tom, Anna, Ben and Emily are seated in the first row. A silence breaking sound of echoing footsteps from behind.

They all look behind to see Harriet rushing excitedly to the organ at the back of the hall.

A few mundane, dull notes are played before Harriet begins to find some kind of melody.

Emily checks her watch and sighs.

EMILY

We've been sitting here for almost twenty minutes.

TOM

(raising an eyebrow)

Things seem to be taking place, although I had no idea about Harriet and her musical skills.

A moment of unease passes amongst them as Harriet begins to play a dull rendition of the funeral march.

ANNA

Oh my God, how insensitive.

EMILY

How cliché.

Anna holds Tom's hand.

TOM

I'm not fussed about the damn tune, I just want to get this over with.

Footsteps from behind. An elderly couple enter the church and take a seat. Tom looks around confused.

More people enter the church. The Ridgewells, amongst other elderly and middle aged people take seats in the pews until it becomes half full.

Anna, Emily and Ben look at Tom with surprise.

BEN

How did you organize this so quickly?

Tom looks dumbfounded.

TOM

He told me no one else had been invited. What the hell is this?

A door at the far end of the room opens. Reverend Delaney steps out, closes the door behind him and makes his way to the alter.

Harriet's funeral march plays continually in the back ground, stopping once Delaney reaches the alter.

Silence. Tom looks up at Delaney - "what the hell is going on?". Delaney notices Tom but blanks him, looking over at the gathering of people in the church with a smug smile.

Delaney gives a nod to Harriet and within seconds, another morbid and depressing tune fills the room - albeit much quieter.

DELANEY

We are gathered here today to pay our respects to Peter Lloyd Reese...

EXT. WHITEWOOD CEMETERY - DAY

The hearse drives slowly from the church down a road next to the Reese house. It drives past large open black gates.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

People flock from the double doors of the church and head down the road to the cemetery. Tom walks with Anna by his side.

ANNA

I thought it was a nice sermon.

TOM

It was. But I still want words
with him afterwards.

EXT. WHITEWOOD CEMETERY - DAY

The large cemetery has many varied gravestones and the place is well maintained with many trees. A bushy perimeter surrounds the area.

People from the church are gathered near the blacked out hearse which is parked on the road.

They stand over at a burial, Tom stands next to Anna as Reverend Delaney completes his burial sermon.

DELANEY

...ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

An extremely expensive looking coffin, on a set, lowers into the hole slowly.

The people make there way back out of the cemetery, some shaking Tom's hand and giving out condolences.

Tom turns to Anna.

TOM

I need to talk to this guy.

ANNA

Of course. I'll wait for you.

TOM

No, it's OK. I don't know how long this will take.

ANNA

Tom, I'm not leaving you alone -

TOM

Anna, it's fine. Really. Thank you for coming, I'll call you later.

ANNA

You'd better.

Anna slowly walks back to where Ben and Emily are standing, only a few feet away.

BEN

Are you going to be alright, Tom?

TOM
I'll be fine, Ben. Just take Anna
home.

Ben, Emily and Anna walk away down the road.

Tom looks around for Delaney. He spots him in the near
distance walking to the hearse.

The HEARSE DRIVER steps out of the drivers side. He is
tall, dressed all in black with a black driver's hat and
large circular dark glasses.

TOM
(calling out)
Reverend Delaney!

Delaney stops just as he is about to get into the passenger
side of the hearse and looks up at Tom.

HEARSE DRIVER
(dry, whispery)
Sorry, sir, but Mr. Delaney has
an urgent matter to attend to
right away.

TOM
(angrily)
That's not good enough!

The Hearse Driver looks over at Delaney, who nods in reply.
The Hearse Driver gets in to the drivers side and closes
the door.

DELANEY
I'm sorry about this Thomas. I'll
be in touch.

Delaney gets in to the hearse and it drives off down the
road at a slow speed.

Tom is left stunned. He looks to his father's grave, which
is having his coffin lowered by an elderly groundsman. Tom
walks over to him and gestures toward the hearse driving
away.

TOM
You know anything about that guy?
What did he tell you?

The groundsman shrugs.

GROUNDSMAN
Just asked me if I'd do the same
job I've been doing here for the
last thirty years. That's it.

Tom looks around at the large, now empty cemetery in confusion and frustration.

INT. REESE HOUSE - HALLWAY

Tom walks inside with a worn out expression. He heads into the living room where the sight of the decanters filled with alcohol takes his attention.

Tom walks away and heads upstairs.

INT. REESE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Tom anxiously walks to a closed door. He hesitates before opening it.

INT. PETER LLOYD REESE BEDROOM

The room is elegant with expensive looking items, all of which are religious. Pictures and framed photos of Jesus and biblical paintings adorn the walls and shelves.

There is one framed photo on the bedside cabinet which Tom looks at the most. One of him as a boy with Peter and his mother.

INT. REESE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Tom lays on his bed looking up at the ceiling. He looks over to his bedside cabinet and takes the parcel. He unwraps it. It is a diary.

Tom flicks through the pages and looks at the handwriting on each and every page. He flicks back to the first page where the title "MEMOIRS OF PETER LLOYD REESE" stands out.

Tom flicks through various pages. He stops at one dated NOVEMBER 11th, 1970.

PETER (V.O.)

And on this, the day of my son's birth, there could not be a more proud man in the world than me. To have created another life with my beautiful wife Caroline and with the blessing of the Lord, is truly the most blessed honor to have been given to me.

Tom flicks more. Dated : AUGUST, 1980

PETER (V.O.)

With my son Thomas by my side I can be sure that he will live to lead a life of virtue and continue my work in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ by eventually succeeding me. I look forward to such a day when I will hand him the key to the church.

Another entry. JANUARY, 1983

PETER (V.O.)

I have relinquished my belief in our lord after a year of questions following the death of my beloved wife. Although I now have become but a shell inside I will remain as a servant to God. My hope is that Thomas will revert back to how we was as a child, even at the young age of thirteen he is becoming somewhat of a demon in my eyes. I can do nothing but prey the beatings and punishments that I deliver to him change his ways.

Tom stops and puts the book down. He looks emotionally drained.

LATER

The bedside cabinet light is on. Tom lays back on his bed with the diary in one hand and groggily places a glass of whisky on the cabinet, next to a half full decanter.

He looks intoxicated as he reads more of the memoirs.

PETER (V.O.)

It has been twenty years since I last saw or heard from my son, Thomas. I am full of regret for I have only myself to blame for his departure from his home and away from his friends of who I had disdain for, purely for selfish reasons. Beating my own flesh and blood for five years is inexcusable but I had pity for myself after the death of Caroline and feared to lose the last person on Earth that I loved. I have nothing but regret and hatred of myself for the way I acted.

PETER(cont'd)

My only prayer is that Thomas is well and living the life that I failed to bring to him. Perhaps only God can offer me redemption, but do I deserve it?

Tom sheds a tear as he drunkenly grabs his glass from the cabinet, accidentally dropping it to the floor.

Tom sits up and picks up the glass. He stands up slightly swaying, knocking the diary to the floor and grabs the decanter. He walks to the door.

INT. REESE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Tom pours the remainder of the decanter down the sink. He looks wasted, but also regretful.

INT. REESE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Tom picks up the book from the ground and looks at the last page. It is dated just a week ago.

PETER (V.O.)

I can feel the bowels of hell upon me and on the church itself. The heat is no longer just a sensation but a realization. The church, I have come to realize, is no longer one of the Lord Jesus Christ. I fear for the town of Whitewood as it will be consumed by the evil from below in a short time. Yet I feel I am powerless to prevent such a thing as ridicule would be my only attainment.

Tom looks confused as he slowly closes the diary and places it on his bedside cabinet. He turns a bedside cabinet light out, sending the room into semi darkness with the bright moon in the sky reflecting through the window.

Tom looks over at the church. It is dark and vacant. Moments pass.

Tom gives up. He stands up to draw together the curtains when an eerie yellow light flicks on in the top room of the church.

Tom sits back down and looks at the clock. 12:01 AM.

A shadowy figure walks past the lit window.

A movement from below in the graveyard bushes takes his eye. Tom looks to the graveyard, squinting his eyes hard to try and see something.

The bushes sway. Tom looks back to the window and then back to the graveyard.

Tom looks surprised - something in the middle of the graveyard - a figure. A tall black cloaked hooded figure.

In a moment, the figure dashes from one place of the graveyard to the next. Running from place to place, almost impossible in the darkness and overhanging trees to follow.

The figure vanishes behind the church. Tom looks stunned and surprised. He looks at his empty glass on the cabinet.

EXT. CONNELLY HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest typical house with a front garden and path leading to the front door. The street is silent and empty. The blacked out hearse drives up and stops outside.

INT. CONNELLY HOUSE - BEDROOM - DARK

A typical bedroom where Karen and her husband David are asleep in a double bed.

KNOCK! KNOCK! - From the front door.

Karen mildly stirs in her sleep.

KNOCK! KNOCK! - Louder.

Karen sits up alarmed.

KAREN

David?

KNOCK! KNOCK!

David wakes up. He turns to look at Karen sleepily.

DAVID

One more time and I'll -

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

DAVID

Kick their fucking ass.

David gets up of out bed, severely ticked off. He puts on his dressing gown hanging from the door.

KAREN
David...be careful!

DAVID
It's kids, Karen. Fucking kids.

David closes the bedroom door on his way out.

A moment passes. Karen listens out, keeping the bed mattress close to her for comfort.

The door opens slowly.

David pops his head round the door.

DAVID
Unless you're expecting someone?

Karen looks angrily at David.

KAREN
For God's sake, just go and get rid of them.

INT. CONNELLY HOUSE - HALLWAY

David storms to the door angrily. He opens the front door - there is no one there.

David notices the parked hearse. He looks around the garden from the doorway and steps outside on to the doormat.

DAVID
(yelling)
One more time knocking on my fuckin' door and tomorrow you'll be walking around with a footprint on your ass!

There is no response, just the odd breeze rustling the tree branches.

David takes a last curious look at the hearse before he turns to walk back inside and close the door.

A TALL DARK FIGURE LUNGES at David from outside sending him to the floor of the hallway.

Two dwarf cloaked figures rush inside and slam the door shut.

The tall figure straddles David, silencing him by claspings his mouth shut with his hand. His fingers look skeletal, long and thin.

The tall figure grabs at David's throat with his other hand - skeletal with nails long and jagged from the moonlight visible.

The tall figure rips David's throat apart - blood spills in masses onto the hallway floor.

The two dwarf figures, GHOULS, proceed to lick up the blood as the tall figure stands and watches.

As David's body violently convulses, his hand knocks a table by the staircase and a vase falls to the floor and smashes loudly.

INT. CONNELLY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

Two children, a GIRL (7) and a BOY (9) run from their bedroom doors to Karen's room, scared. They run inside and close the door.

INT. CONNELLY HOUSE - BEDROOM - DARK

The door halfway opens. The boy and girl cower with Karen in her bed as she looks shocked on what to do.

GIRL	BOY
Mummy, what was that noise downstairs?	Who was daddy yelling to outside?

Karen gets up from the bed to close the half open door.

The door bursts wide open. The tall dark cloaked figure, named MOONLIGHT, stands there with the two ghouls behind him by his side.

Karen looks up in shock - the two children scream in horror.

EXT. CONNELLY HOUSE - NIGHT

The two ghouls drag the bloodied bodies of Karen and David down the path to the hearse leaving a trail of blood.

They dump them in the back seat before returning to the house.

INT. REESE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Tom wakes up, laying across his bed opposite the window. He sits up wincing with a hangover.

INT. REESE HOUSE - BATHROOM

Tom looks at himself in the bathroom mirror as he has a wash. He looks disappointed in himself.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - DAY

The sky is cloudy and miserable, the wind blows slightly.

Tom walks out of the house. He walks across the road to the church.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Tom looks at the closed double doors. A poster that has been pasted on to it reads : CLOSED FOR RENOVATION

Tom tries the door. It is locked. He tries the other door to the side. Locked also.

He looks back across the road and notices Harriet watching him from her doorway. She dashes back in her house and closes her door.

INT. RIDGEWOOD SHOPS

Tom walks inside and grabs a newspaper. He walks to the counter where Orville and Jane sit behind. Both look miserable.

ORVILLE

Thirty pence please.

Tom hands over thirty pence.

TOM

Hey, you OK?

ORVILLE

Tom, Karen Connelly has gone missing.

Tom seems a little lost.

TOM

I'm sorry...who?

JANE

She was the real estate agent around here. Her whole family, gone, packed up and left.

TOM

Holiday?

ORVILLE

They just came back from a holiday. They were good people, they wouldn't leave without saying goodbye.

TOM

You know, some people do.

Both Orville and Jane look at Tom blankly.

TOM

How do you know they've gone?

ORVILLE

David Collins, a policeman, stopped by this morning. They've been carrying out house checks after the disturbance last night.

JANE

He told us the Connelly's had packed up their belongings and left. The house was empty - only furniture left.

TOM

Hang on - what disturbance?

Tom's question falls on deaf ears.

JANE

And did you know the church is closed?

TOM

Yeah, I just -

JANE

First time I can remember it being closed - and for renovations?

ORVILLE

We like to spend time in the church. I suppose you could call it a form of therapy.

Jane takes out some old photographs of two children from her purse. A young boy and girl.

JANE

We talk to God about our children.

JANE(cont'd)

He helps us deal with our loss.
Years go past but - I expect you
feel the same way about your
father, Tom. I would have asked
if you would have liked to come
with us some time but seeing as
it's closed...

TOM

I'm sorry, I had no idea about
your children.

(beat)

I've got to get going.

Tom awkwardly takes his paper and walks out from the shop.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - MAIN STREET - DAY

Tom's volvo drives along the street. He approaches the
world war II memorial statue and stops.

Two police officers surround the statue - which has
collapsed to the ground. It lays cracked in half. Large
zigzag cracks align the pavement in the close proximity of
the statue.

Tom rolls his side window down.

TOM

(to one of the
policemen)

What the hell happened here?

OFFICER DAVID COLLINS, early thirties, walks over to Tom.

OFFICER DAVID COLLINS

Nothing to worry about, sir. The
statue fell down last night.

TOM

It just... 'fell down'?

OFFICER DAVID COLLINS

Well considering what happened
here last night, I'd say we got
off rather lightly wouldn't you?

TOM

(confused)

I don't follow you. What happened
last night?

OFFICER DAVID COLLINS

Was you out of town by any
chance?

TOM

No, last night I was asleep -
like every one else.

OFFICER DAVID COLLINS

Well you must be one hell of a
deep sleeper, sir. There was a
loud noise and a rumble in the
middle of the night that woke
nearly the whole town. I wouldn't
want to speculate on what it was
but it was able to dislodge this
statue.

TOM

What? A noise made a statue that
has been standing here for over
sixty years...collapse?

OFFICER DAVID COLLINS

I can't speculate on what it was,
sir. If you didn't hear it, or
feel the rumble then good for
you. If you have anything to
report about it, you can let me
know now. Otherwise, please move
on. We're pretty busy here.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Yeah, busy waiting for the sweep
up team to finally get here.

Tom nods, rolls his window back up and proceeds to drive
down the road.

Tom takes out his mobile. He calls a number and it dials
three times before it is answered.

DEREK (O.S.)

Hey Tom, what's happening? How
did everything go yesterday?

TOM

Derek, look I'm going to need
another few days.

DEREK (O.S.)

What? What the hell are you doing
up there, working for another
newspaper?

TOM

There's something wrong here,
Derek. I don't know what it is,
but I'm gonna need a few more
days.

DEREK

I'm going to need a little more info than that, Tom, boy.

TOM

Derek, just do it. I can't leave here right now. Talk later.

The phone goes dead. Tom throws it on the car passenger seat.

A white, blank almost emotionless sky.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom is sitting on the sofa reading his father's memoirs.

Tom puts the diary down and picks up a portable telephone beside him. He dials a number and waits for a response.

ANNA (V.O.)

Hello?

TOM

Hey, it's me. Sorry for not calling last night, I was exhausted from the whole thing yesterday.

ANNA (V.O.)

It's fine, I understand. How are you feeling? Did you get to talk to the Reverend?

TOM

I'm feeling OK. Relieved in a way. And no, I didn't get to talk to the Reverend.

ANNA (V.O.)

Again? He's still playing hard to get?

TOM

Mission impossible. I was hoping you might be free this evening, I'd like to repay you for the dinner the other night.

ANNA

(beat)

I'm pretty dead on my feet to be honest, I've had one of those days. The kids have been a little more enthusiastic than usual.

ANNA(cont'd)

I don't think I'm up to a night
out -

TOM

Oh no, of course. I meant I would
be cooking for you.

Tom stands up and rushes to the kitchen.

INT. REESE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Tom walks to the refrigerator and opens it.

ANNA (V.O.)

You? Cook for me?

The refrigerator is empty except for a half pint of milk
and a packet of bacon.

TOM

You doubt my cooking ability? I
have everything here ready and
prepared. I just need someone to
share it with.

Tom winces at his own lie.

ANNA (V.O.)

Well, this sounds too good to
turn down. What time?

TOM

How's seven?
(Tom looks in the
freezer)
Or maybe eight, even?

The freezer is bare.

ANNA

OK, eight it is. I'll see you
then.

A knock on the front door.

TOM

Great! I'll see you later.

Tom turns the phone off and looks in desperation at the
bare compartments of the freezer.

Another knock on the front door. Tom heads to the hallway.

INT. REESE HOUSE - HALLWAY

Tom opens the door. Adam Kendall is at the porch with a briefcase. They both shake hands and Adam walks inside.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Adam sits down and brings out a contract which he happily hands to Tom.

ADAM

All you need to do is sign on the dotted line.

TOM

This is for the renouncement?

Adam nods.

TOM

Well I'm renouncing the renouncement.

Adam is stunned.

ADAM

You what?

TOM

Adam, I'm sorry but I've decided I won't be leaving here so soon.

ADAM

Can I ask why? The other day you looked like you wanted to kill me because I never had the forms ready.

TOM

Being home. Finding out things. Trying to find out things. I don't know exactly what I'm doing, but I know I need to be here to do it. Sounds kind of crazy, right?

Adam packs his briefcase and prepares to leave.

ADAM

You need to do what is best for yourself, Tom. Not what others want of you. I've got the deeds for the house at my office, pop by and sign them and the place is yours.

Adam heads to the door. Tom sees him out.

ADAM

I'm glad you changed your mind,
it's one hell of a property. Boy,
that Delaney is gonna be pissed.

TOM

What?

Adam stops and looks back.

TOM

Why did you say Delaney would be
pissed off? What's he got to do
with this?

ADAM

He expressed an interest in
buying the house. I invited him
over to talk about it tonight.

Tom looks surprised and angered.

ADAM

What? Don't worry, Tom, I'll let
him know it's no longer
available.

Tom relents and calms himself.

TOM

One last thing before you leave.

ADAM

Go for it.

TOM

Would you happen to know the
number for a really good Chinese?

EXT. REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

A taxi drives into the house driveway. Anna gets out of the
cab and look back at the church.

The hearse is parked out by the bungalow. No lights are on
inside.

She walks to the Reese House front door, which opens just
before she reaches it. Tom smiles and greets her.

ANNA

That hearse. In a word - odd.

TOM
Tell me about it.

They walk inside, closing the door behind them.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tom and Anna sit together on the sofa with a cup of coffee each.

ANNA
Thank you for the dinner. I never knew you started working at Golden Valley.

TOM
Golden Valley?

ANNA
I can tell a takeaway when I've eaten one Tom. And Golden Valley is the only takeaway within ten miles. It's safe to say I'm a regular consumer.

TOM
Fair enough, you've got me.

Anna smiles.

TOM
So about this Jack David fellow. What happened?

ANNA
We were married for two years. I never really gave it a proper shot. He worked long hours, business meant he was away for days at a time. We never worked out.

TOM
Then why did you marry him?

ANNA
I was still young at the time. I was looking for something that wasn't there. I was hurt when you left. I needed someone.

Tom looks down ashamed. An awkward silence.

ANNA
So how are you feeling about everything?

TOM

What do you mean?

ANNA

Being here, back home. Your father's funeral.

TOM

I feel relieved. When I heard the news about my father, I felt nothing. No emotion. Just - numb. Maybe I've been subconsciously taking it out on Delaney.

ANNA

Maybe you just need to talk about it.

TOM

Yeah. Maybe. I loved my father but I also hated him. He used to beat the hell out of me. I never once hit him back - I don't know why. Even when I came home wasted, I just took it.

Anna looks surprised.

ANNA

Why didn't you tell me? We've know each other since nursery. Our whole lives. We used to tell each other everything.

TOM

I couldn't. He would tell me God was watching and to tell on him would be a sin. Even though I didn't believe in God - I was terrified of my father.

ANNA

I don't understand how I never realized what was happening. But why did you leave without telling me? Or even talking to me? You never called - not once - or wrote to me in twenty years.

TOM

I had to leave, get clean and make a fresh start for myself. I was afraid I'd start drinking again if I called you or contacted you. I just couldn't risk having anything to do with this town.

ANNA

I don't buy that at all, Tom.

TOM

It's the truth. For twenty years
I have felt numb inside. Dead.
Until I came back. When I saw you
down by the lake - it made me
realize what I have missed, what
a fool I have been. How much I
love you and need you to make me
feel alive. I've come home to
confront my demons and I have
found an angel.

INT. REESE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DARK

Tom wakes up in his bed covered in sweat. The room is covered in darkness. He breathes deeply to relax.

Tom looks at his watch on his bedside cabinet. 11:55 PM.

He looks over at Anna, asleep, beside him. Tom carefully gets up out of bed and looks out of the window. The street and church are quiet, void of activity.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom makes himself a drink of brandy from one of the decanters.

INT. REESE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Tom quietly, gently places the glass of brandy on his bedside cabinet and gets back inside the bed. He closes his eyes.

His eyes suddenly open. He looks at his watch. 11:59 PM.

Tom sits up and looks out the window at the church, expectantly.

Anna murmurs in her sleep. Tom is too distracted at looking out the window.

The yellow light flicks on in the top window of the church. Tom looks to his watch - 12:01 AM.

Tom looks down at the graveyard. Nothing. Moments pass.

TOM

(whispering)

Come on, come on.

Tom inadvertently guides his hand to the glass of brandy before taking it to his lips - he looks down at it, realizes what it is and places it back to the bedside cabinet.

Tom looks back at the window. Back to the graveyard.

The tall shadowy figure draped in black moves from one place of the graveyard with an almost sweeping grace. It is difficult to keep up with where he is in the darkness as the trees and bushes provide too much hiding place.

Tom looks back to the church and the window - A silhouette of a hooded figure walks past in the light.

Back to the graveyard - the bushes move. *Something* is in the bushes. The tall cloaked figure has gone. Vanished.

Tom looks back at the window of the church - the silhouette of the hooded figure looks right back at Tom.

Tom gulps hard, sweating. The figure remains staring, or appearing to stare, in Tom's direction.

Tom looks down to the graveyard. Near the bushes, a figure - something - is moving around. A figure that looks human like in form and stature but is struggling to walk. The figure limps.

Tom stares hard. The figure has small patches of hair on it's head - but it's face is GREEN. A mouldy, repulsive green colored skin.

Tom grabs his drink from the cabinet and takes a massive swig. He coughs out loud.

Another figure, with a slightly taller height appears walking in the graveyard. Green, mouldy looking skin. Dirty ragged cloths for clothes.

Tom takes another swig of his drink, he sweats but can not stop from looking. He is transfixed to the graveyard.

Tom looks up at the window of the church. The light has gone out.

Tom looks down outside the house - standing on the driveway looking up at him is the tall dark shadowy figure from the graveyard. It is draped in a black cloak and hood which covers his face.

The figure looks up at Tom.

Tom immediately pulls the curtains together and wakes Anna, shaking her abruptly.

ANNA

What? What is it?

TOM

There's something...something out there!

Anna pulls back from Tom as if his breath smells. She looks across and can see the glass half filled with drink.

Tom gets up and starts to dress himself.

Anna leans across the bed and takes the glass. She smells it before putting it back on the cabinet.

ANNA

Stopped drinking? What a load of shit that was.

Tom is busy getting his clothes on.

TOM

I had a sip, Anna. I leave a glass up here so I don't drink it.

Anna sits up in bed, annoyed.

ANNA

Well, that makes sense?

Tom erratically gets dressed.

TOM

Its all about the temptation being there and not delving into it. Crazy as it sounds, I keep two small bottles of whiskey in my socks. Its about self control...as long as I have it with me, I don't need it...

Anna sits up baffled and angry.

ANNA

What are you going on about? You sound delirious! Your breath smells of brandy, you're acting like a madman. What the hell is wrong with you?

TOM

Please Anna. Just, at least, just please stay here until I get back.

Tom rushes out of the bedroom door.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom opens the door and closes it behind him. The figure that stood in his driveway is no where to be seen.

Tom walks towards the church.

A door BURSTS open from behind him. Tom looks back in shock.

It is Harriet, minus her glasses. She rushes out of her house in her dressing gown to Tom, cradling herself against him.

HARRIET

Help me! Help please!

TOM

What? What's wrong?

HARRIET

There's a fire in my house - I can smell it but I can't find my glasses. Please help me!

INT. BARLOW HOUSE - HALLWAY

Tom is ushered inside as Harriet closes the door.

Tom walks in to the living room.

INT. BARLOW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The room is drab. Morbid. One wooden chair. A telephone. No television. The lights are dim. Difficult to see anything clearly.

TOM

What fire?

Harriet sniffs the air.

HARRIET

Cant you smell it?

Tom storms to the kitchen.

INT. BARLOW HOUSE - KITCHEN

Tom smells it straight away. Gas. He finds the cooker and turns it off. Harriet looks on from the doorway.

TOM

The rings were turned on without being lit, Harriet. You plan on gassing yourself to death?

HARRIET

Well, I could smell gas - that's a fire threat.

(beat)

Will you stay for tea?

Tom looks at Harriet dumbfounded.

TOM

Why is your cooker on with no food anywhere near it? What the hell is this all about?

The telephone rings. Harriet walks in to the living room and takes the call.

Tom walks in to the living room, following her.

INT. BARLOW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Harriet is on the telephone. Tom looks on bemused.

HARRIET

(on the telephone)

Yes...no problem. Sorry to disturb you, my neighbor did a great job... There is no longer a fire risk...

She looks over at Tom nervously.

HARRIET

He will stay for tea, I'm sure?

TOM

Fuck tea! There's some shit going on around here and I don't like it. This church of yours - there's some lunatic running around in the graveyard, someone keeps watching me from inside and something was looking up at me from my driveway.

Tom stops as if realizing how crazy he sounds. Harriet looks at him with a blank expression.

Tom leaves the room and heads out of the house.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom looks at the church. The lights are out and nothing moves in the bushes. All seems quiet once more.

He heads back to the Reese house - Anna stands in the open door way.

ANNA

What the fuck was that all about?
Have you completely lost it?

Tom walks inside, looking back confused at the church as he closes the door.

EXT. RIDGEWELL HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is in a cul-de-sac. An outstanding looking but small garden. A cockerel wind dial creaks gently with the wind.

There is bright half moon in the sky. Dark cloud smothers it slightly. All lights appear to be off in the house.

The blacked out hearse drives by and stops outside silently.

The drivers door opens and the Hearse Driver emerges. He walks up the path to the house and places an URN outside the door.

He delicately removes the top of the urn and walks back to the hearse. He gets back inside.

The hearse silently drives away.

Thin vapors of smoke escape the urn placed on the doorstep. They start to creep inside the underneath of the door and inside the letter box, inside every crevice of the door.

A shaking sound, movement-like, in the bushes of the garden.

INT. RIDGEWELL HOUSE - BEDROOM

Orville and Jane are fast asleep.

The vapor creeps underneath the bedroom doorway and begins to mutilate and form into a slippery blob. The blob separates and creates a duplicate form - both blobs form into mists that float in the air, leaving a watery residue on the floor.

Orville and Jane wake with expressions of ill smell in the room.

The mists transform in to transparent shapes of a young boy and girl.

A framed photo of a young boy and girl is on the bedside cabinet of Jane. The exact duplicates.

Jane and Orville are stunned. Jane sits up and edges out of her bed, her eyes wide with shock.

She walks transfixed towards the apparitions, tears in her eyes.

JANE

My...babies...my beautiful
babies.

Childish laughter is heard but the apparitions only facial expressions are glum.

Jane attempts to hold the apparitions in her arms. She clutches thin air.

Jane falls to her knees, crying. She gets up - hysterical - runs from the room screaming.

Orville lays in bed clutching his chest. Pain etched on his face.

Childish laughter. Giggling.

INT. RIDGEWELL HOUSE - HALLWAY

Jane reaches the bottom of the steps of the stairway. She stops and drops to her knees in tears. There are two black cloaked hooded ghouls standing at the doorway.

JANE

(delirious)
Give me them...my
babies...please. Give me them
back.

The ghouls walk to Jane. One brushes her hair comfortingly with a repulsive looking decayed hand with cracked nails and depleted flesh.

The other ghoul stabs Jane multiple times in her stomach and chest with a blade the size of a penknife.

Jane offers little resistance, she drops to the ground with open, but very much dead, eyes.

INT. RIDGEWELL HOUSE - BEDROOM

Orville struggles in his bed, clutching his chest in pain. Shadows of figures not present, small and tall, appear in every area of the room as the two children apparitions watch on. The childish giggling and laughter becomes louder and louder.

Orville chokes, coughs and sputters in agony before he lays back dead.

The apparitions vanish into single stands of smoke before fading completely.

The two cloaked ghouls walk into the room.

EXT. RIDGEWELL HOUSE - NIGHT

The two ghouls drag the bodies of Orville and Jane down the path into the hearse that is now parked outside.

The hearse driver steps out of the drivers side and walks up the path way to collect the urn. He checks the pathway. It is clear of blood trails.

He walks back to the hearse with his ever present wide smile.

The hearse drives off slowly and silently.

INT. KENDALL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DARK

A room with a Zen feel - sparse furniture and large space apart from a leather settee, glass table and wall mounted wide-screen television.

Adam Kendall drinks a bottle of beer, relaxed as he watches the television. A random movie plays.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

The loud sound comes from Adam's front door. He hears it but ignores it.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Adam looks at the clock on his fireplace. 12:45 AM.

He concentrates back to the movie.

ADAM
(to himself)
Delaney, if that's you then you
have one fucked up idea of time
keeping.

A sound from his kitchen - a tapping on one of the windows.
The tapping turns into a repetitive KNOCKING.

Adam stands up alarmed - as the KNOCKING at his door re-
starts simultaneously.

The KNOCKS become louder and harder, quicker.

Adam rushes to the kitchen.

INT. KENDALL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DARK

Adam switches the light on. Silence.

He looks at the window above his sink but there is no one
there.

He walks to the back door and opens it.

He looks down to a small alley but there is no one there in
sight, by either side.

ADAM
Kids...bloody kids.

Adam closes the door and locks it, leaving the key in the
lock.

EXT. KENDALL HOUSE - NIGHT

Several dark cloaked hooded figures surround the house,
almost hidden in the camouflage of the night. They move
slowly like a breeze of wind.

The hearse drives up and stops just outside the house.

INT. KENDALL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Adam sits back down on his settee.

Adam hears the click of a door being opened and then closed
from outside. He mutes his television.

A SCRAPING sound across his window.

ADAM
Little sons of -

Adam gets up annoyed and pulls the curtains of his window open.

The hearse is outside. The Hearse Driver stands by the side of it wearing his cap, uniform and dark glasses. He has a wide smile.

Adam watches, confused.

Another noise from the front door. A scraping. Adam looks toward it and then back at the window.

A TALL CLOAKED FIGURE at the window.

Adam jumps back, startled, and steps on the television remote - turning the television off and sending the room into complete darkness.

He looks back at the window. The tall figure has gone - but there are three similar looking figures now looking in from Adam's garden.

Adam rushes in to the kitchen and closes the door.

INT. KENDALL HOUSE - KITCHEN

Adam rushes through to an conservatory, an extension built at the back of his kitchen.

INT. KENDALL HOUSE - CONSERVATORY

The conservatory has been converted into a work area. There is a computer, table and chairs and a desk - as well as two wooden shelves half wrapped standing against the wall.

Adam heads to the door of the extension which leads to the back garden. He looks out before opening the door.

There are several dark cloaked figures standing, waiting, looking at him from outside.

A loud BANGING sound. From the back door.

Adam grabs the only weapon in sight - a screwdriver that is on the desk table littered with paperwork.

Sound of glass smashing from the kitchen. The back door is forced open.

Adam ducks under the table.

Adam curls himself into a ball underneath the desk table, gripping the screwdriver in his hand tightly.

Footsteps. Walking inside the kitchen.

Adam closes his eyes as if he is preying.

Silence. Moments pass. Adam opens his eyes.

Footsteps are heard entering the extension.

The table is THROWN aside, creating a loud crashing sound.

Adam looks up in despair. He looks up at Moonlight - a tall dark cloaked figure whose hood has flapped back revealing a monstrous face.

A dark blue complexion, jagged pointed ears, yellow eyes with dark pupils. The skin on it's face looks alien - almost plastic, tightly drawn over a skull that could only be from a demon.

Moonlight opens his mouth in a snarl, revealing sharp and revoltingly rotten fangs for teeth.

Moonlight grabs at Adam for his foot, as Adam attempts to escape from the creature.

Moonlight pulls Adam towards him and slices Adam's torso open with his skeletal razor sharp finger nails.

Adam falls into a state of shock as blood spews and drips down from four sharp slashes created on his stomach and chest. He drops the screwdriver, breathes for air, attempts to yell out silently for help.

Other dark cloaked figures, with their hoods in place, enter the room and watch.

Moonlight slashes at Adam's throat. Within seconds, blood pours and spits up in jets from the wounds. Moonlight grabs his jugular vein protruding from the precise cut, and begins to drink from it.

The other dark figures close in around Adams body.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The headquarters is situated up on a small hill, hidden amongst a line of trees. Lights are on inside.

Several dark cloaked hooded figures surround the perimeter. The hearse slowly drives up.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A white, depressing cloudy sky. Dark clouds loom in the far distance, approaching.

INT. REESE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Tom wakes up. He yawns and looks over to his bedside cabinet. A glass of brandy, half filled , remains.

He turns in the bed - the covers have been pulled over. No one is there.

INT. REESE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Tom walks in. Anna is busy cooking.

TOM

My angel.

ANNA

Well, the bacon is in the fridge
and the oil is in the cupboard.
Knock yourself out.

TOM

My vision of breakfast in bed
seems to be fading.

Anna shoots an angry look at Tom.

TOM

If this is about me drinking...

ANNA

You are an alcoholic, Tom. That's
what alcoholics do. They drink.

TOM

I told you. I don't drink
anymore. I thought I explained
this last night. You are all I
need.

ANNA

And what do I need? A drunk with
a problem? A guy that wakes up in
the middle of the night
hallucinating? Running around in
the street like a nutter?

Tom looks lost in what to say.

ANNA

You pop up for the first time in
twenty years and you think I'm
just going to let you walk all
over me again? You've lied about
your drinking. How can I believe
anything you say?

ANNA(cont'd)

I cant trust you.

(beat)

My life was just fine before you
came back. I don't need you.

Anna walks out of the kitchen to the front door.

TOM

Where are you going?

ANNA

The world doesn't stop because
you want it to Tom. I have a job
to go to.

Anna opens the door and walks out.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - CLINIC - DAY

Tom's silver volvo drives in and parks. Tom gets out.

INT. WHITEWOOD - CLINIC - ROOM

Ben sits at his desk, full of paperwork. He is busy sorting
through it all. Tom walks in. Ben looks up surprised.

TOM

Ben, I want you to come with me
to the church. I need you to see
what I saw - smoke coming from
the ground, things I know I saw
last night...

BEN

Whoa there, calm down Tom!

Tom leans against the opposite side of the desk looking Ben
directly in his eyes.

TOM

I know something is happening at
St. Mary's, I need you to help me
find out what.

BEN

I'd like to help out Tom, but I'm
understaffed here something
crazy. People haven't turned up
for work...Hell, I don't know
what's going on around here.

TOM

Doesn't that tell you something?
More disappearances? Where are
the police?

BEN

I don't know. I really don't know. Now is not the time to over react -

TOM

Over react? You yourself said there was something dodgy about Reverend Delaney.

(beat)

I'm going to the police if you don't come with me and if that means they lock me up in the nearest loony bin then so be it.

Ben looks up at Tom.

BEN

OK, calm down. You've been through a lot lately...

TOM

Ben! This is serious!

BEN

OK, OK. Just keep it calm, Tom. Now, just what are you expecting to find there?

TOM

That's why I'm here. You need to tell me. If you cant see it, then I'll admit I'm going nuts. I'll admit I'm hallucinating.

Ben looks Tom in his eyes.

TOM

Are you going to carry on as normal, as if nothing has happened, if Anna is the next to disappear?

EXT. REESE HOUSE - DAY

Tom's silver volvo pulls into his drive way. Ben's peugoet follows and shares the drive way. Tom and Ben get out and walk across the road towards the church.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Tom and Ben walk round the side of the church. The windows have been boarded up with wood, although half heartedly, in the shape of upside down crosses.

A signboard before entrance to the graveyard reads:
"Renovation in place, trespassers will be prosecuted".

Tom walks past it, Ben reluctantly follows.

EXT. CHURCH - GRAVEYARD - DAY

Tom walks over to where he found the smoke rising. The area has been covered by tree leaves but smoke is still clearly coming from below the ground.

Ben looks staggered. He kneels down and removes some of the leaves so he can take a closer look.

Tom looks up and around the graveyard. There are more areas where the ground seems to have slanted or fallen. There are ditches where heat and smoke rise gently from below.

TOM

That's not the only one. Look.

Ben gets up and looks around. He looks amazed.

Tom and Ben walk around the graveyard - looking at the uneven grounds.

There are small plots, graves, that have been newly made. The mud is still fresh and wet and the mounds are obvious. Other graves that have been there for years have been disturbed; the areas are uneven.

TOM

Now do you believe me?

BEN

I think... I think I know what this may be.

TOM

Plan on letting me know anytime soon?

Ben kneels down at an area in the ground that has been upturned, where spirals of smoke rise.

BEN

Tell me, Tom. Are you familiar with the term subsidence?

TOM

In a word, no, but if it can explain any of what's happening here then I'm all ears.

BEN

I don't know much about geology myself, but I would hazard a guess and say it's subsidence. I know a geologist, he's an old friend, I can call him and ask him to come down and take a look but it will take a couple of days. That rumble we had the other night, might explain it. It's basically a very small earthquake.

Ben looks at the smoke spiraling spots once more in amazement.

BEN

It's unbelievable, and I can't be sure, but I think that's what this is. The Earth gives in from below, due to many a reason, but it looks like that is what we seem to have here.

TOM

Hang on a sec. Earthquakes? What about the heat? Can't you feel it? Are you talking about lava?

BEN

No. Impossible. This is England, Great Britain, Tom. We might be an island, but we're not a volcanic island. This is just land giving in to...decline, I don't know. I really don't know.

TOM

Earthquakes? In England? What, is this something to do with the tectonic plates shifting? I thought that only happened in select areas over the world?

BEN

No, no. Earthquakes happen here all the time, just not as severe as other countries. I'm just hazarding a guess. It CAN be caused by that but it can also be caused by other elements. If there were a mine built underneath, or some structural change that has made the ground weaker.

BEN(cont'd)

Seasons also weaken the Earth's ground so it could be anything but I'm dead on sure that's what we have here.

TOM

What the hell is the heat and the smoke all about?

BEN

Well, that's what I can't understand. As I said, I'm no expert on geology but if deep enough...maybe I would sink to the idea that it is, after all, lava from the Earth's core.

TOM

The plates shifting may have caused this? That possible?

BEN

No. Not possible. Nature works in it's own unscheduled way. But...

Ben looks at the graveyard. It has spirals of smoke from many directions.

BEN

We need an expert opinion, someone who knows what is underneath this ground. But I have a question.

Tom looks at the graveyard dumbfounded.

BEN

If this was an earthquake, it would have registered on the Richter scale and we would have been swarmed with experts. What's happened to them?

EXT. CHURCH - SIDE- DAY

Tom looks at all the barred windows as he and Ben walk past. Both have concerned expressions.

TOM

Keep watch for me.

BEN

What? What are you doing?

Tom walks down the steps of the trench. He walks to the old door and tries to open it. It refuses.

TOM

Just keep an eye out.

BEN

Tom, what do you think you're doing? Get back!

Tom places one of the bin barrels below a window. He pushes himself up on to it.

Tom tries to break one of the wooden crosses from a window. It is difficult to budge. Ben looks on anxiously.

BEN

Tom! For Christ's sake, you can't break into a church!

Tom tries the next window. One that has a more loose fitting wooden barrier.

DELANEY (O.S.)

Problem with the door?

Tom looks behind shocked - Ben turns around in surprise. Delaney stands behind Ben with a smile and looking smug as ever.

BEN

Oh...Reverend Delaney, good to see you again. I'm Ben -

DELANEY

Mr. Reese. Good to see you again.

Delaney ignores Ben and walks to the steps of the trench as Tom makes his way down from the bin barrel looking blatantly caught in the act. He walks up the trench steps.

TOM

Problem with the door? Yes, as a matter of fact. It's locked.

Delaney smiles.

DELANEY

Renovations. Unsafe for anyone to enter the church at this time - which is why I have taken to blocking the windows. I wouldn't want kids to try and get inside and harm themselves.

Ben and Tom look both a little embarrassed.

BEN

Upside down crosses?

DELANEY

Yes, I hired the help to do the work. I take it in good jest. No harm done, surely? The church will be available tomorrow so it was never in my mind it would cause offense as I never expected people to - ignore the sign on the door.

TOM

Well, look. I'm going to be straight with you Mr. Delaney.

DELANEY

Please do.

TOM

You seem to have ignored me a lot, which I really don't have a problem with. But I do have problems with you being more than disrespectful in regards to my father and -

DELANEY

I understand completely and I apologize for the vanishing act the other day. In fact, I was just about to call at your house and ask if you would like to be my guest tonight so we could clear the air and discuss many matters.

TOM

I'm sure you would have passed the message on to Harriet.

DELANEY

(smiles)

So I would like to ask you now, face to face. Would you and, Mr. Ben Martin, both like to come round to my humble bungalow tonight for a small drink and a talk. I would more than appreciate it.

BEN

Me? I think I have other -

TOM

You bet. We'll be there.

DELANEY

I look forward to it.

Ben and Tom slowly walk away, looking slightly caught out and at the same time relieved.

Delaney's smile changes into a vicious looking scowl as he watches them both cross the road and head into Tom's house.

MONTAGE

EXT. WHITEWOOD - DUSK

1> The sun begins to set across a large vacant park, a children's play area surrounded by stake shaped picket fences.

2> The local shops area is desolate, quiet.

3> The streets are quiet. Desolate. Empty.

4> The moon in the sky is clear despite darkness not yet setting in.

5> The large cemetery is quiet.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom walks around impatiently as Ben sits on a chair.

TOM

You know he was up to no good.
Damn, why didn't I just confront
him there and then?

BEN

Well, I remember meeting him but
I never gave him my full name.
But technically, he hasn't done
anything wrong.

TOM

That's his whole thing. His game.
He got to know everyone. He
wasn't researching people for his
parish or my fathers funeral. He
is doing it for his own aim.

BEN

OK Tom, calm down here a little,
will ya please? You're acting a
little crazy yourself right now.

Tom looks at the decanter shelf in the distance.

TOM

Yeah, you're right. I need to get
it together.

Ben stands up to leave.

BEN

We'll sort it all out. When should I come round for this meeting with matey over the road?

TOM

Thanks Ben, I appreciate it. But I'll tell you what. Don't worry about it. Just go home and if you see Anne, then tell her...

BEN

I'm not going to lie to her, Tom. Not again. You've had your chance. Let's leave it at that.

Tom looks sullen.

TOM

OK,OK. I wish I knew who to report or even ask about this guy.

BEN

The church of England? Who do priests report to? Must be someone.

Tom sees Ben to the door. They shake hands.

BEN

Look, call me. I'll be with you if we are meeting this guy.

TOM

Thanks Ben. I really appreciate it. When you see Anne...

Ben walks off and gets in his car.

Tom closes the door.

TOM

Tell her I miss her and I love her.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben leaves the house and the front door closes. A chilling wind picks up. Ben looks over at the church as he gets in to his car.

Ben spots a figure looking out from the top of the church window. It is dark but he can see it is Delaney, watching him.

Ben, slightly unnerved, drives off down the road.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom stands, looking anxious and infuriated. He looks out the window at the church.

He grabs his car keys from the table.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom walks to his car and gets inside.

A blurred dark shadow of a figure runs past in his rear view mirror.

Tom looks back and around. Nothing. He squeezes the top of his nose and closes his eyes tightly.

Tom relaxes and pulls his car out of the drive way.

His silver volvo drives off down the road.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The headquarters is situated up on a small hill, hidden amongst a line of trees. No lights are on inside.

Tom drives up and parks. He gets out and walks to the double doors of the station, peering inside. There is a dark blue light that laminates, but not much can be seen inside.

Tom opens the doors and walk inside.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR

Tom walks inside and stops. The blue light is coming from a vending machine - all other lights are off.

TOM
(shouting)
Hello?

Tom walks down the corridor. The station looks spotless, the floor slightly wet as if it has recently been cleaned. There is an office to his far right with a desk. A figure sits on a chair behind the desk, covered by the darkness.

TOM
(cautiously)
Hello?

Tom walks inside the office space slowly approaching the desk.

The figure at the desk rocks gently in his chair, causing a thudding sound every time the leg of the chair hits the ground.

Tom approaches closer. A monitor screen from the desk illuminates the figure - a police officer. His face is pale, his eyes look tired and strained. There is a distant gaze in his eyes as he looks up at Tom.

TOM
Hey...what's going on here?

The officer stops rocking in his chair. He looks at Tom with a confused expression.

TOM
Where is everybody? Problem with
the lights?

The officer breathes unhealthily, a gasp more likely to be heard from a man on his death bed, before he begins to rock slowly on his chair.

OFFICER
(slowly, disoriented)
Come back...tomorrow.

He closes his eyes and smiles, continually rocking in his chair.

Tom back tracks from the desk, looking confused as he watches the officer.

OFFICER
Things will be better...tomorrow.

Tom walks out of the room and down the corridor. Fast.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - STREET - NIGHT

Tom's silver volvo drives down the empty road.

INT. SILVER VOLVO

As he drives, Tom takes his mobile from his pocket and calls a reserved number.

Tom places his mobile phone to his ear as the phone rings.

TOM
Hi, Derek? It's Tom.

DEREK (V.O.)
Tom! Jesus Christ, man! Where the hell are you -

TOM
No time, Derek. Listen. I need you to help me out with something.

DEREK (V.O.)
Mate, you're gonna be needing help finding a new job if you don't come back to work.

TOM
Listen, I need you to find out who I need to call in order to contact the local church authority around here.

DEREK (V.O.)
I take it you're on to a story - at least that's what I've been saying to the boss.

TOM
Derek, I need it NOW.

DEREK (V.O.)
Calm down! You mean the area diocese. They are in charge of who runs what and who goes where. I'll call you back as soon as I find out.

Tom puts his mobile away as he pulls into the Reese house driveway.

EXT. MARTINS HOUSE - NIGHT

A police car pulls up outside slowly.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Anna sits in the settee watching the television with a glum expression, looking past the screen more than watching it.

Emily walks in from the kitchen.

EMILY

You need a good man, Anna, some one who will treat you with a little respect.

ANNA

He did.

EMILY

Ok then, some one who is reliable...like a policeman. That David Collins seems like a nice young man.

ANNA

God, I feel like a school girl all over again.

EMILY

I wish I did. Enjoy it!

ANNA

Not in that way, I mean hiding out in my own parents house at my age. I mean, Jesus, does it get any worse then this?

Ben enters the room with a cup of coffee.

BEN

You're always gonna be our little girl, Anna no matter how old you may be. And this will always be your home. I won't let anyone hurt you again.

ANNA

I know, thanks Dad. It's just - I love him, I just can't trust him.

EMILY

Tom's a guy with problems, dear. You can't trust him because you're wise and he's not. A leopard never changes it's spots.

BEN

He's a nice guy but I agree with your mother. He's going through some things right now and he's mixed up. It's been twenty years since he came back here, his father's died, and he meets you again.

Anna looks at Ben, nods in agreement.

BEN

He will be going home soon, a day or so and he will get back to his life. It's you we care about, Anna, and I'm not letting him hurt you any more.

KNOCK! KNOCK! Loudly from the front door.

ANNA

Oh God, that's gonna be him. Dad, I asked you not to tell him where I was.

BEN

(getting up)

Alright, alright, calm down. I never told him. He wanted me to go and see the Reverend with him so he's probably picking me up.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - HALLWAY

Ben walks out of the living room and closes the door. The hallway is dark. Ben walks to the front door and opens it.

A police officer, David Collins, stands at the door way, taking Ben by surprise.

BEN

Oh - hey, David. Sorry, I was expecting someone else.

Officer Collins stands still as a statue.

BEN

You OK? Christ...

The street lights are dim but bright enough to show the officer's face is pale white and peeling.

BEN

You look terrible, what's the matter?

OFFICER COLLINS

I'm going to have to ask you to let me inside.

BEN

Sure, of course. Come in.

Officer Collins walks slowly inside the house and shuts the door.

EXT. MARTINS HOUSE - NIGHT

The hearse pulls up slowly and silently.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Anna looks at Ben as he enters the room followed by Officer Collins.

Officer Collins can now be seen in the light. He has terrible white skin that is flaking, his dark eyes hidden underneath a surge of swelling.

Emily walks in to the room. She looks shocked at Collins' state.

BEN

Oh my...David, you look terrible!

Officer Collins remains motionless. Barely breathing.

BEN

Look, what's the problem? What's this all about?

Emily and Anna look to Ben, who looks back at them with a clueless expression.

Emily walks towards the Officer Collins, gently touching his shoulder.

EMILY

David, do you need some help?

Officer Collins LUNGES at Ben - attacking him and pushing him to the floor.

Startled , Emily and Anna both scream.

Officer Collins straddles Ben, wrapping his hands around his neck and squeezes tightly.

Emily and Anna both try to push Officer Collins off from Ben, but he wont budge. He is as solid as a statue.

Officer Collins opens his mouth. Spittle and drool fall down on Ben's face as are revealed a set of sharp fangs in the officer's teeth.

Gripping to Officer Collins' shoulders to keep him away, Ben yells at Anna.

BEN

GET OUT! RUN!

Anna tries to pull the Officer away from Ben. Emily retreats, dumbfounded.

ANNA

Mum! Get something! Help!

Emily gets to her senses. She runs in to the kitchen.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - KITCHEN

Emily pulls open a drawer. She grabs a butcher knife. She heads to the living room.

The back door BURSTS open, almost flying from it's hinges.

Emily is stopped in her tracks. She is confronted by MOONLIGHT who walks towards her aggressively, backing her off in to the back of the kitchen.

LIVING ROOM

Anna grabs a nearby lamp. She picks it up and slams it down on Officer Collin's head. The lamp smashes but does nothing to stop Collins. The Officer closes in on Ben's neck with his fangs as Ben's resistance weakens.

BEN

(grimacing)

RUN! ANNA! RUN!

Anna angrily gets on top of Officer Collins back, and begins to SCRATCH at his face, peeling off layers of slippery skin in her nails. Gloops of blood ooze down on to the carpet and on top of Ben's face.

Anna's sight is caught by her mother, Emily being held by her throat in mid-air by MOONLIGHT - who is now in the room looking directly at her.

ANNA

M-mum! Mum!!!

BEN

(choking)

Run! Run!

Emily grabs Officer Collins round his neck and with all she can, leans him away on top of her and away from Ben.

Anna squeezes out from under Officer Collins.

Ben gets up immediately, and strikes his FOOT down right on the Officer's face - it squashes as easily as papier-mâché. The Officer's body twitches for a few seconds before remaining still.

Ben keeps Anna at arms length as he faces Moonlight.
Moonlight now holds Emily as a hostage in his clocked arms.

BEN
(hissing)
Get out of here. Now.

Anna resists.

ANNA
No way.

BEN
Do as I say - NOW.

ANNA
NO.

Moonlight moves forward a step, his skeletal clawed hand wrapped tightly around Emily's throat.

Ben backs off, clearly shocked by the features of Moonlight and the situation at hand.

BEN
Look, whatever you want I can
give you, OK? Just let her go...

Ben turns to Anna.

BEN
Get the fuck out of here NOW!

Anna remains.

ANNA
(talking to Moonlight)
Let her go. Please.

Moonlight takes the butcher knife from Emily's shaking hand. He throws it behind himself.

ANNA
OK, good, good. No one is going
to hurt you. Now, just
please...let my mother go.

Moonlight remains still. His hand tight around Emily's throat.

BEN
Anna...

Anna keeps her eye contact with Moonlight.

ANNA

It...it is listening...we can get
mum out of this...

Moonlight SLICES Emily's throat slowly with his fingernails, clutching at the skin and clawing it until it tears away.

Blood flies from the neck of Emily's body as her arms and legs wail in convulsions. Moonlight tosses her torn off head in to the corner of the room.

Ben turns and pushes Anna away in to the open door way leading to the hall.

Moonlight RUNS and GRABS Ben, taking him down.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - HALLWAY

Anna gets up from the floor, she opens the front door - the shaded, smiling figure of the Hearse Driver.

Anna slams the door shut and runs up the stairs.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Moonlight gets on top of Ben, and HAMMERS his fist into his stomach so hard it hits the floorboards.

Ben looks up in pain and horror - his face etched in agony.

Moonlight brings out his fist, full of blood and entrails.

Moonlight puts his blooded fist a foot from Ben's face. He drives it down - SMASHING it in one disgusting crunch.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DARK

Anna runs into her room. She shuts the door behind her, locking it.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - HALLWAY

Moonlight enters the hallway. He pauses momentarily before STORMING up the staircase.

INT. MARTINS HOUSE - ANNA'S ROOM - DARK

Anna opens the windows. They only open marginally. The street is deserted. She looks down. The Hearse Driver stares up at her from at least a thirty foot drop. Anna SCREAMS for help.

The door BURSTS open.

Anna drops down, and tries to hide behind the double bed.

She begins to prey. Footsteps approaching.

The footsteps stop.

Anna, trembling, looks up. The dark figure of Moonlight stares down at her.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom sits on the settee as he reads through his father's memoirs.

PETER (V.O.)

I can feel the bowels of hell
upon me and on the church itself.
The heat is no longer just a
sensation but a realization. The
church, I have come to realize,
is no longer one of the Lord
Jesus Christ. I fear for the town
of Whitewood as it will be
consumed by the evil from below
in a short time.

Tom puts the book down on the table, beside his mobile phone. He stands up and looks out of the window.

Tom watches as the hearse arrives outside the church and stops.

EXT. CHURCH - GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A grave that has been recently created. The mud on the grave is fresh.

A pair of black shoes appear at the bottom of the grave. A small single urn is placed at the head of the grave.

Whispers. Soft indescribable whispers - an unheard of language. The whispers are softly spoken in a repetitive motion.

The mud on the grave rumbles. The mud gives way to a pair of pale white hands that reach out desperately from the grave.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom paces the room impatiently, looking out at the window constantly at the church.

His mobile rings. Tom grabs it and answers it.

TOM

Derek?

DEREK (V.O.)

Yeah, me. Look, I got what you wanted but I'd appreciate knowing what this is all about?

TOM

No time, Derek. Just tell me what you got.

DEREK (V.O.)

You need to contact the Right Reverend Richard Maddison, he's the bishop and runs the area - he is the boss, the manager of all the churches in you're district.

Derek gives Tom the phone number.

TOM

Thanks Derek. I owe you one. Maybe, three.

DEREK (V.O.)

Yeah, just make sure you get back here soon. I can't keep playing charades forever around here. You're a sports writer for God's sake not a damn detective -

Tom hangs up and then calls the number given to him by Derek.

The phone rings on the other end for seemingly ages.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Hello, how may I help you?

TOM

Hi, I'd like to talk with the reverend Richard Maddison please.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

I'm afraid he is unavailable at the moment, may I take a message and who is calling?

TOM

It's an urgent matter. I need to talk to him right -

SECRETARY (V.O.)
I'll put you on hold. Thank you
for calling.

Tom looks around the room for something to smash.

EXT. CHURCH - GRAVEYARD - GRAVE - NIGHT

Mud is thrown aside as a figure climbs it's way our from the grave. It struggles to pull itself out from the hole but it gets to it's knees and looks up at the moonlit sky.

The figure stands up - it has a mud ridden black cloak - and looks up at the moon.

INT. REESE HOUSE - HALLWAY

Tom is on his mobile. He paces the hallway listening, obviously annoyed, to the background music being played back down on his phone.

TOM
Christ, even Virgin media are
quicker then this.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom walks in and looks out the window at the church.

MADDISON (V.O.)
Hello, this is Reverend Richard
Maddison, how can I help you.

TOM
Oh, at last. Hi, my name is
Thomas Reese, the son of Reverend
Peter Reese who recently passed
away?

A silence.

TOM
From Whitewood...St.Mary
Magdalene church?

MADDISON (V.O.)
Yes...Mr. Reese, very good to
hear from you sir.
(sound of papers
flicking)
Please accept my condolences and
I hope everything will be well at
your father's passing.

TOM

Thank you, but I really just need to take a small moment of your time.

MADDISON (V.O.)

Very well. What is on your mind?

TOM

Mark Delaney. You know him?

MADDISON (V.O.)

Of course. He is one of our finest. He is now at Whitewood, as you would know?

TOM

Yes...yes he is. I need to ask about the timing, so soon after my fathers death?

MADDISON (V.O.)

Don't trouble yourself, Tom. He was sent as was my wishes. It is a small town and I dislike to be rude, but a small town needs a father figure. The sooner the better. I'm sure you understand.

TOM

He made funeral arrangements without my consent.

A moment of silence.

MADDISON (V.O.)

Well, that is strange. Quite incredible. Are you sure?

TOM

I'm very sure. He invited the whole town, had his ceremony set and staged and everything. I had virtually no say in it.

MADDISON (V.O.)

Well that is not acceptable. Diabolical behavior, I hope you can accept my apologies. I'm actually quite shocked by these accusations.

TOM

They are not accusations, I have the proof.

TOM(cont'd)

I have a handwritten letter from him detailing everything. I'd like to know what you plan to do about it?

MADDISON (V.O.)

I will talk to him tomorrow, and have him replaced within the week. That is unacceptable behavior.

Tom relaxes.

TOM

Thank you. It's been a difficult week, I don't know what I've been thinking but -

MADDISON (V.O.)

Completely understandable, Mr. Reese. I apologize on behalf of the church that your father served for so long and you have been treated to a poor service. Please do not be afraid to call, your father spoke many times about you. It's an honour to talk with you.

Tom looks more relaxed.

TOM

Hey, I'm sorry to have woken you up. I just - was thinking about myself, I'm sorry.

MADDISON (V.O.)

No problem, Thomas. I will deal with all the issues you have raised.

TOM

(laughing in relief)

I have to say, it's a brave decision appointing such a young guy to replace my father but I give you credit for that. That takes some guts.

A small silence.

MADDISON (V.O.)

Young?

TOM

Reverend Delaney? What is he, twenty six? Thirty at most.

MADDISON (V.O.)
No, no, no. You are completely
mistaken. Mark Delaney is sixty
four.

Tom is silent. Struck with confusion.

MADDISON (V.O.)
Thomas? I don't -

The phone goes dead.

Tom rings up Ben on his mobile. The line is busy.

Tom rings Anna on her mobile. The line is busy.

Tom calls their home line. The line is engaged.

Tom types in the number for the area diocese again on his
mobile. It rings.

Tom looks out of his window. He look at the church - then
the bungalow.

The dial tone on Tom's mobile goes dead. He looks at the
phone. It has run out of battery.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom steps out. The wind is blowing. The empty streets are
eerie and quiet.

Tom heads over to the bungalow - his eyes attached to the
church. No light from either the church or bungalow.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

There is a small well maintained garden outside. The front
windows have draped curtains across denying any visual
access to what is inside.

There is a front door to the side of the bungalow and a
small pathway that leads to a tall wooden garden gate.
Large bushes surround the bungalow, keeping it from prying
eyes or intruders.

He approaches the front door. There is no bell. Tom knocks
on the front door. Again.

There is a path that leads through to the back garden but
it is blocked by the large wooden gate.

Tom knocks once more on the front door.

A scuffling sound.

Tom moves back. From the back garden. A scuffling, scratching.

He walks to the wooden garden door and pushes it - it opens with a loud creak.

TOM
Reverend Delaney?

No answer. Tom pushes the door. It opens wide. He walks inside cautiously.

EXT. BUNGALOW - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

The garden has a perimeter of large hedges and bushes. There is a small garden which has piles of mud and junk scattered everywhere - a complete contrast to the front garden. It is a mess.

Tom looks a little surprised at the state of the garden as he walks to the back door of the bungalow. There is a small window to the left and another larger window to the right.

Both windows have closed curtains behind them.

Tom tries the handle of the back door. There is a CLICK and the door opens marginally.

TOM
Reverend Delaney?

Another scuffling sound - from inside somewhere.

Tom opens the door a little more and tries to peer inside. It is pitch black. Nothing can be seen.

Tom expresses disgust at the smell coming from inside. He retches and backs away from the door, doubling up as if to vomit.

Tom takes a few deep breaths of fresh air. He walks back to the door and steps inside.

INT. BUNGALOW - KITCHEN

Tom searches blindly for a light switch but fails to find one.

TOM
Hey, you alright in there?

A small ray of moonlight seeps inside through the door, enabling Tom to realize he is in the kitchen.

He walks slowly across the floor to a closed door.

Tom knocks on the door loudly.

He takes hold of the round door knob and opens it.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM

Darkness.

Tom walks inside, a squashing sound under his feet as he enters. A loud humming noise - flies.

Everywhere. Flies everywhere - made visible by the small ray of moonlight that creeps in from the back door.

Tom searches the walls for a light switch but there is none. He walks inside a little further - the squashing sound continues with each step - heading to the front window curtains.

Tom tries not to gag on the smell of the room and covers his mouth with his hands.

He pulls back one side of the curtains, creating an ample amount of light from the outside street lamps to show what is inside the room.

Mud. Wet, soggy mud - covers the entire surface of the floor.

Tom's feet are deep in it.

Maggots, flies and insects crawl and squirm around within and around the mud. Thousands.

There is no furniture. There are several coffins stacked up against the wall of the room, piled on top of each other in a crisscross pattern. Each coffin is caked in mud, ridden with insects.

By the side of the pile, is a large tall coffin. Much bigger and longer than the others. It is open, full of squirming maggots and insects in a pool of wet mud.

Tom vomits. As he instinctively doubles over, he notices body parts in the corners of the room.

Hands, legs, feet, torsos, arms. Maggots feast on them.

Tom tries to get a grip of himself from vomiting again.

A SLAMMING sound.

The back door of the bungalow. Slammed shut.

Tom stands up and looks over at the living room door. He can see that the back door has been closed - the rays of moonlight blocked out, sending the kitchen into darkness.

There is something in the bungalow as well as Tom. Small footsteps from the kitchen.

Nothing can be seen. The footsteps approach the living room door.

Sounds from the stacked up coffins. Scratching. The sounds multiply - coming from the bottom to the top.

Tom backs up against one of the walls. He looks frozen in fear.

The footsteps stop from the kitchen.

A squashing sound of footsteps begin from the living room door - slowly approaching Tom.

Tom tenses up, prepares to hit whatever may be up on him.

The squashing sound of footsteps slows - but becomes ever closer.

A FIGURE LUNGES at Tom - taking him down to the mud, insect infested mud ridden floor.

Tom grabs at the figure's hands that grab hold of his shoulders, trying to pull them from him - at the same time trying to see what is on top of him. It is just darkness.

Tom manages to push the palm of his hand underneath the figure's chin and push it upwards in to the exposed street light that leaks so minimally through the window -

A Ghoul - Green rotting skinned face, with wild staring yellow eyes and seething snarling mouth full of jagged edge teeth.

The sounds from the coffins begin to become louder. The scratching more impatient, restless. Whatever is inside, wants to get out.

Tom manages to push up his hand to the Ghoul's snarling face.

The two tussle in the mud ridden floor, but Tom is penned down.

With his free hand out doing the Ghoul's grip on his arm, Tom manages to STICK two fingers in to the Ghoul's EYES. Deeper, and deeper until they are up to his knuckles.

Tom grabs downwards - the Ghoul's face begins to slide off as it's entire head crumbles in two as Tom forcefully pulls the Ghoul's head in two.

The Ghoul's head becomes loose and splits apart. Insects and a green/yellow puss oozes out on to Tom's face.

Tom pushes the Ghoul off of him and stands up, caked in mud and insects.

Tom looks completely distraught as he rushes to the door.

EXT. BUNGALOW - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Tom stumbles outside and runs for the wooden door. He opens it and runs out.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom runs across the road to his house, spluttering and choking, trying hard not to vomit.

He searches his jacket pocket for the door key - but can only pull out a handful of mud and maggots. He throws the dirt to one side, before trying again.

He looks back at the bungalow afraid. It is quiet. He catches his breath.

Tom pulls out the key from his pocket. Shaking, he unlocks the door and rushes inside, slamming the door shut.

INT. REESE HOUSE

Tom gets inside, shocked and sick. He grabs the telephone - the line is dead.

Tom stumbles into the living room.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom looks at the table for his mobile phone - nothing. It has gone, the table is clear.

Tom searches frantically for it, upturning furniture and looking in corners of the room.

Frustrated, Tom looks out of the window. The bungalow looks desolate and dark. The church - it's top light is on. The eerie yellow light beaming.

A figure looms from the laminated window - it looks down at Tom.

Tom closes the curtains.

He looks around the room in panic.

Tom rushes to the booze. He shakingly opens a decanter of whisky and brings the bottle to his mouth.

Tom closes his eyes tightly - as if blocking out the need. He slowly puts the decanter down and turns away.

Tom rushes into the kitchen.

INT. REESE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Tom flicks the light on. He walks in to find the back door has been ripped off its hinges.

Tom back steps into the living room.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom turns to head to the hallway door but there is a figure blocking his way.

A figure in a mud ridden black cloak - its face pale white and green, seeping with puss from its split hairline.

As the figure walks into the living room, it is clear it is PETER LLOYD REESE.

His eyes roll in their sockets, he points a finger out towards Tom.

Tom is paralysed in fear, visibly stunned.

PETER

(raspy)

Welcome home Thomas.

Tom is bewildered as Peter walks slowly, trudging towards him with an outstretched arm.

TOM

No...this cant be real.

Peter trudges closer to Tom, his head and arm trembling erratically.

TOM

This cant be happening.

Peter pins Tom down to the ground and repeatedly attempts to bite at his neck. Tom diverts him by palming his chin with his hand and using his strength to keep him at bay.

TOM
Dad...Stop!

Peter's pale muddy hands smother Tom's face.

PETER
You should not have come back,
boy!

TOM
I forgive you...

Peter continues to grab at Tom, trying to make a way through so he can bite at him.

Tom makes a fist with his free hand.

TOM
I hope you can forgive me.

Tom PUNCHES Peter at the side of his head - his fist smashes straight through as if hitting a snowball. Peter's head crumbles into dust on impact and Tom pushes his body to the ground.

Tom gets to his feet and backs away to the wall. Peter's body writhes around on the floor in a spasm.

Tom looks on amazed and aghast.

Dust and termites escape from the open exit of Peter's neck. His body goes limp, before quickly disintegrating into dust.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - STREET - NIGHT

A row of houses face opposite each other. It is quiet.

Ghoulish figures draped in black cloaks and hoods roam the paths. Other figures appear in muddy torn rags, walking slowly and quietly amongst them.

The hearse pulls up silently. The hearse driver steps out, grinning. He walks to the back of the hearse and opens the back door. He grabs a large coffin and pulls it out by himself onto the ground.

The numbers of the ghouls on the street has doubled. The whole street seems to be crawling with them.

The hearse driver grins. The coffin lid BURSTS open.

MONTAGE

1> INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DARK

Quiet. A typical modern kitchen. Shadows of unclear figures emerge approaching from the back garden from the window.

The back door is BATTERED down - a bunch of dirty, ragged decaying zombies walk inside the kitchen. They head slowly for the hallway leading to the staircase. A framed photo of a family of four is knocked inadvertently to the floor from the wall by one of the zombies.

Moments pass. Screams. Silence shortly follows.

2> EXT. WHITEWOOD - STREET - NIGHT

The street is chaos. The cloaked figures unrepentantly smash at house windows and doors. They make their way inside once the entrance is free.

Chilling screams of man, woman and child echo in the street.

3> An elderly man is cut and sliced by hooded ghouls with knives in his own bedroom; a man and woman are feasted upon by zombies in their own bed - flesh ripped from their limbs and eaten in haste by the hungry dead; children bitten on their necks by hooded vampires and drained of life until they are left pale skinned and lifeless.

4> EXT. WHITEWOOD - STREET - NIGHT

Moonlight observes the chaotic carnage as he stands in the middle of the street. The Hearse Driver stands by his vehicle in the background, smirking in delight at the scenes of brutality.

END MONTAGE

EXT. REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom walks out of the house. He looks over at the church as he walks to his car. No lights are on.

The street is empty but sounds can be heard from much further down the road. Screaming.

Movements in the graveyard. The bushes move repeatedly. Tom rushes to his car, but he has not got the keys. Tom looks on at the graveyard - a chorus of background screaming echoing in the distance from down the street.

From his view, Tom can see beyond the hedgerows. A couple of graves in sight.

The ground is pushed aside. Hands emerge. As if being magnetically pulled out, figures rise from the graves like puppets.

Tom kneels down beside his car, watching the zombies rise from the ground in shock and morbid fascination.

The road is glistened with a beam of bright headlights.

The hearse arrives and stops directly opposite Tom's house.

Tom keeps watching, creeping slowly back towards his house, using his car as a block from anyone seeing him.

The Hearse Driver steps out of the hearse. He walks around and opens the passenger door. Reverend Delaney steps out - looking around with a smug grin on his face.

The Hearse Driver walks round to the boot of the hearse and opens it. He grabs hold of the large coffin and pulls it out. He places it on to the ground effortlessly.

The Hearse Driver then drags out Anna - who has her hands tied behind her with rope and tape across her mouth.

She tries to fight and squirm but the Hearse Driver picks her up with ease and hoists her over his shoulder.

Delaney nods approvingly and points to the church. The Hearse Driver walks toward the church with Anna squirming over his shoulder.

Delaney looks over at the Reese house - then seemingly at Tom directly. Tom is frozen to the spot. Delaney smirks before he walks towards the church.

Delaney unlocks and opens the main doors and walks inside, followed by the Hearse Driver. The doors shut behind them.

Zombies walk from out of the graveyard, crawling underneath the graveyard bushes. They begin to perform a ritual of sorts, forming a straight line, standing next to each other, forming a barrier outside the church.

Various other zombies roam the streets, as if on a patrol. Tom notices a group of zombies turn to walk towards the Reese house.

TOM

Shit.

Tom rushes back to the house and takes his key from his pocket.

The zombies are slow paced but approach the bottom of his driveway.

Tom opens the door, closing it behind him as the zombies close in, walking towards him.

INT. REESE HOUSE - HALLWAY

Tom slams the door shut. He rushes in to the living room.

INT. REESE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom looks out of the window. The zombies are in the garden and drive way, surrounding his car. They walk up to the door and begin to bang at it loudly, combining together to break it down.

Tom looks at the large coffin left on the roadside. The lid OPENS.

A cracking and splintering sound from the hallway. The front door is being battered down.

Tom panics, looks around the room. Back at the window - a large tall dark cloaked figure rises from the coffin outside. It is Moonlight.

Tom looks at the decanters. There are many spirit bottles below it on a lower shelf.

Tom rushes to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Tom looks around in panic. He finds a lighter and takes it. He looks at the paper roll above the sink. He takes the whole lot.

LIVING ROOM

Tom grabs the decanter's and stuffs screwed up paper roll down the throat of the bottles. He takes the bottles of spirits from the bottom shelf and repeats the action.

BANG! BANG!

Zombies hammering at the front door. It is now dislodged, hanging by a single hinge.

Tom looks down at the dust remaining from his father on the floor. Tom lights one of the decanters from the tip of the paper roll.

Tom hurls one of his molotov cocktails at the unhinged front door. It fails to ignite and fizzles out.

Tom lights another as the door becomes battered down even more.

He launches it at the door and it has the desired effect.

A FIREBALL erupts against the door, sending the hallway in flames. The door gives in and the zombies are set ablaze on entrance.

Tom runs to the kitchen, grabbing as many bottles as he can.

KITCHEN

Tom lights another bottle and throws the molotov cocktail at the front door. It explodes, burning the incoming zombies and sends them down to the ground in heaps.

The hallway gives out a cloud of thick black smoke as the place catches alight. The whole room begins to burn and the flames start to spread rapidly.

Tom runs to kitchen back door - which is already door less.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Tom walks out from the door. A pair of thin pale green hands GRAB on to his neck from the side.

Tom stumbles backwards in shock - a rotten, mouldy almost skeletal looking zombie dressed in muddy rags lurches towards him.

Tom stands up and takes a rake that is leaning against the wall of the house. He strikes it in the Zombie's face and the rake penetrates the back of it's head.

The zombie falls backwards onto the ground, it's head splitting into dust on impact. Various insects crawl out from the zombie's splattered head.

Tom runs to the back of the garden. He stops at the large hedge row and looks back at the house. The hallway is ablaze - zombies walk through in flames, eventually falling down. The fire spreads rapidly.

Tom forces himself through the hedge row - cutting himself on the sharp thorns inside.

He makes it through to the other side.

EXT. WHITEWOOD CEMETERY - NIGHT

Tom emerges out of the hedge row in to the quiet cemetery. He stands up, takes a breather and looks at his surroundings.

He notices the nearest grave to him has been upturned. A gaping hole with mud aside revealing a broken coffin box below.

Tom looks to his left, another grave exactly the same.

Every grave in the site is the same. They all look upturned, if whoever was buried below has now escaped.

Tom looks down at his feet on the ground as he walks around the cemetery. Bugs, maggots and beetles crawl everywhere.

He heads to the barriers of the cemetery, large hedgerows and a wire fence. He looks out and watches a group of zombies walking around a large corn field. Five dark hooded cloaked figures stand motionless in corners of the field.

Tom steps away from the fence and rushes around the cemetery. He makes it round to the main gates.

The gates are large and tall with pointed, jagged edges at the top. Too thick to slide through, Tom climbs the gates.

He makes it over and looks over to his left at the Reese house now completely ablaze.

He kneels down at the bottom of the gate where he is hidden by darkness.

Tom looks over at the church. The barrier zombies remain in a straight line guarding the church - silhouetted better by the flames which have created a flickering light against the church.

The top light of the church is on. The rest of the building is in darkness.

Tom looks to the right of the church and the entrance to the park.

Tom takes a moment before he runs across the road. He gets to the park entrance.

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE/WOODS - NIGHT

Small rays of moonlight give sight to a small mud ridden path surrounded by bushes and overhanging tree branches. Tom pauses at the entrance and looks down to the end of the path. Only darkness can be seen.

Tom walks cautiously deeper inside. A sound of snapping twigs to his left. Tom halts and walks over to the hedges that bar the path from the graveyard. They are too dense to penetrate but he can make out that the graveyard looks quiet.

Tom is halfway down the pathway. The sound of birds above, fleeing their nests. Tom looks back from where he came. The fire from the Reese house has created some light so that he can make out a shape at the bottom of the path. A figure. Moonlight.

Tom runs down the path. He makes it to the end and into the park.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A massive park. Empty, desolate, no place for hiding. He looks back at the woodland alley he came from. A shadow, created from the moonlight looms on the path way. It is the figure of Moonlight approaching the park.

Tom gets to the hedge barrier of the graveyard and forces himself inside. Tearing the skin of his hands and face, he forces himself to get through into the

EXT. CHURCH - GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The graveyard is a mass of smoke. The graves have all been upturned, smoke bellowing from beneath them.

Tom walks alongside the hedges slowly. He looks to the stairwell leading upwards in to the church.

He walks across the to the stairwell and walks up it.

The stairwell creaks with every step. Tom makes it up to a door and tries to open it. It is locked. He walks up another flight of steps, leading to another closed door.

Tom tries to open it - to his surprise - the door opens with a click.

INT. CHURCH - ATTIC/LOFT

Darkness.

Tom walks inside and stops. He kneels down beside the door, waiting for his eyes to adjust. He squints in the darkness.

The room becomes a little clearer. Light seeps inside from a small window on the opposite side. The room is small, filled with cardboard boxes containing urns and pots, small boxes.

Tom stands up, and walks cautiously further into the room.

A creaking sound behind him - Tom looks round, the door SLAMS shut. A clicking sound from the outside - the door being locked.

Tom rushes back to the door and tries to open it - but there is no door handle. He fumbles at the door in the darkness, searching for something on it so he can pull it open but there is nothing.

Sweating with fear, Tom looks to a door at the end of the room. He begins to walk towards it.

Blinded by the darkness, Tom walks against a pile of boxes stacked on top of each other. They fall to the ground - sounds of glass breaking.

Inside the boxes are urns - the broken ones release a slow, seeping spiral of thin smoke.

Tom looks around the room, squinting, hesitant to move following the noise of the boxes crashing down.

He notices the spirals of smoke emerging from the broken urns.

The smoke reaches up to the ceiling. Several separate spirals. They begin to change rapidly, forming into bloated white sheets of smoke.

Shapes form within the several smoke sheets. Eye holes, mouths - arms which form in to hands.

Tom can only look on in utter bewilderment.

The ghosts form expressions in their faces, anger and aggression. They look towards Tom - and attack at him.

The ghosts pass directly through Tom and pass from his back before they float back up to the ceiling. Once at the ceiling, they seem lost and confused momentarily before their expressions return to anger once more.

Tom, clearly distraught and breathing heavily by the ordeal, gains his senses. He shakingly turns to the door and runs toward it, knocking over various boxes and urns aside to the ground in the process.

The ghosts expressions turn to sadness as they slowly float downwards and disappear beneath the floor. Tom breathes a sigh of relief.

Tom opens the door slightly, peering through the crack to see what is out there.

A hallway. A door on at the far end which has light leaking from it's edges. There is also a closed door on the left.

Tom looks around the attic once more. The ghosts have vanished, but small spirals of smoke form from the newly broken urns.

Tom opens the door and slowly, quietly, walks out in to the

INT. CHURCH - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The hall is lightly lit and Tom squints, his eyes adjusting back to light, as he closes the door quietly behind him.

The small hallway is quiet. Tom slowly walks down it and looks out at a bread-stone shaped window - it looks out to his burning house. It is apparent this is the window of which Tom has been watching the last few days.

Tom walks slowly past the wooden door to his left. He keeps his attention on the door ahead of him where the light seeps from it's edges.

Another foot closer.

The door on the left swings open, from behind Tom, and the Hearse Driver grabs him by his mouth and wraps his arm around his chest. Tom is dragged into the room.

INT. CHURCH - STORAGE ROOM - DARK

Ornaments, crosses, and assorted religious props are stored in the room.

Something unseen moves in the dark corners of the room, making odd sounds and noises, shuffling around.

Tom is hurled across to the far end of the room by the Hearse Driver - who stands at the door, his tall figure illuminated by the hall light. He has his hat on, his dark glasses and his uniform.

Tom smashes against the wall and crashes to the floor. Tom gets to his knees, wobbling to stand and prepares himself to fight.

The Hearse Driver smiles wickedly as he walks towards Tom with malicious intent.

Tom stands up to the Hearse Driver as he approaches. Tom PUNCHES at him with three swift powerful hits to his stomach and chest - the Hearse Driver fails to even flinch, his ever present ear to ear smile remaining.

Tom backs off, amazed at his opponents resilience before launching a do-or-die punch at the Hearse Driver's face. The attempted punch is BLOCKED by the Hearse Driver's hand - in turn gripping and twisting Tom's fist so hard Tom falls to his knees in agony and wailing pain.

The Hearse Driver grabs Tom's throat with his other hand, squeezing hard.

With his free hand, Tom searches frantically for something on the dust ridden floor. Anything.

Tom stares up in the darkness at the grinning dark glassed Hearse Driver, air and life being drained from him.

Tom's free hand reaches the base of a crucifix candle holder. He grabs at it with all he has.

Tom turns bright red under the strangulation of the Hearse Driver. He gains an inner strength and grabs the crucifix designed candle-holder in his hand. He BASHES the candle-holder against the Hearse Driver's arm several times - eventually the Hearse Driver's grip on Tom's throat is relaxed and he backs away clearly hurt.

Tom backs off to the wall, choking. He stands up, aggressively.

Tom attacks the Hearse Driver with the candlestick holder - repeatedly hammering at him with it. Hitting him in his head, his torso and his face.

He knocks the Hearse Driver's hat off his head, revealing a bald, scar bloody red base. His dark glasses are knocked off to the ground - there are no eyes. Just sockets leading to darkness behind them.

The Hearse Driver panics - searching on the ground for his glasses - he is blind.

He brings his hands to his face, mortified and disoriented, as Tom reigns down hit after hit with the candlestick holder, sending him down to his knees.

Feeling triumph and as if he stops now he will be killed, Tom hammers repeatedly at the Hearse Driver on his knees.

TOM
DIE! DIE ! DIE! DIE!

Something moves from the corner of the room. Fast. Shrouded in black.

Tom hammers at the Hearse Driver's head with the candlestick holder, sending him to the ground.

A black cloaked dwarf Ghoul runs across with a small knife and stabs it into Tom's leg - just below his knee from behind.

Tom yells out in pain - immediately causing him to drop the candlestick holder and fall to his knees in agony.

Tom yells out in pain.

The Hearse Driver recovers and gets up from the ground. The Ghoul finds his dark glasses from the floor and hands them to him. The Hearse Driver puts the glasses on and stands over Tom.

Tom looks up at the Hearse Driver.

The Hearse Driver PUNCHES Tom once in the face.

Tom is knocked out instantly.

Darkness.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Tom wakes up. Golden sunshine in the sky.

The sun blares as he sits up. Tom looks up as his eyes adjust to the surroundings.

There are hundreds of people walking around, trance-like, seemingly lost. They are all covered in blood, many disfigured.

Tom notices his father walking in amongst them at the end of the field, which is surrounded by woodland. He rushes over.

Tom reaches the end of the field but his father is nowhere in sight. Tom looks around at the many people walking slowly past him. Ben and Emily Martin walk past Tom - both covered in blood. None of the people pay attention to Tom.

Tom spots the Ridgewell's and the Connelly's. Adam Kendall. Many others. All walking zombie-like, no direction and with dazed expressions.

Tom tries to yell out - but no sound comes from his mouth.

He is drawn to the edges of the field. Inside the massive woodland are three tall 9 foot figures draped in black, with pointed top hats and silver buckles. Their faces are covered by masks - a black plastic looking beetle-esque skin like sheet. They stand, blocking him from exiting the field.

Tom turns back to the field - his father stands in front of him, his head cracked and dripping with blood, his skin pale and ragged.

PETER

Welcome to the field of lost souls, son. We have been sent here by *him*. You must set us free. Stop him and set us free.

Tom tries to speak but his voice is mute.

His father turns back to walk in the field.

PETER

Set us free...

INT. CHURCH - MAIN HALL

Tom wakes up in a sweat. He looks up. The entire hall is lit by hundreds of candles.

There are no sign of any of the religious symbols of Christianity that the church was so saturated in previously. It is bare.

Tom is seated in one of the middle pews, his hands tied to his ankles by masking tape. His trousers are covered in blood and a small puddle has formed at his feet. He has a large bruise on his cheek below his eye and looks groggy.

Ghosts are everywhere. Swarms of them float, others walk transparently on the floor. All have expressions of hatred and anger. They differ in appearance; some resemble humans others look demonic whilst there are some that look like simple transparent white sheets with eye holes.

The church shakes violently, shuddering as if in the midst of an earthquake. Much more volatile than before. Small cracks form in the floor of the church and spirals of smoke rise from beneath.

Dark hooded cloaked figures walk down the nave of the church. They vary in size from child-like to tall. The ghouls make no sound as they take seats in the pews, all looking to the altar.

Vampires take seats, looking at Tom as they do so with eager expressions. No one sits next to Tom - he has the pew to himself.

The Hearse Driver and Moonlight make their way from the door at the back of the church and stand either side of the altar, followed by Reverend Delaney - who takes his position at the centre.

Delaney, draped in a hooded black cloak, raises his arms looking highly satisfied with his flock of ghouls, ghosts and vampires.

DELANEY

For victory is but moments away,
we have conquered yet another of
Yahweh's simplistic homesteads.
What was his, is now ours.
Another colony for us to dwell,
another landmark for us to breed.
Our soldiers continue outside,
relentless in our mission.

Delaney looks at Tom, smiling smugly.

DELANEY

Here with us we have a special
guest, the son of a holy man. For
him, this marks a special time.
He is an atheist, being born from
a whore from the seed of a
messenger of Yahweh he will prove
to be a more than significant
gain for us. A prize capture. A
gift.

A shudder from the ground shakes the church severely, rattling it to it's core. Dust and granules rain down from the ceiling. A piece of flooring EXPLODES from the ground in the far corner of the hall - immense smoke rises from it continually.

Tom blinks his eyes from the dust and smoke, he sweats even more and gasps for air.

Delaney looks delighted at the spectacle.

DELANEY

The arrival is imminent. I have
found the place where the father
resides and I am bringing him
back to us. The underworld shall
no longer be entombed beneath the
Earth, it shall be free and the
true Lord shall rule once more.

Tom fiddles with his socks, trying to pry one of the miniature bottles of whiskey he has hidden. He manages to grip the neck of the bottle with his fingers and pull it free from his sock.

He puts it on the floor and stamps on it - the bottle breaks loudly, bringing Delaney's attention back to Tom.

DELANEY

You will be spared for the time being, Thomas Reese. You are my gift to the Lord, the bringer of light, as a welcoming home. He will be pleased with you.

Delaney looks back at his congregation.

DELANEY

A coward to his roots, heritage and faith. An empty soul. Much like this church without its followers inside. You are empty with no belief. A haunted soul. A haunted church.

TOM

(angrily)

Where is she?

Delaney smiles. He ushers his flock to leave the church.

DELANEY

Go. Finish what we started. It is our town now.

The ghouls and vampires leave the church, heading for the outside.

The church empties until only Tom is left with Delaney, The Hearse Driver and Moonlight. The smoke from the exposed gap in the corner becomes thicker in the church.

Tom uses pieces of the smashed glass from the whiskey bottle to slowly cut at his bound hands and feet, looking up at the altar to divert attention.

Delaney, sweating himself from the heat in the room, remains at the altar.

DELANEY

You asked where is she. By she I gather you mean Anna Martin.

TOM

What have you done with her?

Delaney walks from the altar to the first pew.

DELANEY

I think you should be more concerned about what we are going to do with you.

TOM

What...who the fuck are you? You really believe all that shit about the underworld being underneath this church? That's bullshit! The only thing underneath this place is lava that is ready to erupt and take this whole place down with it!

DELANEY

You disbelieve me? Even after all you have witnessed tonight? You really do have no faith in anything do you, Thomas.

Delaney looks back at The Hearse Driver and Moonlight. He motions them away. They both walk to the door that is near the smouldering gap in the corner of the room and close it behind them.

Tom continues to cut at his binds - slowly he is making progress.

TOM

Anna. Where is she?

DELANEY

Somewhere called the field of lost souls. Oh, I do apologize, you've been there before haven't you?

TOM

I've got to be dreaming right now because - how the hell would you know that?

DELANEY

I know everything about you, Thomas Reese.

Delaney takes an admiring look around at the church.

DELANEY

Like what I've done to the place?

TOM

You're not even Mark Delaney. The real Mark Delaney is sixty four years old. WHO ARE YOU?

DELANEY

You know, I think the real question on you're mind is what happened to you're father.

Tom lets the shard of glass slip from his fingers and beyond reach. He curses under his breath.

DELANEY

Delaney was appointed here as a replacement for you're father. I took him out and took his place before he arrived here. In fact, you were present at his funeral.

Tom grabs for the other miniature bottle in his other sock. He manages to unscrew it and pour out the contents.

TOM

The hell are you talking about?

DELANEY

We never buried the body of you're father at the funeral that you made such a hoopla about. That body was of Mark Delaney. I felt it fitting to give him a respectful ending since I was going to be him for a few days. And...he was torn into so many pieces it would have been impossible to bring him back.

TOM

What did you do with my father?

DELANEY

He was buried in the ground of the graveyard.

Delaney motions to the graveyard at the back of the church.

DELANEY

I brought him back to deal with you but he failed miserably, as I expected. It's all been a bit of a game, Thomas.

Tom cracks the bottle under his feet. He tries to grab a shard of glass and cuts himself numerous times in the process.

TOM

A game? You call this a game? Fucking ghosts and goblins? Vampires? What fucked up game are you playing here?

Delaney looks angered by Tom's remarks.

DELANEY

A game I have played for many years. A game that I have been in control of. A game that will soon be over.

Delaney walks slowly towards Tom down the aisle.

DELANEY

I have travelled from town to town. I breed what I have been blessed to release. There's a war to be won. You versus us...You're father is but one of many that has fallen prey to Moonlight. He had to be taken out so we could take the church. The town was easy after we had the church...

TOM

Moonlight?

DELANEY

Moonlight is what I call the king of vampires. He has control of them all. He has a preference to a certain blood type. Others like him just suck away, and lose their vitality and strength in the process. Moonlight, the figure you have seen many times whilst looking out of you're window late at night in the graveyard. He can be a little hot tempered however. He tends to shred his victims rather than suck the blood from their bodies. I don't argue with his methods, they seem most effective.

TOM

How do you do it? Why do you do it? What..who are you?

DELANEY

Do you tell an insect the reason why before you kill it? After all, a good magician should never reveal his secrets.

Delaney walks to the door near the corner of the room.

DELANEY

It will all be over soon Thomas Reese. I will see you walking the fields very soon.

He shuts the door behind him.

Tom coughs on the smoke infested room, sweating profusely.

He manages to finally cut the tape from his wrists. As the smoke becomes thicker in the room, Tom chokes as he tears the tape from his feet.

He gets up woozy from the pew, his calf dripping with blood.

Tom limps to the corner of the room. The gap in the floor bellows smoke. He grabs at the handle of the door. It opens. He limps inside.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A thunderous noise.

A large piece of road is UPTURNED. Large zigzag CRACKS form down the road and path pavements. Gusts of smoke emerge from the cracks and large black clouds of smoke build from underneath the upturned road.

From the cracks in the road, emerges hissing, vicious spurts of sizzling LAVA. It flies high into the air and onto the ground - melting it and releasing more smoke from beneath.

Several houses subside and collapse - sparking internal fires that start to blaze severely.

The Reese house collapses in flames, and the Barlow house next door begins to burn ferociously.

INT. CHURCH - ROOM - DARK

Tom closes the door behind him as the church shakes from a thunderous roar from below. Smoke seeps in from the main hall through gaps in the door.

The room is small with a moonlit stain glassed window and a stone stepped stairwell that leads downwards.

The walls aside the stairwell are stone, and full of cobwebs and dust.

Tom searches the small room frantically. He looks at the window - contemplates escape. The window has pictures of an eye overlooking flames of fire and a white dove flying free.

Part of the window frame has broken from the tremor - Tom looks to the ground and picks up a long piece of lead glazing bar, part of the frame fallen from the window.

He holds the lead bar in his hand as a weapon as he descends the stairwell.

Tom gets to the bottom of the steps - there is a closed oval shaped wooden door.

Tom grips the door handle and slowly opens it.

INT. CHURCH - BASEMENT - DARK

The basement is a large, dark room with old looking underpinnings and tall arches that make the place look more like catacombs from ancient Rome.

Tom enters cautiously, sliding by the wall as the door closes with a click.

Thick spirals of steam rise from cracks between the stone floor; a constant rumbling sound from underneath.

Something moves in the room - Tom looks over but the darkness is too dense to make out what or where it is.

An echoing voice breaks out from the far end of the room.

DELANEY (O.S.)

Thomas...

Tom grips on to the lead bar as he slides against the wall to the corner of the basement.

DELANEY (O.S.)

Took you're time to get down here, Thomas. I'm glad you made it just in time.

A muffled scream from the far end of the room. Anna.

TOM

Let her go Delaney!

Another noise of movement - running footsteps and the sound of flapping. Closer.

The floor CRACKS open the width of the room, a jagged line producing a blinding light of orange and yellow below.

The walls shake, the overhead timbers crack. The thundering roar of lava.

The basement is bathed in light - Delaney has restrained Anna in the far end of the room with his arm around her neck.

The footsteps closer - Tom looks to his right.

The Hearse Driver lunges at Tom - Tom impales him with the lead bar. It goes straight through his stomach and out of his back. The hearse driver opens his mouth wide in shock.

Tom withdraws the bar as the hearse driver falls to his knees, a thick black liquid oozing from the gaping hole in his stomach.

Tom hammers the lead bar over his face, smashing his glasses in two and knocking him further to the edge of the jagged crevice in the ground.

The Hearse Driver grabs at Tom blindly and desperately. Tom repeatedly hits him with the lead bar before a final blow knocks him into the lava crevice.

The Hearse Driver disintegrates immediately in the pool of lava below.

Tom approaches Delaney. Delaney pulls a dagger from his cloak to Anna's throat. Tom stops in his tracks.

DELANEY

I can kill her right now and then
you will have died in vain,
Thomas.

TOM

You kill her, I kill you.

Delaney smiles. He looks over at Tom's shoulder, motioning him to check out what is behind him.

Tom looks back. Moonlight stands merely three feet behind him.

DELANEY

Time to finish this little game,
Thomas.

TOM

What do you want???

DELANEY

If you want her to go free,
sacrifice yourself and take her
place. She might not get very
far, but at least she will live a
little longer.

TOM

How do I know that - thing -
behind me won't kill her.

DELANEY
 Moonlight won't touch her.
 (laughing)
 I give you my word as a priest.

Tom nods.

TOM
 Let her go.

Delaney releases his hold of Anna. She runs to Tom and hugs him. She looks pale and beaten, crying.

ANNA
 Tom...come on, let's go! NOW!

DELANEY
 Now for you're part of the
 bargain, Thomas Reese. Moonlight
 is getting a little agitated.

Tom releases his embrace of Anna.

TOM
 Go. Get out of here. RUN! Get as
 far away from here as you can!

ANNA
 I'm not leaving you -

Moonlight GRABS Anna by her throat and lifts her from the ground. He throws her to the end of the room like a rag doll.

Tom looks back angrily at Moonlight. He hammers the lead bar against his torso as hard as possible but it has no effect. Moonlight overlooks him with a scowl visible under his hood.

Moonlight grabs the lead bar from Tom and throws it in to the lava crevice.

Anna gets up from the floor. She crawls to the door. She stops and looks back, watching and crying.

DELANEY
 I told you I was a man of my
 word.

TOM
 What do you want from me.

DELANEY
 The Lord is awaiting my gesture,
 the consented sacrifice of holy
 blood.

DELANEY(cont'd)

Holy blood that rejects both his
natural father and the father of
his religion. The pit -

Delaney motions the jagged lava crevice.

DELANEY

See you in the field, Thomas.

Tom looks back - Anna crying at the doorway. Moonlight
intimidatingly behind him.

Tom walks to the edge of the burning hot lava crevice. He
is sweating, and coughs harshly on the smoke that rises.

He closes his eyes. Relaxes his body. About to let himself
fall in to the smouldering pit.

The floor shakes; the crevice widens; another thunderous
roar from below - the stone floor CRACKS open sending Tom
backwards to the ground.

The ground LIFTS up - Tom slides down the uplifted floor to
the wall of the basement.

Lava EXPLODES from the widened crevice and splashes
Moonlight, covering him in molten hot magma. Engulfed in
flames, Moonlight falls into the pit.

The crevice is now so wide that Delaney is cut off at the
far end of the room.

Anna rushes to Tom and helps him up. They rush to the door
as the basement begins to collapse.

Tom looks across at Delaney, stranded.

TOM

If that wasn't an act of God then
I don't know what is.

Delaney looks on aghast as Tom and Anna close the door
behind them.

INT. CHURCH - ROOM - DARK

Tom and Anna rush up the stone stairwell. The room is
encased in dust and smoke. The stain glass window has been
broken from the eruptions and the two climb out.

EXT. CHURCH - GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Tom leads Anna into the smoke filled graveyard and to the
hedges, looking for a way out. Tom forces a gap and they
both squeeze through.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Tom and Anna run through the desolate park as far away from the church as they can before pausing for breath.

They stop at a desolate children's playpen area, surrounded by picket fences.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The street is being destroyed, upturned by explosions of lava. The roaming zombies and ghouls fall down into the lava pits.

EXT. WHITEWOOD - SHOPS - NIGHT

The shops are burning, subsided and collapsing into the lava. Wandering ghouls and zombies are destroyed by the constantly cracking ground which sends them down to the lava underneath.

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

The entire cemetery is taken down following a massive collapse in the ground. Lava spews out, replacing it as a lake of fire.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The church begins to burn, windows smash and desperate demonic screaming can be heard from inside. The bungalow collapses into the ground. The church burns, collapsing to the ground in a massive ball of flames.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Tom and Anna watch as the church collapses. The park is lit up by the furious fires breaking out in the town.

Anna hugs Tom, sobbing, burying her face in his shoulder. He kisses her head.

TOM

Its OK, its alright now. Its
over. Its all over.

A searing pain expresses Tom's face - Anna looks up at him with salivating blood drenched fangs. Tom's neck pours with blood. Anna grabs hold of Tom and bites down again on his neck.

Tom tries desperately to push her away but to no avail. He falls backwards and with Anna remaining vice grip-like on top of him, they crash down through the picket fence that surrounds the play area.

Tom desperately grabs a loose piece of picket fence, in the shape of a stake.

Tom grips the stake and holds it as high as he can above Anna. He hammers it down in to the top of her back. The stake breaks out through her chest and penetrates Tom's at the same time.

Blood gushes from Anna's wound and her mouth as she looks up in horror and agony. She releases an agonizing wail. She looks down at Tom with a look of sorrow. In seconds, she disintegrates into dust that is blown away in the wind.

Tom grabs the stake from his chest. It is not in deep. He pulls it free.

Tom stands up, devastated. Blood pours from his neck and chest. He wobbles on his feet, before collapsing to the grass as the ground shakes violently once more.

INT. FIELD - DAY

A beautiful sunshine.

Tom sits up in the middle of the corn field. He stands.

A gentle breeze brushes the corn gently. The field is deserted.

Tom looks to the woodland in the distance. Lines of people. Radiant, happy, smiling people. One by one they disappear through into the woodland.

A figure stops and looks at Tom. It is his father, Peter. Peter smiles at Tom before he walks in to the woodland. A radiant looking Anna walks past Tom. She smiles at him before she too enters the woodland.

Tom smiles. Content.

A hooded cloaked figure RISES from the earth, covered in blood and GRABS Tom by his shoulders. Tom looks up at the figure, releasing a silent yell.

Mark Delaney DRAGS Tom under the Earth.

EXT. ST. DAVID PAULS CHURCH - DAY

A large church, in the middle of a quiet old fashioned village.

A woman, mid forties, waits anxiously.

A blacked out hearse slowly drives up and stops outside the church.

The door opens and a figure draped in black steps out, greeted with a handshake by the anxious woman.

ANXIOUS WOMAN

Thank you so much for coming at short notice - I really don't know what we would have done without you.

The woman looks back at the church and then to the figure.

ANXIOUS WOMAN

Reverend Andrews was a wonderful man, his heart attack came as a shock to us all. I just want you to know, you will have the backing of our community for as long as you can stay here.

Harriet Barlow smiles.

HARRIET

You have nothing to worry about, my dear, I was taught by the best.

END