

STEP ON A CRACK
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FADE IN:

INT. JAUNTIER HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Aside from an ugly, stained, faded fabric couch that can surely give a person bad cramps instead of any comfort, the living room interior of the house isn't much to look at.

The room is alive with hordes of dust mites; the beams of sunlight capture them well in plain view.

JAMES ARVESTA (late 20's) looks around. As rundown as the house appears to be, there are two notable absences: no spiders and no cobwebs.

James takes out a digital camera and snaps a few off.

Another man, ROBERT STEVENS (30's) walks up next to him.

STEVENS

It's an ugly thing. I wouldn't take it with me either.

JAMES

Anything else the previous owners left behind?

STEVENS

I was getting to that. Follow me.

They move down a small

HALLWAY

Stevens sees the flash of light, which captures his shadow on the wall for a brief second.

STEVENS

Do you have to do that, Mister Arvesta?

JAMES

No time like the present.

STEVENS

Then you're looking to buy the house to renovate, not tear down?

JAMES

Tear it...? House isn't that far gone, Mister Stevens.

Stevens glances over his shoulder, gives off a stern gaze.

STEVENS

You aren't the one selling it.

Stevens puts his hand on a door handle to a room; the handle itself is of splendid bronze craftsmanship.

STEVENS

What I'm about to show you is...well, You'll see for yourself.

INT. JAUNTIER HOME.DEN - MOMENTS LATER

The six white draped objects are all the same height, six feet tall. All of the sheets are big enough to go from the top of the unseen objects, to the floor.

The torn up, ragged carpet forms a semi-circle around the objects.

The rotting wood exposed under the sheets and objects. There is some odd pattern on the wood, drawn in a faded chalk.

STEVENS

If you look more closely, you'll notice that...

Pats James lightly on shoulder, makes sure he's paying attention.

STEVENS

Thank you. You'll notice that the door and this wall here...

Motions to the wall on the left.

STEVENS

Was an addition to the house shortly before the owners departed this life. There are no electric switches or plugs on this wall. All around this room, they covered up all the socket plugs, painted over them. Nice bunch, previous owners. This used to be the Den.

JAMES

Know a lot about them, the Jauntier's?

STEVENS

I know they...well, let's just say they kept to themselves.

JAMES

Why would you want the house destroyed again?

STEVENS

Alright. I'll show you one. Just one. It's going to sound really, really crazy.

(pause)

But you kind of know how you walked in, you didn't see any cobwebs hanging around, mouse droppings, leftover crumbs, stuff like that?

JAMES

Yeah. So?

STEVENS

Despite the house's condition, there's no spiders, no rodents, no break in's, and nobody lives here anymore. Only things left aside from that ugly couch out there are these. Might be a few other things, but that's all I seen and know and that's all I want to see and know.

JAMES

Like what other things?

STEVENS

I said...never mind.

Stevens cautiously walks towards one of the objects.
Carefully takes off the white sheet.

One large standing oval mirror.

JAMES

That's it?

Looks around. Since the other five objects are the same height, it's fairly easy to figure out what the rest of them are.

JAMES

Six mirrors.

STEVENS

Six standing mirrors facing each other. Three on each side. Same height, same size. Same everything.

James reaches over to take off one of the white sheets off another mirror. Stevens stops him.

STEVENS

Please don't do that.

JAMES

I'll be careful.

STEVENS

Be very careful.

Stevens shrugs, lets James continue in his own unveiling. The sheet comes off.

The revelation is disappointing. It is an identical mirror, just like Stevens said. Same make, model, even the stand has the same craftsmanship.

JAMES

You been a friend of the Jauntier's for some time? They have a thing for antiques and leave six of them behind?

STEVENS

Seven.

JAMES

Not counting that dung heap out in the living room. And you can stop pretending that I haven't heard the stories.

STEVENS

(slight smile)

If you heard even half of them, you'd understand why I -

JAMES

(breaks in)

I said I heard of them. I didn't say I believe them.

James looks at his feet, backs up. He finally notices the faded chalk lines beneath them.

STEVENS

What do you believe?

James squats low, examines the faded lines more carefully. Whips out his camera, snaps one off.

JAMES

What do you?

STEVENS

Better not to know.

EXT. JAUNTIER HOME - LATER

James watches Stevens drive away, opens the trunk of his car, takes out a duffel bag. He looks around, nobody else is watching him.

He heads back up to the house.

JAMES (O.S.)
Because of the stories?

James pulls away a white sheet, exposing the mirror. In the reflection, he sees Stevens behind him, slightly obscured.

STEVENS
(the reflection)
I was thinking maybe you could trip on something, something falls on you. The stories are reason enough.

JAMES
(the reflection)
Yeah well, call Snopes. Got a key? I'll lock up.

This alarms James, his eyes go wide in awe. He now can see, in the mirror, himself talking to Stevens, part of an earlier conversation.

STEVENS
Nobody breaks in here. There's nothing here to steal.

JAMES
Six antique mirrors.

STEVENS
But they're still there, aren't they?

JAMES
Tell you what. Hang on.

Mirror James digs in his pocket.

JAMES
Need your back for a second.

In the mirror reflection, James produces a small gas store receipt and a cheap pen. He turns his back on James "the watcher".

Mirror James turns the paper over on the blank side, and, using Stevens' back as a table, scribbles a brief message and his signature.

JAMES
(reflection)
"I, James Arvesta, being of
sound mind and body, agree to
any risks and-or dangers that
I may encounter while I am
within the Jauntier household.
Signed, James Arvesta."

James watches himself follow up the message with a big
X.

JAMES
(reflection)
X Marks the spot.

Reflection: He takes the paper, puts it in Stevens'
breast pocket. Stevens stares at him blankly.

Stevens opens his mouth, but then decides not to waste
his breath anymore on this fool.

In the mirror, Stevens leaves...

A small tap on the glass to James' left. One of the
other mirrors. He reaches for the sheet, slowly takes
it off.

In the mirror, a WOMAN's arm, tapping the glass with
her long slender fingers and black painted fingernails.
Her face unseen.

James backs up a little to an angle where he can get a
better look of the woman. She's in a red and black
robe. A tattoo is slowly revealed: a line over an
hourglass shape, like an axe, just under a crescent
moon.

Also in the new reflection, one of the uncovered
mirrors.

James shifts to see another angle; the mirrors bounce
back reflections off one another, creating a green
tunnel of infinity.

James tosses the sheet back over that mirror. The
tapping fingers continue.

James counts the mirrors, figuring some calculation
out. He pulls off the sheet off mirror number four.

Written crudely in smeared blood from the image in the mirror: HELP ME spelled backwards and forwards.

James taps the glass.

JAMES

Come on, come on...

A twenty-something woman slaps her palm on the opposite dimension of the mirror. It is not the same mystery woman from the previous mirror, who still taps away in a personal chant.

The young woman, BARBRA, looks dehydrated, beat up.

Behind her, a barricaded door. Whoever or whatever is behind that door, the silent movement suggests that the mystery party is attempting to get into the room Barbra occupies. That room is the Den, but from another realm.

Barbra, in the mirror, opens her mouth wide in a silent scream.

James uncovers the mirror directly across from Barbra's mirror.

The tapping increases.

In Barbra's mirror, the door opens slightly, a ghoulish hand pushes in. A secretion that resembles a cross between toxic waste and a 7-11 milk shake oozes out from that hand. Other hands, arms burst through the door from varied angles.

All scrapes and actions leave traces of the ectoplasm.

James turns the mirror across from Barbra's mirror to face hers to create the endless bouncing reflection. He ties the end of the rope to his waist and takes up a good piece of the rope for slack.

Looks directly to the reflection in the reflections.

JAMES

I don't know if you can hear me in there, Barbra. But get ready.

He lightly tosses the hook end towards Barbra's mirror. The mirror doesn't break; the hook and rope sail on through the mirror wormhole.

BARBRA
(like a horrible
echo)
Hurry! Get me out of here!

JAMES
Grab it!

Barbra's hand shoots up into the endless mirror reflection.

James pulls with all his might. Slowly, Barbra emerges in the mirror's multiple reflections.

James' legs brace as he pushes forward. Barbra comes OUT of the mirror slowly, covered in a thin clear slimy oil like ectoplasm slime. Her feet flap out of the mirror and onto the floor.

BARBRA
(out of breath)
What kept you?

JAMES
I had to convince someone I
was buying the house.
Renovating it. Some guy named
Stevens.

BARBRA
They just started coming for
me...again.

JAMES
Raven Jauntier knows I'm here.
Maybe her crazy brother, too.

James looks to her mirror; the toxic-waste like hands and arms had broken through that door, and now grasping within the reflection tunnel. James tosses one of the sheets over that mirror.

An inhuman scream shakes the entire house.

James quickly undoes the rope around his waist...

The standing oval mirror that Barbra escaped from CRASHES to the floor. As green ooze puddles under the white sheet, a disgusting inhuman arm emerges from the mirror.

The puke green hand reaches out in desperation and gets a grip on Barbra's right ankle.

James picks her up. The slimy hand tightens a grip. The thing's fingers dig into Barb's bare foot.

James wins the tug of war, but Barbra screams as her skin tears, as the beast gets a good scratch in.

Blood streaks over flesh.

James fireman carries Barbra up to his shoulder; the demon arm jerks about until its' hand grabs the hook.

It juggles the hook, gets a better grip, proceeds to throw it as far as it can.

It clatters inches away from the intended target.

RAVEN
(the tapping woman)
Mirror!

The demonic hand frantically pulls the hook and rope back to it, changes the direction of the aim.

The hook rips into the sheet that covers Raven's mirror.

INT. JAUNTIER HOME. HALLWAY - DAY

James carries Barbra out of the den, kicks out, which SLAMS the door. He moves as fast as he can, which doesn't seem fast enough.

Barbra's so out of it, she's like a heavy weight on him. Her injured bleeding foot isn't helping at all.

From the Den, a CRASH echoes out. A woman gasping, followed by a distorted but audible threat:

RAVEN (O.S.)
Kill, brother.

James drags Barbra closer to the living room.

JAMES

Almost there, Barbra. Almost there.

CRASH! James glances back for a second. The door to the den flies off the hinges in a mess of broken oak. A slimy, demonic figure emerges, but he's half in, half out of his oval mirror, and drags his stained sheet along for the ride.

James returns focus on the front door and increases his pace.

INT. JAUNTIER HOME.DEN - CONTINUOUS

Hook in hand jams Raven jams the metal into a part of the wall Stevens mentioned earlier. Her free hand peels away broken wood.

She reaches in, pulls out a much sharper dagger with a five point star embedded on the handle.

Her eyes go wild, crazy. Half of her face, painted in death's head makeup robs her of beauty, as does the druidic rune symbols on her forehead.

RAVEN

Kill , Brother!

INT. JAUNTIER HOME. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The thing, whose face is half in and out of the mirror, hisses with a ghouls lower mouth with sharp, jagged teeth.

It lumbers onward after James and Barbra, smacking left and right into the walls.

INT. JAUNTIER HOME. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James glances back to the monster on his tail, then back to the front door.

An unhappy Stevens enters.

Stevens jams something into James' stomach. Shocked, James slowly backs away.

Stevens stabs him again with a knife not unlike Raven's.

James falls to the floor. Brother dives on top, mirror and sheet with him. Barbra screams.

Now James screams. Blood flows out, in seconds, he's still.

Stevens puts his foot down on the back of the sheet and mirror.

He flips it over. Demonic Brother Jauntier is in the mirror, scrambling to get back out from the cracks, which oozes blood and green goo.

James face is pizza without the anchovies. Part of his own jaw is exposed to the bone.

The cloaked Raven approaches Barbra, holds her close, and frowns.

Touches her knife to her own face before sliding it down on Barbra's.

Like a ring announcer, announcing a sports figure, focusing long on the "r" in the name:

RAVEN

Barbra...

Raven looks to Stevens. But she still teases Barbra.

RAVEN

I'm so sorry...

Stevens twists his knife around a little before pulling it out of James.

STEVENS

I actually thought he was legit, we could sell the place, bring you out, your place again.

(to Barbra)

Or we on to him from the start, and we wanted to see how far he'd go to rescue his lovely girlfriend?

Puts his knife back in his pocket.

STEVENS

It's damn cold outside, think I enjoyed waiting for him? We'll let you decide, when we put you back in. And this time, nobody's coming for you. Nobody.

Raven grabs a stumbling Barbra back to the Den as Stevens picks up the cracked mirror, angry Brother Jauntier screaming from within.

INT. JAUNTIER HOME.DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Barbra screams, struggles. She manages to get an elbow into Raven's face, gets away from her.

Barbra sees the hook, reaches for it.

Raven grabs her before Barbra can snatch it. What Raven didn't see is what Barbra did get in its place.

Barbra thrusts the splinter of wall wood right into Raven's neck.

Raven's neck gushes crimson red like a geyser gone sideways.

Barbra's eyes go wide, crazy. As she pulls out the wood, Raven slumps down to the floor.

Barbra takes a breath, then reaches for the hook and rope.

Stevens enters, oval mirror in tow.

He sees Raven on the floor, blood everywhere. Barbra brings the hook down on him, rips into his shoulder.

Stevens backs up, drops the mirror. Brother screams an unholy howl from within.

Stevens stumbles to the floor, but as he gets up, he takes out his knife, and dangles it around in front of Barbra.

STEVENS

Bad, bad girl.

He lashes out, she backs up.

STEVENS

Brother gets out, he's going
to love you, pretty, pretty..

She comes forward, wraps the rope around his neck. She falls, maintains her tight grip.

Steven flings about, and stabs her in the thigh. She screams in pain, but takes it in.

She grits her teeth, until he is no longer moving. She kicks his body away from her.

The Brother stares back at her through cracked glass. He isn't screaming anymore, but now he simply taps the glass with his jagged teeth.

Tap. Tap.

FADE TO BLACK.