

**THE BULLSHIT BOYS**

Written by

Nickolas and Toni Shepherd

**Paradigm**

360 North Crescent Drive  
North Building  
Beverly Hills, CA 90210  
310.288.8000

**Circle of Confusion**

8931 Ellis Ave.  
Los Angeles, CA 90034  
310.691.7040

INT. MARIONETTE STAGE (VODCAST)

BEGIN VIDEO FEED:

A red THEATRE CURTAIN parts on a MARIONETTE BACKDROP of an early 1900's LIVING ROOM. Encircling a freestanding ROCKING CHAIR are a haunting array of PORCELAIN DOLLS painted on the wall.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Meet Edith and Abram Everly...

Frail, gangly PUPPETS with sprigs of gray hair, glide down on strings. Their marionette hands embrace--

LOGAN (V.O.)  
A storybook couple; love at first sight, they married young. But as with all fairy-tales, a darkness soon fell over them when Edith learned she had a barren womb.

Parting from Abram, Edith sits in the chair as a PORCELAIN DOLL lowers into her lap. Edith strokes the doll's hair.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Anguished, Edith fostered an obsession with dolls; empty shells in place of the family she longed to share with her one true love--

Suddenly, Abram's hands go to his heart. His taunt strings go limp as he collapses on the stage.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Tragically, one fateful night, Abram's heart failed, leaving Edith with a broken heart of her own.

All but Edith fly up off stage. As a new backdrop of a CEMETERY settles into place, she drops to her knees weeping.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Edith wailed nightly, haunting her beloved's final resting place.

INSERT AUDIO: *The sound of a WOMAN MOURNING.*

A LITTLE GIRL marionette, with long blonde pigtails, enters stage right gliding toward the old woman.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 Hearing the widow's sorrowful  
 cries, a lone, compassionate child  
 ventured into the graveyard.

The girl's hand rests on Edith's shoulder -- suddenly, Edith wraps her arms around the child; swoops her off stage left.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 In her madness, Edith snatched the  
 girl for her own.

LIVING ROOM backdrop descends. The pair fly in stage right.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 Terrified, she tried to flee.

The old woman chases the little girl around the living room; tackling her to the ground -- the lights go DARK on stage.

INSERT AUDIO: *The sound of a LITTLE GIRL'S SCREAM.*

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 To hold her loneliness at bay--

Lights come up. The little girl puppet sits center stage, head tilted to the side -- X'S sewn over her EYES and MOUTH.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 Edith crafted a life-size doll  
 unlike any she had created before.  
 A doll born of flesh, she could  
 call her own. A child she could  
 love all the rest of her days.

The Edith marionette cradles the doll child.

CUT TO:

INT. EVERLY HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Back to the camera, we see a GUY wearing coveralls with a CARTOON HEAD OF A BULL, FACE GRIMACING, emblazoned on the back. Below the logo banners: THE BULLSHIT BOYS. Turning...

Meet LOGAN RICHARDS (19), the kind of dorky-cute that draws female attention. He addresses a camera on a tripod.

LOGAN  
 According to local folklore, Edith  
 and her doll child haunt this very  
 room. Welcome to the Everly home.

The camera pans across the spiderweb-festooned living room. Candles light the darkened corners of the dreary, abandoned space. Beady eyes gleam from staged PORCELAIN DOLLS.

Focus in on MURRAY MURPHY (18), whose boyish face and slight stature give him a much younger look. Perched in a rocking chair, he brushes an off-putting VENTRILOQUIST DUMMY's hair. He talks through the dummy in a little girl's voice:

MURRAY

In 1910, when my papa and his  
friends found me, sewn and stuffed,  
like a Tickle Me Elmo...

(Anime girl chuckle)

They played Whack-A-Mole on poor  
Ms. Everly's body... breaking every  
little bone in her body--

CRACK! Murray snaps the knee joint in his doll and begins to talk in his own voice:

MURRAY (CONT'D)

The townspeople left ole Edith  
Everly's broken body, on the brink  
of death, hanging from the porch  
rafters -- a tribute to her beloved  
marionette puppets.

The camera zooms out showing the entirety of the room.

LOGAN

In our continual quest to seek out  
the supernatural, the Bullshit Boys  
will brave the night awaiting sight  
of the doll child and her maker--

PATRICK TRUMAN JR. (18), a towhead with a lean build, steps into frame next to Logan. He carries a gray candle centered atop a black plate of thyme.

PATRICK

Or call bullshit on this haunted  
tale.

(sets candle center floor)

This light serves as a beacon to  
draw the restless spirits of Edith  
and her young victim. The gray  
candles lit throughout the room  
encourage mourning to appeal to the  
widow's sense of loss--

OFFSCREEN: *The sound of CHILDREN GIGGLING.*

Patrick points to a small WI-FI SPEAKER...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Our pre-recorded playback will randomly emit sounds of children to elicit the youthful spirit who was claimed before her time.

MURRAY

And randomly creep us the fuck out.

Murray, doll in his lap, sits with Patrick and Logan as they gather around the candle and join hands.

PATRICK

Spirits of this dwelling, we call upon you. Seek our flame, as we seek communion with you.

Awkward silence. Not even a candle flickers. Moments pass.

MURRAY

Who's up for a circle jerk?

LOGAN

You're an idiot.

MURRAY

Yea, well this idiot's gotta peezazzle.

(off their confusion)

You know, when you bedazzle shit with your pee.

Patrick playfully shoves Murray's head.

PATRICK

Way to keep it classy--

OFFSCREEN: *BANG!*

Like a mother hen, Patrick's arms shoot out guarding his friends as all three heads look upward toward the noise.

Logan rises first. Motions to Murray.

Murray digs in his duffle. Withdrawing a K2 ELECTRO MAGNETIC FIELD METER, he walks the room checking for readings.

Patrick grabs the handheld camera off the tripod and follows.

MURRAY

If the ghosts of Edith or her  
taxidermied tot are here with us,  
this electromagnetic meter will  
show a response to their EMF  
fluctuations--

OFFSCREEN: *FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLE.*

Logan aims a flashlight into the obscurity of the hallway.

INT. EVERLY HOME. HALL/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The trio traverse down the hall. Logan's flashlight slashes  
through the darkness while Patrick documents with the camera--

OFFSCREEN: *THUMP.*

Logan's flashlight beam sweeps up a rickety staircase.

LOGAN

The sound came from upstairs.

PATRICK

Spirit, we call unto you  
peacefully.

OFFSCREEN: *BANG!*

MURRAY

That sounded less than peaceful.

LOGAN

Anything on the K-2?  
(off Murray's nod 'NO')  
Probably just a caught animal.

Logan bravely ascends the stairs. He abruptly pauses.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You might want to see this...

Patrick and Murray join Logan at the top of the stairs. Two  
DECAYING RAVENS, necks snapped, lay before their feet.

PATRICK

Ravens are accredited as harbingers  
of death. It's believed they carry  
souls to the land of the dead.

MURRAY

I don't think they made the trip--

SLAM! A door bounces off its molding; screeches to rest half-way open.

Logan and Patrick freeze... but Murray is gone. Logan looks around; finds Murray at the bottom of the stairs.

LOGAN

Really?

MURRAY

Don't judge me.

Deep breath, Logan cautiously peeks around the doorframe -- AHH! An old, homeless HAG dressed in rags pushes past Logan.

OLD HAG

GET OOOUUUT!

Patrick scurries out of her way as she scoops up the dead ravens and dashes down the stairs like a mad woman almost tackling Murray. The boys are left ashen.

MURRAY

I don't need to peezazzle anymore.

Logan and Patrick burst out laughing.

OFFSCREEN: A DOG WHINES.

PAUSE VIDEO FEED.

INT. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. LOGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

ALANI, an aged German Shepherd with graying around her muzzle, nudges Logan for attention. Logan pulls himself away from editing The Bullshit Boys video footage on his computer.

LOGAN

Who's being a needy little girl?

He scratches behind Alani's ears. Checks the clock: 3:13 AM.

INT. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CANDICE "CANDI" RICHARDS, a foxy middle-aged mom, sits at the kitchen table with a FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM, spooning ice cream.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Another long night for the Richards' family.

Logan enters and sifts through mail on the counter.

CANDI

Good thing we have ice cream.

Logan dumps envelopes from COLLEGE SOLICITORS in the trash.

CANDI (CONT'D)

If nothing happens with The  
Bullshit Boys, have you given any  
thought to what's next, Mr. Man?

Logan commandeers a spoon and joins her side.

LOGAN

*"I live my life a quarter mile at a  
time."*

CANDI

Ok, Vin Diesel. But if that  
quarter mile dead ends, do you have  
a backup plan? You could intern at  
a radio station. Those places are  
always looking for new voices.

LOGAN

What I'm not hot enough for TV?  
(off Candi's exasperation)  
I get that you're trying to help,  
but I don't want a career in radio.

CANDI

I know you boys are talented, but I  
worry about the what if.

LOGAN

The fans we have are loyal, we just  
need more exposure; a way to get  
our names out there. It'll happen.

Logan guides Candi's attention to the photo album: ONE-YEAR-  
OLD LOGAN NESTS ON A POTTY CHAIR. NAKED AND GRINNING.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Still my best look.

Flips the page: PHILIP RICHARDS (EARLY-30'S), A HANDSOME  
CHARMER, HOLDS LOGAN (4) OVER A LARGE AQUARIUM FILLED WITH  
FISH IN THE THEIR LIVING ROOM. THE FISH GATHER NEAR AS LOGAN  
DROPS DOWN FOOD. Candi longingly caresses the photo.

Lost for words, Logan throws an arm around her shoulder.

Candi lands on a photo at a LAKE COTTAGE: PATRICK TRUMAN SR.  
(20'S), LILY TRUMAN (20'S) AND PHILIP PLAY POKER.

IN THE BACKGROUND, LOGAN (10) AND PATRICK JR (10) WATCH ROSEMARY'S BABY ENRAPT: MIA FARROW STANDS OVER A CRADLE WITH A KNIFE.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Ten-year-olds watching Rosemary's Baby -- bad parenting at its best.

CANDI

These *bad parents* let you boys gallivant around as The Bullshit Boys chasing ghosts -- would you have preferred we be more strict?

LOGAN

Well played.

CANDI

Which reminds me, I'm not thrilled about you guys spending the night in Bridgewater Triangle. With the Salem Witch stories, all sorts of weird nutjobs flock to that area to get their jollies off.

LOGAN

Get with the times, mom, we don't say "nutjobs" anymore, we call them mentally constipated fucktards.

CANDI

I'm being serious... what happens when you boys find what you're looking for?

LOGAN

*"I ain't afraid of no ghost."*  
(off Candi's worried face)  
Don't worry, if that ever happens Patty will know what to do.

CANDI

Why can't you boys enjoy normal sleepovers, without the threat of *fucktards*?

LOGAN

Welcome to the new age, mom.

CANDI

(looking at the pic)  
We should go back to the lake. Try having a normal holiday.

(MORE)

CANDI (CONT'D)  
 Invite the Trumans and Murray's  
 family... Maaary could come.

LOGAN  
 (choking on ice cream)  
 What's that supposed to mean?

Candi throws up her hands in resignation, never forfeiting her knowing smirk. ALANI, pads into the room. Nudges Logan.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 Putting your weirdness aside,  
 Patrick's dad is practically  
 shoving him back in the closet and  
 Murray's parents are ghosts.

Logan lowers a spoonful of ice cream. Alani joyfully licks.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 So choose your next words wisely,  
 'cause I'd hate to have to put you  
 in an old folks home.

Candi flicks her spoon. Ice cream plops on Logan's cheek.

CANDI  
 Sorry -- the elderly have poor  
 muscle control.

Logan stretches out his tongue; fails miserably at licking the mess off his face. They share a laugh.

INT. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Head lolled back on the couch, feet on the table, Logan snores. Deeply asleep, Candi's head rests on his shoulder.

Light streams through the window blinds hitting Logan's eyelids. One tired eye peeks open; then the other. Waking, he gently shifts his mother's weight onto a pillow--

SPLASH! His foot knocks over a cup. Water cascades. Groaning, he quickly moves photos in path of the spreading pool. Among them, photos from Philip's CHEMOTHERAPY days--

OFFSCREEN: HONK-HONK-HOOONK! Logan cringes. Looks to the clock -- 1:19 PM. Candi wakes.

LOGAN  
 Sorry, forgot to set an alarm.

CANDI  
 Go on, I'll tide Murray over.

I/E. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. DRIVEWAY/VAN - DAY

Candi struts up to a BLACK VAN with a custom decal of THE BULLSHIT BOYS LOGO -- the window rolls down. Sporting a vintage 80's *TEEN WOLF* tee, Murray leans coolly out.

CANDI

Hello, Murray.

Murray lowers his Ray Bans, gives her robe a once-over.

MURRAY

Ms. Richards, you're trying to seduce me... aren't you?

CANDI

Sorry, honey, you're no Dustin Hoffman.

MURRAY

Your sassiness only fuels me.

CANDI

That your best line?

Murray clears his throat, wiping at his mouth, suggesting Candi has something on her lips. She wipes.

CANDI (CONT'D)

Is there something on my face?

MURRAY

Perfection. It's all over you. You'll never get it off.

Candi laughs, relishing his ridiculous attempts. Logan appears behind her, duffle bag and laptop in hand.

LOGAN

Mom, don't encourage him.

(to Murray)

I'll drive. You upload the intro.

Murray slinks out of the driver seat. Grabs the laptop.

Candi kisses Logan on the cheek; pushes him into the vehicle.

CANDI

Bring my Logibear back to me.

Logan rolls his eyes. Starts the ignition. Candi heads up the driveway pausing once for a wave goodbye.

MURRAY

You're a cock block, Logibear.

LOGAN

I hope your dick falls off.

MURRAY

I get it. You're afraid I'll make a shitty stepdad. But, listen, I would never try and take your dad's place, kiddo.

LOGAN

Lift it.

MURRAY

Oh, come on. It wasn't that bad.

Logan's glare doesn't abate. Murray resigns with a SIGH and raises his sleeve, revealing an already bruised upper arm.

THWAP! Logan punches him hard in the bicep. Murray grimaces but takes it like a man.

Logan, reversing down the driveway, realizes they are missing part of their trio.

LOGAN

Where's Patty?

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - DAY

A boarded up two-story structure, HERSCH HOME, rots in the afternoon sun. Swamp and tangled foliage back up to the rickety structure. A dingy dock stretches out over the deeper swamp waters.

In front of the foreboding house, Patrick pours from a large bag of SALT creating a circle nine feet in diameter. A slight breeze ruffles his hair -- the house CREAKS.

Patrick sees a SHADOW move beyond the porch window; drops his bag of salt in the dirt. Goosebumps surf his flesh--

CLATTER! A rotted porch eave falls. MARY MURPHY, barely missing the debris, flees from the haunted abode. The eighteen-year-old beauty shakes cobwebs from her long wavy locks. She smiles mischievously.

PATRICK

You scared the soul out of me -- I thought you were grabbing stuff from the Jeep.

MARY

Couldn't help myself, this place is deliciously creepy.

PATRICK

Mac-n-cheese is delicious -- this place is just plain creepy.

MARY

Seriously, though, you have to see this -- c'mon...

Mary tugs Patrick toward the house.

I/E. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mary illuminates the dank space and kicks away debris in the center of the room. Her light reveals an old WITCHCRAFT SYMBOL burned into the floorboards: ASMODEUS' GOETIC SEAL.

Patrick kneels down for closer inspection.

PATRICK

Looks like goetia.

MARY

What does that mean?

PATRICK

It's sorcery used to invoke demons. Not sure which demon though. Time has worn away some of the symbols.

MARY

You think Henry Hersch might have been summoning a demon?

PATRICK

Hard to say. It's rather advanced for inexperienced kids fooling around, but lots of adept occult types are drawn to the Triangle.

Patrick slowly reaches to touch the seal--

RINGTONE

*Weird science. Magic and technology, Voodoo dolls and chants. Electricity...*

AH! Patrick's ringtone echoes OINGO BOINGO throughout the Hersch Home. Jerking up from the scare of the call, he pulls his phone from his pocket -- FACETIME CALL from Murray.

Patrick and Mary duck out of the house and into the daylight. He clicks ACCEPT: A BARE ASS FILLS THE SCREEN.

PATRICK  
Your ass does nothing for me,  
Murray. Give it up.

Murray removes his index and middle fingers from the lens, positioned close enough to the camera to resemble a bare ass.

MURRAY (FACETIME)  
Keep telling yourself that, Junior.

PATRICK  
Call me Junior again -- I'll  
castrate you and turn your  
testicles into jack-o'-lanterns.

A hand reaches out; the camera quakes. Logan's face appears.

LOGAN (FACETIME)  
Knock it off, you're giving Murray  
a boner -- he loves Halloween.

Mary pokes her curious face into view.

MARY  
Hey there, blue eyes.

LOGAN (FACETIME)  
Mary?

Logan fumbles the phone giving them a blown-up crotch shot.

MURRAY (O.S. FACETIME)  
Lady Butterfingers, try staying in  
one lane.

He raises the phone back up, blushing from his blunder.

LOGAN (FACETIME)  
You're back in town?

MARY  
Can't let you boys have all the  
fun, now can I?

PATRICK  
Thought I'd get a head start. Mary  
offered to help.

Patrick walks to the back of his Jeep and angles the camera toward a box of candles with an antique bronze bowl and an intricately carved ATHAME (double-edged ritual knife).

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED peeks out from under the box.

MURRAY (FACETIME)

For the love of labia, is that the swimsuit edition? Please say yes.

PATRICK

What nonsense are you babbling...

Mary spots the magazine and pulls it out for Patrick to see. A sticky note covers the model's face: A LITTLE SOMETHING TO BREAK UP THE GAY PARADE - DAD.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Gee, thanks, dad.

Embarrassment builds. His eyes are glassy, full of emotion. Logan and Murray are silent, unsure of what to say.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's just a ridiculous magazine that degrades the feminine form... I'm not going to allow it to affect me.

Mary rests a comforting hand on his shoulder.

MARY

If it makes you feel better, her boobs don't do anything for me either.

Laughing, Patrick pitches the magazine back into the van.

PATRICK

Anyway... I devised a spell. It requires an intricate setup... I know we're looking to ramp up the show but this is some serious left-hand path occultism. Are you sure you want to dabble in this?

INTERCUT WITH:

I/E. VAN/ROAD - CONTINUOUS

LOGAN

Left-hand path?

PATRICK (FACETIME)

Black magic. These are intense incantations, Logan.

(MORE)

PATRICK (FACETIME) (CONT'D)  
 We'll be creating a gate-way  
 between our world and the  
 metaphysical world and I won't have  
 any control over the intentions of  
 passing spirits.

Logan throws a skeptical look at Murray. He shrugs.

MURRAY  
 Sounds sinister... of course we've  
 never not called bullshit in an  
 episode before, so maybe this is  
 our chance at some real  
 supernatural occurrences.

LOGAN  
 Let's do it. As long as it  
 provides cool visuals--

A large BLACK CAT runs out into the road. Arcs its back in  
 terror, stabbing yellow eyes into Logan.

MURRAY  
 Watch out!

Logan yanks the steering wheel and slams the breaks. The  
 phone flies from Murray's hand as the vehicle spins out  
 barely missing a tree.

PATRICK (O.S. FACETIME)  
 Guys, talk to me...

MARY (O.S. FACETIME)  
 What happened?

Logan white knuckles the steering wheel breathing hard as  
 Murray retrieves the phone from the floorboard.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
 We're alright. Some stupid-ass cat  
 went all kamikaze on us.

Patrick's face frightfully fills the screen.

PATRICK (FACETIME)  
 A black cat?

Logan grabs the phone.

LOGAN  
 Don't pussy out on me now, Patty.

PATRICK (FACETIME)  
 Nature has a way of communicating  
 with us. What if it's an omen?

LOGAN

Then it'll make for a good show.

PATRICK

(sigh)

You can't say I didn't warn you.  
Don't forget to stop by  
Hallowell's. I gave Murray the  
directions.

LOGAN

On our way now.

Logan ends the call; pulls the van back out onto the road.

MURRAY

What if Pat's right? Kitty al-  
qaeda was kinda creepy.

From the brush, the black cat HISSES watching the van depart.

INT. HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES. SHOP - DAY

The living area, converted into a store of interesting  
oddities, is furbished with jars of rare herbs, old books,  
Gothic figurines, crystal jewelry and ornate weaponry--

CA-CLING! The door chime sounds Logan and Murray's entrance.

YVONNE (O.S.)

Friends of Patrick's I presume?

YVONNE HALLOWELL (mid-50's), ethereal and beguiling with  
strands of blue and purple in her curly hair, struts into  
view with a welcoming smile.

Murray is instantly enthralled by the older beauty.

MURRAY

(low tone to Logan)

Pat didn't say Yvonne was hot.

Murray reaches for Yvonne's hand.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Names Murray--

(tensing)

Wait--

He flips her palm upward. Fondles the creases of her hand.

YVONNE

What--

MURRAY

Shhh. I sense something...  
 (stroking her palm)  
 You've been seeking a male presence  
 in your life... I bring you news of  
 good fortune -- I'm here.

Murray gently kisses her palm; she laughs at his foolery.

LOGAN

Please excuse my incredibly  
 inappropriate friend. Patty said  
 you'd have stuff for us to pick up.

Yvonne eyes Logan for a moment. Starts to speak, hesitates,  
 then whisks off down the hall.

Logan raises a quirked brow to Murray, but Murray is  
 completely absorbed by Yvonne's hips swaying away.

INT. HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES. HOME OFFICE - DAY

Yvonne's office is wall to wall shelving full of well-worn,  
 leather-bound books, taxidermy animals and a collection of  
 formerly living beings preserved in jars of formaldehyde.

Yvonne bags up a supply of BONES, QUARTZ CRYSTALS and OIL.

Murray gnarls his lip at a preserved newborn lamb.

LOGAN

Patty talks about you all the time.  
 You're like a second mom to him.

Logan, drawn to a bookcase, glides his fingers along a series  
 of books stopping at the WITCHES OF SALEM. Opens it; the  
 pages fall on a detailed depiction of AN EXOTIC DARK-SKINNED  
 WOMAN LURING A DEMON INTO HER BED. The image is erotically  
 twisted and off-putting.

Yvonne spies.

YVONNE

I believe our spirit guides our  
 every decision, from the people we  
 meet... to the choices we make.

Logan closes the book and shelves the title.

LOGAN

My mom buys into the whole Salem  
 Witch folklore bit.

YVONNE

And you don't?

LOGAN

I just think it's funny people are still spooked by an event that took place over three hundred years ago.

YVONNE

So you dare to dabble in black magic at the very place lore says the escaped witches fled... be careful you don't awaken the very thing you don't believe.

Logan, unsure of what to say, takes the bag from her.

LOGAN

Uh... thanks again for this.

Logan grabs Murray. Yvonne watches them leave.

I/E. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - DUSK

Murray, eyes closed, hangs out the window arms wide like Kate Winslet in TITANIC. A dangling VINE, reaching over the road, grazes his hair -- YELP! Murray ducks back into the van.

MURRAY

I love Bridgewater Triangle!

LOGAN

You're a dork.

MURRAY

I hope we see Bigfoot. Or a Thunderbird. Seriously, how jizztastic would that be? Even a giant snake sighting could be cool, though I've got to wonder just how big the "giant snake" is to qualify as a paranormal experience.

LOGAN

I don't know, but I'd be trippin' balls if I saw an anaconda size snake.

MURRAY

According to the Discovery Channel, if you bite its tail, a constrictive snake will let you go.

Logan quirks his brow in wonderment. Murray shrugs.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
*Naked After Dark* has a lot to  
 teach.

LOGAN  
 (spotting Patrick's jeep)  
 We're here.

Logan parks by Patrick's jeep. Hersch Home looms ahead.  
 Murray bolts out of the van in childlike awe...

MURRAY  
 Holy Creepsville, Batman!

Checking his reflection, Logan tries a debonair smile in the  
 mirror -- gives up; exits the car. He studies Hersch Home.  
 The porch, at the right angle, likens a face.

At the base of the house steps is an intricate WICCAN MAGIC  
 CIRCLE comprised of three rings: ROCK, CANDLES AND SALT.

LOGAN  
 Where the hell are--

Murray flings Bullshit Boys coveralls at Logan. Zips his up.

MURRAY  
 The murderous Hatchet Hersch proolly  
 has Patrick bent over round back.

Murray passes film gear to Logan. He assembles a large lamp  
 next to the magic circle. SIGILS, symbols considered to have  
 magical power, are drawn at three cardinal directions. The  
 forth, marking north, is skewed in the dirt and INCOMPLETE.

LOGAN  
 Seriously, where are they?

Logan scans the woods. Murray sets up a camera--

THUMP. Heads whip toward Patrick's jeep. Logan, ready for  
 anything, eases closer peering inside -- SIGH. Inside the  
 Jeep, both Patrick and Mary are napping.

Murray tiptoes to the van, retrieving a FOGHORN. Finger over  
 his lips, he inches the jeep's door open -- BLARE!

Patrick leaps up, screaming, wielding his athame. Mary jolts  
 upright THUDDING her head on the roof interior.

Logan and Murray laugh uproariously at Pat, white as a ghost.

Logan helps Mary out of the Jeep. Laughing, she fights to give Logan the evil eye as she rubs her sore head.

PATRICK

I hate you both and I hope you die  
from diarrhea.

Mary and Logan laugh louder. Murray charades stomach pain...

MURRAY

Oh God, my stomach...

Coveralls unzip. Pants drop.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

The diarrhea! I can't hold it in!

Murray moons them. Patrick reels back -- THWAP! Right in his ass cheek. Murray timbers. Squirms in the dirt.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

You punched me in the ass!

PATRICK

Don't act like you didn't enjoy it.

Mary sneaks Patrick a high five.

LOGAN

(laughing)

Save it for the show, guys.

Murray struggles to get his pants and coveralls back up.

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME (VODCAST) - NIGHT

BEGIN B-ROLL MONTAGE:

--Map of BRIDGEWATER TRIANGLE, Massachusetts.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Venture into the paranormal bowels  
of Massachusetts...

--Vintage, out-of-focus photographs of LIGHTS and FLYING OBJECTS in the sky.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Where UFO's traverse the ominous  
night sky.

--Blurry, captured footage of a LARGE FURRY BEING running through the woods and disappearing.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 Where Big Foot lurks in the  
 shadows, preying on curious  
 travelers. And restless souls  
 haunt the cursed grounds.

--News articles headline "ANIMAL SACRIFICE", featuring photos  
 of MUTILATED LIVESTOCK ritualistically slain in the woods.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 This is The Bridgewater Triangle.  
 Deemed an evil spirit place by even  
 the most depraved satanic cults...

--Photo of an unkempt BEARDED MAN with deep set, penetrating  
 eyes framed in dark tired bags beneath.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 And home to the infamous Henry  
 Hersch.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

LIVE FEED:

LOGAN  
 Welcome to Hockomock Swamp.

Slow panorama shot of the Bullshit Boy's location.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 You claim the undead rule these  
 woods, but tonight we bed with the  
 devil at the location of the Hersch  
 Home Massacre, in the heart of The  
 Bridgewater Triangle, to see if the  
 myth rings true.

Logan aims the handheld camera on Murray, standing on the  
 Hersch porch, holding a flashlight under his chin.

MURRAY  
 On a night like any other, Henry  
 Hersch, known hermit and closeted  
 cannibal, mowed down six young,  
 sexy, female campers. And I don't  
 mean he had the seven-way of his  
 life. I'm talking shotgun to the  
 face -- schklik-klikt-BLAM!

Murray shines his light into the eerie depths of the house.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

He dragged their bloody bodies back to this location where he ate out their remains for the coming winter months, "...with some fava beans and a nice chianti."

Murray licks his lips and imitates Hannibal Lecter.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Sightings of Hersch and his murdered harem are numerous. Tonight, we will either encounter these ghostly beauties or label this myth -- bullshit.

Logan follows Murray with the handheld to the magic circle.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

We are using three action cameras for tonight's special live on-air episode. Introducing Mr. High-As-A-Kite.

Logan zooms into a stationary camera in a tree above.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

You already know Dirty Bitch, our trusty handheld -- she gets around.

Murray takes the handheld and racks focus to Logan, who cracks open a beer and tosses one to Patrick. The camera follows the beer to Patrick, zooms in on his forehead.

MURRAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And lastly, good ole dependable Head Job, worn by our Wiccan voodoo magician spiritual guide who will now open up a portal to hell.

Patrick cracks open the beer, slurping up the exploding foam, followed by a man-sized swig.

PATRICK

May the ritual commence.

END LIVE FEED VIEW.

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - NIGHT

Feet dangling out the back of the van, Mary watches engrossed, while popping M&M's into her mouth.

Logan and Murray enter the magic circle. Drawing a line in the dirt with his athame, Patrick closes it behind them.

PATRICK

For new viewers -- the rings are sacred. They shield us against malevolent beings. No matter what happens, we do not break the circle.

He kneels before a bronze bowl filled with kindling. To his right are three bowls holding BONES, QUARTZ CRYSTALS and OIL.

Murray goes to pluck a bone from the bowl -- Patrick in full Wiccan mode, swats his hand away -- this is no joking matter.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Upon the witching hour, we invoke the spirits of this hallowed land. Good... or evil. All are welcome to gather before us.

Pat lifts the bowl of bones; pours them into the kindling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I offer thee a sacrifice from man. The bone of his existence.

Patrick adds the bowl of crystals to the spell.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I offer thee strength from the earth. A gift of creation.

Tipping the final bowl, oil pours over the rest of the items. From his pocket, he retrieves a matchbook, lights a match.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Follow the flame, spirits of the night. I call to you. Draw near.

WHOOSH! The bowl blazes as he drops the match. High flames light up the night, then dim back down. Patrick holds the athame over the heat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

We need a blood sacrifice.

Murray, in the middle of a gulp of beer, spews on the ground.

MURRAY

You're shitting me. What dark ass shit is this?

PATRICK  
 Conjuring spirits is no Ouija board  
 child's play. Besides, it only  
 calls for a drop.

Logan massages the meat of his palm. He glances toward Mary  
 watching him. Steps to the bowl. Stretches out his hand.

LOGAN  
 Go for it.

Patrick glides the blade over Logan's palm drawing blood.

PATRICK  
 From blood comes life.

Logan's blood drips into the flame--

MOOOANN! A resonate wail sweeps through the circle.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. Murray pulls out a MEL METER.

MURRAY  
 Temperature dropped two degrees--

PATRICK  
 That's concerning.

LOGAN  
 (shivers)  
 This is good, keep going.

Patrick swallows his fear; holds his athame high.

PATRICK  
 Hear these words, hear my cry,  
 spirits from the other side. Come  
 to me, I summon thee, cross now the  
 great divide.

A shadow creeps over the circle.

MURRAY  
 Mary Mother of God, it's working.

Logan gazes at the moon as clouds gather. Patrick repeats  
 the calling, with more intensity.

PATRICK  
 Hear these words, hear my cry,  
 spirits from the other side. Come  
 to me, I summon thee, cross now the  
 great divide.

Gusts moan, catching in the eaves of the house. Enrapt, Mary drops her M&M halfway to her mouth--

A loud rustling resounds from the tree line. Everybody freezes. Branches move--

ROAR! A BLACK BEAR trudges out of the woods forty feet away.

INT. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candi, fearfully biting her knuckle, is glued to her laptop.

ANGLE ON LAPTOP: *LIVE FOOTAGE* streams from multiple cameras.

MURRAY

*Tell me that's a spirit bear.*

LOGAN

*Nobody move. On three, very calmly run for the van. One--*

PATRICK

*No, we can't break the circle.*

*The bear tramps closer, sniffing the air.*

MURRAY

*Fuck the circle. That's a fucking bear!*

*The bear rises on his hind legs; swipes the air with his paw.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*Three!*

*Patrick lunges to stop Murray from breaking the circle, trips over the bowl and falls; Headjob lands in the dirt. FIRES FLARE, engulfing the camera: LIVE FEED FROM HEADJOB GOES DARK.*

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - CONTINUOUS

On the move, Logan's foot sweeps through the magic circle--

GASP! All the oxygen is sucked out from Logan's lungs. The fire growing within the circle is instantaneously smothered--

Logan collapses. ALL GOES BLACK.

PRE-LAP OVER BLACK:

MARY (V.O.)  
 Logan -- wake up!

I/E. VAN/HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - NIGHT

SLAP! Murray smacks Logan awake. Logan focuses, startled and confused to find himself in the van.

Murray documents with the handheld camera.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RICHARDS' HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candi loudly exhales, relieved to see Logan okay. Grabs her phone and starts TEXTING...

ANGLE ON LAPTOP: *Murray has the camera aimed on Logan.*

MURRAY  
*Here he is, our brave host, who  
 lost his shit at the sight of a  
 bear and fainted like a little  
 girl. Question is: should we call  
 in a search party for your balls?*

*Logan pushes the camera out of his face.*

LOGAN  
*I didn't faint. I tripped. Must  
 have hit my head or something.*

POP-FIZZ. *Murray racks focus through the window: THE BEAR  
 RIPS A CLAW THROUGH A BEER CAN. LAPS UP THE FOAMING FLUID.*

VAN/HOCKOMOCK SWAMP

BZZT-BZZT. Logan's phone buzzes. He pulls it out of his pocket. Texts from Candi: U WERE RIGHT... I'M A HORRIBLE MOTHER. NO MORE BULLSHIT BOYS.

Logan Replies: HA. HA. DON'T WORRY... SMOKEY WON'T HURT US. LOG-OFF & GET SOME SLEEP. <3 U

RICHARDS RESIDENCE. LIVING ROOM

Candi types: <3 U 2. COME HOME SOON!

ANGLE ON LAPTOP:

MURRAY

*Aw, man. The bear found the beer.  
Now he'll never leave. It's a  
known fact, beer is like crack for  
animals.*

Relenting, Candi finally closes her laptop. Pops a sleeping pill, washing it down with the last of her wine.

VAN/HOCKOMOCK SWAMP

Logan puts his phone away as Patrick bombards him.

PATRICK

(grabbing Logan's hand)  
Listen to me, you didn't trip and  
fall. You broke the circle--

LOGAN

Bullshit.

PATRICK

It's imperative you detail your  
experience. What did you encounter  
during your unconscious state?

LOGAN

I saw... a light. It spoke to me.  
It said, "*Get off my balls, Patty.*"

Logan breaks free of Patrick's grip; backs away.

PATRICK

All I'm saying is breaking the  
circle can have serious  
ramifications.

Logan turns away; doubt washes over his face. Mary nudges Patrick to ease up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fine. Letting it go. The  
apocalypse could be coming but  
let's pretend it's sunny skies.

MURRAY

Thank you, weather woman, Patsy  
Truman. In other news...

Murray videos the bear, sucking on a beer can.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Looks like our furry friend is dead  
set on communing with the spirits.

Murray hands Mary Dirty Bitch. She sets focus as the boys squeeze in. Settled on the shot, Mary gives the thumbs-up.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

The Bullshit Boys are logging off, but, fear not, you can continue to watch Yogi, the sloshed bear, from Mr. High-As-A-Kite's feed on our website. Check in throughout the night for any otherworldly updates.

LOGAN

The lesson tonight is: venturing into the woods may very well bring about the monsters you fear, but with a little booze on hand -- everything will be alright.

Patrick swallows his wounded pride and pitches in...

PATRICK

And remember, we're The Bullshit Boys -- we call shit...

LOGAN

Talk shit...

MURRAY

And everyday enjoy a shit.

Mary turns off the camera.

SOMETIME LATER...

Patrick catapults an M&M. Murray lurches to catch it in his mouth. Misses. Again. Misses. And the cycle continues.

Logan pages pictures of Mary backpacking Europe. Mary peeks outside: THE BEAR IS SOUNDLY ASLEEP -- Logan slips a PHOTO of her in front of the Eifel Tower into his back pocket.

MARY

Best get comfortable. Looks like we're camping in the van tonight.

Murray grabs the laptop. Logs into THE BULLSHIT BOYS' WEBSITE and scrolls through VIEWER COMMENTS.

MURRAY

News flash, Yogi's conjuring up some major poontang. Female viewership shot up fifteen percent.

MARY

Excuse you, we're more than  
poontang, mister.

MURRAY

Don't worry, I didn't mean you --  
you're nobody's poontang.

The siblings share a playful glare as Murray reads off the screen in a high-pitched female mocking tone:

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*"The drunk bear is totes adorbs."  
"Make the bear an official BS Boy."  
(scans down)  
Ha! "Logan's hot. Wish I could've  
rescued him when he fainted."*

LOGAN

Cocksucker. I didn't faint.

Logan lunges for the computer, Murray holds tight. The two grapple for possession as keys are pressed randomly--

Pictures of naturally BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, tastefully POSED NUDE, pop up, filling the screen. Murray, seeing breasts, tugs the hardest, winning command.

MURRAY

Dude, your porn is weak sauce.

Logan turns beet red as Mary cups her laughter. Patrick wraps a comforting arm over his shoulder.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Mm... nice poppers on this one...  
but where's the bunny-bumpin'? And  
the money shots?

LOGAN

I'm sorry I like my porn cock free.

PATRICK

I agree with Murray. What's porn  
without penis?

MURRAY

Whoooa, that is not what I... no  
one wants to see dude on dude pile-  
driving.

Patrick stills, embarrassed by Murray's remark. Sensing the awkwardness in the van, Murray freezes realizing his err.

Patrick half grins, attempting to shrug it off.

PATRICK

It's cool, I'd feel the same about your bumper-to-bumper vagina play.

MURRAY

(to Patrick)

Ok, so I get the no kissing fish...

(to Logan)

And the no dick thing... but riddle me this, Batman, where's the solo fun-for-one action?

LOGAN

Fine. You want the details of my jacking off -- it feels dirty watching.

MURRAY

Uh, yea, dirty is the point. Growing up with just a mom around has put a serious wrinkle in your man card.

Patrick buries his head in his hands. Anger catches in Logan's throat.

MARY

You seriously don't know when to shut up -- lift it.

MURRAY

What?

Mary nods to Logan staring daggers into Murray. Realization finally hits.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean -- awww, shit, not again.

Murray lifts his sleeve. Mary hits him hard. He grimaces, looking to Logan apologetically. Logan visibly relaxes.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Your porn is still weak though.

MARY

I get it -- it's more like appreciation of art. It's sweet.

MURRAY

I can appreciate art. Live,  
sweaty, cum-filled art.

Murray's eyes glaze over as his imagination takes over.

MARY

How are you my twin?

LOGAN

Murray, I swear if you give  
yourself a chubby, you'll be  
sleeping next to Yogi tonight.

Logan balls up a jacket for a pillow and gets comfortable.  
Mary and Patrick taking his lead, try to find comfy spots.

PATRICK

Scooch over.

Patrick sprawls out next to Mary, pushing her into Logan.

Heart racing, Logan moves his arm upward, presenting his  
bicep as headrest for Mary. She snuggles into him.

Grinning, Patrick closes his eyes. Oblivious, Murray  
continues to look through Logan's porn.

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME/DOCK - DAWN

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

*Early morning glow alights over Logan as he tosses empty,  
ripped beer cans into a plastic bag. The magic circle is  
wrecked. From the split ash, a deep red seeps catching  
Logan's eye -- BLOOD.*

LOGAN

Can't be...

Logan hesitantly reaches out--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Looogan...

He whips around. From the brush, a *SULTRY SILHOUETTE*  
emerges, taken straight from Logan's porn collection.

Fog crawls along the forest floor as her body sways  
hypnotically, gliding through woodsy shadows toward Logan--

Movement distracts. Logan looks toward the house -- Patrick and Murray wave their arms urgently from the porch. They're yelling, but no sound reaches his ears.

LOGAN

What? I can't hear you...

Patrick and Murray frantically point. Logan turns--

AHH! He's face to face with his seductress -- she turns full BANSHEE. Long pale hair whipping wildly as she wails.

Dawn transforms to dusk as Logan stumbles backward falling into swampy sludge.

BOOM! A thunder clap releases a torrential downpour. Logan looks back toward the seductress -- gone.

HENRY HERSCH, appearing broken, looms in her stead.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Henry Hersch?

Henry gargles a SMOKER'S LAUGH spasmodically inching closer to Logan. With each disjointed jerk, his face sags revealing small glimpses of GAAL, a ghastly translucent white-skinned being. The reveal is obscured from Logan in the downpour.

Halting before Logan, Gaal's disguise solidifies. He looks into him, painfully infiltrating Logan's mind with a HUNDRED VOICES shrilling heinous notions. Perfect insanity.

Logan guards his ears to no avail. He retreats onto a rickety dock. Losing his footing on the slick, rotting structure, Logan grabs for the wooden rails--

SLICE. The railing is riddled with rusty protruding NAILS. His hands come away shredded.

In the guise of Henry, Gaal slowly stalks his prey.

Cradling his bloody hands, Logan stumbles onward through the foreign darkness.

He arrives before an ALTAR. The voices in his head diminish. Serenity washes over him as his eyes alight on an ANCIENT BOOK ornately crafted of DARK HUMAN SKIN and HAIR. Alluring, yet disturbing, the book absorbs Logan's focus.

As Logan's hand nears the relic, he can feel it's emanating power. A greedy grin blossoms upon his lips--

PATRICK (O.S.)

Don't do it! Don't touch the book!

*In the distance, Patrick and Murray watch aghast from the Hersch Home porch. Patrick pleads, screaming, but only a faint voice reaches Logan.*

*PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The book is evil!*

*Logan's hand hovers over the binding -- a thought strikes. He snorts a chuckle.*

*LOGAN  
It's just a dream. Nothing but a dream--*

*PLOP. A bead of BLOOD drips from Logan's hand; the sound ECHOES. The book's binding ABSORBS THE BLOOD. It quivers with newfound life -- SNAPS OPEN--*

*HUMAN HAIR, binding the book, SHOOTS OUT, wrapping around Logan's wrists. He claws at the trappings, but the hair cinches tighter, cutting into his skin.*

*The hair draws the book into Logan's chest, searing through his shirt, SCORCHING him. Rusty colored ink swims off the pages veining outward over his skin and into his orifices.*

*LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Make it stop!*

*Only feet away, Henry/Gaal gapes enrapt. Elated.*

*Patrick and Murray scramble to reach Logan.*

*LOGAN (CONT'D)  
It fucking burns. Make it stop!*

*Never baring true form, Gaal dissipates as Patrick and Murray tread the dock. His skin suit sloughs into the swamp--*

*The dock shakes, coming apart. CRASH! The structure collapses into the swamp--*

*END DREAM SEQUENCE.*

*I/E. VAN/HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - NIGHT*

*Patrick and Murray simultaneously bolt upright from sleep.*

*MURRAY  
Jesus Henry Christ.*

*Murray, massaging his temples, looks to Patrick.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

I just had the weirdest dream.

PATRICK

You're telling me--

AHHH! Logan SCREAMS, contorting in agony. His bones CRUNCH with each movement. Every muscle in his body constricted.

Mary's right by his side. She wipes his sweaty brow -- his eyes snap open.

Logan stumbles to the door, tumbles out and dry heaves. His wrists are bruised; chest sunburnt red.

Mary and Patrick lunge to his aid.

LOGAN

I'm ok. I must've had a night terror.

MURRAY

Well then your night terror just splooged in our van.

Eyes lock on the BOOK from their collective nightmare, lying where Logan awoke.

MARY

That. Is. Awesome.

Mary climbs in for a closer look. Gothic detailing etched into human flesh is both sickening and breathtaking.

MARY (CONT'D)

Is that human skin? Sick.

She reaches for the book -- Logan pulls her back.

LOGAN

Not yet. Murray, grab the K2.

Murray rifles through his duffle bag. Turns on the K2. The indicator light goes from GREEN TO RED in rapid succession.

CUT TO:

Engine running, Murray kicks the book out the rear door -- SCREEEEECH! Tires peel off the shoulder as the van speeds away leaving the book in their dust.

I/E. VAN/ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Murray is balled up on the floorboard between Pat, driving with a lead foot, and Mary, staring out the window vexed. In the back, Logan zones out. Absentmindedly rubs his chest.

LOGAN

Turn around. We're being ridiculous. We have to go back.

PATRICK

Back to where you broke the circle unleashing a powerful presence that FedExed a fucking flesh-book via your fucking veins. That place?

MARY

Whoa. What?

LOGAN

In a helter-skelter spur of the moment way, it felt like paranormal activity but since when do we turn tail and run? We're the Bullshit Boys not the Pussy Brigade.

MURRAY

I'm ok with Pussy Brigade -- sounds like we get a lot of pussy.

LOGAN

You're missing the point, besides, we can't just leave our equipment--

MURRAY

It's my equipment and, yes, yes we can. There's no way in Pee Wee's playhouse I'm going back--

MARY

Would somebody tell me what the freak is happening!?

LOGAN

Somehow, that book back there was from a dream we shared last night--

MARY

Wait... I wasn't part of any collective dream.

MURRAY

Mary, now is not the time to be jealous.

LOGAN

It doesn't matter who was there --  
the point is we overreacted.

Patrick drives, jaw taunt; Murray rubs his temples.

MURRAY

Arrrg. You're right. This could  
be huge for the show. An actual  
supernatural phenomena -- it's what  
we've been looking for.

LOGAN

Don't jump ahead, we may have to  
call B.S. on ourselves this time.  
Thinking it through, there's  
definitely a logical explanation--

Patrick stomps the breaks, swerving off the road.

PATRICK

You. Broke. The. Circle. What  
part are you having trouble  
comprehending? A doorway has been  
opened and you have no idea the  
consequences--

LOGAN

Patty, you're not being sensible--

Patrick slams his fist down on the steering wheel. Jerks  
open the van door and gets out.

MURRAY

(to Logan)

What if you're wrong? What if we  
did unlock some head-spinning  
Exorcist shit?

Logan huffs, trying to maintain a calm as he leaves the van.

MARY

(to Murray)

I want details. Now.

ROADSIDE

Patrick paces, fists balled at his sides.

LOGAN

Hear me out?

With a dramatic wave, Patrick gives Logan the stage.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

We went to Bridgewater looking for trouble. We wanted shit to happen. With a few beers, a bear scare and the Hersch Home -- I mean, who wouldn't be high on adrenaline? We clearly tapped into some kind of collective delusion.

PATRICK

Explain the book then -- I'm dying to hear your scientific prognosis behind that one, Dr. Richards.

Logan searches for the right words -- then it hits him.

LOGAN

It came from inside the house. Think about it -- old Henry Hersch pulled a Buffalo Bill but with a book instead of a dress. I bet one of us sleepwalked into the house and subconsciously brought it back.

BAM! Patrick slams into Logan tackling him to the ground.

PATRICK

You broke the circle!

VAN

The twins watch from the van as they fight in the dirt.

MURRAY

Classic catfight. Why the hell am I not filming this?

Blindly reaching for Dirty Bitch, his fingers graze a foreign object. Turning, he finds the BOOK in the passenger seat.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Thaaaaat isn't possible...

Murray grapples the van's door handle with sweaty hands.

ROADSIDE

Patrick has Logan pinned to the ground.

PATRICK

Admit this is not rational!

Murray topples out of the van, and scurries backwards.

MURRAY

This can't be happening...

Distracted from their dispute, both boys look to Murray. His wide eyes meet theirs. Mary pops her head out of the van.

MARY

It's ba-aack.

Mary hops out, camera extended to Murray.

MARY (CONT'D)

You left your balls in the van.

Logan and Patrick hasten over -- the BOOK.

LOGAN

Maybe I shouldn't have broken the circle.

SOMETIME LATER...

Murray aims Dirty Bitch at Logan, who carries the book to a hand-dug hole on the side of the road with towel-wrapped hands -- no skin-to-book contact.

MURRAY

From an unknown dark dimension,  
this token of evil has penetrated  
our world and leeches itself upon  
the Bullshit Boys--

THUD. The book drops into the hole.

LOGAN

Whether supernatural or a serial  
killer's souvenir, this book is no  
ordinary relic. Lesson learned:  
some mysteries are better left  
unsolved--

AHEM... Patrick get's into frame.

PATRICK

And most of all: never, ever, break  
a sacred magic circle.

Murray zooms in on the book.

LOGAN

Light her up.

Mary tosses in dried leaves. Patrick lights a match.

PATRICK

Ash combine, ash become, a barrier  
from which, nothing shall come--

WHOOSH! The pile goes up in flames.

MURRAY

Sayonara, bitch.

OFFSCREEN: CREEEAAK-SNIKT-CLANK! Branches tremble --  
something's coming.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

That better not be another bear.

Slowly bending down, Logan snags a LARGE STICK from the  
ground arming himself.

PATRICK

(whisper)

Logan, be careful--

The fire roars behind him--

SNAP! A branch breaks under foot as TALL HUNTER (40's) and  
BEARDED HUNTER (40's) haul BEAR TRAPS out from the woods.

Quickly, Logan blocks Murray from their view.

LOGAN

Hide the camera.

Murray shoves it in his coverall as the hunting duo approach.

BEARDED HUNTER

Looks like we got ourselves a  
slumber party.

They size up the group still wearing matching coveralls.

TALL HUNTER

More like a sausage fest.

Bearded Hunter strokes his beard, eye-fucking Mary.

BEARDED HUNTER

You into group activities, honey?

Logan steps up, threateningly bouncing the stick in his palm.

LOGAN

You into prison fuckin', Bubba?

With a snarl, Bearded Hunter shoulders his rifle.

BEARDED HUNTER  
I'm into all kinds of fuckin'--

Keeping Logan at bay, Patrick grips him by the wrist, commandeering his stick.

PATRICK  
He didn't mean anything by it, Mr.

Bearded Hunter looks down at Patrick's hand.

BEARDED HUNTER  
Best listen to your faggot friend,  
sweetheart--

Logan breaks free of Patrick and PUNCHES Bearded Hunter. For a split-second, Patrick is moved by Logan's gesture--

Tall Hunter tackles Logan, jumping on his back--

PFFT! Oxygen sucked from the fire, the book ABSORBS the flames.

Tall Hunter's weight brings Logan to his knees. Patrick pounds on the big man's back. Tall Hunter flings him away with a swipe of his meaty arm.

Bearded Hunter sneaks over to Mary, grabbing her around the waist. Pulls her snug to his body, snickering.

MARY  
Get off me, you sick fuck--

She ELBOWS him hard in the gut knocking the air out of him.

Logan and Tall Hunter tussle near the book. Watching, Murray finally notices the fire has gone out. Book untouched.

MURRAY  
When the fuck--

Murray pulls the camera back out.

Mary SCREAMS as Bearded Hunter grabs her by the hair. Logan, distracted by her cry, suffers a SUCKER PUNCH.

Logan kicks Tall Hunter hard in the groin. In agony, he rolls off Logan settling next to the book.

TALL HUNTER  
You're dead, boy.

Gripping earth to push himself up, Tall Hunter's hand slips into the hand-dug firepit--

WHOOSH! FLAMES release from the book engulfing Tall Hunter. SCREAMING, he jumps up and flurries in all directions.

Bearded Hunter releases Mary, chasing his burning friend.

Tall Hunter disappears into the tree line, a trail of flames behind him. Bearded Hunter follows, stumbles over a tree limb and face-plants into his own steel-jawed trap -- CRUNCH!

Logan, Patrick and Mary cautiously encircle Bearded Hunter.

Murray surveys through the camera's view finder. Logan shoves the camera angle to the ground.

LOGAN

Turn the camera off. The man is dead.

Reality hits Murray. He turns off the camera.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Please, tell me you weren't stupid enough to have any of that hooked up to a live feed.

MURRAY

Couldn't get it set up in time.

LOGAN

Good. Delete the footage.

Logan stares daggers into Murray.

MURRAY

Why you getting all angsty with me?

LOGAN

Gee, I don't know... your sister was attacked... Patrick and I were getting our asses handed to us... and you -- you were filming.

Blind-sided by the outburst, Murray drops all sarcasm. Guilt betrays his countenance.

MURRAY

I -- I thought you had it handled.

LOGAN

(anger abating)  
Yea, well, next time don't assume.

Logan walks away.

The flames die out around Tall Hunter -- burnt to a crisp. Mary can't peel her eyes off his remains. Unable to take it any longer she scurries into the brush and vomits.

SOMETIME LATER...

Murray and Logan heave the hunter's traps into the woods, out of sight from the main road.

MURRAY

I can see it now, *"I'm innocent, Officer, it was the flame retardant flesh-book that killed the hillbilly poachers, I swear."*

Mary surveys the ground for any left behind evidence. Patrick stands over the book, wheels churning.

PATRICK

Stick a sock in it, Murray. I'm trying to think.

MURRAY

Of course you aren't worried. Prison is your dream come true. It's an all-you-can-eat cock buffet. Cock express. Cock extravaganza. Free cock served fresh twenty-four/seven--

Patrick puts up a hand, shutting Murray up.

PATRICK

The presence of the book began with our collective dream.

MURRAY

More like Logan's wet dream.  
(to Logan)  
Do all your dirty fantasies involve *Girls-Gone-Deadly?*

Pieces begin clicking together for Patrick as he paces.

PATRICK

Right, the women from Logan's porn... and Henry Hersch went after Logan, not Murray and me.

MARY

I really hate not being in on this dream thing.

LOGAN

What's your point, Patty?

PATRICK

The point is the dream honed in on you, Logan. We were all part of the magic circle, minus Mary, which is why she wasn't a part of it; but you were specifically chosen...

Patrick looks to the cut on Logan's hand -- AHA.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You gave the blood sacrifice.

MARY

That still doesn't answer how the book is tied to Henry.

The group collectively stares at the book in wonderment.

MURRAY

It's had every chance to kill us and yet it chose to set the hillbilly on fire.

PATRICK

It must need us somehow.

MURRAY

Great, we're being stalked by a sex-crazed cannibalistic paranormal fuckhead and his flesh-book.

Logan runs his hand through his hair, getting agitated.

LOGAN

The book came to us in Hockomock Swamp... I'll wager it's Hersch Home where we find the link between Henry and the flesh-book.

MURRAY

(Shaggy impression)

*Like, zoinks, can we please go back to scary Hockomock Swamp in the haunted woods and solve the mystery of the flesh-book?*

LOGAN

Assuming it is supernatural, is there a spell to send his book back from where we brought it through?

Patrick grabs his phone from his pocket.

PATRICK

*Assuming?* I'm only tolerating your  
bullshittery because you punched  
redneck Joe for calling me a  
faggot.

Logan throws an arm around Patrick.

LOGAN

No one calls you a faggot but me,  
Bubba.

INT. HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Snug in her robe, Yvonne glides her fingers along a book  
series settling on WICCAN TASSEOGRAPHY.

Nabbing the novel, she nests before a steaming cup of TEA.  
Eyes closed, Yvonne breathes in the rising aroma. She sips  
then swirls the last bit of liquid and TEA LEAVES.

YVONNE

Speak to me.

Dumping the petals into a saucer, the leaves form a mishmash  
of patterns. Yvonne focuses, edging the saucer clockwise.  
Her eyes sharpen on a group of leaves resembling SNAKES.

She pages the Tasseography book. Her fingers dance over the  
words, searching. She lands on: SNAKES -- A SIGN OF BAD  
OMEN. GREAT CAUTION IS NEEDED TO WARD OFF MISFORTUNE.

Yvonne proceeds to rotate the saucer. Finds an HOURGLASS:  
*IMMINENT PERIL.*

Dread overwhelms. Blood drains from her face as she stares  
into the tea leaves. She can't tear her eyes away -- it  
looks as though there is sand moving through the tiny shape.  
Her breath quickens, the room about her darkens--

BZZT-BZZT! She jumps as her phone vibrates in the silence.

EXT. WOODS. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Logan, Murray and Mary loom above the book, dumbstruck.  
Patrick is in the nearby distance, ranting inaudibly, pacing.

MURRAY

It's like a sick evil puppy that  
just won't shake.

Mary, grabbing a stick, leans down for closer inspection.

MARY

I wanna play with the puppy--

LOGAN

Don't.

MARY

You resurrected a manuscript that looks like something out of *Evil Dead* -- we have to at least give it a looksy inside.

MURRAY

Hold up.

Murray focuses the camera on Logan, hits record and gives Logan the thumbs up. He relents, taking on his show persona.

LOGAN

We ditched it, but it followed. We set it on fire, but only fed its appetite. Only one thing left to do with a book from the devil -- read it.

Using the stick, Mary deftly opens the book about a third of the way through: A WOMAN, HER EYES SEWN SHUT, SCREAMS IN CAPTURED SILENCE AS DARK HANDS PULL HER DOWN TOWARD A DISMAL ABYSS. The ink is a rusty dark -- BLOOD.

MARY

Disturbing, yet exquisite.

A gentle breeze ruffles the pages. The book MESMERIZES as their eyes dance over disturbing glimpses of NIGHTMARES flying by on each leathery sheet.

LOGAN

Murray, are you getting this on camera?

MURRAY

Every last creepy detail... not sure whether to piss myself or jizz.

The last page billows to and fro revealing a hand drawn image of: A MAN SLEEPING WITH A FIGURE HOVERING ABOVE HIS BED. THE FIGURE IS GAUNT, WITH ELONGATED FINGERS. HIS EYES ARE DEEP ABYSSAL PITS. IT'S SUCKING OUT THE SLEEPER'S SPIRIT.

The page falls. On the inner cover, eerily beautiful  
HANDWRITING beckons to be read:

DEEP WITHIN THE MIND I DWELL  
DEVisING ON THE TELLING SOUL  
HAUNTING DREAMS DRAINING ESSENCE  
DEIGNING, I MUST HEIST THE WHOLE  
ONCE REJOINED, MY BUD SHALL REIGN  
ANOINTED TO BOTH WORLDS, EXTOL

Transfixed, Logan slowly leans down and lovingly gathers the  
book in his hands. Mary and Murray gather at his sides.

Dirty Bitch falls from Murray's hand -- records their feet.

INT. HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Yvonne scrambles together items from around her office:  
CANDLES, a bag of MULLEIN and DAMIANA LEAF, DRAGON'S BLOOD  
POWDERED INCENSE, a BLACK TOURMALINE, ZINC POWDER... etc.

YVONNE

Breaking the sanctity of the circle  
amidst a summoning spell may have  
bound the spirit of Henry Hersch to  
Logan allowing him physical entry  
into our world.

PATRICK (V.O.)

As in, he's possessed?

YVONNE

More like a carrier. In conjuring  
a gateway between worlds, it's  
likely he became a bridge.

Yvonne bags her ceremonial supplies.

INTERCUT BETWEEN HALLOWELL'S AND ROADSIDE:

ROADSIDE

Patrick paces weathering panic.

PATRICK

And the book?

In the background of Patrick's conversation, Logan, Murray  
and Mary begin to murmur the passage.

YVONNE (V.O.)

It must contain something pertinent  
to his former human existence.

(MORE)

YVONNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Most likely unfinished business he  
 hopes to complete. Patrick, heed  
 my warning, do not--

LOGAN/MURRAY/MARY (O.S.)  
 (loud chanting)  
*...haunting dreams draining...*

PATRICK  
 Hold on.

Aggravated, Patrick drops the phone to his side.

YVONNE (V.O.)  
 --read from the book.

PATRICK  
 (to his friends)  
 Guys. What the hell? I'm trying--

As he turns, Patrick beholds Logan, Mary and Murray engrossed  
 in the book practically shouting the passage.

LOGAN/MURRAY/MARY  
*...anointed to both worlds, extol--*

Reflexively, Patrick knocks the book from Logan's hand. The  
 trio snaps out of their spellbound state. Silence engulfs  
 the night, but for a small voice:

YVONNE (O.S.)  
 Patrick? Patrick--

Patrick raises the forgotten phone to his ear.

PATRICK  
 Sorry, Yvonne. Everything's ok.  
 I'm sending you the coordinates of  
 where to meet us. See you soon.

HALLOWELL'S

Yvonne resigns the phone from her ear. A pinned Google map  
 pops up. Her eyes drift back to the hourglass omen.

YVONNE  
 Everything is far from ok.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Patrick sits shotgun monitoring the twins closely as they  
 hold the book testing its power. Logan drives.

PATRICK

No enchantment -- nothing?

They both shake their heads 'NO'. Murray snaps a photo of the poem on his phone, then pages through nightmares.

MURRAY

Didn't feel it till Miss, "*I Wanna Pet The Puppy*," opened the damn thing.

MARY

Like you weren't curious.

LOGAN

What do you think it means?

No response. Patrick is fixated on the book, staring.

PATRICK

I should hold it; see if it affects me too. If anything sinister develops, intervene.

LOGAN

Since when are you the adventurous type?

MARY

This doesn't feel right.

MURRAY

Hold up. I missed this the first time around.

Murray grabs his camera, checks the settings and hits record. Patrick never breaks his coveted gaze on the binding.

PATRICK

How can we conquer something we don't understand?

Patrick snatches the book. The book flies to the front page on its own accord. Instantly, the words enchant Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*Deep within the mind I dwell.  
Devising on the...*

LOGAN

Patty?

PATRICK

*...telling soul. Haunting--*

LOGAN

Close the book, Patrick.

Patrick continues. Logan reaches, desperately grabbing at the book. Patrick is stone still, book locked in his grip. Mary places her hand over his eyes--

WHAM! Patrick's arm swings, knocking Mary across her cheek.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Mary!

Logan slugs Patrick in the jaw -- loses control of the wheel. He veers, stomps the breaks but skids sideways off the road down a steep decline.

The van comes to a rest teetering on two wheels -- CRASH. She topples over.

Mary collides against Murray. Logan face plants into the driver's side window. Book lands atop his head.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

Logan tosses the relic onto the dashboard.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Everyone ok?

Mary and Murray awkwardly untangle, righting themselves.

MARY

Still breathing.

Murray discovers Dirty Bitch -- BROKEN.

MURRAY

Last man down.

LOGAN

Patty?

Patrick doesn't budge, hanging from his fastened seat belt. Logan nudges him.

Slowly, Patrick turns with eye's brimming. He twists, looking back at Mary.

PATRICK

I didn't mean to...

MARY

Are you kidding me? You hit like a girl.

She gives him her goofiest grin grimacing from the pain as she struggles to his side and wraps her arms around him.

THUD! A rotting tree limb, no longer able to cling to its host, gives way landing heavily on the van.

Everyone jumps. Nerves raw.

MURRAY

Fuck a duck and make him cluck.

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. TRAIL/HERSCH HOME - PRE-DAWN

Backpacks and gear strapped on, the group treks back to the Hersch Home. Flashlights illuminate the overgrown path.

The group arrives at the clearing. Patrick's jeep is joined by Yvonne's vintage Volkswagen Beetle.

Yvonne hurries over as they approach. Embraces Pat firmly.

YVONNE

You should not have come here.  
This land is rooted in evil.

Yvonne takes in the scene. A chill tickles her skin.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Where is the book?

Logan withdraws the evil from his backpack. Towel wound tightly around. Yvonne takes the book and heads for the newly drawn circle.

Logan pulls Murray aside as the rest follow Yvonne.

LOGAN

This is it, Murray. Can't believe I'm saying it, but this could be our holy fucking grail -- proof of the supernatural. Tell me we can film the spell.

Murray massages his temple. Searches for ideas -- AHA!

MURRAY

Fuck yea we can. Mr. High-As-A-Kite is still active.

LOGAN

Make sure it's still streaming live.

Grinning, Murray pulls his laptop from his duffle.

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - DAWN

Through gray clouds, the sun casts a rosy glow from below the horizon. A light creeping fog rolls in from the swamp.

The group sits equal distance apart within a newly drawn circle. Yvonne, in the center, with her own antique bronze bowl intricately carved before her over a brewing fire.

YVONNE

I don't think I need to cover the importance of breaking the circle.

Patrick throws Logan an *I TOLD YOU SO* look.

From her bag, she withdraws the dragon's blood powder. Carefully, Yvonne sprinkles it into the fire.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Invigorate our bodies. Magnify our works.

She inhales the cauldron's scent, calming her mind.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Embrace each other's hands. Close your eyes and focus. Feel the grounded strength of Mother Earth beneath you. Connect with her fortitude and harness her energy.

Yvonne peppers the mullein and damiana leaves into her bubbling cauldron.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

May her leaf shield us from the unclean. May her gift of life guide us to the knowledge we seek.

Yvonne throws in the zinc powder. A pure WHITE SMOKE hangs in the air above her cauldron.

Mary squeezes Logan's hand, he looks to her reassuringly.

Yvonne releases the book from the towel. Drops it within the white haze. It SUSPENDS MID-AIR, hanging above the flames.

POV FROM MR. HIGH-AS-A-KITE: *Murray gives a thumbs up to Mr. High-As-A-Kite. All are aghast at the floating spectacle.*

YVONNE (CONT'D)

*Bound in the breath of Mother  
Earth, no power may you hold over  
her children.*

*(to the group)*

*Repeat after me: brought forth from  
darkness, returned in light. You  
hold no power, can cause no blight.*

END POV FROM MR. HIGH-AS-A-KITE.

LOGAN/MURRAY/PATRICK/MARY

*Brought forth from darkness,  
returned in light. You hold no  
power, can cause no--*

The book SNAPS open. Pages FLURRY on their own accord resting on the poem. Yvonne's gaze settles on the text.

YVONNE

*Deep within the mind I dwell  
Devising on the telling soul...*

Everyone looks to each other in panic.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

*Haunting dreams draining...*

MARY

What do we do?

Yvonne's eyes are buried in the levitating book.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

*Deigning, I must heist the  
whole. Once rejoined--*

PATRICK

I don't know... touching her  
could disrupt the spell--

MURRAY

Butt fuck it!

Murray yanks Yvonne's face away from the text and KISSES her--

The book drops into the fire; sucks in the flames -- BOOM!  
AIR EXPLODES through the circle -- everyone PASSES OUT...

POV FROM MR. HIGH-AS-A-KITE: *Logan, Mary, Patrick and Murray  
sluggishly rise, coming out of their stupor. Their eyes are  
a ghostly, blood-curdling WHITE.*

END POV FROM MR. HIGH-AS-A-KITE.

*To each other their eyes appear normal. Their surroundings  
are the same, yet different -- SINISTER. Black mold crawls  
over tree branches and blooms in the grass.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*Was that supposed to happen?*

Woozy, Yvonne struggles to her feet. Pat rushes to her side.

YVONNE  
Something's wrong--

BLEAT. An emaciated FAWN limps out from the brush.

Heartstrings tugging, Mary takes a step toward the poor animal. Foot at the edge of the circle, Yvonne grabs her.

YVONNE (CONT'D)  
Don't trust your eyes. You mustn't  
leave the protective circle.

Capturing the group's attention, the injured fawn ventures to the edge of the circle, pleading for help -- SNAP. It's knee bends unnaturally. Crumples to the dirt.

Tears on the brink, Mary leans toward her. The fawn looks up. Blackness oozes from it's dark eyes--

AHH! BLACK, CRISPY HANDS jut out from the earth locking onto the fawn. She screams as the hands drag her into the ground.

Yvonne grabs Patrick's hand.

YVONNE (CONT'D)  
Spirit disperse, evil flee. This  
circle protects the beings in thee.

Tears stream down Mary's face. Logan places a consoling arm around her shoulders; foot on the edge of the circle--

A demonic hand lurches up to snag his ankle, Logan reels back, loses his balance and timbers. His foot slides through the protective ring as he tries to catch his fall.

All eyes lock on the BROKEN CIRCLE.

LOGAN  
Fuck me--

THWACK! The house door swings open. From within the darkness, emerges HENRY HERSCH. With dark abyssal eyes, he stares down the group.

With one glance, Murray attempts to run for the woods.

PATRICK  
No! Murray--

Murray trips, face-plants into a mass of black, goopy swamp grass. Frantically, he wipes to get the blackness off his face.

*Disjointedly, Henry moves down the porch stairs.*

LOGAN

*He's coming -- what do we do!?*

*Yvonne rushes to her bag. Searches. Patrick grabs it from her and dumps it, scattering the contents.*

PATRICK

*Tell me what you need.*

*Beneath Murray, the goopy mass gives birth to a hoard of abnormally LONG-LEGGED SPIDERS. Screaming, he wildly swipes as they infiltrate his orifices.*

*Mary and Logan run for Murray. Helping him up, he is suddenly calm. Eerily so. Spiders have vanished.*

MARY

*Murray?*

*Spotting her prize, Yvonne scoops up her black tourmaline.*

YVONNE

*I've got it.*

*(focusing on Henry)*

*I invoke the power of Gaia. Banish now by will and spell. Banish now with mother's grace.*

*Logan, standing protectively in front of Mary and Murray, watches Henry's face contort in pain.*

YVONNE (CONT'D)

*Banish now with perfect power--*

*BAM! Possessed, Murray slips past Logan; body slams Yvonne. She hits the ground hard. Dazed, she drops the black tourmaline. It rolls away into the brush.*

*Murray rises over his victim. Patrick spins him around.*

PATRICK

*Murray, what's come over you...*

*Patrick sees his BLACKENED EYES. He takes a step back.*

MARY

*Murray!*

*Mary tries to run for her twin, but Henry's gaze falls over her and Logan. With a tilt of his head, a legion of voices rise in their ears.*

Logan and Mary press their hands over their ears to no avail. They retreat -- Logan steps on the book. Snags it up--

AHHH! A woman screams from within Hersch Home. Aghast at the cry, Henry's head whips toward the sound. Logan grabs Mary's hand and rushes for the house.

MARY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LOGAN

Did you see his face? Whoever screamed, he didn't like it.

Yvonne rolls on her side. Stars clear in her vision; before her Patrick fights off Murray.

PATRICK

Murray this isn't you. Take control. You can stop it.

Patrick blocks hit after hit, not wanting to attack his friend. Murray lunges; Patrick twists him into a STRANGLEHOLD. Murray scratches for Patrick's eyes.

Yvonne rises on shaky legs. Grabs a fallen tree branch...

One-handed, Patrick retrieves a packet of SILVERY DUST from his pocket. Releasing Murray, he BLOWS it into his face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Darkness depart--

Yvonne swings hard -- WHACK! Murray goes down. Inky black liquid drains from his orifices.

Henry's attention snaps to his fallen pawn. SNARL.

INT. HERSCH HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Melting red and black candles adorn the floor and fireplace mantle. A fire roars. The room is hot and humid; air thick. Asmodues' goetic seal is now a fresh burn on the floor.

MARY

That seal looked a hundred years old yesterday.

A thick puddle rests in the center. Logan bends down to inspect -- BLOOD.

From his back pocket, the picture he stole of Mary peaks out of his jeans. Mary recognizes the corner and smiles--

## FEMALE VOICE

AHHHH!

Logan and Mary hasten toward the scream.

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - DAWN

On hands and knees, Yvonne searches for her black tourmaline.

Patrick checks Murray's pulse, lifts an eyelid -- back to normal, but he's out cold.

Henry slowly reaches down, digs his skeletal fingers into the earth and squeezes.

Yvonne spots the stone -- the ground QUAKES. The earth SPLITS outward from Hersch's hand beelining for Yvonne. She reaches out, fingers near the stone -- a crevice opens. The stone DROPS from sight landing two feet down on a ledge.

## YVONNE

Nooo!

POV FROM MR. HIGH-AS-A-KITE: Patrick scoops up a KNOTTED BALL from Yvonne's spilt items. Slings the ball at Henry's face. It SHATTERS on impact, dispersing a fine mist.

Henry's face sags -- IT'S GAAL.

The ground ceases to tremble as Gaal composes himself, reforming his Henry mask. Yvonne and Patrick, none-the-wiser, search for the stone.

END POV FROM MR. HIGH-AS-A-KITE.

INT. HERSCH HOME. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Logan and Mary stop abruptly at the door. Animal bones dangle from the ceiling. ANCIENT WITCHCRAFT SYMBOLS are carved into the floor surrounding a bed. Atop a dark-skinned CARIBBEAN WOMAN struggles in labor.

A hooded MIDWIFE, face shrouded in shadows dressed in PURITAN ROBES, straddles behind the pregnant woman.

A PRIESTESS, wearing a mask featuring the triple goddess symbol, strokes the head of a goat. She reaches for her athame -- BLEAT! The goat's blood drains into a chalice.

Caribbean Woman howls in pain with her legs sprawled wide on a dirty bed.

*EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - DAWN*

*Infuriated, Gaal keys in on Patrick. Arm halfway into the crag, Patrick is suddenly lifted into the air. He struggles to breath, as Gaal has him held by the throat.*

*Yvonne squeezes her arm down further into the earth's crevice. Fingers graze her prize.*

*INT. HERSCH HOME. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT*

*Mary cups a gasp as a BLACK HORNED SHADOW falls over the far wall, its taloned fingers reaching for the woman with child.*

*EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - DAWN*

*Asphyxiating, Patrick loses the energy to struggle. A dark and heinous smile spreads over Gaal's facade--*

*Yvonne's fingers grasp the tourmaline. She rises up and SMASHES the stone into Gaal's head.*

*YVONNE*

*Banish now by will and spell.  
Banish now with mother's grace.  
Banish now with perfect power all  
that's wrong and out of place.*

*The stone embeds into Henry's skull. Blackness oozes out. Henry drops Patrick. He falls to the ground gasping for air.*

*The Henry suit sloughs off to the ground -- Gaal disappears in an explosion of air knocking everyone out.*

*INT. HERSCH HOME. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING*

*Logan wakes, Mary at his side. The woman is gone; blood and ooze, the demonic shadow -- all vanished. Decrepid Hersch Home is all that remains.*

*MARY*

*That must be what trippin' on acid  
feels like.*

*At her feet lies the book. Idle, yet haunting.*

*EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - MORNING*

*Logan and Mary burst from the house nearly tackling Patrick.*

PATRICK

(hoarse)

We did it. The Bullshit Boys  
exorcized an evil spirit and are  
alive to tell the tale.

LOGAN

We did? Holy fuck, I guess we did.

Scanning the area, Logan spots Yvonne coddling Murray in the dirt. Still unconscious.

They run for their friends. Logan slaps Murray's cheek -- he jackknifes up. Paws at his face expecting spiders.

MURRAY

Get 'em off. Get 'em off.

Logan grabs his arms.

LOGAN

Dude, it's over.

Yvonne rises to her feet with Patrick's aid.

YVONNE

Is he going to be ok?

MURRAY

(to Yvonne)

Our kiss -- on a scale of one to  
ten, I was a ten, right?

LOGAN

Delusional. We should prolly put  
him down.

Saluting the middle finger, Murray fumbles to stand on his own two feet.

MURRAY

Where's the bearded nemesis?

PATRICK

Banished. Yvonne expelled him back  
to the other side.

Murray's eyes widen with excitement.

MURRAY

Holy jizz nuggets, Batman -- the  
camera.

Murray sprints, dizzily stumbles, but manages to ape up a tree near the broken circle. He unhooks Mr. High-As-A-Kite. The view finder is black.

Murray (CONT'D)

Nooo. No, no, no, no.

Below Logan hangs his head with a sigh.

Murray quickly rewinds the last few minutes of footage. With held breath, he presses play: YVONNE SHOVES THE STONE INTO HENRY'S HEAD. HE DISAPPEARS AS A BLAST OF AIR KNOCKS OUT THE FOOTAGE. THE HENRY SUIT DISSIPATES INTO THE EARTH.

Murray (CONT'D)

YES!!

(holding the camera high)

*"It's the eye of the tiger. It's the thrill of the fight. Rising up to the challenge of our rival..."*

Murray's joy is contagious. Patrick hoots and Mary excitedly jumps into Logan's arms for a congratulatory hug. Feeling a bit awkward, Mary then runs to Patrick for a hug too.

Yvonne looks to the book in Logan's hand sobering the moment.

YVONNE

That could still be dangerous.

LOGAN

We already tried destroying it.

YVONNE

Let me take it. Spiritual conduits can have lingering powers. I need to bind the book and store it where it can't harm anyone else.

I/E. PATRICK'S JEEP. ROAD - MORNING

Patrick, barely able to contain his excitement, drives. Mary sits shotgun.

Logan and Murray are in the back reviewing footage from Mr. High-As-A-Kite.

PATRICK

...And then I used the zinc dust on Murray. Expelled his possession...

MURRAY

I still don't remember shit--

ANGLE ON CAMERA LCD SCREEN IN LOGAN'S LAP: *The Hersch Home door swings open. Henry Hersch emerges. Murray runs.*

PATRICK

No! Murray--

*Murray trips, face-planting into goopy swamp grass.*

Logan laughs hysterically. Murray blushes.

MURRAY

Har-har-har.

LOGAN

That's what you get for running away like a little bitch.

Logan rewinds and replays the "face-planting" moment in rapid succession tilting the camera for Mary to see.

MARY

Totally blooper reel material--

PHONE ALERT

(from 1982 Poltergeist)

*They're heeere.*

Murray pulls out his phone. Scans new messages.

MURRAY

Niiice. Fans are going ape-shit over the new footage. "OMG... Imma believer!" "All hail the Bullshit Boys!"

(scanning more)

What's with this one, "Them white eyes tho - freaky-ass shit!"

Followed by thumbs-up emojis.

Murray quirks a brow at Logan who shrugs.

LOGAN

Must've been how the moon was hitting our eyes or something...

MURRAY

Here's more, "You guys are no longer the BS Boys, you're the Lords of Salem." Idiot. It was the Bridgewater Triangle not Salem - still cool to be Lords though.

The mention of "SALEM" triggers Logan's memory...

BEGIN FLASHBACK. QUICK CUTS:

--Logan opens the *WITCHES OF SALEM at Hallowell's: AN EXOTIC DARK-SKINNED WOMAN LURES A DEMON INTO HER BED.* --The priestess pours goats blood over the Caribbean woman's belly. --A horned shadow haunts the wall.

END FLASHBACK.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Son of a... the server went down.  
Our traffic must be off the charts!  
*Housewives of Beverly Hills*, here I  
come.

Logan, completely lost in thought, doesn't respond. Murray playfully punches him.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

What's with you? Why aren't you  
all *giggity-giggity* like Patrick  
after a game of butt buddies?

PATRICK

Don't knock it till you try it.

MURRAY

Fair enough.

LOGAN

Just exhausted I guess.

PATRICK

I second that... fighting off the  
supernatural is draining.  
(yawns)  
I need a nap.

Logan stares outside trying to make sense of his thoughts.

MURPHY RESIDENCE

Patrick parks in the driveway of a gorgeous Franklin Lloyd Wright-esque home.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm off for a much needed siesta.  
Be back in a couple hours.

They watch Patrick drive away.

LOGAN

On the off chance your folks are home, what do we tell them about the massive lump on your head?

Murray feels his injury, grimaces.

MURRAY

Eh... we've got a better chance at finding the Loch Ness monster shitting on my toilet than catching my parents hoo--  
(spots a box at the door)  
Oooly shitballs.

Murray beelines for the box and tears it open, revealing a shoebox within. Opens the box -- REEBOK PUMPS.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Yvonne won't be able to resist me in these baby makers.

Mary rolls her eyes entering the house. Unable to resist, Logan sneaks in a pump on the tongue of the sneaker.

INT. HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES. SHOP/HOME OFFICE - DAY

Yvonne locks her front door. Writes up a sign and tapes it to the store door: APOLOGIES, HALLOWELL'S WILL BE CLOSED FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY DUE TO UNFORESEEN EVENTS.

HOME OFFICE

RED, YELLOW, BLUE and GREEN CANDLES glow on her desk. Yvonne lights the last candle, WHITE, and holds it above the book.

YVONNE

I call upon the power of the watch towers.

Dribbles white wax over the book's cover creating a circle.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Watch tower of the east, compress this conduit with air.

To the left of the circle, she dribbles blue wax. A light breeze bends the candle's flame.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Watch tower of the south, burn away this vessel's power with your flame.

At the bottom of the circle, she dribbles red wax. The candle's flame shoots upward then dies down to normal.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Watch tower of the west, suppress  
this book in your watery depths.

Blue wax dribbles to the right of the circle. Beads of condensation drip off the candle.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Watch tower of the north, bury this  
entity in your soil. Let its  
resting place be final.

Yvonne picks up the last candle. Tips the melted green wax--  
SNAP! The book suddenly OPENS. Yvonne grabs the cover--

*FLASHBACK SEQUENCE. QUICK CUTS:*

--A WARDEN in colonial attire escorts an affluent PURITAN WOMAN (30's) through a hallway lined with JAIL CELLS. Stops at the last cell. A CARIBBEAN WOMAN (from Logan's vision), not yet pregnant, looks out.

--Candles burn, surrounding an altar in the living room of what's now called Hersch Home. The Caribbean woman is splayed out within a PENTAGRAM. Legs tied down, spread apart. Between them is ASMODEUS' GOETIC SEAL.

All but a few candles wink out.

GROWL. The Caribbean's body grows taunt as a horned, black shadow alights over her body. Her hips thrust into the air unnaturally. Eyes wide, seeking pleasure, she moans aloud:

CARIBBEAN WOMAN

Asmodeuuusss...

--In the bedroom of the home, the now very pregnant Caribbean Woman shrieks. The Midwife wipes her brow with a damp cloth.

The Puritan swaddles a small BEING, wiping black goo from its body revealing translucent white skin. The oddly formed child makes no sound but its intelligent, black abyssal eyes molest the soul -- GAAL.

She nestles the babe in his mother's arms -- fire in the hearth roars as Asmodeus' horned shadow falls over the child. The floorboards quake beneath the infuriated demon's feet as he moves toward the babe.

*Asmodeus is enraged. Objects fly through the room. The Caribbean Woman's bed begins to jostle and come apart.*

*The Midwife tries to flee. Nearly escaping, she stops, body taunt. Suddenly, her body FOLDS BACKWARDS -- spine shatters.*

*The demon's gaze falls on the Puritan.*

*The Caribbean Woman turns her head from the carnage but their grizzly shadows play upon the wall: THE DEMON'S TALONED FINGER HOOKS UNDER THE PURITAN'S CHIN AND THROUGH HER MOUTH -- CRACK! THE PURITAN'S LOWER JAW IS DISLODGED FROM HER SKULL.*

*Asmodeus creeps toward the mother and her child--*

*END FLASHBACK.*

*Yvonne GASPS, releasing the book. Her body goes limp, momentarily passing out from the intensity -- snaps awake.*

*With trembling hands, she fastens her eyeglasses and begins a search on her laptop. A page displaying ASMODEUS' GOETIC SEAL opens -- the same symbol in the floor of Hersch Home.*

*Unbeknownst to Yvonne, BLACK MOLD blossoms along the walls.*

I/E. TRUMAN RESIDENCE. DRIVEWAY/FOYER - DAY

Patrick climbs out of the Jeep.

At the end of the driveway, Patrick Sr. flirts with their NEIGHBOR as she flaunts her newly manufactured breasts.

FOYER

Entering the house, Patrick closes the door, and spies out the window at his dad. Frustrated as hell--

LILY (O.S.)  
There's my baby boy.

Startling Patrick, Lily wraps her arms around him from behind.

PATRICK  
You scared the soul out of me, mom.

Pulling back, Lily notices his bruised neck.

LILY  
Honey, what happened to you?

Lily grazes his wound. Patrick pulls away and plants a kiss on his mom's cheek.

PATRICK

It's nothing. Just roughhousing with Murray. I'm fine, really.

A frown forms as Lily catches Senior ogling outside.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You could say something, you know.

LILY

Your father is just being friendly. You shouldn't be so hard on him; he'll come around to your choices.

Jaw tense, Patrick closes his eyes taking a deep breath, trying to stay calm.

PATRICK

Right, my choices... be in my room.

Patrick storms away toward his room.

INT. MURPHY RESIDENCE. MURRAY'S ATTIC ROOM -- DAY

Signed posters parade one end of the vast ATTIC: *THE GOONIES*, *GHOSTBUSTERS*, *LOST BOYS*... etc. A stuffed GREMLIN terrorizes a shelf of Blu-rays. Center stage, light glints off the sharpened knives of an authentic FREDDIE KRUEGER GLOVE.

On the far side of his room, the BULLSHIT BOYS' SET, complete with a creepy backdrop, lighting and three director's chairs.

Logan stands by the window. His mind still far away. His right hand jitters at his side -- BLARE! LOCAL NEWS comes to life on Murray's TV full blast.

Logan snaps out of his daze, catching his palsy hand. Mary quickly mutes the volume from across the room.

MARY

Wondered if anyone's stumbled upon the hillbillies. You ok? Full-blown proof of the paranormal is pretty jarring stuff.

MURRAY (O.S.)

Amen, Sista.

Murray enters the room with a six-pack of beer.

LOGAN

It's not that. I've got this weird feeling we pegged the wrong guy--

OFFSCREEN: WHIRRRRRR. BRUMMUMMUMUMMMUM.

Outside a LUXURY CAR pulls out of the garage and drives away.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Your parents were home.

Murray holds a cold can to his aching head.

MURRAY

Here, not here, same difference. I'm not entirely convinced they're human. I suspect they're aliens that monitor us from hidden rooms in the house.

Murray tosses Logan a beer. Encourages Mary to partake.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

To the Pussy Brigade. May the universe never call bullshit on us again.

Murray takes a swig; Logan nearly downs the entire beer.

Mary pops her lid, but pauses before sipping.

MARY

What did you mean, "the wrong guy"?

LOGAN

We defeated Henry, kind of easily if you think about it... but then there's this whole pregnant woman twist. I can't help but feel like we're being played. And I know this sounds crazy... but at Yvonne's shop, I saw a picture oddly similar to our vision in a book on Salem Witches. I could swear it was the same woman.

MURRAY

I think the beer is hitting you fast, bro. May want to slow down.

LOGAN

Remember what Yvonne said when I grabbed for the book?

MURRAY

Some mumbo jumbo about our spirit  
guiding us.

LOGAN

What if it's not mumbo jumbo? What  
if it's all connected somehow. I  
need to go to Yvonne's.

(beat)

Mur, can you burn me a copy of the  
footage from Mr. High-As-A-Kite.

Murray searches his desk for a blank disk.

MURRAY

Nah, it's cool... I'll stay here  
and work on saving the show. I  
didn't wanna seduce Yvonne with my  
new kicks anyway. Totally fair.

Logan rolls his eyes.

LOGAN

You can go check on my mom when  
your done.

Murray sensually inserts the blank disk into his laptop.

MURRAY

Oh, I'll check-in alright.

LOGAN

Already regretting it.

*INT. HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES. HOME OFFICE/HALL - DAY*

*Yvonne is buried in PAGAN LITERATURE. She scribbles notes, occasionally glancing at an ornate box, just big enough to hold the book. Atop the box is a WHITE CIRCLE OF WAX with RED, BLUE, GREEN and RED DRIPS at cardinal directions.*

*At hand, the poem is copied word for word on a pad with a scribbled decipher:*

*DEEP WITHIN THE MIND I DWELL = THIRD EYE/MIND'S EYE.  
DEVISING ON THE TELLING SOUL = FEEDS ON SOULS.  
HAUNTING DREAMS DRAINING ESSENCE = WHO'S ESSENCE... LOGAN'S?  
DEIGNING, I MUST HEIST THE WHOLE = EMBODY SOUL?  
ONCE REJOINED, MY BUD SHALL REIGN = MOTHER AND CHILD UNITED.  
ANOINTED TO BOTH WORLDS, EXTOL = BRIDGING EARTH AND... HELL?*

*Behind Yvonne, the room has taken on a life of it's own. Now enveloped in inky black growth and spores.*

*Jotting notes, Yvonne reads a manuscript on: SOUL VESSELS.*

*YVONNE*

*"Vessels, such as gourds, bottles or other inanimate objects relating to a witch, were first empowered with his or her characteristics, both physical, i.e. hair and teeth, and abstract, such as birthstones."*

*She scribbles a note on her pad then continues to read:*

*YVONNE (CONT'D)*

*"The soul inhabits the adorned vessel until an appropriate host is offered for re-convergence."*

*Yvonne rubs her eyes, sore from all the reading. Puts her computer into SLEEP MODE. Screen goes black. She leans into her reflection -- her eyes are MILKY WHITE.*

*YVONNE (CONT'D)*

*I'm a portal--*

*SHATTER! A LARGE CROW smashes through the window. Yvonne jerks out of her seat--*

*GASP! Behind her, the office is transformed; nightmarish.*

*The crow torpedoes a shelf of specimens. Jars shatter.*

*Flapping erratically, it kamikazes a glass case -- CRACK -- neck snaps on collision. The crow falls limp to the floor amidst dissected creatures in an eerie array of death.*

*Yvonne kneels by the crow. The surrounding specimens twitch.*

*A black SILHOUETTE hovers in the corner.*

*INT. TRUMAN RESIDENCE. PATRICK'S ROOM - DAY*

*Patrick's room is quaint, yet void of personal expression, but for rows of shelves lined with numerous books. Only a bedside lamp lights the room.*

*Restless, Patrick is sprawled wrong-ways across the bed, feet dangling off one end, head off the other. Eyes closed.*

*The sound of classical music serenades the room.*

*Patrick flips over, grabs his phone. Texts Murray: CAN'T SLEEP. SEND POEM. CURIOUS WHY IT COMPELLED US TO READ.*

INT. MURPHY RESIDENCE. MURRAY'S ATTIC ROOM -- DAY

Murray tinkers with his server. Agitated, he looks to the computer screen: 503 SERVICE UNAVAILABLE. Swigs beer.

Unbeknownst to Murray, NEWS FOOTAGE displays on the TV: *YOGI, THE SLOSHED BEAR, RUMMAGES THROUGH BEER CANS*. Close captioning: *LATEST WEB SENSATION, YOGI, THE SLOSHED BEAR, HAS GARNERED LOCAL PARANORMAL INVESTIGATION GROUP, THE BULLSHIT BOYS, GLOBAL ATTENTION. SEEMS AUDIENCES CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THESE REAL LIFE GHOSTBUSTERS--*

BZZT-BZZT! Murray jerks at the sound of his phone; knocks his beer over the side of the desk onto the surge protector--

SIZZLE. POP! The windowless attic is engulfed in darkness.

MURRAY

Shiiiiit.

(looks to the phone)

What's so fucking important?

Murray grabs his phone. Reads Pat's text. Shakes his head.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ -- why can't any of you accept victory.

Murray sends the image. Texts: P.S. IT'S OVER. WE WON.

INT. TRUMAN RESIDENCE. PATRICK'S ROOM - DAY

Patrick opens the pic. He stares at the poem -- nothing triggers. Sigh. Buries his face in a pillow.

PATRICK

Murray's right -- let it go.

Drifting. Patrick looks to a COLLAGE OF PHOTOGRAPHS taped to the side of his dresser, facing the bed. The Bullshit Boys mostly fill the space with some of his mom peppered in.

Suddenly, his eyes sharpen on Murray's tee from a photograph of them when they were twelve: FBI: FEMALE BODY INSPECTOR.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

No way...

Patrick snatches up his phone. Holds his hand over the image of the poem vertically covering just over half of the words.

DEEP WIT  
DEVISI  
HAUNT  
 DEIGNING, I MU  
 ONCE REJOINED, MY B  
A

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 Tituba, you sly she-devil...

Patrick goes into his "favorites list" -- PHONE DIES.

INT. MURPHY RESIDENCE. BASEMENT - DAY

Murray opens the basement door. His phone light is no match against the deep black hole looming before him. He switches modes on his smart phone -- FLASHLIGHT--

AHH! A MOP HEAD stares him in the face. Jerking away, he stumbles down the steps, barely catching his balance.

Murray glances back at his would-be attacker.

MURRAY  
 I ain't afraid of no mops--

CLATTER! The mop falls from the wall. Murray rushes down.

The basement is vast, but clean. Murray traverses through a maze of stacked and labeled boxes.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
 Bingo.

He opens the BREAKER BOX. Locates the main switch.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
 There you are, you little slut--

ZZZZT! An electric shock knocks Murray out cold.

INT. STREET. MARY'S CAR - DAY

Logan reviews footage of the spelled circle with Yvonne on his laptop while Mary drives. Footage catches his eye: YVONNE SHOVS HER STONE INTO HENRY'S HEAD.

Intrigued, Logan plays it in SLOW MOTION through the scene--

MARY  
 Sooo... one of the pictures from my  
 trip was stolen.

Mary casts Logan a sideways glance and smirks. Embarrassment pummels his expression. He pauses the footage; reluctantly pulls out the photo.

LOGAN

I'm sorry. I must seem like a creep. I didn't mean--

MARY

Why have you never asked me out?

Logan chokes on the question. Looks down at the photo.

LOGAN

I've wanted to... but, I don't know, my mom found the love of her life and then -- he died. Now she's miserable and lonely.

MARY

I'm sorry, Logan, your mom definitely got shorted.

Mary entwines her fingers into Logan's. He relishes the feeling, but sadness marks the moment.

LOGAN

I try to be there for her, but... It's like, because she had the best, nobody can measure up, so she doesn't even try. It's morbid, but I can't help but sweat that happening to me.

MARY

At least she had her soulmate for a little while. Better to have had perfection for a moment than never at all.

Mary gives his hand a squeeze as she rolls to a stop at a red light.

LOGAN

Not sure that's how the saying goes, but when you put it that way...

He leans over; presses his lips to hers. Passion overtakes--

HOOONK-HONK! Light green, the waiting car behind them blares their horn. They both laugh as Mary waves apologetically.

Hands still entwined, Logan attempts to get back into reviewing the footage from Mr. High-as-a-kite. On screen: *HENRY'S BODY SLOUGHS TO THE GROUND. FOR AN INSTANT, THE FIGURE OF GAAL REMAINS BUT THEN DISAPPEARS.*

LOGAN (CONT'D)

What the--

BZZT. BZZT. Logan's phone vibrates with a facetime call.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's Patty...

INT. TRUMAN RESIDENCE. PATRICK'S ROOM - DAY

Patrick is tethered to the wall on a charge cord.

PATRICK

You'll never believe this -- the poem is acrostic.

LOGAN (FACETIME)

Meaning?

PATRICK

Each line contains a letter that spells out a word vertically--

MARY (FACETIME)

What's it spell?

PATRICK

Tituba -- from the Salem witch trials. I think she made the flesh-book. I was thinking, we should go over to Yvonne's and figure out this twist. Could make for a good behind-the-scenes segment.

I/E. MARY'S CAR/HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES - DAY

Mary parallel parks in front of Hallowell's.

LOGAN

One step ahead of you... Mary and I are literally pulling up to Yvonne's right now.

PATRICK (FACETIME)

(yawns)

No kidding -- why?

LOGAN

Same as you actually. I think there's more to this puzzle than we're seeing. We'll connect later when we've got more answers. Get some sleep -- you look like shit.

Logan ends the call.

MARY

Guess your gut was right.

LOGAN

Next time we see Murray, I believe an, "I told you so," is in order.

*INT. MURPHY RESIDENCE. BASEMENT - DAY*

*Gasp. Murray snaps up.*

MURRAY

*Holy shit.*

*Slowly getting to his feet, he checks his body for damage. His fingers are mildly singed. The breaker box is fried.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*This is not my day.*

*Murray shivers. The basement is colder. Eerie even--*

*CHITTER. CHITTER. Murray sways the light around searching.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*Who's there?*

*Room is empty. Murray struggles to stand. Still on guard--*

*CHITTER. CHITTER. Murray jumps, nerves frayed. His flashlight skips over movement under the stairs.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*I am not afraid of the dark. I am not afraid of the dark--*

*CHITTER. Murray bounds up the stairs.*

*EXT. MURPHY RESIDENCE. DRIVEWAY - DAY*

*Murray wheels out a bicycle. Looks back at the house -- shivers. Takes off down the street.*

I/E. HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES. SHOP/HOME OFFICE - DAY

The sign on the door is ripped. The door ajar. Logan hesitantly enters keeping Mary behind him.

The store is a wreck. Items strewn about.

LOGAN  
Yvonne? Are you here?

MARY  
What do you think happened?

They venture into...

HOME OFFICE

The crow lies on the ground surrounded by it's destruction.

LOGAN  
Well, I don't think she was robbed.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOODS. ROAD - DAY

*Murray peddles through the neighborhood. He spots a HOUSEWIFE, in a tiny sundress, pushing a stroller. A toy drops from the carriage. Housewife bends over to pick it up revealing a well-rounded ass beneath her skirt.*

MURRAY  
*Need a bite of that apple...*

*Murray passes by with a perverted grin on his face when--*

HOUSEWIFE (O.S.)  
*I never wanted you.*

*Startled, Murray skids his tires, stopping to look back.*

*Housewife stares into Murray, eyes completely BLACK.*

*An SUV rounds the corner onto the street. Housewife cocks her head considering.*

*As the vehicle approaches, a cold smile creeps across her visage. Black eyes bore into Murray.*

*PUSH. The stroller glides in front of the oncoming SUV--*

MURRAY  
*Noooooo!*

*SQUEAL! CRUNCH. The car plows over the stroller. Murray ditches his bike, running over to the crime scene.*

*Heart pounding, he searches through debris. Panicked, the FEMALE DRIVER hurries over.*

*DRIVER*

*Oh God, oh God.*

*Broken stroller in his hands, Murray looks around confused.*

*MURRAY*

*There was a kid... I, I saw him.*

*Murray and the Driver share a moment. Looking into Murray's face, she becomes terrified and retreats back to her car.*

*MURRAY (CONT'D)*

*Where are you going? You have to help me find him.*

*The Driver slams her door and peels away.*

*Murray looks toward the curb -- Housewife is gone.*

*EXT. ROAD/RICHARDS RESIDENCE. DRIVEWAY - DAY*

*Murray, shaken and out of breath from the accident, drops his bike in the Richards' front yard.*

*As he walks up the drive, Murray notices the neighboring family in their front yard: A BOY AND GIRL (6), TWINS, SWING IN UNISON, STONE-FACED. THEIR PARENTS STAND BEHIND THEM PUSHING THE SWINGS.*

*Murray stops in his tracks. Goosebumps surf his flesh.*

*Impossibly, the swings suddenly stop at rest. The family of four turn their heads in unison toward Murray.*

*The children stare with black eyes; the parents are FACELESS.*

*Murray quickly retreats, moving for the Richard's front door. KNOCKS. Peeks around the way -- neighbors are gone. Knocks again, shaking off the heebie-jeebies.*

*MURRAY*

*I'm trippin' balls.*

*Impatient, Murray knocks again--*

*OFFSCREEN: BARK-BARK-BARK! Alani declares her guard.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Shhh... Alani -- it's ok, girl.

Paranoid, Murray scans the area--

The front door swings open...

INT. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. FOYER/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Teeth barred, Alani wards off Murray.

MURRAY  
Alani, it's me, Murray--

Black mold crawls onto Alani's paw from the floor. She YELPS and backpedals away. Tail tucked, she scampers into hiding.

Taken aback, Murray enters, scooting around the blackness.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Damn, guys. Get a maid.

LIVING ROOM

The furniture appears dilapidated. Wallpaper peels. EYES FOLLOW MURRAY from framed family photos--

WHOOSH. Murray whips his head -- nothing there.

OFFSCREEN: A CHILD GIGGLES.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Nope. I'm out.

Murray turns--

AHH! The neighboring twins block the front door. Up close, mold creeps outward from their white lips and black eyes. The Girl covers her mouth and giggles. Her fingernails are razor sharp.

BOY  
No one likes you.

GIRL  
No one thinks your funny.

Murray retreats from the bazaar duo.

MURRAY  
That's not a very nice thing to say.

BOY  
They'll be happy when you  
die.

GIRL  
They'll be happy when you  
die.

*Backpedaling, Murray bumps into the couch, falling into it.*

GIRL  
*Let's play a game.*

*The twins disappear skipping off in different directions.  
The girl's GIGGLE lingers in the air.*

*Murray jumps off the couch and runs for the front door. He  
struggles with the knob. It doesn't budge, sealed shut--*

*A shadow sweeps by -- SLASH. Murray yelps backing against  
the door. There's a small, but deep cut through his jeans.  
His thigh bleeds through.*

OFFSCREEN: GIGGLE.

INT. HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES. HOME OFFICE - DAY

From Yvonne's shelf, Logan withdraws the book on Salem  
witches. Flipping through, he finds the depiction on which  
he previously landed.

Snooping around the desk, Mary hones in on the ornate box.  
She grazes her fingertips over the wax seal -- ZZT. A mild  
jolt of electricity shocks her. The box lid snaps open.

MARY  
Found the flesh-book.

LOGAN  
Holy shit -- I think Patty was on  
to something.

Logan shows Mary his find: TITUBA'S NAME ACCOMPANIES THE PIC.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Listen to this... *"Despite  
confessing to a capital offense,  
Tituba was never tried or executed  
for her role in the Salem witch  
trials... she was sent to jail but  
later released on bail..."*

He scans further down.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

*"Puritan theology suggests, upon signing the Devil's Book, Tituba may have gained eternal life..."*

MARY

But we still don't know what links Henry and Tituba.

LOGAN

What if it wasn't Henry?  
(off Mary's expression)  
When I was reviewing the footage, there was a moment after Yvonne attacked Henry where -- I don't know how to explain it -- but it was like his skin fell off. For a second, it was some other kind of being.

MARY

That's a scary thought...

Logan stops on a page in the book.

LOGAN

Jackpot.

Logan holds up a detailed depiction of GAAL in his true form: TALL WITH ELONGATED APPENDAGES, GAUNT FACE, BLACK EYES.

Mary grabs the flesh-book and opens it to the image of: A MAN SLEEPING WITH A FIGURE HOVERING ABOVE HIS BED. THE FIGURE IS GAUNT, WITH ELONGATED FINGERS. HIS EYES ARE DEEP ABYSSAL PITS. IT'S SUCKING OUT THE SLEEPER'S SPIRIT.

MARY

The same creature from the book.

LOGAN

And the footage. Folklore calls him, Gaal: The Hated One.  
*"Born of Tituba after deceiving the demon, Asmodeus, into conceiving her a child... Denied his birthright to walk the earth, Gaal was then banished to the realm of nightmares."*

MARY

So why the ruse of Henry Hersch?

Dead leaves fly in the through the broken window carried on a foul wind. Goosebumps surf their flesh.

MARY (CONT'D)

All of this is kinda freaking me out.

LOGAN

Me too. Grab the book and her notes. Gonna do a quick check for Yvonne, make sure she's not here.

Mary nods in agreement, but she can't hide her concern.

*INT. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. BASEMENT - DAY*

*A single light bulb dangles, illuminating the cellar.*

*Candi sorts laundry. Her phone spurts out tunes--*

*OFFSCREEN: THUD! A bang sounds off from upstairs.*

*Dust rains from the rafters. Candi tenses. Mutes her music.*

CANDI

*Logan!? Are you up there--*

*The light bulb BLINKS OUT. Darkness swallows the space.*

*The noise of hands searching culminates into LIGHT from Candi's phone. She searches the area. Eyes strained--*

*The SILHOUETTE OF A MAN watches from the corner. Candi jumps. Her phone fumbles to the concrete.*

CANDI (CONT'D)

*Who's there?*

*No response. Candi steps backwards, moving for the stairs, never losing sight of the shadowed figure.*

*The stairs CREAK with each step up. Her back hits the door. She reaches for the handle. Twist--*

*MEWL. Alani barges through the door, shoving her muzzle under Candi's hand.*

*Downstairs, the light bulb flutters back on. Candi looks to the corner for her watcher -- empty.*

*INT. HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES. SHOP - DAY*

*Logan inspects the shop for any clues. Broken glass litters the floor -- BLOOD. Logan follows the trail to a bookcase.*

Looking up, Logan freezes. Breath catches in his throat.

Mary bounds around the corner, all Yvonne's findings in hand--

She stops in her tracks. Resting on the book shelf before Logan, a large formaldehyde jar containing a HEAD. YVONNE'S DEAD EYES STARE OUT.

Logan moves to shield Mary from the horrific sight.

LOGAN

Don't look.

Mary buries her head in Logan's shoulder as he guides her away from the mess.

BZZT-BZZT. Logan's phone vibrates with a call from Murray.

*INT. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. PANTRY/KITCHEN - DAY*

*Breath erratic, Murray huddles in the close confines of a walk-in pantry. There's a gash on his neck. Blood trickles down from another on his forehead. He holds his phone close to his ear as it rings. Cupping the sound -- CLICK.*

MURRAY

*Logan, I'm trapped in your pantry.  
Little kids are trying to kill me--*

*From the darkness emerges the Boy over Murray's shoulder.*

BOY

*Found you...*

*The phone beeps -- call dropped. Murray stumbles out into...*

*KITCHEN*

*Toppling into Candi. Hands out, Murray tries to prevent a fall, but ends up latching onto Candi's breasts as they crash to the floor. He lands on top, face mere inches from hers.*

MURRAY

*Logan never has to know...*

CANDI

*(notices his white eyes)  
Murray? What's wrong with you?*

*Candi wiggles out from underneath Murray. Grabs a large cutlery knife off the counter; points it at him. Innocently, he throws his hands in the air.*

MURRAY

*Was I really that bad on top?*

CANDI

*You're scaring me, Murray. What's wrong with your eyes--*

OFFSCREEN: *Girl GIGGLING...*

*Alani growls, hackles raised. A shadow flashes by the room.*

MURRAY

*Run.*

*Murray grabs Candi and flees through the door, Alani in tow.*

INT. HALLOWELL'S ODDITIES. HOME OFFICE - DAY

*The call dies in Logan's hand. Terror fills his eyes.*

LOGAN

*We have to go. My mom's in danger.*

INT. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

*Candi frees her hand from Murray's grip.*

CANDI

*Where's Logan?*

*Her words trail as she takes in the grimness of her moldy, dank living room.*

MURRAY

*No time. We have to get out--*

SLASH. *The Girl zooms by, cutting deeply into the back of Murray's knee. The pain buckles him to the floor.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*Go, now. Run!*

*Utterly baffled and terrified, Candi guns it for the hall.*

*Out from the shadows steps Gaal in his true form. Long, translucently white arms wrap around Candi scooping her up. His abyssal eyes cut Candi to the bone.*

*Candi screams, igniting Alani to charge, but she loses footing over a span of moldy sludge. She whimpers, as it sucks her into its depths like quicksand.*

Intrigued, Gaal watches the animal struggle for life. Murray dives to the floor. Catching grip of Alani, he heaves her out of the muck.

With Gaal distracted, Candi JAMS the knife into his belly. Thick black blood oozes from his wound.

Gaal slides out the knife as Candi darts up the stairs.

INT. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Candi dashes in her bedroom, closing the door behind her. Looks for a hiding place -- nothing seems adequate.

She plants her feet and readies a nightstand LAMP. Heart pounds. Seconds pass--

A shadow approaches. Breath held. The handle turns--

Murray runs in with Alani on his heels--

WHAM! Candi knocks Murray hard across the head -- he reels.

MURRAY

Fuuuck. Not the head again...

Candi releases her pent up breath and hugs Murray.

CANDI

I'm so sorry. What the hell was that thing?

Murray holds his spinning head. Mold creeps into the bedroom as the light from the windows diminishes.

MURRAY

(speech slurring)

We have to get out of--

Noticing something off, he faces the mirror -- MILKY WHITE EYES. Within the reflection, a shadow emerges beyond Candi.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Behind you.

Candi's too slow. Gaal grabs hold of her.

Murray can barely focus. Head wound throbbing, he begins to wake up.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Let her go. She's not a part of this.

*Gaal sneers at him as moss begins to recede and light brightens through windows.*

*As Murray tumbles to the floor, he glimpses Gaal shroud Candi in darkness and disappear with her. ALL GOES BLACK...*

OVER BLACK: THE SOUND OF LICKING.

Murray jackknives up. Alani cries at his side. He rubs her head as he tenderly grazes his own wound.

No mold. No Gaal. No Candi.

I/E. RICHARDS RESIDENCE. MULTIPLE ROOMS - DAY

Logan bursts through the front door. Mary on his heels.

LOGAN  
Mom!? Murray!?

MURRAY (O.S.)  
Up here!

Logan takes the staircase two steps at a time into...

MASTER BEDROOM

Murray sits on the floor, still woozy, with Alani cowering next him. Everything looks as it should but for the lamp on the floor.

LOGAN  
Where's mom?

MURRAY  
I did everything I could, but...  
something took her.

MARY  
It must have been Gaal.

Logan's mind reels as he slumps onto his mother's bed. Alani moves to his side to comfort her master.

MURRAY  
Who?

Mary plops the Witches of Salem book into Murray's lap, opens to the page of Gaal.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Holy black-eyed bastard, Batman,  
that's him...  
(MORE)

MURRAY (CONT'D)

but how do we stop something that  
can pop up and disappear at  
leisure?

Logan is a million miles away, overcome by shock.

Mary shuffles through Yvonne's papers...

MARY

Not at leisure. According to  
Yvonne, all who read from the book  
form a bridge between our world and  
the dream realm... however, the  
portal is only active when we're in  
a *suspended state of consciousness*.

MURRAY

Shiiit.

(looks at his fingertips)  
The breaker box juiced me and I  
passed out. I opened the portal.

Logan's shock recedes while listening. Anger builds.

LOGAN

Back in the swamp, the book knocked  
us out during the spell. That's  
why fans were commenting on our  
white eyes... we were portals and  
didn't even know it.

MURRAY

You're right. My eyes were white.

Logan stands. Paces the room like a caged animal.

LOGAN

Gaal allowed us to believe he was  
Henry Hersch so we'd think it was  
over and divide up. We fell right  
into his trap and now she's gone.

Infuriated, Logan punches the wall leaving a large indent in  
the dry wall. Mary places a calming hand on his shoulder.

MARY

There's still hope...

Mary searches for the right document.

MARY (CONT'D)

Yvonne was researching soul  
vessels...

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)  
 apparently, witches can hide their  
 souls in inanimate objects made of  
 their... parts.

Logan looks to Mary with reddened, wary eyes.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 Think about it -- Tituba is the  
 book. For re-convergence, she  
 needs a host sharing the maternal  
 bond that joins Tituba and her  
 child... a mother. Gaal's trying  
 to bring his mom back... through  
 yours.

Murray rises off the floor. Woozy, he grabs his spinning  
 head.

MURRAY  
 On the Richter scale, it's  
 Teletubbies fucked up, but it  
 sounds like, until the re-  
 convergence, we have a fighting  
 chance. I mean, there's gotta be  
 something we can do with tapping  
 into dream portals.

Logan and Mary await Murray's next words...

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
 Don't look at me, I'm not the idea  
 guy. I'm just the eye candy of  
 this operation.

LOGAN  
 I think you're onto something with  
 controlling the portals. We need  
 Patrick, he'll know what to do.

*INT. TRUMAN RESIDENCE. PATRICK'S ROOM - DAY*

*Patrick tosses in his sleep on the bed.*

*SCRATCH. SCRAAATCH. Patrick's eyes pop open. Confusion  
 overwhelms. Unsure if he dreamt the sound, he lies still  
 listening -- nothing.*

*He chuckles. Rubs tired eyes and turns over -- SCRATCH.*

*Patrick jackknifes up. Stares at his closet, sure that's  
 where the sound emanated.*

*He tip-toes to the closet. Listens. Creaks open the door--*

*CLAMP! A strong HAND grips Patrick's ankle, yanking him out from under his feet.*

*In the closet, rooted waist-deep in the floorboards, an Adonis of a MAN has hold. His eyes dark and mouth sewn shut. Black mold grows abundantly around his base, creeping upward along his muscular torso.*

*Patrick's scream is swallowed by terror as more hands reach out from within the darkened closet. All handsome, with mouths silenced, they eagerly try to pull Patrick into the closet with them.*

*Patrick kicks, struggling against the many strong hands.*

*Above, taloned fingers reach through parting clothes. Gaal hovers over Patrick.*

*PATRICK*

*No. This isn't possible--*

*RINGTONE (O.S.)*

*Weird science. Magic and technology, Voodoo dolls and chants. Electricity...*

*Patrick jerks free at the sound of Murray's call and leaps. He hits the sheets, grabbing the phone -- the bed SWALLOWS him. Patrick sinks through and into an endless shaft.*

*INT. TRUMAN RESIDENCE. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - DAY*

*SLAM! Patrick lands hard, knocking the wind out of him. The cellphone flings out of his hand, skittering down the hall.*

*Gasping for air, he spots light coming from the living room.*

*The hallway, abnormally long, is covered in black mold. Curious, Patrick grazes the growth--*

*PFFT. Spores release, clogging the air. Patrick covers his face and staggers into the...*

*LIVING ROOM*

*Patrick discovers his father watching STATIC on the television from his recliner.*

*Senior swigs tequila straight from the bottle. Black mold floats in his drink around a dark, bloated TEQUILA WORM.*

*PATRICK SR.*

*All I wanted was a son, not a...*

Takes another gulp. The worm swims down Senior's throat. He swallows hard as his eyes transform: THE PUPILS LEAK BLACK UNTIL HIS EYEBALLS ARE COMPLETELY ENGULFED.

Aghast, Patrick watches his father's change. Mold spiders over windows casting a sickly hue over the room.

Senior caresses a HANDGUN on his lap.

PATRICK

Dad, I never meant to hurt you--

LILY (O.S.)

Dinner's ready.

Patrick practically jumps out of his skin, whipping his head toward his mother's voice.

Through the kitchen doorway, Patrick watches her pull lasagna from the oven. As she straightens, she smiles at Patrick.

LILY (CONT'D)

There's my baby boy--

A gun levels on her temple. Her eyes lock on Patrick's--

BANG! Senior pulls the trigger -- lasagna hits the floor, splattering, as Lily falls dead.

A scream catches in Patrick's throat. Aghast, he turns back to the living room--

Senior is returned to the recliner. Face covered in blood.

On the edge of panic, Pat looks back to his mother's body, now crawling with black mold; he can barely make her out--

PATRICK SR.

It's your fault she's dead. I  
couldn't love her. Not after she  
gave me a faggot son.

Takes another swig of liquor. He coughs, spewing spittle.

Fists ball at Patrick's sides as his body quakes with anger.

Gaal steps out of the darkness and places his hands on Senior's shoulders.

PATRICK SR. (CONT'D)

The Truman name will die with you.

Senior aims the gun for Patrick's head.

*Pat tries to yell -- to his horror, his mouth is SEWN SHUT.*

*Senior squeezes the trigger--*

*RINGTONE (O.S.)  
Weird science. Magic and  
technology...*

*The ringtone turns Patrick's attention just as the bullet hits his head. THUD! Patrick's body falls to the floor.*

*Mold recedes; light returns. Senior is alone. The blackness drains from his eyes as reality hits.*

*Senior's body quakes as he approaches his son's body. He lays over Patrick, holding him.*

*PATRICK SR.  
My son... oh God, what have I done?*

*EXT. TRUMAN RESIDENCE. DRIVEWAY - DAY*

*Mary's car screeches into the drive. The three spill out.*

*Logan sprints for the door -- locked. Murray and Mary peek through the window: SPLATTERED BLOOD ON THE WALL.*

*Mary frantically pushes Logan out of the way.*

*MARY  
We have to get in there!*

*She throws her body against the door.*

*LOGAN  
Out of the way.*

*BAM! Logan kicks on the door once. Twice. Three times and the door bursts open.*

*INT. TRUMAN RESIDENCE. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - DAY*

*The trio floods into the house arriving at the living room.*

*PATRICK SR.  
(to Patrick)  
Forgive me.*

*Senior swallows the barrel of his pistol.*

*LOGAN/MURRAY/MARY  
Nooooo--*

BANG! Senior eats a bullet.

Murray grabs hold of his sister, choking on tears.

Wildly, Logan dives for Pat ripping off his tee. He carefully tourniquets Patrick's head wound...

EXT. TRUMAN RESIDENCE. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Two PARAMEDICS hustle Patrick into the back of an AMBULANCE. Logan and Mary try to follow. Murray tides over the POLICE.

PARAMEDIC  
Family only.

MARY  
We are his family.

Resolute in his statement, the paramedic stands firm. Tears stream down Mary's desperate face.

PARAMEDIC  
Look, we're doing the best we can for your friend. There's nothing you can do for him now. Check in later with the hospital for an update -- he'll be at St. Mary's.

Paramedic closes the doors.

CUT TO:

Murray walks away from the police, doing his best to keep a panic attack at bay.

MURRAY  
Patrick, I swear, if you live I'll never make another gay joke.

Murray wipes away gathering tears as he walks up to Logan holding Mary, who cries in his arms.

Fire in his eyes, Logan's anger suppresses his tears.

LOGAN  
We have to find my mom before it's too late.

INT. HERSCH HOME. LIVING ROOM (NIGHTMARE REALM)

*The nightmare realm has a film negative appearance.*

*Swathed in shadows, Candi stumbles through black foliage. The swamp ebbs and flows spasmodically around her.*

*A DARKNESS, seeming to brim with evil intent, closes in on Candi, consuming the path behind her in its wake.*

*Candi begins to run. Blurring in and out of focus, she can just make out the glow from the hearth beyond the windows in Hersch Home. It calls to her like a moth to a flame.*

*As she nears the house, the Darkness folds around her side cutting her off from the front entrance. She dodges the black abyss and runs toward the back -- the Darkness follows.*

*As Candi rounds Hersch Home, her feet get caught in the swampy mud. The muck, like pitch tar, captures her steps.*

*Hands rise up, latching onto her body. Beneath her, a stone altar rises. The hands pull her down, pressing her against the altar as it reaches its full height.*

*The Darkness surrounds her on all sides. Candi SCREAMS.*

INT. MURPHY RESIDENCE. MURRAY'S ATTIC ROOM -- DUSK

Candles light the darkened room. Logan paces reviewing Yvonne's notes in the light of his cellphone.

Mary sits by her phone. HOLD MUSIC jingles on speakerphone. Her heart hangs on every moment awaiting incoming news on Patrick's status.

Murray peruses his phone.

MURRAY

Fans are no help. Everything seems movie based... "build a proton pack." "With your crucifix held high, declare 'the power of Christ compels you!'" "Believe." Believe what -- Demons exist? Done.

NURSE (V.O. SPEAKERPHONE)

Hello.

Mary holds up a hand for Murray to be quiet.

MARY

I'm here. Any news on Patrick Truman Jr?

NURSE (V.O. SPEAKERPHONE)  
 Patrick is in an induced coma while  
 we manage the brain swelling.  
 Overall, he was very lucky. If his  
 head had been turned half an inch,  
 he would have died instantly, but  
 as is, the bullet only grazed him.

MARY  
 Thank you for the update.

Mary ends the call, choking on her emotion.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 He's gonna pull through.

They all breathe easy for moment--

Noise outside draws Murray's attention to the window: *A TOW TRUCK UNLOADS THE BULLSHIT BOYS' VAN. A LENGTHY SCRATCH RUNS THROUGH THE BULL'S FACE. THE DRIVER UNLATCHES THE VEHICLE.*

MURRAY  
 The van's here.

Murray leaves the room. A moment of silence passes...

MARY  
 What do we do now?

Logan closes Yvonne's notes.

LOGAN  
 We go back to the beginning. Gaal  
 was born at the Hersch Home. Same  
 place I gave the blood sacrifice  
 linking him to me and my mom. Has  
 to be where he's taken her.

He resumes pacing.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 But how do we control our conscious  
 state?

MARY  
 Sleeping pills?

LOGAN  
 Passing out is the easy part. It's  
 waking up that's the problem.

Murray enters the room baring van keys. Logan spots his  
 singed fingers.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

That's it. Can you build a stun gun?

Murray furrows his brow.

MURRAY (V.O.)

Yeezus, that was random as fuck.

LOGAN

Can you?

MURRAY

Dude, MacGyver's my middle name. With a penny and a toothpick I can build a bomb. Why, who we juicin'?

LOGAN

Me. We're going back to Hockomock Swamp.

Murray cringes at the mention of going back.

MURRAY

It's like we're stuck in a Twilight Zone episode... forever returning to the Bridgewater Triangle.

SOMETIME LATER...

Murray fiddles with his TASER INVENTION: AN IGNITION COIL, 12V RELAY AND BATTERY, AND A FARAD CAPACITOR ALL WIRED TOGETHER AND FASTENED TO A WOODEN BOARD. TWO BARE WIRES STRETCH BEYOND THE BOARD.

LOGAN

(to Murray)

Once I've rescued my mom, zap me awake. Tituba can't be resurrected and we all live happily ever after.

Mary riffles through notes, stands up and asserts her concern.

MARY

I hate to put a kink in your plan, but Gaal comes after us in our nightmares? Does *happily ever after* include never sleeping again? He won't quit till he brings back Tituba. And when he does, there's more at stake than just your mom...

Mary reads from a page.

MARY (CONT'D)

*"If soul and body should be joined through blood sacrifice, the book will sustain the gateway between realms autonomously."*

MURRAY

Meaning what exactly?

MARY

Meaning, if Tituba is resurrected, our worlds will merge forever... Gaal will fulfill his birthright and reign supreme.

LOGAN

Then we kill him.

Murray awkwardly twirls his Taser invention; holsters it into a makeshift gun belt gunslinger style. Gives a thumbs up.

MARY

Greeeat. And how exactly do you kill a dream demon again?

Murray walks over to the wall and arms his Freddy Krueger glove. The sharpened blades glisten.

MURRAY

With these. I saw Logan's mom stab Gaal. It didn't kill him but he did bleed, so it's a decent place to start. To the Bullshitmobile.

LOGAN

I like your thinking.  
(to Mary)  
See, we've got it all figured out.

MARY

I'm not ok with any of this.

INT. VAN. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP - NIGHT

Logan coasts the van in on neutral; quiet as can be. Mary, somber, looks out into darkness from the passenger seat.

In the back seat, Murray turns on the K2 meter. Instantly, the needle gauge lights go haywire.

MURRAY

Ding, ding, ding. We have a winner.

MARY

Are you sure you want to do this?

LOGAN

No.

Logan reaches across the seats. Kisses Mary--

MURRAY

What the fuck, man!?

Logan and Mary jump apart.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

You crossed the line. Lift it.

Logan looks to Mary. She shrugs.

LOGAN

Fuck me.

Logan lifts his sleeve and braces for Murray's RIGHT-HOOK.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Since when do you care about  
crossing lines?

THWAP! Murray lays into Logan's bicep. Laughs.

MURRAY

I don't, but after all the shit I  
get for mackin' on your mom, you  
deserved that on principal.  
Besides, everyone knows you've had  
it hard for my sister forevs. So  
bravo. Now can we do this?

LOGAN

I'm ready.

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME/PORCH - NIGHT

Logan hunches over behind the van, grabs the back of his  
knees and begins to intentionally HYPERVENTILATE.

Simultaneously as Logan stands up and holds his breath,  
Murray grips Logan by the neck, choking off his oxygen.

MARY

Not too much, Murray.

Logan goes limp.

CUT TO:

*EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH CABIN (NIGHTMARE REALM)*

*A blood moon beams over Candi, tied down onto a BLOODLETTING ALTAR held up by demons carved of stone. Gaal runs a taloned finger down her décolletage.*

*Suddenly, the film negative quality begins to merge with the real world -- a portal has been opened.*

*EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME/PORCH - NIGHT*

*The twins stand over Logan, waiting -- he jackknives up.*

LOGAN

*Did it work?*

MARY

*Oh, it worked.*

*Mary hands him her smartphone, camera in selfie mode. He looks into his own milky eyes.*

MURRAY

*Guys, check it out...*

*Black, gooey swamp vine slithers over Hersch Home, winding over the porch and through the eaves.*

*The twins assist Logan to his feet. They approach the porch. Mold spores reach out from the vine covered surface. Climbing the stairs, Logan grabs for the knob, but Mary pulls him back.*

MARY

*Don't get mad at me, ok, but you guys do realize this is all part of Gaal's plan, right? He can't resurrect Tituba without the book and we're bringing it right to him.*

LOGAN

*Yea, but Gaal doesn't know that we know we're stepping into his plan.*

MURRAY

*Exactly. The fact that he doesn't know that we know what he knows, is what puts us ahead of the curve.*

Logan unzips Murray's backpack. Withdraws the book.

LOGAN

And as long as we have the book,  
we're in control--

CREEEEEAK. The door eases open at a haunting crawl.

MARY

Oh yeeaaaa, we've definitely got  
him fooled--

POP-HISSSS. A van tire rapidly depletes. POP-HISSSS goes a second tire. Murray darts for his baby.

MURRAY

What the shit, man!

MARY

Murray, don't...

Mary runs after Murray. Clutching the book, Logan watches from the porch -- a SHADOW within the house zips by in his peripheral. He peeks inside.

Kneeling down, Murray inspects the tires -- SLASHED.

MURRAY

What the hell did that?

Murray jumps up surveying the area. Mary turns back to the house -- Logan walks past the threshold.

MARY

It's a trick. Logan, no!

The door SLAMS shut behind Logan...

INT. HERSCH HOME/RICHARDS RESIDENCE. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door seals shut. Out of options, Logan continues further in... FIRELIGHT draws Logan. His heart stops--

Impossibly, the space is much the same from Logan's childhood. A large AQUARIUM full of tropical FISH casts a watery glow over the room. At the fireplace, a DARK HAired MAN smokes a cigar.

LOGAN

Dad?

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME/PORCH - DUSK

Mary jiggles the door handle -- locked.

MURRAY

There has to be another way--

RUMBLE. Beneath their feet the porch rolls. Wooden slats break apart and JUT UPWARD sharply--

AHH! It STABS into Mary's calf drawing blood. Murray breaks her free. Limping off the possessed porch, she trips down the stairs and eats dirt.

INT. HERSCH HOME/RICHARDS RESIDENCE. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Logan, entranced by his father, fails to notice mold spreading over peeled wallpaper. The aquarium fish swim frenzied, attacking each other.

Philip sifts through his VINYL COLLECTION. Chooses JOHNNY CASH and withdraws the shiny record.

PHILIP

I don't care what anyone says,  
vinyl will always sound better than  
all that newfangled digital crap.

LOGAN

This can't be real.

Philip places it on a refurbished record player.

PHILIP

Come here, kiddo. This was always  
your job.

Logan takes the stylus and rests it on the record. "RUSTY CAGE" plays. Familiarity takes over as Logan lowers his guard. Resting the book on the sofa, Logan turns to his dad; embraces him tightly.

LOGAN

It's been so hard without you.

Over Logan's shoulder, Philip reveals his eyes -- BLACK. From within the couch, dark hands emerge stealing the book.

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - DUSK

Murray helps Mary to her feet.

MURRAY

Not a good time to nap, Sis.

Mary pulls out her phone, beholding her white eyes. Murray readies his makeshift Taser.

MARY

Wait. We don't know what's going on with Logan. Maybe this is a good thing.

MURRAY

Fine, but how do we get in the house with all the poltergeistyness?

Mary points to the vine covered trellis ending at a window over the porch awning.

MARY

Going up?

Mary limps over and begins the climb--

MURRAY (O.S.)

Fuuuck!

Mary whips around in fear of the worst. Murray looks to the ground grimacing. His Reeboks are soaked in swampy sludge.

MARY

Are you serious?

Mary continues her climb. Halfway up, her foot slips, she nearly slides down, but Murray helps her hang on--

CAW! CAW! A murder of CROWS circle overhead.

MURRAY

Let me guess, you watched *The Birds* recently?

Mary gazes upward mesmerized by the gathering -- a crow dive-bombs directly for her. She covers but his beak draws blood on her shoulder.

MARY

Good thing I skipped over Sharknado.

They quickly scramble up onto the awning.

Crawling to the window, Mary cups her hands and looks inside.

Unnoticed, a CROW, eye dangling from it's socket, perches nearby on the rooftop. PLOP -- it's eyeball drops, landing on the awning; rolls next to Murray's hand--

*STAB. With a taloned nerve ending, the eyeball pierces his skin--*

*AHHH! Murray pulls back aghast at the eyeball.*

*MURRAY*

*Hitchcock did not come up with that.*

*Murray slams a fist on the tiny villain--*

*CAW! The crows attack, pecking and scratching the twins relentlessly.*

*Murray guards his face with one hand and swats with the other. Mary fights to open the window. It budes slowly.*

*INT. HERSCH HOME/RICHARDS RESIDENCE. LIVING ROOM - DUSK*

*Logan's face is plunged into the aquarium. He yells in a pool of bubbles squirming for air.*

*Philip, sunken cheeks and sallow skin, immersed in the final stages of cancer, smiles maniacally as he holds down his son's head.*

*PHILIP*

*It should have been you that died;  
it's me she can't live without.*

*A decaying fish swims for Logan's face, piranha teeth ready for attack. He thrashes wildly. Gains an inch above the water -- INHALE.*

*Head shoved back down--*

*PHILIP (CONT'D)*

*AHHH!*

*Philip loosens his grip. Taking advantage, Logan thrusts upward. WHAM! Hits Philip's nose with the back of his head.*

*Free of his captor, Logan flees for the fireplace snagging the poker as a weapon.*

*Philip flails -- KNIFE IN HIS BACK.*

*From the shadows, emerges Patrick (6) with black blood on his hands. Logan readies his weapon.*

*PATRICK*

*It's me. No time to explain, but  
it really is me--*

PHILIP

*Two for the price of one.*

POP. Philip unhinges his arm and reaches around, slowly withdrawing the knife from his back.

Logan grabs little Patrick protectively shielding him.

Philip advances. His cancer ridden body shudders. Moaning, he doubles over in pain.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

*What have you done to me, Logibear?*

*Tears well up in Logan's eyes.*

LOGAN

*It doesn't have to be like this, I could bring you back.*

The knife dangles limply at Philip's side as he inches closer, rounding the sofa.

PHILIP

*We could be a family again?*

PATRICK

*He's not really your dad, Logan.*

PHILIP

*"He's not really your dad, Logan."*

Philip raises the knife as he closes in on Logan and Patrick.

LOGAN

*I'm sorry--*

Logan THRUSTS the poker into Philip's abdomen. The knife hits the floor as Philip's body liquefies into black sludge.

The room morphs. The mirage from Logan's childhood transforms back to decrepid Hersch Home.

INT. HERSCH HOME. SPARE BEDROOM - DUSK

BAM! Murray pulls in his foot just as the window slams shut. He tumbles to the floor at Mary's feet. Pitch black.

MURRAY

*Ewww.*

MARY

*What?*

MURRAY  
The floor's sticky.

Mary pulls out her phone.

MARY  
You're such a girl.

The camera light reveals walls caked in mold. It's density rises and falls as though breathing. MALFORMED BEINGS writhe on the floor.

Mary tip-toes carefully over them, shining her light around the room.

Murray backs into something hanging from the ceiling. CRRRICK. CRRRICK. In the darkness, he can barely see as it swings back and forth.

MURRAY  
What is that?

Mary catches it in her light -- sack of translucent skin. A FEATURELESS FACE within gnaws at it's encasing -- it SCREAMS!

INT. HERSCH HOME. HALLWAY - DUSK

Mary and Murray barrel out of the room, slamming the door.

MURRAY  
And I thought my head was screwed up.

MARY  
I read a lot of horrors--

Stairs CREAK as something ascends. Murray arms his stunner. Mary grips Murray's forearm, nails digging into his skin. An ominous shadow falls on the far wall--

Logan rounds the corner, fireplace poker ready to swing. Patrick is at his side.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Oh, thank God.

Mary runs into Logan's arms.

MURRAY  
Is that a mini-Patty?

PATRICK

*I'm a grown man, thank you... I believe my current adolescent form was likely brought on by Logan's memory of me as a kid at the lake.*

MARY

*Patrick? I'm so sorry about your--*

PATRICK

*(tears brim)  
It's ok. No time now.  
(peering into her eyes)  
You're a portal too.*

MURRAY

*Yea and her subconscious is causing major damage to my psyche.*

*ZZZZT. Murray uses his stunner. Mary falls limp in Logan's arms. He gently leads her to the floor. Waking, she moans:*

MARY

*That was hardly necessary.*

*Eyes back to normal, she looks from Logan to Patrick.*

MARY (CONT'D)

*If we zap Logan, what will happen to Patrick?*

PATRICK

*I think my consciousness was drawn here by Logan but I can still feel my body in the hospital. My guess, the medically induced coma makes me more sensitive to the dream realm, but I'm not here in the same capacity as you guys.*

MURRAY

*Huh?*

PATRICK

*I don't have time to explain the dummy's guide. Where's the book?*

*Logan turns white. Bolts down the stairs.*

*INT. HERSCH HOME. LIVING ROOM - DUSK*

*Logan searches the room -- nothing from his moment with his possessed dad remains.*

LOGAN

No-no-no!

The others encircle.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I put the book down and now it's gone--

CANDI (O.S.)

AHHHH!

Logan runs for the...

EXT. HOCKOMOCK SWAMP. HERSCH HOME - NIGHT

Massive BONFIRES rage, spurning embers into the starry sky. The swampy waters beyond churn with dark CREATURES.

Gaal, chanting in tongues, circles around Candi, CARVING SYMBOLS into her goose-pimpled flesh with his taloned finger.

Blood trickles. As it gathers, Candi's blood slowly drains down carved out RAVINES ending at a spout over the book.

Rounding the backside of Hersch Home, Logan halts, horrified. The others stop in their tracks at his side.

Candi's head rolls. She sees Logan.

Pat grabs Logan's shirttail stopping him from gunning for her.

PATRICK

Logan, wait.

Patrick's face is contorted. His movements glitch erratically. Even his voice has a bit of static to it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Something's wrong. My body's calling me back, but its imperative you listen to me. You have to send the book back through the gateway closing the portal for good.

LOGAN

How the hell do I do that?

PATRICK

How did you bring it forth the first time?

LOGAN  
 Fuck if I know.

*Candi's blood reaches the spout and drips onto the opened book. The pages billow, hungry for flesh like a parasite. The drip ECHOES throughout the night triggering Logan's memory.*

BEGIN FLASHBACK. QUICK CUTS:

*--Standing at the altar, Logan's hand hovers over the book. Blood drips -- PLOP. The sound ECHOES. --Human hair, binding the book, shoots out, wrapping around Logan's wrists.*

END FLASHBACK.

*Remembering, Logan locks eyes with Patrick as he disappears.*

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 I know what I have to do -- make  
 him bleed.

*Logan unzips Murray's backpack withdrawing the Freddy glove.*

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 (to Murray)  
 Be ready to zap me awake--

*The moon above turns CRIMSON RED as a HEAD rises from within the gathered blood on the book.*

MURRAY  
 The bitch cometh forth--

MARY  
 The convergence begins.

*A hellish SCREECH fills the night. The bonfire flames rise up into the sky. The world is changing...*

MARY (CONT'D)  
 What do we do?

*Logan slips on the glove. Wiggles his fingers.*

LOGAN  
 (to Murray)  
 Think you can distract Gaal?

*Shaking, Murray looks at Gaal in all his terrifying magnificence -- GULP. Logan, faith in his eyes, places a hand on Murray's shoulder. Courage wells up.*

MURRAY

*My whole life has been in preparation for this moment.*

*Murray runs out yelling.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*Hey, Fucktard! What's it like having a dad who'd rather wipe you from existence like a shitty anus than look at your ugly troll face?*

*Attention ripped away from the ritual, Gaal growls deeply.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*They should call you The Punisher, cause your face is punishing the hell outta my eyeballs. Least Voorhees and Myers had the decency to wear masks, but you -- you're just fuckin' cruel.*

*Logan makes his move. Keeping close to the ground, he sneaks around the backside of the altar. Logan shakes Candi alert.*

LOGAN

*Shh. Mom, it's me--*

*She's weak, but thrilled to see her son.*

CANDI

*You have to get away...*

LOGAN

*I'm not leaving you here.*

*Logan uses the Freddy glove to cut away at her bindings. Nearby, Tituba's shoulders emerge as she rises.*

MURRAY

*(to Gaal)*

*Fugly must run in the family, cause what bitch has to trick a dude into fuckin' her? No wonder he tried to kill your mom after she birthed your troglodyte ass -- I'd try and hide the evidence too.*

*Enraged Gaal raises a taloned finger to his palm; digs his nail into his skin--*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*Awww, shit.*

*Mary lunges off the deck, running.*

MARY

*Hey! You're so ugly, you made  
Hello-Kitty say goodbye.*

MURRAY

*Really?*

*Gaal pauses, evaluating the new distraction.*

MARY

*It worked didn't it.*

*Gaal kneels down placing his bloody wound to the earth;  
movement below disperses, tunneling through the ground.*

MURRAY

*Did it?*

*Heart racing, Mary and Murray watch the grass--*

*POOF! A crispy blackened HAND surges upward, grappling for  
Mary's leg. She jumps back -- ANOTHER HAND. Murray runs to  
help her--*

*POOF! Black hands pop up blocking him off. The twins  
scamper trying to avoid being caught.*

MURRAY (CONT'D)

*It's Night of the Living Dead out  
here.*

*Gaal turns back to the altar. Tituba has risen chest high.*

*Logan, ducking behind the altar, works Candi's ankle ropes.  
She sleepily reaches to help.*

LOGAN

*No, pretend like you're still tied  
down. Just listen. I'm going to  
send the book back. As soon as I  
cut him, I want you to run--*

*Gaal's shadow falls over Logan -- he's been caught. Gaal  
lifts him by the throat -- smiles -- then discards him into  
the swamp like a rag doll. The Krueger glove flings from  
Logan's person, toppling onto the shore.*

*Candi whimpers. Gaal soothingly strokes her cheek. His own  
mother has risen out from the book waist high.*

SWAMP

Logan sinks into the murky depths. All direction is lost in the dark water. Foreign entities bump his body, left, right. His lungs burn, eager for oxygen.

Finally, he reaches the surface. Coughing up water, Logan catches his breath. His eyes search for shore--

MURRAY MARY

HELP! HELP!

The twins have been caught. They desperately grab at swamp grass as hands pull them down into inky sludge.

Logan swims for shore--

AH! A massive BLACK SNAKE glides in front of him. Its scaled body wraps around behind trailing thirty feet of tail.

Panic rises. Logan tries to move but its massive head rears up out of the water. Two, red hypnotic eyes stare into Logan's soul as the snake's body coils around him. One arm free, he struggles to no avail--

MURRAY (O.S.)  
Naked After Dark!

Waste deep in the sludge, Murray yells out to Logan:

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Bite his tail--

HISSES! The snake's forked tongue whips near Logan's face. He strains for breath against the constrictive body--

FLICK. It's tail splashes the water. Split second reaction, Logan lashes out catching the tail -- CRUNCH! He BITES down with all his might in full survival mode.

In pain, the snake bares its fangs, but loosens its grip allowing Logan to madly dash for shore.

Exhausted, he staggers to his feet -- Tituba has risen. Her naked bloody form glistens in the crimson moonlight. Gaal is entranced, kneeling before her.

Tituba approaches Candi. Placing her hand over Candi's heart, she CHANTS.

Candi's body jerks upwards, back bent.

LOGAN  
Nooo!

*Drawing his last bit of strength, Logan snatches the Freddy glove from the dirt and guns for Gaal, blades raised.*

*Tituba's hand goes into Candi's chest; the two body's begin to merge.*

*Logan yells a mighty battle cry as he plunges the blades into Gaal's back. The long knives puncture all the way through, tips protruding out the front.*

*Gaal turns, unphased by the wound. His deep, mucus filled laugh rattles as he smacks Logan aside. Logan eats sand, but comes up next to the book.*

*Swiftly scooping up the relic, Logan heaves the prize into Gaal's chest -- eyes go wide. Horror tinges Gaal's expression as the BOOK ABSORBS HIS BLOOD.*

*Tituba howls. Candi's body falls limp to the altar as the books jerks Tituba back. Her being painfully injected back into the book, as hair binding wraps around Gaal.*

*Shocked, he claws at the trappings, but the hair cuts into his skin as the book scorches his chest, just as it did to Logan.*

*Logan watches enthralled--*

MARY (O.S.)

WAKE UP!

*Feet away, Mary is neck deep in the sand, on the verge of being drawn under.*

*Murray, struggling to keep from going under himself, lobs the zapper toward Logan. He dives for it, places the wires to his skin--*

LOGAN

(to Gaal)

Never fuck with The Bullshit Boys--

ZZZZT. ALL GOES BLACK.

OVER BLACK: CRICKETS CHIRP. MOANS.

*Logan's eyelids flutter open. Vision focuses on Candi in the grass.*

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Mom?

*Logan crawls to her. Holds her tightly as she comes to.*

CANDI

You have a lot of explaining to do.

LOGAN

Fair enough.

Looking around, Logan sees Mary and Murray still buried in the muddy ground.

MARY

A shovel would be good right about now--

PHONE ALERT

*They're heeere.*

Half deep in mud, Murray struggles to get into his pocket. Pulls out his phone, scanning messages.

LOGAN

How is it your phone still works?

MURRAY

I don't know... but our website is going nutso and our mailbox is full... wait...

Murray's jaw drops.

MARY

Murray, what's wrong.

MURRAY

O-M-fucking-G... you're never gonna believe this.

INT. DANVERS STATE INSANE ASYLUM. TUBERCULOSIS WARD - NIGHT

TITLE: 1 YEAR LATER

Paint peels off wounded walls. Rust accents small metal beds strewn about with heavily worn mattresses. Standing work lights illuminate dark abandoned corners of the massive room.

Logan, in NEW BULLSHIT BOYS COVERALLS, addresses camera:

LOGAN

As night comes to an end and we leave Danvers State Insane Asylum, we pay respect to the patients who never could.

Murray steps into frame.

MURRAY

Many have violated Danvers' land,  
breaching her hidden tunnels and  
cobwebbed wards boasting of  
firsthand contact.

Patrick steps into frame. A pink scar grazes his forehead,  
disappearing into his hair line.

PATRICK

But we sought their tortured  
spirits and though dark and dank  
was our stay, no souls, ghosts, or  
other forms of the supernatural  
conveyed their existence.

Mary steps into frame with her own set of coveralls.

MARY

So we call--

LOGAN/MURRAY/PATRICK/MARY

Bullshit.

LOGAN

We'll see you next season, when we  
brave the depths of Dungeon Rock  
seeking the man who excavated the  
cave and the dead pirate who told  
him to do it.

PATRICK

Till then, we're the Bullshit Boys--

MARY

And girl.

PATRICK

We call shit...

LOGAN

Talk shit...

MURRAY

And everyday enjoy a shit.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Cut! That's a wrap. Thank you all  
for your hard work on season one of  
The Bullshit Boys.

Clapping echoes through the abandoned halls as crew members  
begin to wrap up filming equipment.

Mary jumps into Logan's arms, kissing him wildly.

MARY  
I'm proud of you.

Murray mimes vomiting then grabs a bag of chips and a leftover plate of sandwiches from craft services announcing:

MURRAY  
Wrap party in my room. Hookers,  
booze and boys for Patrick - suite  
1013.

BEARDED GUY (O.S.)  
Pat better not have any boy toys I  
don't know about.

A handsome BEARDED GUY (18-20) closes in on Patrick from behind...

PATRICK  
Better keep me occupied then.

...and throws his arms over Patrick's shoulders.

MURRAY  
My bad, I thought with gays it was  
*the more the merrier.*

LOGAN  
And I thought with men their balls  
drop.

Logan high fives Patrick.

BEARDED GUY  
(to Patrick)  
I gotta help pack up. I hear  
there's a big party tonight.  
(wink to Murray)

Bearded Guy pecks Patrick and jogs off.

MURRAY  
Think your BF just flirted with me.

PARTRICK  
You wish.

The gang exits into an ominous decaying hall toward the hospital's exit. Beyond the glass doors, CREW wrap up cables and load trucks.

A twenty-something CUTIE struts past. Murray turns to observe more intimately.

MARY

Do my eyes betray me or is Murray checking out a girl his own age?

MURRAY

Just exploring my options.

LOGAN

Now that I think about it, our flight out leaves in fives hours, I think I'll celebrate with a nap.

MARY

(smirking)

Yea -- we need lots of sleep.

Laughing at Mary's naughtiness, Logan pushes open the hospital door allowing Patrick and Murray through.

PATRICK

Sleep sounds perfect -- oh, wait, I get it. We're talking about se--

Logan and Mary follow behind; abruptly bumping into Patrick and Murray, stone still.

LOGAN

What's--

He drops his thought -- they are back in the TUBERCULOSIS WARD. Crew and equipment vanished. All that remains is one ancient work light swinging in the corner--

Flicker. SHIIING. Shadow play across the wall, reveals a DOCTOR, scalpel raised, moving toward the group--

Flicker. The bulb extinguishes.

MURRAY

I wanted to be the Pussy Brigade, but nooooo...

FADE OUT.

THE END