

THE WILLOW GROVES
(THIRD DRAFT)

Written by

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INT. LIVE TV STUDIO - DAY

Dark studio, mid-show, live audience, not a peep from the huddled masses that are gripped by the events that unfold.

A BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT focuses on the stage, accenting the shape of a well dressed man, his shadow spiraling out in different directions.

The layout of the studio mimics the colosseum, three-sixty degree audience viewing, small oval shaped stage in the middle.

Another spotlight beams down on a timid looking YOUNG WOMAN standing in the audience.

Silence. Anticipation.

Cameramen take orders from a female producer roaming the set, assistants shuffle behind the scenes.

A camera rotates toward the stage and focuses on-

EDWARD TYLER, late thirties, dressed sharp, clean-cut, with a smile that blinds. He is a "psychic-medium", well respected and good at what he does. Aaron Eckhart minus the chin.

His eyes are shut, focused, waiting to make contact with the dead. His arms are out in front of him, fingers creating a triangle shape.

A few beads of sweat trickle down his forehead.

The HOST beside him doesn't look too far from joining the afterlife herself, caught up in the suspense.

His eyebrows unfurrow. He flashes his blinders. He's got it.

EDWARD

Samantha. I've made contact with her. She says...

The young woman in the audience waits with bated breath.

He opens his eyes, glances at the young woman reassuringly.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

She says that she is fine. She loves you and you can let go now.

The young girl bursts into tears, as the audience around her erupt into spontaneous applause.

Edward stands and waves to his adoring fans, the host beside him clapping with delight.

They sit and continue their conversation.

HOST

Now Ed, recently you've come into some criticism in the media, and yes I'm talking about *that* interview you had recently with Megan Walsh, who was so rude and disrespectful about your work. How can people be so sceptical and narrow-minded?

The crowd hiss and boo. Edward shrugs, dismissive.

EDWARD

The world is full of sceptics and you know what, that's OK. I'm not trying to change the world or the way people think. All I do is offer hope to those that seek it. I have a gift and I won't apologize for that.

HOST

And you shouldn't have to!

The crowd clap and whistle with approval.

HOST (CONT'D)

Alright I think we've got time for one more reading, is that alright Ed?

He smiles.

EDWARD

Sure.

HOST

Let's find a volunteer.

Hands from the audience shoot up into the air, adult teacher's pets.

The host stands and scans the audience, trying to pick someone out. Her eyes move from side to side.

Finally they rest on a disheveled looking woman, white roots and uncoordinated aesthetics, contradicted by a youthful complexion. KATE ALLEN, early twenties.

The host raises her arm and points toward her target, a microphone finds a way into Kate's hands.

HOST (CONT'D)

What's your name?

The woman mumbles something incoherently.

HOST (CONT'D)
Into the microphone, dear.

She slowly raises the microphone to her mouth, shy and unsure of herself.

KATE
Kate.

The host babies her through the conversation.

HOST
Kate. How can Edward help you this evening?

Kate takes a few moments to find what she needs to say, and locks eyes with Edward.

KATE
There's something talking to me,
from the other side.

Edward steps forward and takes her through his process, while also playing to the camera.

EDWARD
Normally it's my job to establish
the link between the two worlds and
let you know if there's someone
wanting to reach out. How are you
sure that someone is talking to
you?

KATE
Because it's standing right next to
me.

Silence. Uncertainty in the audience. People around Kate lean away slightly.

The host glares at Edward. This wasn't part of the script.

KATE (CONT'D)
It won't leave me alone.

EDWARD
What happens when it talks to you?

KATE
It says things.

EDWARD
What does it say?

Kate takes a few moments and then responds.

KATE
Die.

Edward stares at the producer, who shrugs back at him, the audience are uneasy now, some look at each other concerned.

EDWARD

OK Kate. It's OK. I'm going to try and communicate with the spirit for you. We'll find out what it wants.

He places his arms out in front of him, creating a triangle shape with his outspread fingers, closes his eyes.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm talking to the spirit that is trying to communicate with Kate. What is it you want?

No response, he tries again.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

My name is Edward and I am here to help you communicate with the living. Please tell me what you-

His eyes shoot wide open. Shock.

He examines the room in a craze, hearing something that nobody else does.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Who said that?

The host clears her throat.

HOST

Ed-

EDWARD

WHO SAID THAT?

HOST

I don't think anyone said anything.

Edward's eyes fix on Kate, scared. He backs away from her.

EDWARD

Oh my god.

He points to Kate.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Keep her away from me. KEEP HER AWAY FROM ME.

The audience gasps.

The producer steps up from the shadows to try and calm him down. He lashes out, knocking her to the ground.

Security guards appear, restraining him.

Kate weeps into her hands, chaos and panic in the audience, Edward's face is twisted with rage.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
GET OFF ME. FUCK YOU. FUCK-

CUT TO:

INT. BUSY BAR - NIGHT

Dimly lit bar. Clean, wooden, modern.

Professional types only, high-class society. City skyline twinkles through the windows. Social buzz.

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER

MEGAN WALSH, an acclaimed journalist, mid-thirties, well dressed. Dark features, Emily Blunt twin. Drink in hand, she sits at the bar alone. She prefers it that way.

Her eyes are locked on the TV screen above the bar. Anderson Cooper rip-off talks gay political scandal.

People around her celebrate. She sniggers at them.

She finishes her drink, waves for another. Barman is instant.

A man approaches her in a whirlwind, top button undone, tie loosened, bag in hand, blazer tucked over it, heavy breathing.

He is RYAN THOMPSON, her producer. All American boy. Tall, chiseled, sometimes mistaken for Ryan Gosling. He is her closest ally. Her voice of reason.

RYAN
Megan!

Her eyes don't wander.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Have I missed it?

MEGAN
Nope.

Ryan waves at the bartender for a drink as he takes the stool next to her. The bartender appears.

RYAN
What's she having?

BARTENDER
(deadpan)
Everything.

RYAN
Sounds great. I'll have a water,
sparkling.

Bartender nods and works his magic.

MEGAN
Did barbie-bimbo get her Baltimore
interview?

Ryan takes his drink and chugs it down.

RYAN
Yeah. We just finished cutting it,
that's why I had to break land-
speed records to get here.

MEGAN
How was it?

RYAN
Erm... different?

Megan smiles and plays his game.

MEGAN
Different as in good?

RYAN
Different as in not your standard
or quality.

MEGAN
I don't even have a standard
anymore.

She takes a swig of her drink.

RYAN
(to the bartender,
pointing to the TV)
Hey can we get some volume on this?

The TV's volume goes up as the Cooper rip-off finishes his
story.

COOPER RIP-OFF
(on TV)
Next, a change in schedule.
Samantha Caine will be interviewing
the whistleblower from the
Baltimore scandal.

Megan's thunder has been stolen. Her eyes drop from the TV into the bottom of her glass.

MEGAN
(to herself)
I spent weeks on that piece.

RYAN
I don't know what happened. I'll make some calls. We'll figure it out.

MEGAN
Let's just say it how it is. I don't have the pull anymore.

Ryan doesn't deny it. Sugar coats.

RYAN
You do, you've just not had the right break. The right exclusive-

MEGAN
Don't, Ryan. As my producer, not as a friend, tell me.

She focuses her attention to him, sincere eyes. He stares back for a moment, then reluctantly gives up the truth.

RYAN
You went from political pieces, interviews with world leaders, to stories on the weather and riots at soccer games. Between that?

She stares at him uncomfortably, shifting in her seat.

RYAN (CONT'D)
After you came back from your trip-

Megan doesn't want to talk about *that*.

MEGAN
It's got nothing to do with that.

RYAN
It's got everything to do with that. Ever since you came back-

He mimics a plane crashing with his hands.

RYAN (CONT'D)
And then you made your living on the back of destroying people. High-profile fuck-ups, bad news becomes worse news. Nobody will go near you because they're afraid.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

You changed because of what happened to you over there. *This* is the result.

MEGAN

So I should stop interviewing? Stop exposing ass-holes for what they really are?

RYAN

Not all news has to be bad news, Megan.

MEGAN

When I first started, that's exactly what I thought. The truth is, that's all people care about. What is going wrong in the world.

RYAN

Then change it. Instead of destroying somebody, fix them.

Megan listens to his words. Deep thought. Throws the rest of the drink down her throat.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

The dark wooden bench can seat two, but only Megan sits, on one side.

A lamppost adjacent to her illuminates the area she sits in.

She reaches into her bag, pulls out an old brown fedora.

She places it on the bench next to her.

MEGAN

It's been a while since we - since I - spoke to you. For the first time in years I'm lost. You'd be ashamed of what I've become. I don't even remember how it got to this. I just... I wish you were here to tell me how to fix this.

Tears in her eyes. She checks to make sure nobody is watching. Gently she wipes them away and composes herself.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I miss you so much, dad.

She places her hand on the fedora, stroking it gently, then places it back into her bag.

INT. MEGANS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is contemporary and neat, much like the rest of the apartment.

TV on in the background, glass of wine on the nightstand.

Megan stands in front of the mirror combing her wet hair, bathrobe tied loosely around her waist.

The doorbell rings.

She picks up her wine and heads to the front door, her feet gently padding on the hard wood floor.

She swings the door open.

The DELIVERY MAN hunches over, pen in mouth, packages wrapped in his arms, hers dangling from his fingers.

She reaches for it.

MEGAN

Where's it from?

DELIVERY MAN

Return address is on the back
ma'am. Have a nice day.

He struggles down the hallway as she closes the door.

Heading into her bedroom, she places the package on the nightstand and gets ready for bed.

CUT TO:

INT. MEGANS APARTMENT - BED - NIGHT

Dark. External light from the window casts shadows around the room.

She's sleeping hard.

From behind her, the closet doors SLOWLY OPEN WIDE revealing perfectly aligned clothes.

But behind those colors and materials, is darkness, viewable from a small partition in the fashion.

The clothes slowly ruffle and sway, as if knocked gently by someone.

Moments pass.

SLAM. The closet doors crash back closed.

Megan awakens from her sleep, confused.

She flicks the lamp on and scans the room, in the direction of the closet. They remain intact and closed.

Glancing down to the floor, the package that arrived earlier has found its way there.

She leans out of the bed, picks it up and places it on the nightstand.

Analyzing it for a moment, she picks it back up, tearing the top of it open and pours the contents into her lap; a LETTER.

Unfolding the letter, she begins to read.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Cramped office, files everywhere, untidy on top of untidy.

Ryan sits at his desk, sleeves rolled up, two hands on a sandwich, phone tucked between his chin and shoulder.

Megan bursts through the door with complete disregard for privacy.

She launches the package and its contents onto his desk, slamming the door behind her.

He stops mid-bite.

RYAN
(on phone)
I'll have to call you back.

He puts the phone down and observes the package.

Megan paces back and forth in his office, arms crossed, a DVD case in her hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Morning.

MEGAN
I got this in the mail last night.

RYAN
Mail service do their job and
you're annoyed?

MEGAN
Just read it.

Ryan unfolds and skims over it.

RYAN
 (reading letter)
 Beneath my skin it crawls, between
 the worlds it dwells, possess my
 soul it shall. There is no escape,
 no freedom, until death.

Megan clears off a pile of junk that rests on a DVD player in the corner of the office.

She opens it up and places a DVD into the tray.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 OK, that's weird.

MEGAN
 It's from Kate Allen.

RYAN
 (sarcastic)
 Oh, from Kate Allen. How is she?
 Still in the cryptic letter writing
 business?

She presses play. The small TV above the DVD player comes to life.

Ryan flips the package envelope over, reading the return address.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 The willow groves plantation. Never
 heard of it.

The TV shows the footage of Edward Tyler's live medium performance.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 The Eddy Tyler meltdown interview?

The interview plays out on the TV, just as we saw before.

MEGAN
 This is a few weeks after I
 shredded him in our special.

Ryan makes his way beside Megan.

RYAN
 I remember it. He just upped and
 vanished after this. What's it got
 to do with the letter?

Megan waits, watching the screen.

She pauses it and points to the TV enthusiastically.

Her finger points to Kate in the audience.

MEGAN

That is Kate Allen.

Ryan stares at the image.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

After she asked Tyler for a reading, he completely freaked out. Lost his mind on live TV.

RYAN

This is the girl that made Eddy go crazy? She seems pretty normal to me. I mean, apart from the ghost thing. Why did she send *you* this, though?

MEGAN

I don't know. That's what I can't figure out. Any other time, I'd let this go but... there's something here. She needs help. My help.

Ryan looks at her, realizing that his pep talk in the bar may have worked, he nods with a genuine smile.

RYAN

Alright, let's see.

He picks up the letter and reads through again.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(reading from the letter)
"Possess my soul it shall".

He fake shivers as he reads the words.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(holding up letter)
Maybe we should speak to someone that knows about this stuff.

Her confused eyes don't hide her surprise.

Ryan points to the screen, at Eddy's face.

She shakes her head, total disagreement.

MEGAN

This is a girl with deep psychological problems, the last thing she needs is this guy screwing her up even more. He's a charlatan, a fraud, not a doctor.

RYAN

Right, but I'm willing to bet the last time someone heard from her, was this interview. With him.

MEGAN

He won't talk to us... me.

RYAN

Unless you know somebody else that is an expert in all things demonic and dead, I'm all ears.

She contemplates his words for a moment as he shuffles around the room to the DVD player, her eyes locked on the TV image of a smiling Edward.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCKS - HALLWAY - DAY

Grim and green. Overhead light flickers on and off. No natural light.

Elevator door squeaks open. They get out and shuffle down the damp hallway.

Door sign reads thirteen-zero-one. Loud TV from the other side. Megan knocks on the door.

A few moments pass. Locks slide, a key turns. Slowly the door opens, partially.

A sullen, aged Edward peeks through the gap in the door at them.

Head to toe, he is a mess. Out of shape. Hair buzzed. Three day old stubble. Stained white tee, track pants.

They try to contain their surprise at his obvious fall from grace.

MEGAN

Edward.

He doesn't respond, swings the door open and walks off.

They follow him in.

INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cluttered but not a disaster. Simple furniture. Nothing extravagant.

Piles of magazines around a laptop, placed on a rickety old dining table for two, half burned smoke in the ashtray.

Edward flicks a button on a TV remote, killing the volume.

Taking a seat at the laptop, he takes a puff of the cigarette, then glares up at them.

They stand there, awkwardly.

MEGAN

How have you been?

Edward chuckles to himself.

EDWARD

Oh just fine.

Ryan takes a wander around the room, picking up a magazine. Notices the agony aunt columns are circled.

RYAN

A lot of reading time?

EDWARD

Work, actually.

RYAN

You're an agony aunt?

EDWARD

No. I write the questions for the aunts to answer. Nobody writes in to magazines these days. If you got a problem, all the answers are on the internet.

MEGAN

Stopped giving advice to desperate people. Probably a good thing.

Edward takes a puff, smoke flows through his nostrils, unimpressed eyes on Megan.

EDWARD

What do you want?

Megan hands him the letter.

He takes it, unfolds and begins to read.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

She's come to the wrong person for help.

MEGAN

And you'd be better? Another confused, desperate person to take advantage of?

EDWARD

You don't take advantage of
helpless people?

MEGAN

(gesturing to the
apartment)

I'm nothing like you. I exposed you
and this is what you have.

Edward puts out his cigarette.

EDWARD

I know it would give you pleasure
thinking that you were responsible
for all this but you weren't.

MEGAN

Well, that either makes you a fake
or a coward, which is it?

He stands up and comes face to face with Megan.

EDWARD

Maybe I am a coward, but that's not
why you hate me, is it? What kind
of question would Megan Walsh ask a
loved one who has passed on? "Are
you proud of me?". You knew the
answer would always be "No".

Megan stares at him sternly, not flinching, not breaking eye
contact.

He walks over to his table, picks up a package and hands it
to her.

Megan takes it, pulling out an old worn leather diary.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Delivered here two nights ago.

Megan opens it and skims through the pages revealing hand-
written entries, drawings of witches, demons, death and
agony.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Kate Allen's diary.

Megan is surprised, glancing over to Ryan who raises his
eyebrows as this plot thickens.

MEGAN

Why did she send you this?

Edward shrugs.

EDWARD

I guess the same reason she sent you that letter. For help.

MEGAN

Where is she?

EDWARD

How would I know? Oh. You think that I had something to do with this? What, that I had her locked away in my basement or something?

MEGAN

This is a waste of time.

She goes to leave.

RYAN

Wait. Hold on a second.

Megan stops and shrugs at him.

RYAN (CONT'D)

The last time she needed help she came to you. This time she sends a letter and her diary. What if she can't get out? Trapped? We need to go to her.

MEGAN

(surprised)

We?

Ryan steps toward Megan.

RYAN

(to Megan)

Think about it. You go upstate, you find this girl. "Journalist saves girl". You take him with you and he helps her spiritually or whatever. We take a crew with us, film the entire thing. You save his career, Kate, got your name written all over it.

Edward interrupts them both.

EDWARD

I'm not going anywhere near her. Whatever Kate has attached to her isn't a spirit. Spirits have no motive. What she has is something else.

RYAN

You're the expert-

EDWARD

And my expert advice is to stay away. Whatever it is that torments her is dark... vicious.

Edward goes to his door and opens it.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Now if you don't mind, can you please get out of my shitty life so I can continue to write about it in magazines.

Ryan places down a business card on his table before leaving.

Edward stares off into the distance, arms folded, cigarette in hand, zoned out.

Megan gazes at him for a few moments, then leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S CAR - NIGHT

They sit in silence.

Ryan sneaks a quick peek at her and then back at the road, sensing her mood.

RYAN

What is it?

MEGAN

He really believes it. I don't know if he's insane or he's just convinced himself it's real.

RYAN

Even the worst salesman begins to believe his own bullshit after a while.

MEGAN

What if he's in on it? What if he's set this thing up, just playing this long, drawn out game to get his career back on track and make us look like clowns?

RYAN

Seems a bit elaborate.

MEGAN

Aren't all con artists? Jesus, is this a waste of time?

RYAN

This girl needs help. This is exactly what you need right now. Doing something good, helping someone in need. It ticks all the boxes.

Megan's eyes stay focused on the road.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Forget him. I'll prep the crew and we'll roll out tomorrow. This story isn't about him, it's about Kate.

CUT TO:

INT. EDWARDS APARTMENT - NIGHT

He sits on the sofa, puffing on a cigarette. Lights out, TV glare electrifying the room every so often.

Edward's eyes fixed on the screen, in a hypnotic stare, as he watches re-runs of himself in his prime:

A HAPPY WOMAN on the screen dashes down from the audience and into his arms, embracing him.

HAPPY WOMAN

(on TV)

Thank you! Thank you so much!

He reaches for the remote and switches the TV off.

INT. EDWARDS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Edward sits at his laptop typing away. Cigarette hanging from his lips.

The hypnotic sound of a clock ticking, echoes through the room.

The clock hanging on the wall shows the time to be one-fifty-six in the morning.

The seconds-hand does its job then suddenly comes to a halt, the ticking ceases.

Edward glances up at his clock.

A loud CRASH from his bedroom startles him in his chair. Slowly he gets up and makes his way to his bedroom.

INT. EDWARD'S BEDROOM

Slowly he peeks into his dark bedroom. He flicks the light switch on but nothing happens.

He examines the light bulb; smashed to bits, the remains on the floor next to the window.

He walks around the bed, toward the window sill. Bending over, he takes in the mess on the floor.

His hands pick up broken pieces of glass. As he raises, standing behind him is-

NOTHING.

He places the pieces of broken glass on the bedside table. The curtains gently brush against him, the window ajar.

He goes to close it, but struggles, stiff and uncooperative.

Behind him, the bedsheets slowly BEGIN TO RISE from the middle of the bed. Something human shaped is underneath, lifting upwards.

He hears the whispers, a deranged female voice.

HAPPY WOMAN

Help me.

He freezes dead in his tracks but doesn't turn around.

The bedsheets slowly slides off the ghost to reveal-

The happy woman, hair covering portions of her face, standing on the bed.

The same female he watched earlier, embracing him on the TV screen.

A NOOSE IS TIED AROUND HER NECK, the rope dangling down her back and onto the bed.

Edward slowly faces her, gasps at what he sees.

The noose from behind slowly slithers its way up her back and toward the ceiling.

It begins to pull up her body from the bed, feet dangling, hanging from the ceiling, body gently swaying.

BED GHOST

Thank you for helping me, Edward.

The ghost LUNGES FOR HIM-

CUT TO:

INT. EDWARDS APARTMENT

Edward awakens in front of his laptop, from his horrific dream.

Checks his bedroom. The light works. The bulb is fine.

Back at his desk he picks up Ryan's card and stares at it.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S CAR - DAY

Highway traffic. SUV packed with equipment. Seven seats all laid out.

Ryan drives, sipping from a cup of coffee, sun glasses on, relaxed.

Megan sits next to him jotting notes, preparing for the trip.

Behind them are two crew members;

JACOB FRANKS, early thirties, cameraman, a tall, athletic black man. He is hardworking, loyal and an experienced professional. Good sense of humour. A sceptic.

He checks his camera equipment.

HEDA LOWELL, late twenties, crew member, attractive, olive skinned, tattoos, mistaken for Mila Kunis. Extremely tough with a sensitive side to her. A believer.

Baseball cap over her eyes, arms crossed, head resting against the window and snoozing.

JACOB

Alright, we are good to go.

RYAN

That's what you always say and we're never good to go.

JACOB

Nah, this time we're good. Trust me.

MEGAN

You also always say that.

JACOB

You'll see, when everything goes perfectly you'll be praising me.
"Oh Jacob, you're the greatest, how do you do it?"

They share a laugh.

RYAN

How much time you need to setup?

Heda speaks up from under her baseball cap.

HEDA

Two hours, tops.

RYAN

That's all?

HEDA

I work fast.

JACOB

Heda's good with her hands you know, I mean that's what I've been told.

She whacks his arm, smiling from underneath her baseball cap.

MEGAN

Map says we're about three hours out, just upstate.

JACOB

What's this place called again?

MEGAN

The willow groves plantation.

The car pulls into a gas station and parks up, directly in front of-

Edward, groomed, smart-casual.

Megan looks to Ryan with a "really?" expression on her face, who returns with an awkward smile.

RYAN

Guess he changed his mind.

Edward gets into the SUV and takes a seat.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Guys this is Edward.

JACOB

Jacob, nice to meet ya.

Jacob and Edward exchange handshakes.

HEDA

Heda.

She smiles warmly. Edward nods, appreciatively.

Megan ignores the exchange and continues to jot notes.

CUT TO:

EXT. RYAN'S CAR - DAY

The car meanders through a lonely two way road, which is buried deep between heavy forests on either side.

INT. RYAN'S CAR - DAY

Megan observes the forest that surrounds them, while chewing on a sandwich, the passing trees almost hypnotizing her.

HEDA

(to Edward)

So how did it all start? You know,
speaking with the dead?

JACOB

Heda's a believer. Amen!

EDWARD

It's more a feeling than actual
conversation and words. In your
stomach like you just know
something isn't right.

JACOB

So you're for real?

EDWARD

I am. You're not a believer?

JACOB

Nah. There's a reason why they call
it dead. Expired. Finished. As in,
not alive and unable to speak.

Heda carries on, wanting to know more.

HEDA

It just came to you one day?

EDWARD

It's like a phone call in your
head, but the line is fuzzy and you
have to fill in the gaps to make
sense of it all. But its been a
long time since I've done that.

HEDA

Since you last saw Kate?

Edward clears his throat, uncomfortable at the question.

EDWARD
That's right.

JACOB
What happened?

Edward takes delicate steps into describing the experience.

EDWARD
I heard something from the other side. This wall, crescendo of pain and anguish. This tiny voice reached over the top and said my name. *My name.*

Jacob listens to his words, looking a little spooked.

Ryan stares at the conversation through the rear-view mirror, not paying attention to the road.

Megan looks up in front of the car-

MEGAN
WATCH OUT!

Something standing in the middle of the road, an animal.

Ryan slams the brakes on, everyone inside rattles around. They come to a sudden stop in front of the animal.

A GOAT. Slowly it steps away and across the road, disappearing into the woodland.

JACOB
Jesus!

EDWARD
(to Heda)
Are you OK?

Heda gives him a thumbs up.

Ryan takes off his sunglasses, breathing heavy still.

RYAN
Where the hell did that come from?

Megan checks out their surroundings through the passenger window; a gated driveway. The sign above it catches her attention.

It reads "THE WILLOW GROVES".

MEGAN
We're here.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILLOW GROVES PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

The SUV slowly drives down the long narrow driveway, gravel crunching under the tires, the gate now out of sight.

They stop, get out of the SUV, take in the size and age of the PLANTATION HOUSE, the size of a mansion. Huge.

White wooden pillars, chipped rotten in places, unused and not lived in for many years, surrounded by forest.

RYAN

Welcome to the willow groves.

JACOB

(sarcasm)

This place doesn't look fucked up at all.

RYAN

Anyone got a problem with it, you can head two miles back down the dirt track to civilization.

Megan walks up the front porch and up to the door. She reaches for the handle, but it refuses to budge.

She knocks on the door. No answer.

Ryan approaches from behind, patting the solid door with his hand, then gives it a few hard whacks.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Old but solid.

MEGAN

(to the group)

Ryan and I will check the front, you guys try the back.

HEDA

You got it.

Edward stares at the house, uncomfortable, hesitant to approach.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILLOW GROVES PLANTATION HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Edward, Heda and Jacob make their way to the back of the house.

The grass is overgrown and wild, unkept.

Jacob moves toward the large SHED at the back of yard, notices it has a padlock on it.

He peers through the gap between the door-

TOOLS, WORKBENCH, an old TRUCK partially covered by a sheet.

JACOB

(to Heda)

There's an eighty-four Chevy in here. Great condition. Didn't you used to boost these before you went to juvie?

HEDA

No. I was more a Mustang girl.

EDWARD

You did time?

HEDA

Just for small things. Getting into scraps, usual childish stuff-

She notices his attention is not on her anymore.

Edward stops in his tracks.

EDWARD

Wait.

HEDA

What is it?

Edward points to something beside Heda's feet, at a GRAVESTONE.

Heda slowly shifts her eyes down to her feet.

They stand around the gravestone and read it.

"Jonathan Allen 1889 - 1974".

They examine the ground beneath and around them, noticing several broken headstones.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILLOW GROVES PLANTATION HOUSE - SIDE - DAY

Megan makes her way to the side of the house.

She peers through the windows. Slowly she tries to slide it upwards.

It slides open a little. Ryan gives her a hand and creates a gap big enough to crawl through.

Megan takes off her jacket and hands it to Ryan.

RYAN
Just like old times.

Megan smiles, almost as if she's enjoying it.

MEGAN
Give me a boost.

Ryan helps her into the gap, Megan pulls herself through and into the house.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Megan takes in the surroundings.

It's dark, little natural light through the thick curtains.

The dining room has been lost in time; relics from the sixties and seventies. Old furniture and decor from those eras.

Everything looks as though it was perfectly lived in and then suddenly abandoned. Thick layers of dust.

She treads lightly, soft squeaking of the floorboards beneath her feet.

MEGAN
Hello? Kate?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Old fashioned kitchen. Black and white checkered flooring. White cabinets stained yellow and more dust.

Megan walks through, running her finger along a cabinet top and flicking off the dust she collects on it.

MEGAN
Kate? It's Megan.

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - DAY

High ceilings, wooden floors, oversized rugs and renaissance furniture, monochrome. Nothing modern.

A slither of daylight cuts through the miserable room via a tiny gap in the curtains.

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT DOOR - DAY

Toward the front door, down a long narrow hallway, she steps slowly.

Beneath the stairwell, a DARK RED DOOR catches her attention.
She goes to turn the knob, but the door doesn't budge.

Analyzing the door more, she notices DEEP GROOVES, almost like fingernail scratches, running around the side of it.

She places her own fingernails in the grooves and mimics their direction.

BANGING AT THE FRONT DOOR takes her off guard and out of the moment.

Ryan's shadow visible through the semi-windowed front door.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - DAY

The group explore the house.

Edward steps into the living room, closes his eyes, feeling the energy.

Heda comes in behind him and drops some equipment on the floor, disturbing his flow.

HEDA

Sorry, were you... I mean did you make contact?

EDWARD

Just getting a feeling for the energy here.

Stepping toward him, she's interested in what he has to say.

HEDA

How is it?

EDWARD

Strange.

HEDA

Bad?

EDWARD

That's just it. I can't feel anything. Like there's nothing here.

HEDA

Well, keep trying, maybe you'll find something.

She begins to unpack some of the equipment.

EDWARD
You don't think I'm crazy, huh?

Heda carries on working as she talks.

HEDA
I think you help people. Nothing
crazy about that.

She smiles at him. He smiles back.

MONTAGE - MEGAN SEARCHING

-Megan walks up the stairs, dark, wooden, wide.

-Long narrow hallways, emphasizing the vastness of the place.

-Megan checks a few bedrooms, old and crusty, neat but
untouched for years.

-She opens another door, white tiled, checkered floored
bathroom.

-Climbs up the stairs into the attic. Empty and spacious.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan helps Heda with equipment.

He steps on a loose floorboard in the hallway just before
entering the room.

It squeaks under his foot, he glances down at the sound.

RYAN
This place is ancient.

Megan walks in, irritated.

MEGAN
She's not here.

RYAN
Maybe she's out for a while?

MEGAN
Out for a while? Look at this
place. Nobody lives here.

Jacob enters the room and joins in the conversation.

JACOB

(to Ryan)

Door to the basement won't budge. I was going to take a crowbar to it but the last time I did that... anyway I checked out the attic, I'll hook up an external power source. I think I can make operations work up there.

MEGAN

There's no point. We're not staying.

RYAN

Somebody sent that letter and the diary from this address. Whoever it was might turn up. Let's do what we can.

MEGAN

(pointing to Edward)

A haunted house tour with him as our guide? That's not what we're here for.

RYAN

We've burned a day getting here. We do what we've always done when the story changes, we work with it. You're still on top of this. Let's just redirect the focus.

MEGAN

And how do we do that?

RYAN

Interview Edward. Get some psychic vibes, talk to Elvis, I don't know.

MEGAN

No.

RYAN

Then what? You wanna go back home and watch your career continue to dive?

That hurts Megan, she lowers her eyes to the floor.

Ryan realizes his mistake.

Awkward silence for a few moments, until Edward speaks up.

EDWARD

(to Ryan)

I don't care about your interview.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I'm here to help the girl who sent
me this.

He holds up the diary Kate sent him. He throws it on the
table and steps toward Megan.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(to Megan)
You don't have to believe in what I
do. But something in this house
isn't right. The more time you give
me, the better chance I have of
finding out what happened to her.
And that's something we both want.

Megan takes in his words, shaking her head in disagreement,
leaves the room.

Ryan's eyes fixed to the floor, hand massaging his temples,
annoyed with himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILLOW GROVES PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain falls hard across the estate. Darkness surrounds the
house, accompanied with a faint fog.

The adjacent forest sways in unison, trees lashed by the
winds and rain.

CUT TO:

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Furniture built for children, drawers, closet, tiny bed, a
small rocking chair.

Children's toys, crude and simplistic in their design, litter
the room, some lined up against the wall.

Jacob stands in a corner slowly screwing in a small camera
into the wall, facing down onto the bed.

He finishes screwing and adjusts the camera's position.

From behind him the rocking chair slowly rocks forward and
then back into place.

The sound catches his attention.

He glances over at it, staring at the rocking chair for a few
moments.

He picks up his tools and leaves.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

A long narrow room, a door on one side, a huge window overlooking the forest on the other.

Dark grey walls, hardly any furniture, the room is lost in the fifties.

On each of the long walls are three beds, neatly dressed, a doll resting on each of the blankets.

Small bed-lights hang above each of the tiny beds.

Could easily be mistaken for a children's hospital ward if not a nursery.

Heda fixes a camera into the wall, just like the one Jacob had.

Footsteps behind her, she doesn't turn around or get startled easily.

Edward stands watching her work.

Heda speaks out, still working on the camera, without turning to face him.

HEDA

You shouldn't sneak up on people
you know.

He goes to pick up a doll.

EDWARD

So much history. Memories in every
room.

HEDA

Wouldn't have chosen this wall
color, personally.

EDWARD

You have kids?

She finishes screwing it in and adjust the camera's position.

HEDA

I had a nursery.

She finishes it up, starts to put her tools and equipment away.

HEDA (CONT'D)

I lost my baby. Girl. I did the
walls pink with these tiny yellow
ribbons on.

EDWARD

I'm sorry.

HEDA

Don't be. After she was gone, I watched a lot of TV. Your show. It gave me hope. That she was in a better place. So thank you.

Edward listens to her words, humble that he might have done some good.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - CAMERA POSITIONS

-Bedroom - Camera fixed in a high corner of the room observes the room.

-Nursery - Camera that Heda fixed on the wall observes the small beds.

-Upstairs Hallway - The camera points down the long, dark, narrow hallway, littered with doors along the long walls.

-Grand living room - Camera observes Heda, Megan and Edward in the living room.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The base of operations. Lights out, desk full of monitors showing the camera views of various rooms in the house.

The light from the command centre that Jacob operates reflects off his face.

Ryan stands behind him, like a general giving his troops orders, both wear headsets.

JACOB

(on headset)

Alright, we're good to go.

RYAN

(on headset)

That's what you always say.

JACOB

(on headset)

You'll see.

RYAN
(on headset)
Cameras are hot. Let's test your
mic's.

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan and Edward sit opposite each other against the backdrop of the massive collection of books in the room.

Heda stands to the side, controlling a camera on a tripod, facing their direction.

Megan fiddles with the earpiece in her left ear and responds to Ryan through her microphone attached to her blouse.

Edward and Heda have the same.

MEGAN
(into microphone)
Yeah.

EDWARD
(into microphone)
Yes, I hear you.

HEDA
(into microphone)
Got it.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Ryan observes them in the monitors.

RYAN
(on headset)
Loud and clear. Megan, let's get
the intro done, just some history
on the house, what we're doing
here, maybe introduce Edward and
how we're helping him-

Megan responds on the microphone, ignoring what Ryan had just said.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Hey Jacob, I'm going to do my intro
and then we'll see how it goes from
there.

Jacob grins at Ryan and then responds with a smirk on his face.

JACOB
 (on microphone)
 Sounds good, Megan.

Ryan bows his head and puffs out his cheeks, sighing at the difficulty of dealing with Megan's stubbornness.

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan takes a few deep breaths and goes through her lines to herself.

Edward scans through the bookshelf.

Picking through some of the antiques, he brushes the dirt off a large old book.

He picks it up to reveal the title "Allen Family Tree".

Flipping the pages, he begins to read the book-

Black and white pictures show a strange and miserable looking family, from the turn of the last century onwards.

Edward flips the pages, as the faces in the pictures change, one constant remains-

The willow groves plantation house.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Jacob cycles through all the cameras in the house. All is calm and peaceful. Then back to the group in the living room.

Megan finishes her intro, Ryan and Jacob observing on the monitors.

RYAN
 (on headset)
 That's great Megan thanks. Erm,
 let's go check out a few rooms see
 what we can find, whatya say Ed?

Ryan takes a deep breath.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 (to Jacob)
 If he doesn't start playing to the
 crowd, this is going nowhere.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Heda stands filming Megan and Edward. Edward stands in the middle of the room, with his eyes closed.

A few moments pass and he opens his eyes, shakes his head.

EDWARD

Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is tidy. Neat. Old. Simple wooden furniture.

Edward slides his fingertips across some of the furniture in the room, trying to tune himself into the house.

Again, nothing.

Megan leaves, rolling her eyes, impatient. Edward follows her.

From Heda's camera view we see the picture start to flicker.

She fiddles with the buttons on the side of the camera, trying to adjust it.

HEDA

(on microphone)

Picking up some interference here.

JACOB

(from headset)

Shouldn't have any, cell phones are up here with us. It's totally clean down there.

She peeks through the view-finder again and pans the camera across the bedroom-

A GHOSTLY FIGURE STANDING NEXT TO THE WINDOW. She pulls the camera away from her face in a panic.

Just a curtain.

A HAND touches her shoulder and she spins around, in a fright and ready to fight-

Megan stands with her hands up in the air, "don't shoot".

MEGAN

Ready to go?

Heda shakes it off.

HEDA

Yeah. Just... camera problems.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Megan explores the upstairs of the house as Heda and Edward check out a few rooms.

She walks by an open door-

IT CREAKS OPEN.

It catches her attention. She stops, walks toward it and sizes it up. Slowly she pushes it open.

INT. THE PICTURE ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open revealing complete darkness.

She brushes her hand against the wall looking for a light. Finding it, she clicks it on.

A small yellow shaded wall light, antique and in bad condition, fires up.

It flickers and fights its way to full illumination.

Eventually settling on a dim yellow glow that barely reaches around the room.

In the opposite corner of the room is a large DRESSING SHADE, white and fragile aesthetics.

Lined along the walls are pictures, about two dozen, portraits of the Allen family.

All share the same wooden frame, painted in gold, all aged and unkept.

Under each frame is a small plaque, their names engraved on the bronze rectangle.

Megan walks around the room taking in the pictures and faces of the generations of the Allen family.

The eyes on each of the pictures have been blacked out, almost like someone had taken a lighter to them, leaving them with large black holes for eyes.

She gets to Kate's picture; gone.

Instead, the frame simply hangs over a large hole in the wall.

The wallpaper chipped and torn inwards, as if something has punched through from inside the wall.

From behind her the door slams shut. The old light goes out.

Complete darkness.

Just the sound of her breathing.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Jacob? Ryan?

No response but static.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(on microphone)
You guys hear me? Hello?

Again, nothing.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Shit.

Her footsteps drag across the floor slowly as she tries to find the light switch.

Then she hears it;

A SOUND OF CHILDREN LAUGHING.

She gasps, breathing heavy.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Who is that? Edward? Heda?

She continues to search, still in complete darkness, for the light switch.

Finding it, she flicks it.

The light flickers on and off beside her.

Behind her-

The light casts a shadow of a GHOSTLY FIGURE standing behind the aged dressing shade.

It disappears as the light steadies itself.

She goes to open the door but hears the voices, stopping her in her tracks.

CHILDREN'S VOICE
Come play with us, Megan.

Turning swiftly, scared, she analyzes Kate's frame, where the voices came from.

Echoes of quiet voices and whispering coming from the hole that it covers.

She steps toward it, until she's close enough to stare into it.

Standing close, she stares into the dark hole in the wall.

Then she hears the whispered voices again-

CHILDREN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Come into the closet.

She backs away in haste, those words mean something to her, her eyes wide open in terror, heavy panting, shock.

The DOOR swings the wide open on its own.

She leaves the room quickly and bumps into-

Edward and Heda.

A little shaken up she's glad to see them.

HEDA
Hey, we were looking for you. Find anything?

She gawks at them both for just a second.

Composing herself, she makes the choice not to disclose the events, the true sceptic that she is.

MEGAN
No. Just family portraits. Let's get this done and get out of here.

She walks off down the hallway leaving them behind.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Megan stands watching Edward try and make contact.

EDWARD
There's something here.

Heda gets closer in on them both with the camera.

MEGAN
Can't you talk to them or something?

EDWARD
Not like this.

MEGAN

Then how?

HEDA

Seance.

Edward shakes his head slowly, hesitant to comply.

EDWARD

I don't know what we'd awaken.

MEGAN

You said you wanted to help Kate.
This is it.

She walks away from him, as he ponders the idea.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lights out. Rain slapping the windows.

A candle holder in the middle of the table, three candles burning.

The candle light illuminates the faces of Edward, Megan and Heda.

Camera on a tripod pointed in their direction.

Edward removes his earpiece. Megan and Heda do the same.

EDWARD

Whatever happens, do not react. Do not talk back. And do not, under any circumstances, leave your seat.

He reaches out his hand to Megan.

Reluctantly, she takes it.

Heda also joins hands with them, making a small unit.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I have to make contact with whoever is here. Then I'll communicate. Close your eyes.

They follow his direction.

He prepares to talk to the dead. The tone in his voice changes, softer yet direct.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm talking to whatever it is that inhabits this house.

Silence.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Ryan and Jacob watch the monitors and the feed through Heda's camera.

They watch, not too bothered by the seance, both eating sandwiches.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Edward continues.

Megan and Heda concentrate on his words, eyes still closed, no facial expression.

EDWARD

Are you here in peace?

No response.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Are you here for revenge?

Not a peep.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Are you that which haunted Kate Allen?

Quiet then-

A small breeze, a flicker of the candle light, the curtains sway slowly. Something is responding.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Reveal your intentions.

Beside them, a chair shifts, SCRAPES ITS LEGS across the wooden floor, quickly, then topples over.

Heda and Megan gasp, eyes wide open. Edward focuses on the chair and then the girls.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Ryan and Jacob are more alert now, concerned, at what is happening. Slight disbelief in their expressions.

Their feed cuts in and out. Static. Unable to get a clear picture.

RYAN
(on microphone)
We're losing the feed down there.

No response. Earpieces are out.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

He tries to communicate again.

EDWARD
Enough with the parlour tricks.
Reveal yourself.

One of the candle lights goes out. Two remain.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Reveal yourself.

Another candle light goes out. One remains.

Megan is uncomfortable, afraid.

Heda concentrating, she mouths silent words of prayer.

Edward's voice raises in volume, more demanding.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Reveal yourself.

There's a moment, then-

The last candle goes out.

Darkness.

The sound of rain cuts through the silence.

From the hallway the FLOORBOARD SQUEAKS.

Megan inhales sharply.

Edward speaks out to the spirit again.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Where is Kate Allen?

Slowly, in the hallway, that RED DOOR opens itself up.

The sound of the door opening, aged hinges creaking and coming to a halt, echo through the hallway.

MEGAN
Kate?

She stands, breaking the link, lights up the candles and pops in her earpiece.

Grabbing the candle-holder, she motions to Heda to grab the camera.

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Megan slowly walks toward the red door, candles in front of her face, Heda following behind trying to capture it on film.

She pulls the door open.

Edward stands there watching for a few moments, reluctant to follow them.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The static clears, Ryan and Jacob watch Megan and Heda head to the basement door.

RYAN
(on headset)
What happened?

MEGAN
(on headset)
It's Kate, I think she's in the
basement.

Ryan fist pumps the air with joy.

RYAN
(on headset)
Alright, we don't have a fixed
camera down there, switch to the
main feed.

He watches as one of the monitors switches to Heda's camera point of view.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Heda's camera feed has a slightly grainy and noisy picture quality.

Old creaky wooden staircase. Hardly any light. Darkness dwells at the foot of the stairs.

The candles flicker out.

MEGAN
(to Heda)
There's a breeze down here. You got
a light?

Heda slips one out of her pocket and hands it to Megan, who switches it on, aiming down into the basement.

Slowly they make their way down, reaching the bottom of the stairs.

Megan pans the light across the room, taking in the surroundings.

High ceilings. Grey stone floors, old browning brick walls supported by thin rotting wooden beams.

DARK.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Kate? Are you down here? It's
Megan.

Cobwebs cover aged wine racks, rocking chairs, white sheets lay over history, junk in order.

They walk through the basement, taking in all around them.

Heda pans around the room.

Edward joins them below, walking down the creaking stairs. They turn to face him, slightly scared.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Ryan notices something from Heda's camera feed.

RYAN
(on headset)
Wait. Heda, go back. To the left.

He watches as she takes his directions.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(on headset)
Stop.

Heda's camera stops in motion and holds.

Ryan stares at the picture and points to the screen.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(to Jacob)
There. Is that a door?

Jacob stares at it, nods in agreement.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(on headset)
Megan, on your ten, against the
back wall.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Megan flashes the light in the direction of the door.

Behind the sheets and furniture she sees the frame of a door.

She moves toward it, pushing things out of the way.

The door is wooden, chipped white paint flakes off of it, rusted metallic door-knob.

She turns the knob; locked.

MEGAN

Kate?

EDWARD

Don't.

Megan doesn't face him, too occupied with saving Kate.

MEGAN

She's gotta be in here.

EDWARD

It's not her.

She ignores him.

MEGAN

(to Heda)

Stand back.

Megan takes a few steps back and then shoulder charges the door.

It cracks slightly in the middle.

Another step back and another charge-

CRASH. The door splits open, Megan tumbling through and smashing onto the floor, hard.

INT. THE WELL - NIGHT

Her flash light slips out of her hand, rolls across the floor.

Megan pushes herself up, Heda helping, from the wet, muddy ground, wiping the dirt off on her pants and shirt.

Megan reaches for her flash light, shines it around the room.

Water pipes and plumbing above their heads. A sparse empty room, then in the middle of the room-

A WELL, a few feet high, made from old brick.

A rope is attached to a beam above it, dangling down the middle of the well, gently swaying.

Megan slowly approaches the well.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Heda's camera feed begins to phase in and out on the monitor.

Jacob hits a few buttons, tries to fix the signal.

RYAN
(to Jacob)
Get it back!

The feed completely vanishes.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(on headset)
Megan? Heda?

No response.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(taking off his headset)
Ah shit.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Megan approaches the well and peers down into it, flashing her light.

Something attached to the end of the rope. She leans in a little more into the well when-

CRACK. The old bricks give way, Megan falls down into the well, screaming as she does.

SPLASH, she drops headfirst into the bottom of the well, deep with water.

Heda and Edward peer over the rim of the well.

EDWARD
(down the well)
Megan!

Edward flashes his light down the narrow dark hole.

HEDA
(on headset)
Ryan? Jacob?

Megan surfaces, gasping for air, pushing her hair off her face, wiping it away from her eyes.

Cut above her eyebrow, grazes and dirt on her body.

HEDA (CONT'D)

Megan!

MEGAN

I'm alright.

EDWARD

Hold on, we'll get you out.

Megan reaches into the water and finds her flashlight.

She taps the end and it flickers on and off, revealing-

Behind her, the HEAD OF THE THING, slowly rises up from the water until its eyes, opens them, PIERCING RED, long hair covering parts of its face.

It stares at Megan as she fumbles with her flashlight, trying to make it work.

The flashlight kicks back into life.

Slowly the HEAD lowers back down into the water, soft water ripples echo in the well.

Megan turns to face the sound, pointing her light nervously in that direction.

Nothing.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Do you see anything?

Megan flashes the light around the bottom of the well, and then upwards-

DANGLING FEET.

Further upwards.

DIRTY SUMMER DRESS.

Higher.

DECAYING FLESH, PALE ARMS.

A clear view.

KATE'S CORPSE. Hanging. Rotten corpse swaying gently from side to side, mouth open wide, terror.

Megan looks away in disgust.

MEGAN

It's Kate.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILLOW GROVES PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain falls, hard. Slushy mud on the driveway, trees swaying in the wind.

The living room light shines like a beacon through the darkness.

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Edward leans against the window, family tree in hand. He analyzes the pages deliberately, fascinated.

Megan sits in a chair, wet and bloodied.

Jacob applying some lotion to her cut. She winces as he finishes up.

Heda sits, sorting out her camera equipment.

Ryan stands in the centre of the room.

RYAN

(to Megan)

We're going to call the cops,
notify whatever family she might
have.

In his hands, a broken padlock. He holds up to show Megan.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(to Megan)

This was attached to the door to
the well. On the inside.

He throws it to Megan, she catches it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

She didn't want anyone to stop her.

He sits down next to her. Megan stares off into the distance.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(persuasively)

We've got a story here, bigger than
what we expected. I say we give it
until the morning, really explore
the grounds-

Megan cuts him off.

MEGAN
Who wrote the letter?

Ryan stops, confused.

Her eyes still don't meet his.

RYAN
What?

MEGAN
Who wrote the letter? Who sent the package? The diary? If she's been swinging from a wooden beam in the basement behind a padlocked door, who sent all of it.

Ryan shrugs nervously, shaking his head as he does.

RYAN
I... I don't know who, but that's not really important-

Megan gets up from her seat and faces him, irritated.

MEGAN
Don't lie to me, Ryan. Don't.

Ryan fixes his gaze on Megan, honesty in his eyes.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
You sent me the letter and him the diary. Led us on this ghost hunt.

Ryan stands to his feet, defensive.

RYAN
I gave you a story, someone to fix. The same guy whose career you tore up, I gave you that chance. But I didn't send the letter or the diary.

MEGAN
You lied to me and to them. You took advantage of a dead girl's plea for help.

Angered he raises his voice, for the first time, annoyed with her.

RYAN
I brought you here for *yourself*.

Megan shakes her head, shouting back.

MEGAN
(pointing to Edward)
No. You did it for a quick story
and fifteen minutes of fame. You're
no better than him.

Ryan stands there, hands on hips, confused.

Edward doesn't acknowledge the discussion.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(to Jacob and Heda)
We're leaving.

She leaves the room.

JACOB
(to Megan)
Where you going?

MEGAN
(O.S)
To wash this crap off of me.

JACOB
(to Ryan)
We're still getting paid though,
right?

Ryan glares up at him, annoyed.

Jacob takes the hint.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I'll be in the attic.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rain water lashes against the window.

The shower blasts on, loud grumbles from the pipe system.

Megan strips off her clothes and drops them to the floor.

She places down a towel and some clean clothes onto the lid
of the toilet.

Pulls back the shower curtain and steps in.

Dirt from her body washes away down the drain.

She closes her eyes and rubs her neck and body with the hot
water, releasing the tension.

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Heda and Ryan pack away equipment.

Edward sits, head buried in the family tree.

A few pictures fall out of it, ancient, black and white.

He flips through them-

-A picture showing construction of the house, the family working together.

-The well being made.

His curiosity changes to horror as he flips through the next few pictures.

-The family dressed in black robes, bull and goat skulls for masks, hold a baby above the well, A HAND REACHING UP TOWARD THE BABY FROM THE WELL.

-A few members of the family smiling as they bury corpses on top of each other in a mass grave in the back yard.

Another folded piece of paper drops out of the book.

He picks it up and unfolds it to reveal-

A MAP, old and torn. A PENTAGRAM is drawn in the middle of it, joining up towns within the state.

His eyes follow them all until he reaches the centre of the pentagram where it is labeled in bold letters-

THE WILLOW GROVES.

INT. THE WELL - NIGHT

The rope that dangles down the well begins to sway. Faster.

A pair of decaying hands slowly wrap fingers around the edge of well rim.

THE THING pulls itself up.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Megan faces the shower head, water hitting the top of her head.

Her eyes open as if sensing something behind her.

She spins to reveal-

Nothing.

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Edward walks toward Ryan and Heda, book in hand, color drained from his face.

HEDA
(concerned)
Are you OK?

Edward takes an age to reply, still in shock.

EDWARD
It's not about Kate. It's this
place. The willow groves.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Jacob packs away some tools.

Beside him on the monitors, one of the camera's in a bedroom slowly begins to turn full circle, anti-clockwise.

It catches his attention. He observes it, watches it turn, confused.

Eventually they all begin to spin around, getting faster with every complete turn.

JACOB
(to himself)
What the fuck?

The cameras suddenly stop spinning, all back into original positions.

All screens suddenly switch to what is occurring downstairs between Edward, Heda and Ryan.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Megan gets out of the shower, dries herself off, slides into some jeans and puts a white tee on.

From behind her the toilet lid slowly lifts up, all the way open, the sound of water spluttering inside the toilet.

The noise catches Megan's attention.

She steps toward it.

The light above her flickers on and off.

She glances up toward the light and then back toward the toilet lid.

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Ryan looks confused, wanting answers.

Edward hands him over the book.

EDWARD
(talking to himself)
They've always been here. Kate
never had a choice. She was always
going to be their sacrifice. That's
why we're here.

RYAN
Sacrifice?

EDWARD
(talking to himself)
Someone lured us here, substitutes
for Kate.

Heda puts a hand on his arm, trying to calm him down.

HEDA
Ed you're not making any sense.

EDWARD
(talking to them)
They built a well because it was
the easiest way straight to them.

RYAN
To where?

Edward considers his words, finally settling on the correct one, as his eyes lock with Ryan's.

EDWARD
(to Ryan)
Hell.

Their conversation is cut short by the sounds of LOUD FOOTSTEPS coming up from the basement stairs.

They stop and listen, backing away slowly in fear.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The light cuts in and out as she approaches the toilet.

Megan peers into the toilet bowl.

A HAND reaches out and grabs her by the throat, squeezing the life out of her.

Her eyes open in horror as the thing from the basement slowly raises its head out of the toilet.

It pushes her, sending Megan crashing into the basin, knocking her head, flooring her.

Everything is slow.

The light above flickers in and out, casting shadows, making it difficult to see the thing in great detail.

She watches in terror as it squeezes its way up, bones crunching and restructuring to fit through the pipes.

Robotic red eyes, demonic grin cut into its face from ear to ear, teeth bare. Arms elongated, fingers stretched and pointed.

Dressed in a black robe, torn and dirty, it's tall, around six-five.

It stands there like a puppet on strings, arms twisted inwards, back hunched over, slow deliberate movements.

It reaches out toward Megan.

She climbs to her feet, lunging out the door.

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

From the basement steps a man, short and stocky, hooded jacket covers his face.

He walks toward the group, slowly lifts his head and removes his hood.

It's the DELIVERY MAN. The same one that delivered the packages to Megan and Edward.

Edward stares at him, as if he recognizes him.

EDWARD

I know you. You delivered the package to me. You're...

Edward stares at him for a moment.

MICHAEL

Michael. Michael Allen.

EDWARD

Kate's brother.

RYAN

You brought us here?

He nods.

MICHAEL

(pointing to Edward)

She came to him for help and he turned her away. And that thing, it got inside her. Took my sister. Changed her into a monster. You could have helped her.

He points a six-shooter at Edward.

EDWARD

You don't need to do this.

MICHAEL

(to Edward)

Don't you get it? The sacrifices aren't enough anymore. It wants to live. You'll bare witness to the sacrifice *we've* endured for generations, while you slept safe at night, never once knowing about the evil that existed in this world. Well, now the world will know.

Megan comes racing down the stairs, stops as she sees the gun in his hand.

He swings the gun around to point it at her, she freezes.

RYAN

Megan, wait!

MEGAN

Please! There's something up there.

Michael shifts his eyes around nervously.

MICHAEL

It's already here. They'll have you. Not me, I get to live.

Tears in his eyes. He cocks the gun and aims it at Edward, who doesn't flinch.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You get to suffer, like she did. It'll take your body and your fucking soul and you'll-

THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Total darkness.

Then-

Michael stops, drops his gun, grabbing at his throat.

Choking and coughing, trying to breathe, he gasps for air.

Slowly his body begins to lift off the floor, his feet dangling in the air.

The group watch, stunned, cowering away from him.

His neck SNAPS BACK with a violent CRACK.

His lifeless body crumples to the floor, his head facing their direction, his eyes closed.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Jacob watches in shock at the scene unfolding from his monitors.

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Ryan steps forward slowly toward the gun, laying next to the body.

He reaches down to pick it up-

THE BODY COMES TO LIFE, its eyes open first, RED, an arm reaches out, grabbing Ryan's.

It lets out a demonic scream, leaps onto Ryan, pinning him down.

Heda and Edward charge at him, but are easily brushed aside.

Ryan looks up at the monster that mounts him, morphing into something inhuman-

Arms elongated, fingers pointed and long, mouth made of torn flesh from ear to ear.

It takes a chunk out of Ryan's neck, he screams in pain, blood gushing from his wound.

BOOM-

Megan stands over them both, firing a shot into its head, watching it tumble over, finished.

Staring at the body for a moment in total shock, she refocuses.

Edward rushes to Ryan, blood pouring from his wound, and tries to stop the bleeding.

Megan helps him, blood on her hands and shirt.

She helps Ryan up, moving to the door.

MEGAN
(to Edward)
Get Jacob, we're getting the fuck
outta here.

Edward and Heda dart up the stairs toward Jacob.

EXT. DRIVE WAY - NIGHT

Megan helps Ryan into the car, he holds his neck, pressure on the wound, blood gushing.

She goes to the driver's side, gets in, firing up the engine.

The engine shuts off. She goes to turn the key again, confused.

Loud crunching sound from beneath the car. The suspension straining.

The back of the car slowly begins to lift off the floor, upwards into a ninety-degree angle.

Panic in her eyes, shocked at what's happening.

It holds this position for a moment and then flips completely over onto its roof, car crashing down, Megan screaming as she rattles inside.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Edward runs down the hallway, opening doors, searching for Jacob.

EDWARD
Jacob!

HEDA
The attic!

Heda follows him around the maze of corridors as they go after Jacob, but-

LIGHTS OUT. Everything is DARK.

They stop dead in their tracks.

Light from the pale moon outside, through the windows, offers a little help.

They peer down the hallway, where THE THING STANDS, red eyes locked on them.

EDWARD
Oh my god.

Heda begins to run, grabbing his arm and pulling him along. They dart off down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Megan regains her senses, deep gash on her forehead opened up, cuts and grazes down her arms.

One arm unable to move, she winces as she tries to adjust.

Stuck upsidedown in the car, she struggles to free herself.

She focuses on the moaning next to her.

Ryan is in far worse shape, blood spurting from his mouth and nose, running down his forehead and into his open eyes.

He barely mouths the words-

RYAN

I'm... sorry.

A weak smile, as if he knows his life is soon to expire, desperately sputtering incoherent words.

She tries to reach over and assist with her good arm, but he's just out of reach. Fingertips away.

MEGAN

Ryan, hold on. Hold on.

He struggles to take his last breath. His eyes slowly close, and his head gives way. Finished.

Megan shocked, her partner dead.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Ryan?

No response.

Tears in her eyes.

She flicks a few switches on the door, the window partially lowers, unable to go any further.

She reaches for her seat-belt, freeing herself, crashing into the dash below her.

Slowly she begins to army crawl out of the window, half of her torso out when-

A HAND GRABS AT HER ANKLE; Ryan morphing into one of those things, eyes red, mouth wide, fingers turn to claws.

He hisses and growls at her, stuck in his chair.

He pulls her back into the car.

She screams, grabbing at the door-frame to stop herself from going further.

Kicking him in the face, she gives herself time to crawl back out.

She spots the gun, picks it up as she crawls out, stands and hobbles to the front door.

Ryan smashes through the windscreen, climbing out after her, giving chase.

She struggles up the porch, Ryan baring down on her.

Swinging the door open, she gets in and slams it shut just as Ryan smashes into it from the outside.

Backing away from the door she watches as Ryan attempts to smash through the glass.

It holds. Just.

She's alone. In the dark.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Jacob watches Megan. He searches his desk for his headset.

JACOB
(on headset)
Megan!

He watches her walk off into the house.

He tries to track her on the monitors, most of them are not working. She vanishes from his screen.

Eureka moment.

Searching his desk he pulls out the bag that has the cell phones in it.

He grabs one after the other trying to dial out, no signal for any of them.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Shit!

He switches back to the monitors in time to see Edward and Heda running down a hallway.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Edward opens a door and ushers Heda in.

EDWARD

Hide. Whatever you hear or see, do not come out.

HEDA

Come with me!

EDWARD

I'll distract it. When it's clear, you get Jacob and get out of here.

HEDA

Ed-

EDWARD

Go!

He slams the door shut and darts down the hallway.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heda quickly sizes up the room, a bed in the centre, old furniture, and a closet.

She lifts up the bedsheet that hangs off the edge of the bed.

Sliding under the bed, she pulls the sheet down to hide herself.

A few moments pass and the door slowly creaks open.

Fear in her eyes, she holds her breath.

She listens to the footsteps that drag across the wooden floor.

A shadowy figure is barely visible through the sheets, she remains as still as possible.

The footsteps stop in the middle of the room.

Moments pass.

The footsteps slowly lurch their way back out of the room.

Relief on her face, she breathes a silent sigh of relief.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Megan checks the kitchen, gun out in front of her.

MEGAN
Heda? Jacob?

Nobody.

She places the gun down on the table, rips off a piece of the table cloth, wraps it around her weakened arm.

The blood on her hands catches her attention. She stares down into them.

A few tears gently roll down her cheeks. She wipes them away and refocuses.

Searching the drawers, she finds a large chef's knife.

Patched up, gun aimed in front of her, knife in hand, she slowly steps out of the kitchen.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Megan slowly climbs the stairs, the wooden steps creaking under her feet.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lights are still out.

Narrow and dark hallway. Something catches her attention.

Static crackling from something on the floor.

Fumbling around she finds it.

She picks up a microphone and earpiece, fitting on herself.

She doesn't notice the THING WATCHING HER in the distance, it slowly moves aside out of view.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Hello?

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Jacob hears her loud and clear.

JACOB
(on headset)
Megan?

He searches his monitors but is unable to see her.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Megan sighs with relief.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Oh my god, Jacob!

JACOB
(from headset)
Where are you?

Megan takes in her surroundings.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Upper north hallway.

JACOB
(from headset)
Where's Ryan?

She struggles to find the words, still not sure of what just happened.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
I don't... He changed. He's gone.

JACOB
(from headset)
We'll... we'll figure it out. But
you need to get out of there.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Can you see Ed? Heda?

JACOB
(from headset)
Most of the cameras are down. Last
thing I saw they were running from
something.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Gonna try and find them and head up
to you. Be my eyes.

JACOB
(from headset)
You got it.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward barges in, slamming the door behind him. He does a quick scan of the room.

Children's toys, ancient. A small rocking chair, a tiny bed, an even smaller closet.

Nowhere to hide.

He runs over to the window and tries to slide it up.

It comes up halfway. He sticks his head out and takes a peers down at the drop.

Too high.

In the distance, he notices the shed is lit up from the inside.

Floorboards creek outside the door.

He faces the door.

The door knob rotates as he braces himself.

Slowly the door creaks open and in steps-

Heda, scared and cautious.

Relief on his face.

EDWARD

Why didn't you leave?

HEDA

I wasn't going to leave you behind.

He smiles at her.

He opens the door slowly, checks it's all clear, then nods at Heda to follow him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open. Megan stands in the doorway, ready for combat.

She steps into the room and quickly scans for her friends.

Nothing.

As she spins around to leave she bumps into-

Heda, confused and shaken. Just like the other Heda.

HEDA
Oh my god.

MEGAN
Are you alright?

Heda nods.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Where's Ed?

HEDA
I don't know. Where's Ryan?

Megan shakes her head, then replies, stumbling over her words a little.

MEGAN
He's dead.

Heda places her hand over her mouth, tears up a little.

HEDA
We saw that... thing. It's here.
It's real, it's all real.

MEGAN
We're getting out of here.

JACOB
(from headset)
There's a truck in the shed.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Working?

JACOB
(from headset)
I don't know. Worth a shot though,
right?

Heda observes Megan talking on the headset.

HEDA
Where's Jacob?

MEGAN
Attic.

Megan begins to leave the room, Heda following.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(on microphone)
See if you can find Ed, we're
heading to the third floor.

She hands Heda the chef's knife.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Stay close.

Heda glances at the knife and then back at Megan, nodding.

For a split second her eyes GLOW RED, Megan unable to see, facing the other way.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

Megan treads lightly up the stairs, unable to see much in the dark, weapons in front, Heda follows.

Large narrow nursery, lined with cots and ancient toys, almost like an orphanage.

A huge window at the end of nursery.

Heda walks toward the window, Megan checking the room behind her.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Jacob watches as Megan and Heda enter the nursery.

Something catches his attention on another monitor.

He watches as Ed and ANOTHER Heda make their way through a hallway.

JACOB
What the...?

He stares at the screen, dumbfounded.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(on headset)
Megan. Listen to me. That's not Heda.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

Megan stops in her tracks, her eyes locking on Heda, then slowly backs away from her.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Say again?

JACOB
(from headset)
Whoever is with you. It's not Heda.

She responds, trying to hide her surprise.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Oh yeah? Why'd you think that?

JACOB
(from headset)
Because I'm watching her with Ed
right now on my screen.

Megan keeps up the act.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Maybe you can come down and meet us
here?

HEDA
Where is he?

She faces Heda, who stands there staring back, window behind her.

HEDA (CONT'D)
Where's Jacob?

MEGAN
Through those doors and up the
stairs.

HEDA
Better hurry?

Megan nods.

Heda doesn't buy her sudden change in attitude.

HEDA (CONT'D)
Is everything alright?

Heda steps forward, Megan takes a step back, eyes locked on the knife in her hand.

HEDA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Another step forward, Heda closer.

Megan brings the gun up and points it at Heda.

MEGAN
Stop, just stop.

Heda raises her hands, dropping the knife onto the floor.

HEDA
Megan... I don't know what's going
on, but you're scaring me.

MEGAN
(on microphone)
Jacob, get down here.

No response.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(on microphone)
Jacob, you hear me? Get down here.

Nothing.

Nervous. Unsure of what to do.

A voice croaks out from behind her.

EDWARD
Megan?

She flips to point the gun at Edward and the other Heda.

They both raise their hands, then see the other Heda at the
end of the room.

They both do a double-take.

HEDA (EDWARD)
What the fuck!

EDWARD
Put the gun down!

Megan looks back at the Heda by the window, and then to
Edward.

HEDA (MEGAN)
(scared)
No, please, Megan you know me.

Megan switches focus between the two.

MEGAN
(to Heda with Ed)
Get over there, now.

She motions for her to join the other Heda.

Edward goes to stop her.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Don't.

EDWARD
She's with me. It's her.

MEGAN

How do I know that? How do you? You don't.

EDWARD

This is what it wants. It wants to hurt us, hurt each other.

He steps forward, Megan cocks the gun.

MEGAN

I said don't!

Jacob enters the room behind the two Heda's.

HEDA (MEGAN)

Jacob! Please. Tell them it's me.

The clones stand side by side.

The gun aims at them, switching between the two, trying to decide what to do.

HEDA (MEGAN) (CONT'D)

Megan you're scaring me. I've known you for years.

Megan's attention is on that Heda as-

Edward's Heda reaches down for the knife that was dropped.

She lunges for her clone trying to stab her.

Both of them tangle with each other.

Punches and kicks, even in distribution, the knife falls to the ground as both grapple each other on the floor.

One of the Heda's reaches for the knife and stabs the other in the shoulder.

In pain, the wounded Heda rolls away onto her stomach, crawling away.

The other lifts the knife above her head ready to bring it down when-

BOOM.

Megan unloads a shot into her back.

Heda falls on her face.

Both of them lay there on their stomachs.

Edward stares at Megan in disbelief.

EDWARD
You killed her.

Edward charges at Megan trying to grab the gun from her.

Jacob rolls over the shot Heda checking for a pulse-

SUDDENLY HER EYES OPEN, RED, grabs at his throat as it finds its feet.

She extends her arm as she lifts Jacob clean off the floor.

Edward and Megan stop their battle and turn to see Demon-Heda.

Megan shoots at her wildly, missing a few times, hitting her a few, until out of bullets.

Demon-Heda swivels around to face her, tilting her head mockingly, when-

WHACK.

Real Heda drives the chef's knife up into the demon's head from under the jaw.

She drops Jacob to the floor, he scrambles to catch his breath.

The demon stumbles backwards, crashing through the window and falling into the backyard.

Heda helps up Jacob from the floor.

Megan and Edward head to the window, peering down at the demon below.

Heda and Jacob join them, they watch in astonishment-

It slowly picks itself up and pulls the knife out from its jaw.

Beneath the demon's feet the ground begins to crumble away, corpses shuffle, hands reaches out from the ground toward the sky.

JACOB
Fuck.

MEGAN
Downstairs. We get out the front
and just run for the road.

Megan takes off in a hurry, Edward following.

Jacob stands at the window still in shock. Heda pulls him away.

HEDA

Come on!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

The corpses begin to rise, dozens of them, from the ground, similar mutation to the possessed, red eyes.

Slowly they pull themselves up from the mass grave that Edward saw being dug in the pictures.

They meander at brisk pace through the back yard and begin to circle the house, smashing at the doors and windows, trying to find a way in.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The group charge down the stairs for the front door, Edward going to open it.

MEGAN

No!

Edward opens the door before he realizes what is happening-

Ryan comes bursting through the door, flooring him and pinning him down.

Megan grabs a camera stand, smashing it over Ryan's head.

He switches his attention to Megan, snarling at her.

GRAVE CORPSES make their way to the door, Jacob and Heda leap across, body-weight against the door, struggling.

An arm reaches around and grabs Heda's hair, trying to pull her out.

Another arm smashes through the door glass and pulls at Jacob.

Both fight to free themselves while keeping the door closed.

Ryan focuses his attention on Megan, who backs away.

Down on the floor, she sees the large filming camera Heda used.

Picking it up she swings it toward his head and knocks him off his feet.

Megan straddles Ryan, as he tries to claw and bite at her.

She raises the camera high above her head but hesitates.

EDWARD

Do it!

More hesitation.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

It's not Ryan anymore!

She looks down into Ryan's eyes. Soulless.

As she stares into his eyes, they switch from the demonic possessed Ryan to the Ryan she knew before.

Her mind confused, she hesitates still.

Finally she snaps out of it, the demonic Ryan screaming in her face.

That's all the confirmation she needs.

She screams as she brings the camera crashing down on his head. Once, twice, three times, over and over.

Blood sprays generously over her.

With every blow, she screams, only stopping when his hands stop trying to claw at her.

She drops the camera.

She cries out. In pain, anger, sadness. Raw emotion.

Jacob and Heda manage to close the door, the corpses trying to smash through it still.

They walk over to Ryan's body.

HEDA

What happened to him?

EDWARD

This place.

JACOB

Made him turn into a fucking monster? Like those things?

EDWARD

The willow groves. Built on top of a... doorway to hell. Once we arrived, we were susceptible to their possession. It's what they, crave. Life.

JACOB

We're going to end up like that?

EDWARD
I don't know.

JACOB
You don't know?

EDWARD
What do you want from me?

JACOB
You woke them up, get rid of them!

EDWARD
I can't.

Jacob is angered. He pulls Edward to his feet and grabs him by the collar.

JACOB
What do you mean you can't!
Goddammit they're here because you
fucked with them. Fix it!

Heda steps in between them, trying to break it up.

HEDA
(to Jacob)
Back off.

EDWARD
(to Jacob)
It doesn't work that way!

JACOB
(to Edward)
Ryan is dead because of you!

EDWARD
(shouting back)
Don't you think I know? I didn't
know how to help him. Just like I
didn't know how to help Kate. I
wasn't strong enough. I was too
scared. Is that what you want to
hear?

Jacob lets go of his collar and backs off, cooling down a little.

The sound of the corpses banging on the walls from the outside cuts the tension.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
They're trying to find a way in.

HEDA
Why?

Megan stands as she addresses them, wiping the blood off her hands and face.

MEGAN
They want him.

She nods in Edwards direction.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
It's only ever been about him.

Jacob and Heda leer at him, questioningly.

Edward agrees, picking his words carefully.

EDWARD
I'm a link. Between the worlds. The living and the dead. The perfect vessel to manifest in our world, for it to live, here, in the flesh.

JACOB
(to Megan)
Then let's hand him over.

Megan shakes her head.

MEGAN
That's not happening.

HEDA
She's right.

The banging stops. They all listen out for a sound.

MEGAN
They're trying to find another way in.

JACOB
So what do we do? Wait until daylight? Sit it out? Hide in the closet?

Megan picks up the camera stand.

She rips off the legs that are attached to it, leaving only the central leg and the large metallic connector, creating a make-shift sledgehammer.

EDWARD
This house, we have to destroy it. It's the only thing that gives them power, that allows them to manifest in this world.

MEGAN

Then we'll burn this place to the ground.

Heda wraps some cloth that she rips from her shirt, around her shoulder wound.

JACOB

What, we're just gonna set ourselves on fire and stroll out there for a breath of fresh air?

EDWARD

We have to leave this place. The longer we are here the more chance we have of ending up like those things out there.

Heda reaches down to Michael's body, searching his pockets. She finds some CAR KEYS.

HEDA

(to Jacob)

Eighty-four Chevy?

She throws the keys to Megan, who catches them.

JACOB

That's great but the truck is in the shed.

HEDA

(she points to Michael)

He found a way in here from the basement.

Jacob has a bright spark moment.

JACOB

The basement.

He thinks it through, uttering to himself, eyes rolling around trying to remember old history classes.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Old plantation homes had tunnel systems that ran throughout the grounds to transport slaves. Maybe that's how he got in here and to the truck without us noticing?

Megan nods.

MEGAN

(to Jacob)

We'll block the windows and doors, should buy us some time. Search the basement for a way out.

She's stern with Edward and Heda.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 Grab anything that you can fight
 with. We haven't got much time.

She holds the home-made sledgehammer confidently in both hands.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

FRONT DOOR - Heda and Megan push a large bookshelf in front of the door.

BASEMENT - Jacob frantically searches for a way out of the basement, the tunnel system.

DINING ROOM - Edward flips over the large table, Heda and Megan help him push it against the windows.

KITCHEN - Megan opens a drawer and pulls out a meat-cleaver. Next to it she finds some lighter fluid.

DINING ROOM - Heda smashes a chair, takes two legs, joins them together with cloth, and creates a torch.

GRAND LIVING ROOM - Heda douses the cloth in lighter fluid, pulls out her lighter, lights it up.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Edward approaches Megan who wipes off the blood from her face with a cloth.

EDWARD
 I'm... I'm sorry about Ryan.

She avoids eye contact.

Eventually she stops her busy hands and responds.

MEGAN
 (sadly)
 So am I.

He goes to walk off but is interrupted by Megan.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 You were right. About Kate. About
 this place. Everything.

She continues to clean her face.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

About five years ago I got sent to Afghanistan. Covered a school that was giving a chance to local kids, learn English, that sort of thing. Stayed with them for a few months. One night the rebels came in, took all the kids outside and began shooting them. No pity or remorse, just bullets and bodies.

Placing the bloodied rag down, she glances up at him as she continues her story.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

There wasn't enough space in my closet to hide all of them, so I grabbed four of the smallest ones and hid them.

She pulls the table cloth off of the dining table, laying on its side against the window.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I hid under the bed. Watched the rebels walk into my room. Pure, unchallenged, unsympathetic evil standing right next to me. They didn't bother to search the place. Just shot the closet into pieces.

She rips the cloth in two.

Edward finally understands what makes Megan tick, his sad eyes lower to the floor as he listens to her story.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'm not making the same mistake. Not tonight. That evil, it's here in this house. And I'm going to end it.

She grabs her homemade sledgehammer, leaving the room.

INT. HALLWAY TO FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Megan walks over to Ryan's body and lays the table-cloth over him and another on Michael.

She kneels down and pats his chest, bowing her head for a moment.

Standing, she shouts down to the basement.

MEGAN

How we doing down there?

JACOB
(shouting up)
Give me a minute

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Heda pulls the curtain back, peeking out into the front yard.
Rain still falls, a faint fog mist in the air.
Edward joins her.

HEDA
Where are they?

Before she can finish her sentence, a loud SCREECH comes from the grand living room.

They both turn their attention to the sound, unsure of what's happening.

Then the MUSIC BEGINS, an old sixties ballad.

INT. GRAND LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Both stepping around Ryan's body, they make their way into the living room toward the music.

Megan joins them, leading the way in.

The lyrics continue as normal, then suddenly get stuck and loop over and over on a few words.

The record player in the corner, circa nineteen-fifties, plays the song without any power.

Cautiously, Megan walks over to it.

With their backs turned, they don't see Ryan's corpse sit up from under the table cloth, still wrapped around him.

Nor do they pay attention to him climbing up onto his feet and walking toward them, faint glow of those red eyes under the cloth.

Megan lifts the needle off the record, ending the looping lyrics abruptly.

A hand reaches out from under the cloth over Ryan's corpse, reaching toward Edward.

Heda catches a glimpse of what's happening and reacts first.

HEDA
Ed!

Heda swings her torch at the corpse, smashing it off its feet.

It catches fire with the blow, screaming in agony as it goes up in flames.

Standing, it runs right into the window, crashing through it.

Then it comes.

Corpses, hands, red eyes, clambering over each other to get into the house.

MEGAN

RUN!

They dart out of the room.

Megan sprays the remainder of the lighter fluid onto the wooden floors, carpets, curtains.

She holds her torch against the curtain, lighting it up.

INT. HALLWAY TO BASEMENT - NIGHT

They rush out into the hallway when-

BOOM.

The front door bursts open, corpses filing through.

MEGAN

Get to the basement!

They rush toward the basement door when-

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK.

In front of them, the floorboards start to smash upwards, something digging its way up to them.

One arm, then another, then the face of the corpses as it pulls itself up.

It screams at them with rage.

Megan charges at it, taking aim, and bringing her hammer down on top of its head, blood spraying.

The corpse disappears down the hole.

The back door from the kitchen crashes open, corpses pour into the house.

They rush into the basement, Edward last to close the door behind him.

Fire engulfs the plantation, the corpses smash and crash at the basement door, trying to get through.

Behind them lurks THE THING, standing in the flames.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

They search frantically for the tunnel, the door being pounded at by the corpses from above.

Crashing above them, cracks begin to appear in the ceiling.

It widens as floorboards are ripped upwards, corpse-claws trying to grab down at them.

Megan grabs the torch from Heda as she searches in a dark corner of the basement.

HEDA

There's nothing here!

JACOB

It has to be!

Heda and Edward search the room with the well.

They hear a growl coming from the bottom of the well.

Tense as they watch a few corpses fighting their way up the well, hands clambering out of it.

Megan notices a mat on the floor. She kicks it away to reveal a trap door.

MEGAN

Here!

She opens the trap door, leans into it and waves the torch to make sure it's clear-

A CORPSE LUNGES at her from within the tunnel, grabbing her and pulling her into it.

She pushes it off her, as it tries to claw and bite at her face.

Jacob's meat cleaver slices into its neck, toppling it to one side.

He jumps into the tunnel with them, stomping on its head until it stops moving.

The basement door GIVES WAY, the corpses filter down the stairs.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Come on!

Edward jumps into the tunnel, Heda follows, bringing down the door with her, the corpses inches away from joining them.

INT. TRANSPORTATION TUNNEL - NIGHT

Megan leads the way, crouched over, dark narrow tunnel, wooden beams supporting crudely dug tunnels.

She can barely see what's in front of her, Jacob behind, Edward after and Heda at the tail.

The trap door behind them cracks, smashing inwards. The screams of the corpses echo through the tunnel.

Jacob looks back to see the corpses crawling through the tunnels at them, red eyes clear in the darkness.

JACOB

GO!

They come to a junction in the tunnels, a choice between left or right.

Megan stops, unsure of where to go.

JACOB (CONT'D)

They're right on us!

The sounds of the corpses gets louder.

Megan makes the choice and takes a left.

The group follow, Edward at the end when-

WHACK! A corpse arm latches onto his ankle, pulling him down onto his stomach and dragging him away.

Heda dives to reach his hand.

She catches it and holds on to him.

HEDA

Ed!

She gets up and charges at the corpse that has its grips on him.

Leaping on the corpse she begins to stab at it hard with a knife, until it stops moving.

Edward's leg is mangled and bloodied, as he tries to crawl away from the oncoming corpses.

Jacob helps Edward up, carrying him, trying to get him through the tunnel.

JACOB
Heda come on!

Another corpse lunges out from the darkness, pinning Heda down.

She lifts its head up and pierces its skull with the knife.

Pushing the corpse off her, she rolls onto her stomach and begins to crawl away.

She reaches for her torch and aims it toward the darkness behind her-

Half a dozen red eyes are right on top of her.

She screams as they pull her away into the darkness, the torch falling onto the dirt.

Edward screams out for her as he watches her being pulled away.

EDWARD
(distraught screaming)
NO!

He tries to go back for her, Jacob restraining him.

JACOB
We got to go, now!

Megan gets to the end of the tunnel, a trap door above her head.

She pushes at it. Too heavy. She smashes at it with her make-shift hammer. Nothing.

Jacob joins her as they both drop their weapons and push upwards, slowly it lifts upwards, opening up fully.

Megan climbs up and into-

INT. SHED - NIGHT

She quickly checks around the room, no threat.

Leaning into the trapdoor she offers a hand to pull out Edward, followed by Jacob.

The corpses are right there, grabbing at his legs.

Legs make it through in tact, the trap door slamming shut on them.

Megan begins to push a metallic cabinet by the wall, toward the trap door. Jacob helps her, toppling it over.

The cabinet crashes onto the trapdoor, keeping the corpses locked under it.

Rolling out from the cabinet are a few shotgun shells and some flares.

MEGAN

Heda?

Jacob shakes his head.

Megan takes a moment, closing her eyes, and refocuses.

Noticing a woodcutting axe beside the workbench, she picks it up and throws it into the truck, while pocketing a few flares.

She climbs into the truck, puts the keys in and turns; nothing.

Edward checks through the gap in the shed door to see what is ahead.

His eyes catch the reflection of the plantation house on fire.

Jacob searches through the tool collection. He picks up a small claw hammer.

Then his eyes catch something else; a twelve gauge shotgun.

He drops the hammer, switching with the shotgun, then the shells on the floor along with the flares.

Megan tries to fire up the truck again.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Come on goddammit!

Jacob helps the limping Edward into the back of the truck.

The trap door smashes open, the cabinet is the only thing between them and the clutches of the corpses.

The truck fires up, the engine rattling as Megan gives it some gas.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Come on!

The corpses slide the cabinet over.

Jacob climbs into the passenger seat.

Megan revs the engine up and floors it, smashing through the wooden doors of the shed.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

One of the corpses plays chicken with the truck, head to head.

Megan sees him coming, accelerates right into it.

The corpse leaps up into the air, crashing down onto the bonnet.

It smashes a hand through the windscreen, clawing at Megan.

She swerves the truck from side to side, the corpse clings on.

Megan slams on the brakes.

The truck comes to a sudden stop.

The corpse removes its arm from the windscreen, pushes its face into the hole its created when-

THE SHOTGUN TAKES AIM. BOOM.

Shell rips through its face, its body toppling off the bonnet.

Megan tries to floor it again, but the wheels are caught, STUCK IN THE MUD.

She checks the rear-view mirror as the corpses begin to climb out of the shed.

Suddenly the corpses are all around the truck, surrounding it.

The lights of the truck cut through the heavy rain, accentuating the shapes of their chasers.

JACOB

Back it up!

MEGAN

I'm trying!

The corpses get closer. A few at the front, a few from the side and back.

Jacob lays off some shots, a few of the corpse double over, but get right back up again.

Ryan cowers away from the corpse hands reaching over and into the bed of the truck, trying to grab at him.

The corpses are RIGHT ON THEM.

Megan revs the engine one last time-

THEY TAKE OFF, flying forward in haste, smashing through the corpses that stand in their way.

Edward glances up toward the shed, the thing stands there looking right back at him.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The truck races down the long narrow driveway, the headlights barely keeping up with what's in front of them.

She slams on the brakes- a tree fallen and laying across the middle of the road.

Megan leaps out of the car, axe in hand.

The tree is too big to be moved.

Behind them the sound of the demonic screams gets louder.

Megan sees to the forest beside the road, makes the decision to go into it.

MEGAN

We can get through the forest,
shortcut our way to the road.

She goes around the back of the truck to get Edward out.

EDWARD

I can't.

He motions down to his leg, a mangled mess.

MEGAN

We're not leaving you behind.

EDWARD

It wants me. If you go now you
still have a chance to get out of
here.

MEGAN

No!

She goes to pull him out of the bed of the truck, he winces as she tries to lift him, failing.

EDWARD

Megan.

The screaming of the corpses get louder.

Jacob stands tall, shotgun aimed and ready.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Go.

His eyes meet Megan's. They nod at each other.

Megan and Jacob vanish into the forest.

The corpses approach, completely ignoring Edward in the bed, giving chase through the forest.

Shifting his body, he struggles to get out of the bed, hobbling onto the dirt road.

He falls to his knees in the middle of the road, corpses rushing by him.

The thing approaches him. Edward closes his eyes, bowing his head, ready to meet his end.

Nothing happens.

He looks up; its vanished. He checks around him.

Then-

IT HITS HIM from the inside. In his chest, then upwards to his throat.

The pain is immense. He falls onto all fours. His body begins to morph.

First his hands, then his feet. His back, neck and chest.

The last, is his face. He changes into it. The thing. In full living form.

Eyes red. Hands and fingers elongated into claws. Face stretching into a longer, ghoulish mouth, razor sharp teeth.

Bigger, taller, wider than the previous manifestation.

His screams turn from his own, into a demonic rage.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

They dart through the forest, between the trees, rough terrain.

Megan leading the way, Jacob behind, the corpses bare down on them.

Jacob stops to take pop shots at them.

JACOB
Go! Get to the road, I'll hold them
off.

MEGAN
(to Jacob)
Come on!

JACOB
I'm right behind you.

He throws her a flare, which she catches.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You're good to go.

He smiles at her briefly.

She doesn't smile back, realizing his sacrifice, then rushes through the forest.

Jacob takes position behind a tree, lighting up a flare, throwing it out in front of him.

The flare lights up a small perimeter surrounding him.

He loads the shotgun up, waits for them to approach.

They arrive, in all sorts of directions.

He takes accurate shots, cursing at them as he does.

They crumple in a heap as they catch the bullets with their bodies.

The body count racks up. He stops to reload, takes aim.

They stop approaching him.

Silence.

The flare slowly burns away.

He catches his breath, adrenaline pumping through his veins.

Reaching down into his pocket he pulls out another flare, lights it up, bringing it up toward his face.

Nothing in front of him.

FROM BEHIND HIM those laser like red eyes slowly begin to open.

A few at first, then around a dozen, standing a few feet behind him.

He realizes his demise. He drops the gun to the floor and closes his eyes.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Megan gets to the end of the forest. She stops, taking in the LAKE in front of her.

Around a football pitch wide, on the other side the forest resumes.

Jacobs cries out in pain behind her, his screaming silenced suddenly.

Megan spins around to face the screaming, tries to keep herself calm.

She spots an old small speedboat at the end of a rickety old make-shift dock.

She makes her way to it, hopping in, trying to start it up; dead.

Searching around for anything useful, she finds a few metallic gasoline canisters.

The screams of the corpses get louder.

Megan takes the canister to the end of the dock, lays it on the floor and smashes it open with the axe.

She pulls it along the dock until it reaches the boat, covering the dock with gas and emptying the rest into the boat.

Lighting up a flare, Megan raises it up high, for maximum visibility, a human light-house.

The corpses approach, at full speed.

Megan waits until the last moment, most of the corpses on the dock, to drop the flare onto the gas.

It drops onto the gas, she dives into the water.

The flare lights up the gasoline, setting the corpses on fire.

They scream and whirl around in the flames.

The flames reach into the speed boat-

BOOM.

The boat explodes, sending the dock and corpses up in pieces and flames.

Megan surfaces.

She watches in awe, the decimation of her chasers.

Megan pulls herself up onto land, wet, muddied and exhausted.

She takes a moment of rest, laying her head down into the muddy banks.

The splashing of the water catches her attention-

The thing in its new-Edward-form raises from the water, arms stretched out, menacing.

It's robotic red eyes glisten, locked directly on Megan.

Megan tries to find her feet, but unable to do so in the wet mud.

The thing climbs out of the water.

She scrambles, picking up her axe, and running off into the forest.

CUT TO:

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

Tree after tree, she dodges branches and bushes in her way.

Ahead of her she sees passing lights; she's near to the main road.

She charges for it but-

WHACK.

She is taken off her feet by a hard hit from the thing.

She smashes into a tree, ribs first, falling to the ground in a heap.

Her axe off in the distance, she slowly picks herself up, as it towers over her.

Megan goes to throw a punch. The thing catches her hand, backhands her, she tumbles away.

Her eyes catch the glistening of the axe's blade.

She reaches for it, stands, face bloodied and bruised, last stand.

The thing slowly steps toward her.

She takes a step back and brings the axe crashing down into its foot.

It roars in pain.

Analyzing the blood; now in human form, it BLEEDS.

Megan scampers toward the roadside.

She climbs up the embankment up onto the road.

She clutches her ribs, wincing as she makes it onto the cement.

In the distance she can see the LIGHTS OF A CAR, approaching at speed.

The thing climbs to the top of the road and stands opposite her.

Megan doesn't move an inch. She stands, as the thing takes measured steps toward her.

She watches the oncoming car, hoping her instinct and timing is accurate.

Megan jumps aside, the thing is right on her as the car screeches and SLAMS into it.

The monster skids across the road a fair distance, rolling and tumbling away.

The car comes to a halt, the entire front end ruined, smoking.

DRIVER hops out, making his way to Megan.

DRIVER

Jesus, I didn't even see you!

He helps her up, but her attention is locked on the thing.

His words are drowned out, her eyes locked on it, hoping it doesn't get up from the hit.

But it does.

Slowly it lifts up, standing, facing her. It makes its way toward them both.

Megan sees it approaching.

MEGAN

Run!

The driver stares at the thing, confused.

DRIVER

What the hell? Hey buddy, are you alright?

It grabs him by the throat, snapping it, tossing his body away like a rag-doll.

It looks over to find Megan, but she has vanished.

Its evil eyes scan from side to side, unable to find her.

The car on fire, the engine smoking, the flames spreading to the driver's seat.

From underneath it, the fuel line is cut, leaking gas.

Megan crouches down at the back of the car, axe in both hands, noticing the gasoline.

She sneaks a peak around the end of the car to see where it stands.

The thing lurches from side to side, searching for her.

Then she hears it-

Her FATHER, the thing mimics his voice.

THE THING

(Megan's father)

Megan. Megan sweetie. I'm sorry for how I left you without saying goodbye.

Megan listens to the voice in shock, she wraps her hand around her mouth, trying to silence her gasping.

THE THING (CONT'D)

(Megan's father)

I miss you so much baby. Don't you miss me? I promise you, if you come out now, I will take you with me and we can be together.

It steps carefully around the car.

THE THING (CONT'D)

(Megan's father)

We can play hide and seek, like when you were a kid. You can hide in the closet.

Megan reacts with RAGE.

MEGAN

Fuck you!

Leaping out from behind the car she swings the axe into the thing's back, the axe wedged in its flesh.

It struggles to pull it out, eventually does so, and goes after her.

Megan dives into the back seat of the car, the thing chasing her into it.

Struggling, she army crawls out through the opposite door.

The thing reaches out an arm to grab her, barely missing.

Dropping onto her back, Megan kicks the door, slamming it shut, the thing trapped inside.

Reaching into her pocket she pulls out a flare, lights it up, tossing it under the car.

It rolls slowly toward the leaking gasoline.

She runs a few paces away from the car just as it EXPLODES, lifting the car upwards.

Megan flies through the air, crashing face first onto the floor.

She rolls onto her back.

Her head twists over to see the car in flames, its ashes dancing up toward the night sky.

She rolls her head back to look up at the sky, closes her eyes, exhausted.

She doesn't see the thing moving around inside the car, between the flames.

Nor does she see the door open, and the horribly burned creature flopping out of the debris.

It pulls itself up, standing tall, dragging itself slowly, step by step, toward her.

The sound of the dragging steps grabs Megan's attention.

Her eyes light up in disbelief.

IT. LIVES.

It gets closer.

She reaches for her axe- NOT THERE, too far to reach. Her eyes look up just as the BURNED THING hovers over her.

She's too weak to crawl away-

It reaches down and grabs at her throat, lifting her into the air, her legs dangling, kicking, struggling, as she gasps.

It squeezes its grip, pulling her face closer to its own.

Megan gasps a few words.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Edward.

It scans her up and down, tilting its head to the side.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Please. Help me. HELP ME.

The thing lifts Megan higher, ready to snap her neck when-
SPLAT.

An arm punches its way out through the thing's chest. A human arm. From the inside.

It drops Megan to the floor.

Then another arm. A huge gash through the middle of its chest. It begins to tear apart from the inside.

EDWARD frees himself from the thing, internally.

The upper-torso of the monster falls away as do the legs.

Edward is reborn.

He slumps down into the ground, a mucky mess.

Megan crawls over to him, helping him up.

She hugs him tightly.

He takes a moment to wrap his arms around her, and then does.

They sit in the middle of the road, embracing each other, finally safe-

A HAND grabs at Edward pulling him away from Megan, and tossing him across the road.

The legless torso of the thing still functioning. It crawls on its belly toward Megan.

It claws at her, as they both tussle on the floor, pinning her down.

EDWARD
MEGAN!

Edward standing over her with the axe.

With everything she has, she lifts the head of the thing upwards.

Edward brings the axe crashing down on its head, splitting it clean in half.

It stops moving instantly. Finished.

He drops the axe and falls to his knees.

Megan pushes the torso off her, closing her eyes.

Exhausted, they lay there in the middle of the road against the backdrop of the burning car.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILLOW GROVES PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

Fire trucks line the drive way, ambulances and police cars also.

A few firefighters walk away from the smoking debris of the plantation house.

Chief stands talking to a few of the firefighters.

Megan toward the back of an ambulance, patched up, covered in a blanket.

A police officer approaches her, removing his hat.

POLICE OFFICER

We found two bodies inside. Will be a few days before we get an ID.

Megan doesn't respond, gazing off into the distance, zoned out.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Your friend's going to be OK. Just lost a little blood.

She glances over to the ambulance opposite hers, Edward laying out on a stretcher, drip attached, oxygen on.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Ma'am. What happened here?

She responds, tired, unsure herself of what happened tonight.

MEGAN

If I told you... you wouldn't believe me.

He frowns, placing his hat back on his head, walking away.

Megan sits, staring at the smoke from the ashes of the house.

INT. THE WELL - DAY

The room is charred and burnt. The well damaged, the bricks crumbled.

Pieces of the well lay scattered across the room.

The rope into the well still remains intact.

Deep into the well, the noose swings gently from side to side.

Kate's corpse has vanished.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVE TV STUDIO - DAY

The audience listen, with hands over their mouths, in total awe and disbelief at the story being told.

The host sits next to a better looking and groomed Megan, as she recites the story.

Beside her, a refreshed looking Edward, dressed like he used to.

TV camera's swing from shot to shot, producers cueing the host from behind the scenes.

YOUNG HOST

You have so much courage, both of you, to be able to relive that night for us here, in front of this audience and the millions of people watching at home, I know it must not be easy.

Megan nods in agreement, Edward also.

MEGAN

We owe it to the people that... aren't with us anymore.

YOUNG HOST

You were a skeptic before. Now, after all you've seen... do you believe?

Megan chooses her words carefully, taking a quick glance at Edward before she replies.

MEGAN

There's a thin line between what we know and what we think we know. That small divide called the unknown, that is yet to be understood. I have hope that one day when I'm no longer here, I'll be in a place where the light extinguishes the dark, and that my loved ones will be waiting for me there. I've seen enough of the dark.

YOUNG HOST
Ladies and gentlemen, Megan Walsh
and Edward Tyler.

The host beams a pearly white smile as she cues the audience to clap the guests.

She stands, Megan and Edward following her also.

They lap up the adulation of the audience.

Edward nods in appreciation, clapping with the audience.

Megan doesn't allow herself to smile.

The host urges her to, pointing toward the rapturous ovation she receives.

Finally, a small smile from Megan.

Happiness.

She stares into the camera nearest to her, still smiling.

HEART-BEAT.

Slowly that smile vanishes.

She curls over slightly, a horrible feeling in her gut.

HEART-BEAT.

Pain in her chest.

HEART-BEAT FASTER.

She grabs at her throat. Something invisible strangling her.

Edward stops clapping, concerned.

She begins to choke.

The host reaches over to try and help her clear her throat.

Megan grabs at her own throat, trying to remove the invisible hands that crushes her windpipe.

The audience stop clapping, confused and concerned.

The cameras keep on filming, cameramen peering from around the lenses, worried.

HEART-BEAT FASTER.

SCREAMS OF TERROR as Megan's body is lifted up off the floor, her feet dangling, levitation, on live TV.

The host screams out, backing away in horror.

Edward tries in vain to pull Megan down as she chokes, eyes bulging, scared, his grip not strong enough as she rises.

The audience are terrorized, screaming, crying, unsure of what is happening.

HEART-BEAT FASTER.

She hovers above the stage, in the middle of the studio, hands wrapped around her own neck.

CUT TO BLACK:

CRACK.

THE END