

Willowick
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

The glow of the moon ripples on water. A massive two-story paddle-steamer cuts through its reflection.

Two large wheels straddle the mid-section of the boat. The wheel cover reads "G.P. GRIFFITH".

SUPER: LAKE ERIE, JUNE 17th, 1850.

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Three DECK HANDS fight a blaze with hand pump cannisters of water and a weak pressured fire hose. They're losing. Flames work their way closer to drums of TURPENTINE.

SAMUEL, 28, drops his cannister. He runs up the stairs covering his mouth.

EXT. HURRICANE DECK - NIGHT

It is a large deck that makes up the exterior of the boat.

PEOPLE litter it making beds of their luggage and satchels. Most of them are asleep. Weary immigrants.

WALTER, 5, stands next to his FATHER, 24, as they look out over the horizon. Walter tugs at his sleeve.

WALTER

Papa? Can I take it off? It's heavy.

He kneels down in front of the boy.

FATHER

No, no. We can never take them off. Remember, we are knights. Knights in charge of protecting the king's gold on this journey.

He pats the boy's coat. It jingles from the coins sewn inside of it. Then he pats his own jacket for a familiar sound. Walter smiles.

A MAN in a Buxton hat pretends to sleep, but keeps one eye on the boy. He crooks his lips in a devious smile.

Samuel flings open a door next to them. Black smoke bellows out as he slams the door behind him. He runs towards the bow.

Walter and his father watch him.

FATHER

Come.

They hold hands. Follow him.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

RICHARD, a portly man of 40, stands at the helm. His sailor's jacket is worn and frayed. He tuts in anticipation.

Samuel opens the door. Stumbles in.

RICHARD

Well?

Samuel bends over. Puts his hands on his knees. Tries to catch his breath.

RICHARD

Dammit man, speak!

Samuel looks at him with his blackened face. Shakes his head.

Richard lets go of the wheel. Walks over to the window. He runs his fingers through his beard.

RICHARD

Get everyone on deck.

Richard grabs the wheel. Spins it port. It slams hard-over.

SAMUEL

What are you doing?

RICHARD

I'm gonna run'er ashore.

EXT. HURRICANE DECK - NIGHT

Walter and his father stand at the bow. The nose of the boat begins to cut left.

WALTER

Papa?

Walter's father looks off to a black mass of land.

FATHER
 Somethin's wrong. Wait here. Gonna
 fetch your mum.

He lets go of the boy's hand. Hurries off.

MAN (O.S.)
 Oi.

Walter turns. The man in the Buxton hat approaches.

MAN
 Some taffy?

Dirty fingers offer a twist-wrapped treat. His other hand
 conceals a BLADE behind his back. Walter looks at him. His
 eyes trail off. He points to the sky.

WALTER
 Look.

The man turns aft. One by one, stars disappear from the sky.
 Black smoke begins to devour the moon.

MAN
 My God.

INT. STEERAGE - NIGHT

Samuel runs down the hall. He blows his whistle.

SAMUEL
 Everybody on deck! Everybody on
 deck, now!

He bangs on the doors as he runs by.

ROOM

It's tiny. Cramped. A WOMAN and her HUSBAND wake. They roll
 out of the lower bunk. THREE CHILDREN sleep on top.

WOMAN
 (in German)
 What is it?

HUSBAND
 (in German)
 I don't know.

He grabs a money belt from his bag. Fastens it on his waist. Samuel's voice continues off screen. He nods at the children.

HUSBAND
(in German)
Something's wrong. Wake them.

EXT. HURRICANE DECK - NIGHT

The awakened steerage occupants begin to overflow the deck. Several people from the rear of the boat migrate forward. They cough and wave their hands.

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

A drum of turpentine blisters its paint. The container gives way to its contents. The flames roar.

EXT. HURRICANE DECK - NIGHT

HUGE FLAMES emerge from the stern. People panic. Push forward.

A WOMAN falls overboard. A MAN jumps in after her. They both get sucked into the wheel. It sputters. Just for a second.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Richard mans the helm. His jacket pulled over his head. Windows SHATTER from the heat. Huge flames behind him.

EXT. LAKE AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

The boat illuminates the water around it. It's dwarfed by the mountain of the black smoke that trails it.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

The engine sputters. Stops. The paddle wheels lock.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Black smoke fills the room. Richard's hands slide on the hot wheel.

RICHARD
Come on. Come on, you bastard!

UNDERWATER

The bow of the boat strikes a shoal. Mud blots out the view.

EXT. HURRICANE DECK - NIGHT

People are thrown forward. Several fall overboard. SCREAMS.

The flames from the stern push their way fro. The passengers begin to jump. Some families hand in hand.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Richard jumps out of a window. His coat on fire.

UNDERWATER

Hundreds of people struggle to swim. Their precious belongings weigh them down.

They start to drown. In seven feet of water.

A MAN dressed in a waistcoat gives up. His WIFE and TWO CHILDREN cling to him in a death grip. They drift by. Bound together.

The screams fade. More and more people become motionless...

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

People walk out from the water. Dozens of them. Some are calm. Some frantic.

The man in the waistcoat and his family approach. They stare at each other. Check for injuries. They have none.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)
Most psychics believe you see a light when you die. At least my momma did. She said those who turn time in God's favor must choose when to walk into it.

They turn as they reach land. A warm glow. The moon. No longer in the sky. It appears to be nestled in the sand a few miles down the beach. They head towards it.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

Some stay. To look after a child.
To mind after a lover. Only to
find, a child can grow up without
them. Their lovers can love again.

The German man runs past. He asks people questions. Some shake their heads. Others offer a blank stare.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

But, those who've died in a tragic
accident will stay the longest.
They sometimes don't understand
that they've passed.

Walter sits in the sand. Knees pulled to his chest. He cries.

WALTER

Papa? Papa?

The man in the Buxton hat wades in shallow waters...

HIS POV

He does not see a moon. His view is skewed. The clothing of others have no decorative patterns. Everything is void of color.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

There are some who weren't fit for
this world. Or the next...

A rogue wave crashes down upon him. He tries to catch a foothold. Realizes he's in deep waters.

There is no beach in sight. He struggles to stay afloat.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

Evil don't get to stay. I don't
know what comes for them. But, I
reckon it doesn't wait. And, they
don't get to come back.

Three black, skeletal hands crawl up his shoulders to his face. They dig their nails in. He SCREAMS. He's pulled under.

END POV

His hat floats. A wave washes away leaving it stranded on the beach as night becomes...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Hundreds of BODIES litter the beach. Flies buzz. PEOPLE with masks over their faces drag corpses through the sand.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

I don't know why the only evil
we've ever known to cheat death
came here... But, I guess it was
good a place as any.

A MASKED MAN studies a bloated corpse. He cuts a bag of coins from its garment. Pockets them.

He winks at another WORKER, who does the same.

LATER

At least a hundred dirty bodies occupy a large grave dug out of the sand.

A PRIEST stands at the opening. He reads from the bible.

Walter's body rolls in. A shovel's worth of dirt follows.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The workers are gone. Water rolls in on two giant mounds of fresh dirt.

TIME LAPSE

Decades pass in seconds. The water erodes the beach eventually swallowing the graves.

Two twelve story apartment buildings erect. Several houses appear. A budding suburbia.

END TIME LAPSE

EXT. LAKE AERIAL SHOT - DAY

A race across water. The aim veers right and sends the suburban city out of view.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

This evil wasn't banished by no priest. Couldn't be reasoned with by any psychic. In the end, it was out smarted by a plain Jane white woman.

The frame centers on a view of a spillway tunnel eight feet in diameter. It enters it into...

BLACKNESS

INT. CAR - DAY

JANE PHILLIPS, 31, petite with blue eyes stares out of the passenger window and smiles. TOM PHILLIPS, 34, drives while he speaks MOS. Jane laughs.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

Matter of fact, that was her name. Jane Phillips. She was a tiny little thing, but she had the heart of a lion. So full of pain, but driven... by hope.

EXT. CENTURY HOME - DAY

A large three story house. It has pale blue siding and scarlet shutters. There is no front door where a front door should be. A realty company's sign stands in the front yard.

Two cars roll past. They both turn and enter the driveway at the side of the house.

A REALTOR exits the first car. Tom and Jane exit the rear car.

SUPER: WILLOWICK, OH. PRESENT DAY

INT. FOYER - DAY

The realtor enters. Tom and Jane follow.

REALTOR

It's the oldest house on the street. Built in 1908. This whole place used to be a golf course and this was the clubhouse.

TOM

You're kidding me. I never knew that.

REALTOR

Most people don't remember it. It closed in the thirties during the depression. The land stood dormant for twenty years until it was bought by Wilburn Construction and developed. That's why this house is so much bigger than the rest.

JANE

My father always said, "only a fool would buy the biggest house on the street." This would really tick him off.

The foyer is a corridor between the living area and dining room. The realtor points out the features.

REALTOR

Needs some T.L.C., but, you won't find character like this anywhere else. Nine foot ceilings. Hand carved crown molding throughout.

Tom walks to a door underneath the stairwell and opens it.

TOM

Is this the basement?

JANE

You haven't been here thirty seconds and you're already worried about building your man cave?

REALTOR

Yes. It's not really a possibility for living space, though.

BASEMENT

The three of them walk down the stairs into the basement. The realtor finds the string to the lone light bulb in the room.

Pulling it reveals unfinished cinder-block walls in a basement a quarter the size of the floor plan.

A large, covered well is in the middle.

JANE
What the heck is that?

REALTOR
It's an old well. Perfectly normal for houses this old to have their own wells. It's been sealed off for safety. All you really need to look at is the foundation. No horizontal cracks, no water stains, and sturdy as I've ever seen.

Tom, still interested in the well, pats the concrete slab sealing it off.

TOM
Make a heck of a poker table.

LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Tom and Jane whisper to each other as the realtor paces in the BG.

TOM
Well?

JANE
I love it.

TOM
Okay. Let's do it.

JANE
But, you wanted a basement?

TOM
That's true. So, you're just gonna have to make it up to me...

Tom puts his arms around her. He starts to rub her back. He kisses her.

TOM (CONT'D)
Every day that we live in this house.

JANE
You know I'm gonna tell you anything you want to hear right now.

TOM

It's a fantasy, hun. Don't screw it
up for me.

They kiss again. Walk out into the foyer holding hands.

TOM

Okay, I think we're home.

REALTOR

Fantastic! Let's go back to the
office and get the paperwork
started. You guys are gonna love
this neighborhood.

EXT. CENTURY HOME - DAY

A moving truck is parked in the drive. Boxes everywhere.
SAMMY, 7, chubby with a bowl haircut wears a device that is
slung over his shoulder. Tubes from it run up his shirt.

He starts to pick up a box. Jane exits the truck.

JANE

No, honey. Don't lift that.

SAMMY

I can do it, ma.

Tom walks up behind him. Takes the box.

TOM

I know you can, champ. It's too hot
out. Why don't you go' round back.
Pick a spot for the swing set.

SAMMY

For real?

Tom nods. Sammy runs off.

JANE

Slow down.

Sammy doesn't listen.

JANE (CONT'D)

A swing set?

TOM

Every kid should have a swing set.

INT. CAR - DAY

THREE BLACK WOMEN occupy it. MELIAH, 52, drives. SAFIYAH, 78, sits in the passenger seat. BEE, 81, sits in the back.

They drive up into an intersection that faces the century home. Safiyah watches as Tom and Jane un-pack.

Meliah flips on the turn signal. Safiyah puts her hand on the steering wheel.

SAFIYAH

Wait.

MELIAH

What?

Bee begins to scribble on a small pad of paper that hangs around her neck. She rips the sheet off. Hands it to Safiyah.

It reads, "They'll be okay."

SAFIYAH

We keep saying that and it keep being true. Sooner or later...

Bee grabs Safiyah's shoulder. Safiyah sighs. She pulls a crucifix from her shirt and kisses it.

SAFIYAH

Watch over them.

Meliah shakes her head.

MELIAH

What is it with you two and that house?

SAFIYAH

Just go.

Meliah turns the corner.

EXT. CENTURY HOME BACKYARD - DAY

Sammy walks around the yard. Studies the ground. A large maple tree stands firm in the back.

He looks at it. A small face dives back behind it.

SAMMY

Hello?

He approaches it. Walter hides behind it. He steps out from the trees protection.

WALTER

Hi.

SAMMY

Hi.

They stare for a beat. Walter points to the device Sammy wears.

WALTER

What's that?

SAMMY

Dr. Hughes makes me wear it. He says I got a bum ticker.

WALTER

What's a bumti ker?

SAMMY

A bum ticker. I got a bad heart.

Walter crumples his face. Then, his eyes widen.

WALTER

You should eat beans!

SAMMY

Beans?

WALTER

My papa always said they're good for your heart. And they make you fart.

They both laugh.

SAMMY

I'm Sammy.

WALTER

My name's Walter. I'm a knight.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jane sets a box down on the counter. She stares out the window. Watches Sammy appear to talk to himself.

EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

A car pulls into the empty parking lot. It parks in the handicap spot. JAMES LOHR exits and hastens to the door. The sign on the outer wall reads "LAKE COUNTY CORONER."

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

SHERIFF COLSTON, 43, watches from an adjacent lot. After James enters, he starts his cruiser. Puts it into gear.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

James enters and puts his keys on the counter.

BASEMENT

A light is turned on. James walks in studying the mile high shelves of boxes. He pulls one down.

He thumbs through it until he finds a thick file. He pulls it out.

OFFICE

James scans the contents of the file at his desk. It contains a black and white mug shot of a black male, 30's. The name above him reads "Willis Stearns".

SHERIFF COLSTON (O.S.)
Shouldn't you be in church?

James slams the file shut. Sheriff Colston leans against the office door. Arms crossed.

JAMES
Shouldn't you be at home?

SHERIFF COLSTON
I love working Sundays. Apparently,
so do you.

JAMES

Just catching up on some things.

Colston approaches his desk.

SHERIFF COLSTON

Hear that they're exhuming that Green girl's body? After all this time? Fancy DNA test or something.

JAMES

No. I haven't.

SHERIFF COLSTON

Then what's this?

He flips open the file. James throws up his hands.

JAMES

What do they want? He died in prison. Case closed.

SHERIFF COLSTON

Not according to his son. Gonna have to take this, Jim.

He starts to pull the file off the desk. James stops him.

JAMES

I just want to go over it. It's been awhile.

SHERIFF COLSTON

I'll make you a copy. Mayor wants this now.

He pulls again. James holds on.

SHERIFF COLSTON (CONT'D)

I always knew you were a racist and a bigot, Jim. My dad warned me. But, even I can't believe you'd go this far.

JAMES

You could see it in his eyes. He raped that girl.

SHERIFF COLSTON

Then, you've got nothing to worry about.

Colston rips it from his hands.

JAMES
I've never asked you for anything.

Colston walks to the doorway.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Smart man.

He exits.

A school bell rings...

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Thirty or so empty desks. Jane takes a deep breath after she finishes writing her name on the chalkboard.

She wipes the chalk from her hands.

BERT THOMPSON, 52, knocks on the classroom door.

BERT
Ready to be thrown to the wolves?

JANE
Ready as I'll ever be.

Bert approaches with his hand out. They shake.

BERT
Bert Thompson. I teach Algebra.

JANE
Jane Phillips, nice to meet you.

BERT
You nervous?

JANE
No. I'm excited. Aren't you?

Bert laughs.

BERT
I used to get excited for the first day when I was your age. Now, I'm like the students. I just count the days til' summer.

JANE
Come on, can't be that bad?

Bert starts to to leave.

BERT
It isn't. I just like to complain
to anyone who'll listen.

Bert points out the hall.

BERT (CONT'D)
If you need anything, I'm right
across the hall.

JANE
Thanks, nice meeting you.

BERT
You too. Good luck.

Bert exits the room.

CLASSROOM - LATER

STUDENTS begin to rustle in. Jane leans against the front of her desk and greets them all with a smile as they enter.

KASSIE and LACY, both 15, are already seated next to each other. They whisper and laugh while they watch other students enter.

The Bell rings. Jane goes to shut the classroom door. Its stopped by a black combat boot.

ALEXA MILLER, 15, stands in the doorway. She's clad in black with facial piercings. She wiggles passed Jane and takes the only seat left. Next to Kassie.

JANE
Good morning, class.

CLASS
(weak)
Good morning.

JANE
My name is Mrs. Phillips and I'll
be your English teacher for the
year. First, I'm gonna take
attendance. If I butcher your name,
please correct me. Unless you want
me doing that all year.

Kassie and Lacy laugh as they look at Alexa. Jane takes attendance in the BG. Kassie leans towards Alexa.

KASSIE

Alexa, we were just wondering...
How many chickens did you sacrifice
in your little rituals over the
summer.

ALEXA

None, actually. But, I choked your
boyfriend's last night. He said I
should give you some lessons.

KASSIE

Yeah, right. Like Steve would ever
let you touch him. He would
probably vomit if you even looked
at him.

Kassie and Lacy laugh. Alexa looks over to find, RONALD, 15,
pimple faced, staring at her.

Alexa works her pierced tongue around her lips in a seductive
manner. Ronald's face reddens. He spins around.

Jane finishes taking attendance and grabs a stack of papers.

JANE

Okay. By a show of hands, how many
of you have seen some filmed
version of Romeo and Juliet?

Most of the class members raise their hands.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay, now how many of you have
actually read it?

Most of the hands drop. Jane smiles.

JANE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. I want to
show you some things in the writing
I know you would've missed in the
filmed versions, because your first
assignment will be to read Macbeth.

The class sighs unanimously. Jane begins to hand out papers.

RONALD

I saw Gnomeo and Juliet, does that
count?

The class laughs. ANDREW, 15, looks at Ronald.

ANDREW

That's not the same, dweeb. They don't off themselves in the end.

Jane stops in front of Andrew's desk.

JANE

There will be no name calling in my class.

Andrew slouches in his desk. Jane continues handing out papers. Alexa has her hand up. Jane acknowledges her.

JANE (CONT'D)

Yes?

ALEXA

Isn't suicide a mortal sin?

JANE

I don't really think that's a necessary discussion for this.

ALEXA

Oh, I'm sorry. You're the teacher. It was just a question.

Jane sighs.

JANE

I suppose that would depend on what religion you...

ALEXA

Christianity.

Jane finishes handing out the last of the papers. She leans up against her desk.

JANE

I think some Christians may feel that way. If a person knows what they are about to do is a sin and do it anyway, without asking for forgiveness, I suppose...

Alexa raises her hand again.

JANE

Do you mind if I teach my class now?

ALEXA
Just one more.

Jane nods.

ALEXA (CONT'D)
So, like, that girl, Lisa, who hung
herself over the summer... She's
probably burning in hell right now?

KASSIE	JANE
You bitch! You know she was my friend! She was depressed!	That's it! Get down to the office!

Alexa stands and grabs her bags. She makes her way to the door.

ALEXA
God's rules are all sugar and spice
until it affects someone you know.

Jane points to the door.

JANE
I said go.

Alexa exits. Jane walks over to a teary eyed Kassie. Lacy comforts her.

JANE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Would you like to go to
the nurse's office?

Kassie shakes her head. Jane walks back to the front of the class.

Lacy looks out the classroom door where Alexa waits to be acknowledged. Alexa smiles and blows Lacy a kiss before she disappears down the hall.

JANE (CONT'D)
You know what? Pass all of those
papers forward, I think we'll put
Romeo and Juliet on hold for now.

The class cheers. Pass their papers forward.

EXT. CENTURY HOME - DAY

The entire house has a fresh coat of paint on it. Blue siding and scarlet shutters.

Sammy paints the hand rail of the side porch with an oversized Sherwin Williams hat on his head. He gets more on himself than the rail.

MARK, 47, well dressed, approaches the house while he smokes a cigarette. Sammy waves with a paint-stained palm.

SAMMY

Hi.

MARK

Hi. Wow, looks like you've been busy, little guy.

Tom walks over from the back side of the porch.

TOM

Can I help you?

MARK

Hi, Mark Mathers. I grew up in this neighborhood. Just in town visiting my mother. She lives across the street.

Mark extends his hand for a hand shake. Tom waves him off with his own paint-stained palms.

MARK (CONT'D)

Gotcha. The old sheep lady's house. Place looks great.

Jane walks out the front door with two glasses of iced-tea.

JANE

Sheep lady?

MARK

An old woman used to live here. She raised sheep. We used to call this the sheep lady's house.

TOM

When was this?

MARK

I wanna say, between like 1930 and 1950.

JANE

That's funny. Our realtor never told us that.

MARK

Well, if she's from here I can see why. The people in this town thought she was some kind of witch. They used to tell ghost stories about her to keep their kids in line. You know, "You better brush your teeth or the sheep lady will sneak into your room at night and pull out your tongue."

Mark laughs.

MARK (CONT'D)

Child psychology back then. Definitely worked better than time-outs.

JANE

That's pleasant. Always wanted to be the one living in the haunted house on the street.

MARK

I'm sorry. I just wanted to say I think it's great what you've done with the place. It's really the one house everyone remembers from this neighborhood. It's just so... unique.

TOM

You want to come in for a glass of iced-tea or something?

MARK

Gotta beer?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tom and Mark drink beers at the table. Jane pours herself a cup of coffee. Sammy amuses himself with a stuffed lion in the BG.

TOM

So, tell me about this sheep lady.

MARK

No. I shouldn't have brought that up. It's just an old myth.

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
I can't believe you guys haven't heard that one yet. How long have you been in the neighborhood?

TOM
About three months. We haven't had time to make many friends here. Our son is ill. He's got a heart condition.

SAMMY (O.S.)
Cardiomyopathy.

MARK
I'm sorry.

TOM
We're at the hospital a lot. Plus, Jane's always working and I'm a stay at home dad right now. Haven't been able to find a job that would offset the type of day care we need. Anyway, welcome to our home and our serious personal problems.

Jane points to Tom.

JANE
Now you can see why we don't have many friends.

MARK
Uh, yeah. I was just about to ask you where the bathroom was. Hoping it had a window that I could fit through.

The three of them laugh.

LATER

Tom and Mark sit in front of a dozen empty beer bottles. Jane still has her coffee cup in hand. They all laugh.

MARK
Wait a minute. You mean to tell me he shit his pants on your first date?

JANE
Yup.

TOM

Now hold up. You can't just say it like that. You have to tell the whole story.

JANE

The floor is yours.

Tom gets out of his chair. Grandstands.

TOM

I had lunch at the Flying Burrito that day and I could tell it was gonna be a rough night. It was a blind date, just a couple of drinks, so I thought I could hack it. I couldn't hear a word coming out of Jane's mouth when I was on my second beer cuz I had to crap so bad. I went to the bathroom and that Friday's only had one friggin' stall. The other was broke. I could hear some guy already blowing it up in there.

Tom knocks on the refrigerator like it's a stall door.

TOM (CONT'D)

I knocked on the door he was like "dude, I'm gonna be awhile." So I sneak out the back door and get in my car. I came out of the parking lot sideways trying to get to the gas station. I mean I'm prairie doggin' at this point. I pull into Speedway and sure as shit, a cop pulls in right behind me with his flashers on. I shit myself right there in Speedway's parking lot waiting for the cop to get out of his car. He let me go he was laughing so hard.

Mark is almost at tears.

MARK

And you called her and told her?

TOM

Yep. I was like, "I'm sorry, but I have to go home and take a shower now, because I just shit myself."

MARK

I can't believe you went out with him again. Exactly, what qualities did you find attractive about Gomer Pile after that?

JANE

He called. Most guys wouldn't have.

MARK

Yeah, no shit.

JANE

He said he couldn't stand the thought of me sitting there alone until I realized he wasn't coming back. He just wanted to let me know I didn't do anything wrong. I liked that he was honest with me. I found it endearing. Plus, he trusted me, I knew some of his friends.

Jane grabs Tom's hand and gives him a look of appreciation.

MARK

So, you guys never told anyone?

JANE

Oh no, I told everyone the next day.

Mark chokes on his beer. Jane laughs.

TOM

Yeah, you see what being a gentleman gets you? You should've seen the crap they did at work. Diapers hidden in my desk drawers, Pepto Bismol in the coffee pot...

Sammy walks into the kitchen. He already has his PJ's on. Mark and Tom calm down their antics.

SAMMY

Mommy, can we watch a movie in my room?

Jane looks at her watch.

JANE

It's getting close to bed time. If we watch a movie, it's straight to bed after.

Sammy nods.

JANE (CONT'D)
Did you brush your teeth?

Sammy smiles wide to show Jane his teeth. Tom looks at Mark while he points to Jane.

TOM
Sheep Lady.

They both laugh.

JANE
Come on, Sammy. The conversation
down here is beneath our intellect.

Jane grabs Sammy's hand. Tom leans out of his seat.

TOM
Give me a good night kiss, buddy.

Sammy kisses his cheek.

TOM (CONT'D)
Love ya.

SAMMY
Love you too, dad.

Tom and Mark watch Jane walk Sammy out of the frame and start up the stairs.

TOM
I don't know how a woman like that
ever fell for a dope like me.

MARK
Don't be so hard on yourself. You
guys seem good together.

TOM
Actually, those aren't my words.
Her father took the liberty of
telling me that at our wedding
reception.

MARK
Ouch. The holidays have gotta be a
real treat.

Tom goes over to the cabinet and pulls out a bottle of bourbon. He shows the bottle to Mark and he nods in agreement.

Two shot glasses on the table being filled.

TOM

We haven't seen her parents in over two years. Jane got sick of her dad disrespecting me. I guess he said something to her like, "Sammy's condition is because he was fathered by a weak man." That was it. One thing I know about Jane is that you don't want to be on her bad side.

MARK

What a fucking prick. He seriously said that?

TOM

Yep. Now I get to live with the fact that Sammy doesn't get to see his grandparents because of me.

MARK

You can't possibly think it's your fault. This guy's an ass.

TOM

I'll drink to that.

Tom and mark cheers, then down their shots.

TOM

Seriously, though. I sometimes wonder if he's right. I should be out there supporting the family. Jane should be home with him. I sometimes think she resents me for that.

There is a long pause. Tom gets lost in the bottom of his shot glass for a moment. He recovers.

TOM (CONT'D)

So, you ready to jump out the window yet?

MARK

No. I'm way passed that. Just get me a fucking shot-gun so I can blow my head off.

Tom stares at Mark in disbelief of what he just heard. Then, Mark bursts into laughter. Tom watches Mark bring himself to tears for a moment, then joins in.

TOM

Did anyone ever tell you what an insensitive prick you are?

MARK

Yeah, my ex-wife. She texts me that once a day.

Mark pours two more shots of bourbon.

TOM

I mean, seriously. I'm pouring my heart out here and your like...

They down the shots and Mark gets up to give Tom a one-armed man-hug with a pat on the back.

MARK

You're alright, bro. Seriously.

Mark sits.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm just totally the wrong guy to talk to about stuff like that. I go to funerals and just shake hands and don't say shit cause I'm just uncomfortable. I'm sorry.

TOM

So you're saying hanging out with me is like going to a funeral?

MARK

Yeah, people shit their pants all the time when they die.

More laughs. Mark grabs the bottle, but Tom snatches it out of his hands as Jane descends the stairs. Tom puts the bottle back in the cupboard and sits down.

TOM

Don't tell her what I told you about...

MARK
No worries, bro.

Jane walks back into the kitchen holding a baby monitor.

JANE
That was easy. Guess we really wore
him out today.

MARK
I'd better get going. Mother's
probably cussing up a storm. Forty-
seven years old and I still got a
curfew when I'm home.

TOM
Wait, you still gotta tell us about
the sheep lady.

MARK
You don't need to hear that. Trust
me.

TOM
Okay. Now you've really piqued my
interest.

MARK
I've got to warn you. Still kinda
gives me goose bumps.

JANE
I don't think I want to hear this.

TOM
Come on, hun. It's just a story.

Mark looks at Jane for the go ahead. She nods.

MARK
Okay, you're the ones who have to
live here. So, is there really a
well in the basement?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. CENTURY HOME - DAY

The house stands alone on an endless plain of land. Sheep
wander everywhere. Some walk about the land, others migrate
in and out of the open doors of the house.

The SHEEP LADY, 60's, rocks in a chair on the side porch. The wind rustles white hair around her leathery face.

MARK (V.O.)

The old timers said she had sheep everywhere. In the house living with her. She would raise them from birth as if they were her children. It's not what you would think, though. She was no humanitarian. She would occasionally slaughter one of them in the basement in some kind of ritual or something. Towns people said they could hear the sheeps scream from the dirt road a mile off.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DUSK

The century home is a lonely speck on a mass of land. A young BOY walks by carrying a satchel. He looks towards the house.

A muffled, high-pitched scream of a sheep is followed by a chorus of the others outside. The boy runs.

EXT. CENTURY HOME - DAY

The police are boarding up the doors and windows. A man in a suit hands the sheep lady some papers. She has a confused look on her face.

MARK (V.O.)

When the construction company couldn't get her to sell, they got the local building inspector to condemn the house. They basically locked her out with no place to go.

EXT. CENTURY HOME - NIGHT

The sheep lady stands outside of the house. Snow begins to fall. She climbs into the side of an old car that is immobilized.

MARK (V.O.)

She lived in a rusted out Ford on the side of the house until that winter. They say it was one of the harshest on record.

(MORE)

MARK (V.O.) (cont'd)
Eventually, all of the sheep
starved to death and as for her,
she was never seen again.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The sheep lady sits on the ledge of the well. She holds a small package that is heavily wrapped. The walls have strange emblems on them, drawn of blood.

The sheep lady speaks MOS. She pushes off into the well.

MARK (V.O.)
Some say she wandered off into the woods and died. Others, that she made it back into the house and jumped down the well.

END FLASHBACK

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jane sets her coffee cup down.

JANE
Oh, that's just great. I'll sleep much better now. We've got a dead lady floating in our well downstairs. Thanks.

Mark laughs.

MARK
Trust me, it's just a story. I have no idea how true it is.

TOM
That's not that creepy. My old man told some camp fire stories that'll blow that one out of the water.

Mark smiles. He inches closer to the table.

MARK
Mr. Wilburn bought a house not far from here to oversee the construction. That spring, there were two mass murders in this town. Mr. Wilburn and his entire family were murdered. The next night, the same happened to the building inspector and his wife.

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
 You won't find it in the papers,
 but, I guess they all had their
 tongues ripped out and drowned in
 their own blood.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

An old black and white photo of MR. WILBURN lying in bed with his jaw almost completely ripped off. A look of horror on his dead face.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

A black and white of a room with two twin beds. Small bodies in each covered by sheets. Blood splatter on the wall behind the head boards.

BACK TO SCENE

MARK
 In both cases the doors were dead-bolted from the inside and all the windows were locked. No forced entry.

TOM
 So, they never caught anyone?

MARK
 Nope. Never had a clue. Except...

TOM
 Yeah?

MARK
 They both had wells in their basements.

INT. BASEMENT - DREAM SEQUENCE

The view works its way over the edge of the well and peers down into a blackness.

MARK (V.O.)
 This whole town has a major underground waterway. It dries up all the time. They say its just caverns and tunnels down there.
 (MORE)

MARK (V.O.) (cont'd)
Anyway, that was the only
possibility they could come up
with. That was the only way in and
out of the house.

The view works its way down the well. A figure thrashes at
the bottom. It looks upwards. It's Jane.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane gasps as she wakes. She sweats. Breathes heavy.

She looks over to Tom. He snores. She stares at the ceiling
for a moment. She elbows him.

JANE
I want that well out of here.

TOM
What? Huh? Oh, hun, just go to
sleep. You'll forget about it
tomorrow.

JANE
No, Tom, I'm serious. I was freaked
out about it before, but now... I
just want it leveled and gone.

TOM
Honey, we've been here for three
months. That well is perfectly
fine.

JANE
I just want it gone. I hate it.
Can't we just take it apart and put
in a regular concrete floor?

TOM
I'll look into it tomorrow. Just go
to bed.

Jane continues to stare at the ceiling.

TOM
(like a sheep)
Go to baaaaaed.

JANE
Jesus Christ, Tom.

TOM
I know, just kidding. Go to sleep.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Concrete mix bags are stacked against the wall. So are two large pieces of plywood.

Tom studies a sledge hammer that still has the price tag on it. He taps it on the slab that seals off the well.

TOM
Look out below, sheep lady.

Tom gets ready to take a swing.

SAMMY (O.S.)
Dad?

Tom stops. He walks over to the stairs. Sammy stands at the top.

TOM
What is it?

SAMMY
Walter says you shouldn't be down there.

TOM
Who's Walter?

SAMMY
My friend.

Tom sets the sledge down.

TOM
Is that the imaginary friend you've been talking to?

SAMMY
He's not imaginary. He's real.

TOM
Well, if he's real, how come I haven't met him?

Sammy turns. Whispers. He turns back.

SAMMY
He says she doesn't like people.

TOM
Who?

SAMMY
The old lady.

Tom shakes his head.

TOM
There's nobody down here but me,
buddy. You tell your friend I'll be
just fine.

Tom walks back over to the well. Sammy walks away from the top of the stairs.

TOM
Nothing wrong with imaginary
friends.

Tom takes a swing. Strikes the side of the well. Mortar trickles down.

TOM (CONT'D)
I had an imaginary friend when I
was that age.

Tom takes another swing. Little effect.

TOM (CONT'D)
Except she was five-foot ten and
wore a bikini everywhere.

Tom laughs. That accompanied by a few more strikes that almost leave him winded. Little damage has been done.

Tom pats the center of the slab on top. He lines up his sledge. Brings it down hard. SMASH!

The entire slab shatters and falls in. Tom loses his grip. The sledge hammer follows.

It takes a good three seconds for the concrete to make impact. Into what sounds like solid ground. The clank of the sledge hammer follows a second later.

TOM
Fuck.

Tom leans over the well. A gush of air rushes out. It almost knocks him over.

INT. AUNT BEE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Aunt Bee teeters in her rocking chair as Bob Barker explains the rules of PLINKO off screen. Her eyes are shut.

Then they open wide like something just reached in her and grabbed her spine.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Tom puts bags of concrete mix on top of a large piece of plywood that covers the well. Jane stands on the stairs. Arms crossed.

TOM

I called the concrete guy. He said he can get out here Tuesday.

JANE

What the hell were you thinking?

TOM

What? I was trying to save us some money. I thought I could do this. Didn't know how deep it was.

Tom throws one last bag of concrete mix on top then pats it checking the stability.

TOM

There. That outta keep the sheep lady out.

Tom smiles at Jane. Jane shakes her head. She heads upstairs. Tom follows her. The door shuts.

After a beat, the door opens again. Tom marches down the stairs and adds two more bags of mix. He smiles. Turns off the light. Heads back up the stairs.

INT. BUS - DAY

Aunt Bee stairs out the window as the town goes by. She rubs the crucifix in her hand.

EXT. TOM AND JANE'S STREET - DAY

The bus lets Aunt Bee off at the corner. She can see the century home, not half a block away.

She stays on the other side of the street. She favors one leg and walks with the aid of a cane.

As she gets closer she grimaces. She stops and bends over like she has cramps. She looks at the house. Continues.

Tom and Jane's car backs out of the drive. There are two adult figures in it.

Aunt Bee picks up her pace. She wanders out into the middle of the street. She waves her cane. The car heads in the opposite direction. It doesn't stop.

NANCY, 62, waters her flowers at the house across the street. Aunt Bee approaches and gets her attention.

NANCY

Hi. Can I help you?

Aunt Bee takes out her notebook and pen. She writes "DO YOU KNOW THEM?" She points to the century home.

NANCY

Who? Tom and Jane?

Aunt Bee nods.

NANCY

I don't know them well, but I've met them.

Aunt Bee writes on her notebook and tears out the page. She hands it to Nancy. She reads it. "PLEASE HAVE THEM CALL ME, URGENT. BEALULAH (BEE) 555-1536."

NANCY

Okay. I'll give them this when they get home.

Aunt Bee nods in appreciation then heads back down the street.

She continues to study the house as she walks passed. Then she stops with the house dead center in the background.

A corner window begins to fog up. Aunt Bee squints her eyes as she studies it.

An unseen finger draws through the condensation from the inside. It finishes its movements. It spells "HELP US".

Aunt Bee's eyes widen. She scurries down the road as fast as she can.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sammy colors in a book. He looks over to his left where a dark haired GIRL about his age stares at him.

She's all smiles. Her PARENTS sit at her side. She waves "hi". Sammy, shy, concentrates on his book.

DOCTOR'S OFFICE

DR. HUGHES, 38, writes down a number from the bottom of a pager. He finishes. Slides it across his desk to Jane.

Tom sits next to her.

DOCTOR HUGHES

Okay. Keep that with you at all times. Get a bag of Sammy's belongings together. You need to be able to move quickly if we get the call.

Jane stares at the pager in her hands.

JANE

This feels so wrong. It's as if we're hoping for someone to die.

Dr. Hughes writes a phone number on the back of one of his cards.

DOCTOR HUGHES

You can't think of it like that. Here's the number to a therapist. You guys should start seeing her once a week. She's helped many families deal with the emotional stress involved with a procedure like this.

Jane takes the card.

DOCTOR HUGHES (CONT'D)

I know this is hard for you guys, but it's the right decision now. With Sammy's blood type, the sooner we get him on the list the better. This could be a long wait.

JANE

I know. Thank you.

Dr. Hughes gets up to show them to the door.

DOCTOR HUGHES

At least he's healthy enough to be home with his family. Just try to keep the level of excitement and stress in his life to a minimum.

TOM

We bought him a bike for his birthday. He got so excited opening it that he was too worn out to try and ride it. He deserves so much more.

Dr. Hughes puts his hands on their shoulders as they walk to the door.

DOCTOR HUGHES

This is our best shot at giving Sammy a normal life.

Dr. Hughes opens the door.

WAITING ROOM

The three of them walk out into the waiting room.

TOM

Ready to go, champ?

SAMMY

Ready to go.

Sammy gets up. Stuffs his toys into a backpack. Tom helps.

Dr. Hughes squats down in front of Sammy.

DR. HUGHES

Good job today, Sammy. You're getting pretty tough.

SAMMY

Needles don't scare me no more.

Dr. Hughes smiles. He lifts his hand. Sammy hi-fives him.

INT. CAR - DAY

Tom drives while Jane flips through the radio stations. She lingers on one with a weather update.

METEOROLOGIST (ON RADIO)
The severe thunderstorm warning is
in effect until 11 PM. We're
expecting winds in excess of sixty
miles per hour with heavy rainfall
with the possibility of hail. This
is Mark Johnson, chief
meteorologist, channel five news.

Jane turns down the radio.

JANE
We should just pick up something
now.

Tom looks into the rear view mirror.

TOM
What are you in the mood for,
little man?

Sammy sits in the back. He stares at the dark sky that
approaches.

SAMMY
I want pizza.

JANE
Honey, you know you can't have
that.

SAMMY
I can't ever have anything.

Jane takes quick notice of his demeanor. She continues to
thumb through the radio until "Shake Your Booty" by KC and
the Sunshine Band starts.

JANE
Aww, Sammy, do you remember this?

SAMMY
No.

JANE
I used to shake your baby bottles
up to this.

SAMMY
Nope.

Jane cranks up the volume and snaps off her seat belt. She
disappears from Sammy's point of view.

Jane's head creeps up over the seat. She bobs it to the left in time with the music. Sammy pretends not to notice.

Jane sings along, in time with the lyrics...

JANE

*Shake, shake, shake... shake,
shake, shake... shake your bottle.
Shake your bottle.*

Jane pops all the way up on the seat dancing on her knees. She rears into Tom's arm which causes him to swerve out of lane a bit.

TOM

Jesus.

Tom smiles while he watches her. He stares at her ass.

Sammy gives in. He watches mom. Starts to laugh.

She lunges over the seat and grabs both of Sammy's hands. She swings them back and forth to the end of the chorus.

RADIO

Shake, shake... Shake, Shake...

Sammy smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Tom, Jane, and Sammy enter from the back door. Jane carries a bag of groceries.

The hot water on the kitchen sink runs full blast. Tom walks over to the sink and shuts it off. He turns to Sammy.

TOM

Did you turn this on before we left?

SAMMY

No.

JANE

Sammy, don't lie.

SAMMY

I didn't do it.

TOM

Then, who did?

SAMMY

I don't know, maybe Walter.

Jane shakes her head and sets down the groceries.

TOM

Imaginary friends don't turn on
water faucets.

SAMMY

He's real, dad. Why don't you
believe me?

Sammy storms off into the living room. Jane follows him. Tom
turns on the hot water. Puts his hand under the spigot.

TOM

Looks like someone's taking a cold
bath tonight.

INT. AUNT BEE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aunt Bee enters the house. She mumbles to herself. She turns
on the light and locks the door.

BEDROOM

She walks over to her desk where a tele-typewriter machine
sits. She opens the bottom drawer.

There are various jars inside of it. She pulls out a large
one full of a red powder.

She sprinkles the powder in a line across the threshold of
her bedroom doorway. She continues all the way around the
room. She moves furniture as she goes.

The entire room is now encircled in the red powder. She grabs
a paper-back version of the bible and holds it to her chest.
She sits on the edge of her bed. Catches her breath.

Thunder is heard outside. The storm is near. The telephone
rings. She looks at the hand-set plugged into the machine.

INSERT DISPLAY

It reads "PHILLIPS, TOM 440-555-6771".

BACK TO SCENE

She hastens over to the machine and hits the "TALK" button on the handset. She types, hits enter.

COMPUTER VOICE

Hello.

Nothing. She types again.

COMPUTER VOICE

Hello.

She leans toward the speaker. There is a labored, gurgled wheeze. Aunt Bee leans back.

The speakers unleash a shrill, inhuman scream. Aunt Bee pulls the plug from the machine. Silence.

The phone rings again. Aunt Bee shakes her head.

LIVING ROOM

An answering machine sits atop a mantel. Another handset in its cradle. After the fourth ring, the message starts.

SAFIYAH (ON TAPE)

Hi, you've reached the residence of Bealulah Redding. She can't come to the phone right now, so, please leave a message.

The record beacon beeps.

JANE (V.O.)

Hi, this is Jane Phillips. My neighbor gave me a note to call this number.

BEDROOM

Aunt Bee gets up and hastens out of her room.

JANE (V.O.)

We'll be home the rest of the evening so you can reach us here.

LIVING ROOM

JANE (V.O.)

Our number is 440-555-6771. Thanks.

Aunt Bee bustles in and puts down her bible next to the handset. She picks up the phone.

AUNT BEE

Ayo? Ayo?

Too late. She starts to dial a number.

INT. LUCINDA'S PSYCHIC READINGS - NIGHT

Safiyah leans on a glass counter with various trinkets encased in it. The phone rings. Safiyah answers.

SAFIYAH

Lucinda's?

AUNT BEE (O.S.)

Eeyah? Eeyah?

SAFIYAH

Bee, is that you? I bought you that darn machine so you would use it.

AUNT BEE (O.S.)

Malya. Malya.

SAFIYAH

Blah, blah, blah's all I hear. Now, put me on the machine.

AUNT BEE (O.S.)

Malya! Malya!

SAFIYAH

You think screamin's gonna help me understand your jibber jabber? Mel's just lockin' the doors now, we'll stop by to see what you's fussin' about.

Safiyah hangs up the phone. Meliah enters from the back room.

MELIAH

Who was that?

SAFIYAH

Your Aunt. She's carryin' on about somethin'. I swear, that woman and technology's like me and your father. Ain't want nothin' to do with one another.

Meliah notices the intense amount of lightning through the store-front windows.

MELIAH

Wow. This storm's gonna be bad.

EXT. AUNT BEE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

It is a small, fenced in yard with no trees.

WITCH'S POV

A colorless view shows Aunt Bee at the end of her hallway. She hangs up the phone. The view focuses on the back door.

END POV

INT. AUNT BEE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The power flickers. Goes out. Aunt Bee rustles through a cabinet. Finds some matches. She lights a candle from the mantel.

HALLWAY

As Aunt Bee makes her way towards the bedroom, she stops. Watches the flame of the candle. It bends towards the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Aunt Bee enters. The back door is open a crack. She sets down the candle and bolts the back door. She looks out the window.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Leaves rustle past. Lightning slices through the air with a crash of thunder.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Aunt Bee goes for her candle. A shard of broken concrete sits next to it. It looks the same texture as the slab that once sealed off the well.

She stares down the dark hallway. A gurgled wheeze.

INT. MELIAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Meliah drives. Safiyah in the passenger seat. The entire street is dark. Leaves and branches blow across their path.

They pull into a driveway.

SAFIYAH

I'll be right back. Let me see what she's blabberin' about.

EXT. AUNT BEE'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Safiyah walks up to the front door to find it's locked. She knocks. After a moment, she pulls out some keys.

SAFIYAH

For Pete's sake. She gone deaf now, too?

INT. AUNT BEE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Safiyah enters. She moves in without hesitation.

SAFIYAH

Bee? Bee, where in the world are you?

Safiyah keeps her hands spread wide. Feels through the darkness.

HALLWAY

Safiyah stops next to the bedroom doorway. A flicker of lightning illuminates the red dust across the bedroom doorway.

SAFIYAH

Bee?

KITCHEN

Safiyah enters. A crash of lightning illuminates Aunt Bee's BODY. She sits at the kitchen table. Her head is tilted back.

Aunt Bee's eyes have been scratched out. Her mouth is open impossibly wide. The paper-back bible has been rolled up and rammed down her throat.

Safiyah backs away. Shakes her head.

SAFIYAH
Lord, please. No.

A flicker of light reveal Meliah standing right behind Safiyah. It startles her.

Safiyah covers Meliah's eyes and pushes her from the kitchen.

BEDROOM

Safiyah escorts Meliah in.

MELIAH
The radio said there's a tornado watch in the area..

Safiyah looks around.

SAFIYAH
Whatever you do, don't leave this room.

MELIAH
Where's auntie?

SAFIYAH
Do you have your phone?

Meliah digs into her purse and pulls out her cell. She hands it to Safiyah.

MELIAH
What's going on?

SAFIYAH
Nothing, just stay put.

Safiyah dials 911 on the CELL PHONE. Meliah walks over to the bedroom window. It is complete darkness outside in between the strikes.

EXT. AUNT BEE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Meliah squints as she looks through the window. She waits for more light. It comes.

INT. AUNT BEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MELIAH

Mom, I think there's someone out there.

Safiyah curses the phone when she gets a busy signal. She walks over to the window.

SAFIYAH

Where?

Safiyah stares into the darkness. A strobe of light illuminates the backyard.

About a hundred feet away is the back of a house on the adjacent street. A black figure stands next to it.

SAFIYAH

Back away from the window.

MELIAH

Huh?

A huge CRASH of thunder. Lightning reveals the WITCH standing right against the window. Meliah falls in terror.

MELIAH

What is that?! What is that?!

No features of the witch can be seen. Back-lit by lightning.

Safiyah stands her ground. Rain starts to fall. Pitch black outside the window. There is no lightning.

Safiyah presses the small LED screen of the phone against the window. She searches with it.

SAFIYAH

Show yourself. Show yourself!

She moves it around until she finds a small circle of condensation. It expands. Contracts. Breathes.

A black, opaque eye comes into view. It's surrounded by locks of mangle hair.

SAFIYAH

Lord as my witness, I refuse to leave this world until I know that your soul has been cast down into the deepest depths of hell. Do you hear me? Do you hear me?!

The eye moves away. Something begins to cut the glass. Safiyah steps back from the window.

Another few jolts of lightning reveal that the witch is gone. The emergency weather horns start.

There is an upside-down crucifix carved into the outside of the window.

MELIAH

What was that, momma?

SAFIYAH

Evil.

INT. CENTURY HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom watches weather updates on the television. The sirens echo in the distance.

Jane walks in with Sammy. His hair is wet. He has his pajamas on.

JANE

What's going on?

TOM

They've detected some rotation in the area, but it looks like the worst has passed us.

The power flickers a bit. Jane looks around.

JANE

Should we wait to go upstairs?

Tom gets up.

TOM

I think it's safe, just take this.

Tom hands Jane a flashlight. He leans down and kisses Sammy on the top of his head.

TOM (CONT'D)
Good night, champ.

SAMMY
Good night, dad.

SAMMY'S BED ROOM

Jane and Sammy lie in bed. Jane reads a book to him. Sammy seems distracted.

SAMMY
I think Walter's a ghost.

JANE
There's no such thing as ghosts,
Sammy.

SAMMY
Then how come I'm the only one who
can see him. Probably means I'm
going to die.

Jane closes the book.

JANE
I don't want to ever hear you say
that again, understand?

SAMMY
Sorry.

Jane runs her fingers through Sammy's hair.

JANE
I'm not letting you go anywhere. If
you don't want to see Walter
anymore, just tell him to go. He
will. Then, when you grow up,
you'll realize he was just all in
here.

Jane taps the center of Sammy's forehead with her index
finger. Sammy smiles.

Jane stands and tucks Sammy in. Kisses him.

JANE (CONT'D)
Off to bed with ya.

Jane turns on the baby monitor. Shuts off the light.

INT. AUNT BEE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The power is still out. The front door opens. Sheriff Colston enters. He waves a flashlight around.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Safiyah? You in here?

SAFIYAH (O.S.)
We're here. We're in the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Sheriff Colston appears in the doorway. He shines the light into the room.

SHERIFF COLSTON
You guys okay?

SAFIYAH
We're fine. Bee is in the kitchen.

He starts towards the kitchen, but Safiyah grabs his arm.

SAFIYAH
You need to prepare yourself before
you go in there.

She stares him in the eyes to get her point across.

KITCHEN

Sheriff Colston enters. He freezes when he sees Aunt Bee.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Jesus.

He moves closer. Studies the surroundings.

BEDROOM

Sheriff Colston enters the bedroom.

SHERIFF COLSTON
What the hell happened here?

SAFIYAH
Did your father ever tell you about
the sheep lady?

SHERIFF COLSTON
Come on, Safiyah. You can't expect
me to believe that.

SAFIYAH
She's real and she's back. I saw
her outside that window with my own
two eyes.

Sheriff Colston shines the light on the window. He focuses on
the figure carved into the outside of the glass.

SHERIFF COLSTON
What the hell is that?

SAFIYAH
It's an upside-down crucifix. She's
mocking Christ.

Sheriff Colston grabs his radio from his belt. Safiyah stops
him.

SAFIYAH
You know the people living in that
house? The sheep lady's house?

SHERIFF COLSTON
The Phillips? I know who they are.

SAFIYAH
You need to get somebody over there
right away and get them out of
there.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Why?

Safiyah turns back to the window.

SAFIYAH
She ain't gonna stand for someone
else livin' in her house.

EXT. CENTURY HOME - NIGHT

The storm is over. All is tranquil. The sidewalks glisten
from their fresh coat of rain.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

All the lights are off. A grandfather clock ticks.

SAMMY'S BEDROOM

Sammy sleeps. He has his arm wrapped around his stuffed lion.

MASTER BEDROOM

Tom and Jane sleep. A soft thud from below. Jane's eyes stir. She drifts off again.

Another thud. Jane opens her eyes. She waits. Two more. She nudges Tom.

JANE

Tom? Tom?

TOM

What?

JANE

I heard something. Sounded like it came from the basement.

They both sit still. Listen...

TOM

I don't hear anything. Go back to sleep.

Tom falls back to sleep in seconds. Jane waits...

Several thuds. Plywood bounces. Tom opens his eyes. They both sit quiet for a moment.

JANE

(whisper)

Did you hear that?

TOM

(whisper)

Yes.

JANE

(whisper)

What the hell was it?

TOM

(whisper)

I don't know.

JANE
(whisper)
I'm gonna call the police.

Jane gets up and grabs the phone. She dials.

Tom gets up and puts a shirt on. He grabs the flashlight.

TOM
I'm gonna take a look.

Jane grabs his arm.

JANE
No, Tom. Just wait.

Tom shakes his head.

TOM
Come on. I probably just stacked
the bags uneven.

Jane lets go. Puts the phone to her ear. It rings.

JANE
Be careful.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
911 emergency, can I help you?

JANE
Yes, hi, this is Jane Phillips. We
just heard some noise in our
basement. We think there may be
someone in the house?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
You are at 30900 Willowick Drive?

JANE
Yes.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Okay. I'll get a patrol car out
there as soon as possible.

JANE
Thank you. Please hurry.

FOYER

Tom turns on the light. He opens the closet and retrieves a baseball bat.

JANE (O.S.)
The police are sending somebody
over now!

Tom shakes his head.

TOM
Okay, Jane.

Tom opens the door to the basement. He points his flashlight down the stairwell.

INT. AUNT BEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff Colston writes on a pad. A couple of POLICEMEN walk past the doorway with flashlights.

Sheriff Colston's radio chatters...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Sam, we've got a complaint from a
woman claiming to hear noises in
her basement. Requesting a drive by
on 30900 Willowick drive.

Sheriff Colston grabs his radio.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Dispatch, who lives at that
address?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Listed under Tom Phillips.

Safiyah and Sheriff Colston lock eyes. He begins to leave.

SAFIYAH
Turn on all of the lights when you
get there. Stay away from the dark.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Why?

SAFIYAH
She can move through it like she's
a part of it.

LIVING ROOM

Sheriff Colston moves quickly.

SHERIFF COLSTON

(to radio)

Dispatch, you need to call that woman back immediately. You tell her to get her family out of the house, now!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tom gets to the bottom of the stairs and finds the string to the light. He pulls it.

The entire load of concrete bags have been pushed off the well. The plywood lies at an angle off to the side. Tom looks around the room.

There is a strange, red figure drawn on one of the walls. It looks like a serpent winding up a staff.

MASTER BEDROOM

Jane grabs the baby monitor and walks towards the bathroom. She slows and stares at it. She can hear Sammy whisper.

SAMMY (V.O.)

My mom said you're not real. She said I should tell you to go away.

There is a long pause...

SAMMY (V.O.)

Why do we have to leave?

BATHROOM

Jane enters. She cranks up the volume all the way. Listens...

WALTER (V.O.)

She's here.

The phone rings. It causes Jane to startle herself in the mirror. She drops the baby monitor. Answers the phone.

JANE

Hello?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Mrs. Phillips?

JANE
Yes?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
The sheriff is on his way. He said
you and your family should exit
that house immediately.

SAMMY (O.S.)
Mommy!

Jane drops the phone. She races out of the room.

HALLWAY

Jane bangs into the bannister. Her socks slip. She runs to
Sammy's room.

SAMMY'S BEDROOM

Jane flips on the light. The bulb pops. She runs to Sammy's
side. He points towards the corner.

A rocking chair rocks back and forth. Nobody is in it. It
slows to a steady.

SAMMY
She was right there. I saw her.

BASEMENT

Tom studies the figure drawn on the wall. He smears a finger
through it. It's fresh blood.

JANE (O.S.)
Tom?! There's somebody in the
house!

Click. The light goes out. Tom turns on the flashlight.
Searches. The string to the light bulb sways.

TOM
Jane, get Sammy out of here, now!

SAMMY'S BEDROOM

Jane grabs Sammy. She runs out.

FOYER

Jane carries Sammy. She struggles with the stairs. She reaches the bottom.

The basement door flings open. Jane turns. Tom falls half the way out. He claws at the floor. He's being drug backwards.

Jane covers her mouth. Tom sees her.

TOM

Get him out of here!

Jane turns.

SLOW MOTION

As Jane turns, Sammy watches from over the back of her shoulder. Tom loses ground. Screams. Sammy's eyes widen.

Jane undoes the locks. The low pitch clicks morph into heartbeats. They become louder.

Tom makes one final lunge. Grasps the edge of the basement door. Something pulls him down. The basement door slams shut.

END SLOW MOTION

Jane opens the front door.

EXT. CENTURY HOME - NIGHT

Jane runs out. She kneels on the grass. She looks at Sammy. His eyes roll back into his head.

JANE

Oh no, baby. It's okay. It's okay now. Mommy's here.

A police cruiser pulls into the drive. Sheriff Colston exits. Jane points to the house.

JANE (CONT'D)

My husband needs help! He's in the basement!

Sheriff Colston runs into the house.

INT. CENTURY HOME FOYER - NIGHT

Sheriff Colston enters. Gun drawn. He flips on lights as he makes his way to the basement door.

He opens the door to the basement and points his revolver down the stairwell. He pulls out a flashlight.

Blood stains the stairs and the wall next to it.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Mr. Phillips? Mr. Phillips, are you
okay?

He grabs his radio handle.

SHERIFF COLSTON (CONT'D)
I need back up and an ambulance at
30900 Willowick drive. Now.

INT. AUNT BEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A DEPUTY is in the room with Safiyah and Meliah. He answers his radio.

DEPUTY
We're on our way.

Two officers run past the bedroom doorway. The deputy begins to leave. Safiyah blocks his path.

She grabs the radio handle from his shirt.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
Hey!

SAFIYAH
Sheriff? Sheriff, can you hear me?

INT. CENTURY HOME BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sheriff Colston is on the first step down. He answers his radio.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Get off the radio.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)
Just get those people out of the
house. Don't go in there.

SHERIFF COLSTON
The husband's missing.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)
I'm sorry, but it's too late for
him. She doesn't live in our world.
You can't hurt her.

SHERIFF COLSTON
I said, get off the radio.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)
Think of your family...

Sheriff Colston silences his radio. He takes another step
down. He breathes heavy. Sweat beads on his forehead.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Mr. Phillips?

The gun shakes in Sheriff Colston's hand. He searches with
the flashlight. A gurgled wheeze...

SHERIFF COLSTON (CONT'D)
Mr. Phillips, are you injured? Can
you speak?

THUMP! Tom's decapitated head bounces around on the stairway
landing.

Sheriff Colston takes a step up.

SHERIFF COLSTON (CONT'D)
Who's down there?

A long hiss from below. He takes another step up.

FOYER

Sheriff Colston slams the basement door shut. He leans his
back against the wall and closes his eyes.

EXT. CENTURY HOME - NIGHT

Sheriff Colston exits. Jane rocks Sammy in her arms, still in
the yard. She looks at Sheriff Colston. She waits...

SHERIFF COLSTON

I'm sorry.

Jane shakes her head.

JANE

No. No, no, no...

She hugs Sammy tight. She buries her face into his shirt. She wails.

Sheriff Colston sits on the front step. Puts his head in his hands.

Sirens echo in the distance...

JANE

Do you like our home?

Sheriff Colston looks up. Jane looks at the house. Dazed.

SHERIFF COLSTON

Ma'am?

JANE

We just painted it a few days ago. Tom wanted a big basement, but he went along with it to make me happy. I picked it out.

Sheriff Colston walks over to her. He kneels down and puts an arm around her. Jane begins to cry again.

JANE (CONT'D)

I picked it out.

Sheriff Colston tightens his grip.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

James Lohr sits alone at an empty bar. A "LAKE COUNTY CORONER" jacket hangs off the back of his stool.

ANGIE, 32, the bartender, polishes a glass.

James pushes his short glass to the inner bar. Angie fills it with bourbon.

The door jingles as it opens. NICK, 23, enters. He sits right next to James. James purposefully looks around at the horse-shoe of empty bar stools. Shakes his head.

ANGIE
What can I get for ya?

NICK
Just a bud light.

Angie retrieves a bottle from the cooler and pops the cap off. She sets it in front of Nick.

ANGIE
Three-seventy-five.

NICK
Wow, no wonder this place is dead.

Nick laughs. He looks to James who doesn't. Nick slides four singles across the bar.

NICK (CONT'D)
Keep the change.

ANGIE
Gee, thanks.

Nick takes a sip, points to the T.V. A baseball game is on.

NICK
The tribe isn't going anywhere this year without better pitching. Didn't our starter get yanked in the third?

Nick looks to James. James doesn't acknowledge him.

NICK (CONT'D)
What's the matter, pops, you wasted?

James looks him up and down. Nick has an Italian horn on a gold chain around his neck.

JAMES
You Italian?

NICK
Hundred percent.

JAMES
You know, back when the Germans were tossing all them Jews in the oven, I always thought they should've popped an Italian in there every now and again.

NICK
Oh yeah? Why's that?

James smiles.

JAMES
Help grease the hinges.

Nick nods his head. Takes a sip of beer.

NICK
Wow, you're a miserable old fuck.

Nick gets up. He bumps James hard as he turns to leave.

NICK (CONT'D)
I hope you die soon.

Nick exits. James' smile fades as he returns his focus to the bar. A letter sits in front of him. The title reads "COURT SUMMONS".

The phone rings. Angie answers it. She sets the receiver on the bar in front of James. He looks at her, puzzled. She shrugs her shoulders.

James puts the phone to his ear.

JAMES
Hello?

SAFIYAH (V.O.)
You still got some of that red brick dust?

JAMES
What do you want?

SAFIYAH (V.O.)
Trust me, you're the last person I care to speak with, but, being a good Christian woman, I thought I should warn you.

JAMES
What? Is your bumbling sister gonna testify at my hearing? Is she gonna slobber all over the bench trying to explain that Willis Stearns was innocent? That he spoke to her from beyond the grave?

James laughs. He picks up his glass.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)
She's dead.

James sets his glass down without taking a sip.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)
You'd probably know that if you weren't suspended. You've got plenty of your own demons to answer for when this life is over, but, this one is coming for us cause of what our parents did. You know what I'm talking about. You've been warned.

The call ends. James sets the receiver on the bar.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

James smokes a cigarette. He stares at the stars.

Street lamps line the road. They offer a small amount of light at the base of each. In between each, vast darkness.

James crushes out his butt. He turns to enter. Stops.

He squints his eyes. Under a lamp a quarter mile off, a dark figure stands. Barely seems to move.

When it drifts out of the light, it immediately appears again under the next lamp. Closer.

James rubs his eyes. Looks again. Nothing.

He shakes his head and enters the bar.

INT. BAR RESTROOM - NIGHT

James leans against a urinal divider. He grunts as he relieves himself.

The door jingles open off screen.

James stares at himself in the mirror as he washes his hands. He splashes water on his face.

James reaches for the bathroom door handle. Before his hand gets there it BURSTS open.

Angie rushes him. She grabs hold of his shirt. Her jaw dangles, torn off. Her blouse is soaked with blood.

James falls. Angie lands on top of him. She coughs blood all over James' face.

He pushes her off. Backs up against the wall. She reaches out to him, struggles to breath. Her eyes plead for help. James runs out.

BAR

James races to his coat. Stops...

A small piece of shattered concrete sits next to his bourbon.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

James fumbles his keys as he tries to open his car door. He drops them. Searches with his hands.

He kneels and looks underneath the car. On the other side of his car someone stands in a black robe. A gurgled wheeze...

James stands and runs. He makes it across the road. He checks over his shoulder. Trips.

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

He rolls down a small embankment into a creek. His head comes to rest against a large rock.

James lays, face down, in the water for several seconds.

He comes to. Coughs up water as he crawls to the other side of the creek. He lays on his back. He gasps.

The witch stands over him, twitches her talons. She moves in for the kill.

The witch stops, looks around.

WITCH'S POV

Everything is void of color. James holds his throat as he gasps for air.

In the tall grass on the other side of the embankment there are whispers. Everywhere. They get closer.

END POV

The witch looks at James. She backs away.

EXT. CENTURY HOME - NIGHT

Several police cars fill the street. Flood lights are aimed at the house in all directions.

The deputy and three officers study a floor plan that's spread out over the hood of a cruiser. They're dressed in S.W.A.T. gear.

DEPUTY

Pretty standard breach protocol.
Nothing too tricky here. Me and
Haynes will enter through the
kitchen...

Sheriff Colston slaps his hand down on the hood.

SHERIFF COLSTON

Nobody breaches til dawn.

DEPUTY

Sir?

SHERIFF COLSTON

Nobody. My orders.

Sheriff Colston walks off. The other officers look to the deputy. He follows the sheriff.

Sheriff Colston reaches his cruiser.

DEPUTY

Sir?

SHERIFF COLSTON

What?

DEPUTY

I think this is a mistake, sir.
You've got a possible hostage
inside with a murder suspect. The
longer we wait...

Sheriff Colston opens the door to his car.

SHERIFF COLSTON

There's no hostage, just a body.
I'm not sending my boys up against
something I don't know anything
about.

The deputy walks up close. Laughs a bit.

DEPUTY

Please tell me you're not buying
into the ghost story bull shit.

SHERIFF COLSTON

You have my orders. Make sure you
follow them.

Sheriff Colston gets in his cruiser. Starts it. The deputy
knocks on his window. Sheriff Colston rolls it down.

DEPUTY

This will be in my report, sir.

SHERIFF COLSTON

I would expect it to be.

The Sheriff backs out and heads down the road.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

A small room with a few chairs. It's empty except for Jane.
She still has on her pajamas. A "LAKE COUNTY SHERIFF'S
DEPARTMENT" coat is draped over her shoulders.

Sheriff Colston approaches her with a cup of coffee. Jane
takes it.

JANE

Thank you.

Sheriff Colston sits.

SHERIFF COLSTON

We're gonna go in at dawn. After we
clear the house, I'll take you back
there to get some clothes.

JANE

I'm never going back in there.

Sheriff Colston nods. Takes a sip of his coffee.

SHERIFF COLSTON

Do you know a Bealulah Redding?

JANE

When we got home last night, my
neighbor gave me a note.

(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)
I guess she stopped by our house
when we were gone.

SHERIFF COLSTON
She was murdered a few miles from
your home. I think she was trying
to warn you.

Jane takes a sip of her coffee. She stares into the cup.

SHERIFF COLSTON (CONT'D)
Did you see anything? Anything that
might help us?

Jane shakes her head.

JANE
He was being pulled down the
stairs. Whatever was pulling him,
it was a lot stronger than he was.

Dr. Hughes walks over to them.

DR. HUGHES
He's stable now. You can come in
and see him.

Jane gets up and hands Sheriff Colston her cup.

JANE
Thank you for the coffee. Do you
mind if I keep the jacket for now?

SHERIFF COLSTON
That's fine.

Dr. Hughes leads Jane out of the waiting room.

HOSPITAL ROOM

Sammy lays in a hospital bed. Unconscious. Tubes and wires
from a heart and lung machine are attached to him.

Jane and Dr. Hughes enter. Jane covers her mouth. Her eyes
well up.

She pulls a chair over the the side of Sammy's bed.

DR. HUGHES
I've updated his priority with
UNOS.

(MORE)

DR. HUGHES (cont'd)
 I'm sorry, Jane, but he's going to
 have to stay here from now on. He's
 really at end stage failure.

Jane nods. Dr. Hughes puts a hand on her shoulder.

DR. HUGHES (CONT'D)
 We need to keep him strong enough
 to survive the procedure. We'll
 move him into the ICU as soon as a
 room opens.

JANE
 Thank you.

DR. HUGHES
 I'll let you have some time alone.

Dr. Hughes exits. Jane kisses Sammy's cheek. She runs her
 fingers through Sammy's hair. She sings an old Appalachian
 folk song.

JANE
*Black is the color, of my true
 loves hair, his lips are like a
 rose so fair, he's got the sweetest
 gaze and the gentlest hands, I love
 the ground where on he stands.*

EXT. BAR - DAY

The morning sun rises. James sits on the bumper of an
 ambulance. A PARAMEDIC dabs at the cut on his forehead. Two
 police cruisers are parked in the lot.

James has a phone to his ear. It's ringing.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)
 Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LUCINDA'S PSYCHIC READINGS - DAY

Meliah moves furniture from against the walls. Safiyah has a
 jar of red dust in one hand, the phone in the other.

JAMES
 She came for me last night. Just
 after you called. She killed the
 bartender.

SAFIYAH
How did you get away?

JAMES
I didn't. I ran, but I fell. She stood right over me. I thought she was going to kill me, but then she just... stopped.

Safiyah sets the jar down.

SAFIYAH
She just stopped?

JAMES
It was like, she was afraid.

SAFIYAH
She's not afraid of you. She's afraid of what watches over you.

JAMES
I don't understand.

SAFIYAH
It means the awful things you've done in your life actually saved your life. She's afraid of what's going to come for you when you die.

James runs his hand down his face.

JAMES
What do I do?

SAFIYAH
You tell the truth. You ask for forgiveness. Especially for the life of that young man you destroyed.

James nods his head.

JAMES
I'm scared.

SAFIYAH
Well, for now, at least, you're apparently the only one of us who's safe.

Safiyah hangs up the phone.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A large congregation of PEOPLE, clad in black, encircle a casket. A priest stands at the center. He closes his book and nods to Jane.

Jane approaches and places a single rose on the casket. She kisses her finger tips and presses her hand down upon the lid.

She wipes tears from her eyes and turns to leave. She walks passed WILLIAM and CAROL EVANS, both in their fifties.

Carol bursts into tears as she watches Jane walk by without acknowledging them.

William follows Jane. He grabs for her arm.

JANE

Don't. Don't touch me.

She knocks his hand away. He reaches for it again.

WILLIAM

Darling, wait. Please. Can't we just talk for a moment?

She refuses to turn. William stops, watches her walk away.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry.

Jane spins in anger.

JANE

No. No you don't. You don't get to say that now. Not today. For two and a half years you don't see your grandson because you're too proud to admit when you're wrong.

Jane starts to take leave, then pivots.

JANE

And that worthless husband I married.

Jane starts to get hysterical. She points to Tom's casket.

JANE

That weak man. That bum. All he cared about when he was being murdered was that me and Sammy got out of that house. You were wrong about him. You were wrong about everything.

William puts his hand on her shoulder.

WILLIAM

I know. Jane, please. If not for me, then for your mother. You're breaking her heart.

JANE

Oh, I'm breaking her heart? Yeah.

Jane looks passed her father and gives a compassionate look to her Carol.

JANE (CONT'D)

You know, I've always wondered.

WILLIAM

Yeah?

JANE

How a woman like that ever fell for an asshole like you.

She focuses back on her father.

JANE

Take your hands off of me.

He drops his hands to his side. Jane walks away.

CEMETARY ROAD

Jane gets to her car and leans up against it. She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath.

SAFIYAH (O.S.)

Mrs. Phillips?

Safiyah and Meliah approach her.

JANE

Yes.

SAFIYAH

My name is Safiyah Redding. This is my daughter, Meliah.

JANE

What do you want?

SAFIYAH

I was wondering if I could have a word with you. It's about your husband's death.

JANE

I don't have time. I have to get back to the hospital.

Safiyah hands her a card.

SAFIYAH

I understand. Just take my card and call me when you do have time. It's important.

Jane stares at the card for a moment.

JANE

Was Bealulah Redding related to you?

SAFIYAH

She was my sister.

INT. LUCINDA'S PSYCHIC READINGS - DAY

Jane and Safiyah sit in the back room at a table. Jane notices the various books on witchcraft on the shelves.

JANE

Did you read all those?

SAFIYAH

Most. Bunch of bologna, if you ask me.

Meliah enters. She sets a cup of coffee in front of Safiyah.

MELIAH

(to Jane)

Would you like some coffee?

JANE

Please, black.

Meliah exits.

JANE (CONT'D)
So, who's Lucinda?

Safiyah smiles.

SAFIYAH
Kind of my sister's stage name. Lot
of white folk up here, had to sell
it.

JANE
You're not from here?

Safiyah shakes her head. Takes a sip of coffee.

SAFIYAH
N'Orleans, originally. My momma
brought us up here when we were
kids. Said she had a vision of this
place, more than its share of lost
souls that she needed to help.

JANE
Are you psychic?

SAFIYAH
Momma was, so was Bee. Guess the
gift never suited me. I just read
the cards. They were true spiritual
mediums, although, Bee wasn't much
good talkin' to the dead after her
stroke.

Meliah returns with Jane's Coffee. She sets it down.

JANE
Thank you.

Meliah nods. Jane takes a sip. She notices the red dust
encircling the room. She points.

JANE (CONT'D)
What's that?

SAFIYAH
Protection.

JANE
From?

SAFIYAH

Any soul that means you harm. Once inside the circle, no one can cross its threshold that has an ill will towards you.

Jane sets her coffee cup down. She looks to the books on the shelf.

JANE

So, if all of those books are bologna, why does that work?

Safiyah walks over to a small safe that is already open. She retrieves a laminated piece of parchment from it.

She places it on the table. Jane looks at it. Three paragraphs written in arabic.

SAFIYAH

That is real witchcraft. Three spells. One to conjure, one to entrap, and one to protect.

Safiyah points to the red dust. Jane flips over the paper, on the back is English translations written on a piece of notebook paper.

JANE

It looks like a page out of a book.

Safiyah sits back down.

SAFIYAH

A book we've been trying to find for generations.

JANE

Why? So you could have more power?

Safiyah shakes her head.

SAFIYAH

So we could burn it.

Jane looks at her, puzzled.

SAFIYAH (CONT'D)

Mortals can't be trusted with that kind of power.

Jane sets the paper down.

JANE
Why did you ask me here?

SAFIYAH
To apologize.

JANE
For what?

Safiyah leans into the table.

SAFIYAH
How much do you know about the
sheep lady?

JANE
I heard about the murders.

SAFIYAH
After the murders, my momma
recruited some people from the
local church. Together, they
trapped the sheep lady's soul in
that well. The concrete slab that
sealed it off had a spell inscribed
on the bottom of it.

Jane stares daggers into Safiyah.

JANE
And you just let people move in
there? Knowing what could happen?

SAFIYAH
My momma convinced the mayor at the
time to purchase the house from the
bank. Nobody was to go in there,
but a new mayor came along. He
didn't believe in ghost stories. He
sold the house. One family moved
in, then another. Soon, we just
convinced ourselves she never
existed.

JANE
I can't believe this. I feel sick
to my stomach.

Safiyah reaches for Jane's hands. Jane pulls back.

SAFIYAH
I'm so sorry. I never wanted this
to happen.

Jane wipes tears from her eyes. She can't look at Safiyah.

JANE

What gives her the right?

SAFIYAH

That's just it. I don't know. For generations, we've never come across a truly evil soul. People think they got evil spirits in their houses, they're just misunderstood, lost. Confused. Since we've never encountered one, we always reckoned that something takes them the moment they die.

Safiyah snaps her fingers.

SAFIYAH (CONT'D)

Just like that.

Jane snaps her fingers.

JANE

My husband's life was taken, just like that.

SAFIYAH

Again, all I can do is say how sorry I am.

Jane takes a sip of coffee.

JANE

Who is she?

SAFIYAH

Her name was Yalda. We don't know much about her. We heard her grandparents brought her here from Morocco for protection. Apparently, her mother was burned at the stake in a witch hunt.

JANE

Can you stop her?

Safiyah shakes her head. She grabs the piece of parchment on the table. She studies it.

SAFIYAH

Not even sure if I could trap her anymore.

JANE

Well, guess you'll just have to try
and appeal to her good nature then.

Safiyah laughs. It quickly fades.

SAFIYAH

That woman ain't got nothing but
contempt for humanity. Rather
surround herself with a dumb animal
than people. Funny, she must've
felt like a god amongst them. Now,
we're the sheep.

Jane sets her coffee down. She gets up.

JANE

I have to leave.

SAFIYAH

Thank you, for at least listening.

Jane gets to the doorway. She stops.

JANE

What if she killed someone like
herself? Someone damned to hell?
You think whatever came for that
soul would take hers too?

Safiyah nods.

SAFIYAH

I do. Unfortunately, I'm pretty
sure she can see the difference,
though.

Jane exits the room.

EXT. LAKE - SUNSET

The sun burns red. Fall clouds above. They glow of purple.

INT. LUCINDA'S PSYCHIC READINGS - NIGHT

Safiyah sleeps. Hunched over an open book. Several other
books litter the table. Medieval pictures in most.

Her phone rings. She wakes. Rubs her eyes. She grabs the
receiver. The caller I.D. reads "BEALULAH REDDING."

Safiyah wrings the phone in her hands. She hits a button, puts it to her ear...

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Come outside.

SAFIYAH
How dare you. Get out of her house!

INT. AUNT BEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Complete darkness. The words "Come outside" blink on the teletypewriter. The words appear again.

COMPUTER VOICE
Come outside.

INT. LUCINDA'S PSYCHIC READINGS - NIGHT

Safiyah stands. She swipes the books off the table in anger.

SAFIYAH
I will not!

Tears well up. A long pause...

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Then mother and child die.

SAFIYAH
Wait! They having nothing to do with this. Nothing!

She looks at the phone. The call has ended.

SAFIYAH (CONT'D)
No, no, no!

She dials her phone at a feverish pace. It rings.

SHERIFF COLSTON (V.O.)
Hello?

SAFIYAH
You have to get to the hospital.
You have to warn them!

SHERIFF COLSTON (V.O.)
Safiyah?

SAFIYAH
She's coming for them!

INT. ICU HALLWAY- NIGHT

Bright fluorescent lighting. Large glass windows on all of the rooms. Most of the rooms are dim.

Three hallways form a tee. Where all three halls converge is Sammy's room. At the end of the dissecting hall is a large, white brick wall.

SAMMY'S ROOM

Sammy sleeps. Jane sits in a chair next to his bed. Her eyes close. A book slips from her hand. It startles her. She picks it up and places it on the bed's tray table.

She yawns as she turns. She looks down the hall. A jet black figure stands in front of the white wall. Jane's hands shake.

JANE
No.

ICU HALLWAY

A NURSE walks out of a room at the end of the hall. She writes on her clipboard. Almost runs into the witch.

The nurse jumps back. Drops the clipboard to the floor.

NURSE
Oh my... You... You can't be up here.

The witch wears a robe made of black sheep's wool. The eyes, snouts, and teeth of the sheep are still intact. Sewn in.

Mange hair covers her face save for one black, opaque eyeball.

The nurse notices the sludge that leads from the stairway entrance to the witch. She turns and runs.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Call security! Somebody, call security!

A MALE NURSE leans over a desk to look down the hall. He picks up the phone and begins to dial.

A DOCTOR exits a room with a pen in his mouth. The pen hits the floor. He back peddles.

The witch lifts a hand. Points to Sammy's room. She lets out a shrill, inhuman scream. It reverberates through the I.C.U.

SAMMY'S ROOM

Jane backs into Sammy's bed. She shakes her head.

JANE

No. I won't let you.

ICU HALLWAY

Two security guards, KEN and NANCY, round the corner. Their pace slows on sight. They both put their hands on their holsters.

KEN

Mam? Sir? Are you okay?

They approach. Nancy notices the sharp nails that protrude from the witch's sleeves.

NANCY

She's got a weapon.

They both un-holster their pistols. Aim them at her.

KEN

Show me your hands! Do it slow!
Now!

The witch complies. Methodically, she raises her hands above her head. Her arms keep reaching. They grow out of her sleeves.

NANCY

What the fuck?

The witch's hands reach the ceiling. Bust into a light fixture. Sparks shower down. The guards open fire.

Black tufts of hair fly off of her as bullets hit. No effect.

CEILING

The witch's hands reach up over the fixture. Her fingers wrap around the flexible metal conduit that houses the wiring.

ICU HALLWAY

The witch rips the conduit down. It smacks the floor like a whip. It rolls down the hallway like a tidal wave. Slices through ceiling tiles. Blows up every light in its path.

Ken tries to run. The conduit knocks him unconscious. Nancy falls to the ground. Shields herself from debris.

The conduit breaks loose at the end of the hallway. Shatters the window to Sammy's room.

SAMMY'S ROOM

Jane turns her back. Shields her son. Glass shards EXPLODE into the room and rain over them. She screams.

The power flickers. Goes out. The emergency lighting comes on.

ICU HALLWAY

Nancy runs into the light. She gets yanked back violently. She screams.

SAMMY'S ROOM

Jane winces as she stands. She studies the room. There is an empty bed and an end table.

Jane looks towards the machine pumping life into Sammy, then back to the hallway.

ICU HALLWAY

Another SECURITY GAURD approaches. He speaks into his radio.

SECURITY GAURD

Ken? Nancy? Where are you guys?

He works his flashlight around. Finds a path of blood as wide as a body. He follows it up the wall. It extends across the ceiling.

SECURITY GAURD

Jesus.

He follows the blood trail to the other wall where it streaks down a window. His light stops at his reflection. The witch is behind him.

All five fingers of the witch's hand explode through his mouth. They are fanned out wide.

The witch's other hand grabs his hair. The portion of his head above his jaw slides off like a sled.

SAMMY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy's bed is gone. The chair and end table have been slid up against the other bed.

The witch stands outside of the broken window peering in.

ICU HALLWAY

The witch looks down the hallway to her left. Jane is inside an open elevator with Sammy's bed. She pounds buttons on the elevator console.

ELEVATOR

The witch screams. Jane taps at the buttons.

JANE

Please. Come on...

Jane backs up. She watches through the open doors as the witch's arms extend out the width of the hall.

The witch claws at the walls propelling her towards the elevator. Glass breaks. Sparks jump off the concrete.

The doors begin to close. They seal right in time. BANG! The doors dent in as the witch rams them.

The elevator begins to descend. It passes four. Jane stops it at three. The doors open.

Jane starts to run out. The elevator jerks upwards three feet. It knocks her to the floor. Metal cables twang.

It jerks up another two feet. Jane watches the opening get smaller. She pushes Sammy's bed towards it.

The front of the bed just makes it out as the elevator jerks up again. The bed frame collapses under the pressure, but its wedged enough to leave a one foot opening.

Jane crawls for it. She reaches a hand out.

JANE
Somebody, help! Please!

Sheriff Colston grabs her hand. He peers at the bed.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Grab your son.

JANE
No. Just pull me out!

Jane gets yanked through the opening.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

They fall to the floor. Jane bumps her head. She looks around, dazed.

STAFF MEMBERS scurry to evacuate PATIENTS. Heavily armed POLICEMEN run around asking people questions. Complete chaos.

Sheriff Colston helps Jane to her feet.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Come on. We have to get out of here.

The elevator slowly descends and levels itself out. The doors try to shut on Sammy's bed and then re-open.

Sparks shower down into the elevator. Jane and Sheriff Colston turn. Ceiling particles fall onto Sammy's bed.

The policemen notice, they begin to run down the hall towards it. Jane looks to the stairwell. She grabs the door handle.

JANE
(to Colston)
Come on.

They enter it. The police approach the elevator that now strobes light from a busted fixture.

ELEVATOR

The witch pulls herself through a hole in the ceiling. She sneers at Sammy's bed and pulls back the covers. Two pillows tucked under a blanket.

She looks out of the elevator doors as a half dozen policemen converge.

ICU HALLWAY

Sheriff Colston and Jane run out into the hallway from the stairwell. They head towards Sammy's room.

SAMMY'S ROOM

Jane pulls back the chair. Sheriff Colston pulls back the end table. Sammy is wrapped in a blanket underneath the other bed.

The tubes and wires from the machine are still attached to him.

SHERIFF COLSTON

Thank God. Come on, let's get him out of here.

Jane shakes her head. Sheriff Colston runs to the doorway and checks down the halls.

JANE

I can't. If I take him off the machine, he'll die.

Sheriff Colston turns.

SHERIFF COLSTON

Jane, we have to leave.

Gun shots from below. Screams.

Jane puts her hand on Sammy's forehead.

JANE

My son may die because he's sick. But, he will not die by her hand.

SHERIFF COLSTON

Jane, I don't know how to stop her.

Jane leans down and kisses Sammy.

JANE

I hope you always remember how much
I love you.

Jane stands. She walks over to Sheriff Colston with her hand out.

JANE (CONT'D)

I need you to give me your gun. And
then, I need you to go find Dr.
Hughes.

SHERIFF COLSTON

For what?

Jane tries to fake a smile.

JANE

So you can tell him that me and
Sammy have the same blood type.

He looks to Sammy, then back to her.

SHERIFF COLSTON

No. No way.

JANE

It's the only way.

SHERIFF COLSTON

I'm not going to let you do this.

JANE

If not me, then who?

SHERIFF COLSTON

Jane, can you hear yourself? This
is crazy.

JANE

My husband's dead. My son is dying.
If he dies, I don't want to be
here.

SHERIFF COLSTON

I... I can't.

Jane grabs him by his shirt. She pushes him back.

JANE

You people let us move into that house! You knew what was in there!

SHERIFF COLSTON

I never believed...

JANE

How many more people will she kill if I don't stop her? Me? You? My son?

Jane releases her grip. She stands back.

JANE (CONT'D)

Please...

Sheriff Colston un-holsters his revolver. He lays it in her hands. Jane holds it awkwardly.

JANE (CONT'D)

I've never used one of these.

He nods and takes the gun. He clicks off the safety and pulls back the hammer.

SHERIFF COLSTON

You just aim... And pull the trigger.

Jane nods.

JANE

Thank you.

Sheriff Colston begins to leave. He stops. Turns as if to say something, but can't. He exits.

Jane stares at her son. Wipes tears from her eyes.

ICU HALLWAY

Jane walks out from Sammy's room. Gun in hand. The witch's scream echoes up from the elevator shaft. Jane turns.

The numbers on the outside wall of the elevator indicate that it is ascending. Jane begins a slow walk towards it.

JANE

I haven't spoken to you in a long time. I chose to believe that you didn't exist.

(MORE)

JANE (cont'd)
 Now that I know you're there, I
 want you to know that I hate you.

STAIRWELL

Sheriff Colston races down the steps. He speaks into his
 radio MOS.

JANE (V.O.)
 I don't understand why you let bad
 things happen to good people. The
 term, "The lord works in mysterious
 ways", means nothing to me.

INT. LUCINDA'S PSYCHIC READINGS - NIGHT

Safiyah stares at an empty wall. Blank. Meliah sits on the
 couch. Knees pulled to her chest.

JANE (V.O.)
 I'm of sound mind and body. I know
 what I am about to do is a sin, but
 I'm going to do it anyway.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jane stops ten feet from the elevator doors. It dings. It's
 reached its destination.

JANE (CONT'D)
 And I will not ask for your
 forgiveness. But, if you let this
 work... You can have mine.

The elevator doors open. Smoke bellows out. A flicker of
 light. The witch emerges. Hisses at Jane.

Jane puts the barrel of the gun against her temple.

JANE (CONT'D)
 You're coming with me.

The witch lunges. Jane pulls the trigger. BANG!

Jane drops to her knees. The gun scurries across the floor.
 The witch grabs Jane. Pulls her limp body up before it falls.

The witch watches as Jane's eyes turn black from hemorrhage.
 She drags a nail across Jane's face.

The witch drops Jane's body. Watches the pool of blood form on the tiles.

She looks towards Sammy's room. She moves.

The wall unhinges. Swings closed shutting off the path.

The windows collapse, showering glass. The doors are spun off their hinges as the walls slide over them. No exit.

The witch looks back to Jane.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - PORTAL SEQUENCE

Everything becomes void of color. The pool of blood underneath Jane's head soaks into the tile.

Jane blinks her eyes open. She sits up. She screams and covers her ears.

Jane takes her hands off of her ears. She looks around. An old lady, the sheep lady, scratches at the walls.

Jane stands. She watches the sheep lady scour for an exit.

JANE

You're just an old woman.

The sheep lady runs towards her. She kneels in front of Jane and speaks gibberish.

The elevator doors behind the sheep lady begin to open. A sea of black spiders pour through. The sheep lady doesn't notice.

Jane backs away. The spiders cover the walls and floor.

JANE

Nobody can help you now.

The spiders move towards them at break-neck speed. They reach the sheep lady.

The sheep lady lifts her head and screams as spiders burst through her mouth and eyes. The rest envelope her body.

Jane backs into the corner. The spiders reach her. She shivers as they crawl up her legs.

Jane looks upwards.

JANE

I had to.

The spiders cover Jane's face. She screams. The entire floor SHATTERS. Everything drops into an abyss.

END SEQUENCE

The color returns to the hallway. Jane's body lays in a pool of blood. Alone.

Sheriff Colston and Dr. Hughes enter the hallway. They run towards Jane. Sheriff Colston grabs his gun. Checks the chamber.

Dr. Hughes runs to Jane. Checks her pulse and eyes. Dr. Hughes backs up against the wall. Slides down.

DR. HUGHES.
What did you do?

SHERIFF COLSTON
I don't know. I... don't. You've got to make this happen now.

DR. HUGHES.
You don't understand. There's an entire network we have to go through. A mile of red tape.

Sheriff Colston grabs him by his shirt and pulls him up.

SHERIFF COLSTON
Then, you tell them I held a gun to your head.

DR. HUGHES.
I'm not even the surgeon.

SHERIFF COLSTON
You'd better find him.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

A TEAM works in concert. Sammy is on the table. The LEAD SURGEON looks up to the observation suite. He glares at the two figures inside.

OBSERVATION SUITE

Sheriff Colston paces. Dr. Hughes hangs his head in his hands.

WAITING ROOM

Sheriff Colston and Dr. Hughes sit several chairs from one another. The surgeon enters. They both stand. Approach him.

The surgeon removes his cap. Runs his fingers through his hair.

SURGEON

I want you both to know, that when I testify, and I will testify, according to my knowledge, everything was in order. And, I have no idea what happened here tonight.

Sheriff Colston and Dr. Hughes nod. The surgeon begins to leave. Sheriff Colston grabs his arm.

SHERIFF COLSTON

How is he?

SURGEON

Only time will tell. But, so far... It looks good. Real good.

EXT. CENTURY HOME - DAY

A police cruiser pulls into the drive. Sheriff Colston and Safiyah exit. They take it in for a moment.

SHERIFF COLSTON

You sure this is a good idea?

SAFIYAH

Gotta know. Just be ready to run. This may be my time.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The two of them stare down into the well. Safiyah looks around.

SAFIYAH

I'm here, Yalda. Come and get me. I'm not hiding anymore.

They wait for a few moments. Nothing.

SAMMY'S ROOM

Safiyah walks in. Sheriff Colston stands in the hall. Safiyah looks around. She smiles.

SAFIYAH

She got ya... She got you!

Safiyah's smile fades when she sees the stuffed lion on Sammy's bed. She holds it. Sits on the bed.

SAFIYAH (CONT'D)

Thank you, Jane. Thank you. I'm so sorry.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A light drizzle falls on a CROWD dressed in black. A PREACHER reads a passage MOS. Safiyah stares at the casket as droplets of water trickle from her gauche, large-brimmed hat.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

They buried Jane two days later. I wish I could've known her more. I would've liked to have seen her smile. Laugh. All I saw was the pain. That's all she had left.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Sheriff Colston wears a suit and sits at the defendant's table.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

Sheriff Colston was forced to retire. Dr. Hughes was banned from practicing medicine again. They both got one year of probation. All they did was tell the truth...

The JUDGE and JURY stare at a television monitor. Several jurors cover their mouths. Others squirm in their seats.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

And show them the security tapes from the hospital.

EXT. EVANS' HOUSE - DAY

A large colonial perches on a slope inside of a modernized neighborhood. Carol Evans stands at the end of her driveway as a school bus approaches.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

Jane's parents separated shortly after her death. Carol took custody of Sammy as soon as he was well enough. They quickly made up for time lost.

Sammy jumps from the bus. He shows Carol some art work before running up the driveway. Carol smiles.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

I didn't think I would ever get to meet him, but I was wrong.

INT. LUCINDA'S PSYCHIC READINGS - DAY

Closing signs are taped to the windows. Safiyah and Meliah pack trinkets into boxes.

Safiyah turns to find Carol and Sammy standing inside the doorway.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

Sammy believed he had a gift. And, he wanted to help a friend.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Safiyah sits on the edge of a break wall. Soft waves brush up against it. She draws circles in the sand with her cane.

Sammy descends the hill that leads to the beach. Walter is at his side. Walter stops when he sees Safiyah.

SAMMY

It's okay. She's a friend.

Sammy continues on. Walter remains frozen.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

She can't see you.

Walter descends to the beach. Sammy turns to him.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
I need to ask you something really important, okay?

WALTER
Okay.

SAMMY
Do you see a light?

Walter looks around.

WALTER
No. Just stars... And the moon.

Sammy searches the sky. There is no moon.

SAMMY
(to Safiyah)
He says he sees a moon.

Safiyah looks around.

SAFIYAH
Where?

Sammy turns to Walter. Walter points down the beach horizontally.

Sammy points in the same direction and looks to Safiyah. She smiles and nods. Sammy turns to Walter.

SAMMY
Walter, you have to walk to the light. Your parents are there.

WALTER
My pappa said to wait here.

Sammy kneels in the sand. He looks up at Walter.

SAMMY
You have to trust me. Your parents went there looking for you. They won't find you here.

Walter looks down the beach, then back to Sammy.

WALTER
Maybe they're mad at me.

SAMMY

No. They're just waiting for you,
a knight in charge of the king's
gold, to finish his journey.

Walter turns. He stares down the beach.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

It's time to go home.

Walter begins to walk. He stops after a few yards. He waves
to Sammy. Sammy waves back.

As Walter walks further down the beach, the moon appears.
Nestled in the sand. It glows brighter as Walter nears it.

Its brilliant rays envelope Walter's figure as the moon
becomes the sun.

EXT. LAKE AERIAL SHOT - DAY

The sun shines bright in the middle of blue sky. The view
skims the tops of cresting waves as it moves towards land.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

Thirteen years. They say that's the
average life span of a transplanted
heart. An eternity in hell for
thirteen years. I never question
the things a mother would do to
protect her child, but if I think
about it that way it keeps me up
nights.

The view veers right. It heads towards a large spillway
tunnel.

SAFIYAH (V.O.)

I choose to believe that Jane was
sent here. An angel, maybe. Sent
here to make right what was wrong
in this world. The awful things
that happened to her were
necessary. Necessary to drive her
to do what had to be done. If
that's the case, and I choose to
believe that it is, I must say...
The lord, he sure does work in
mysterious ways.

The view dives into the spillway tunnel.

INT. SPILLWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Light flickers by as the view speeds through the tunnel. A junction room appears with three smaller tunnels. The view veers left through a smaller tunnel.

The darkness is occasionally disturbed by light passing overhead. It slows. A figure is moving in a ray of descending light.

Alexa Miller digs through a pile of rubble. She stops. A small package wrapped in heavy plastic lies in the clutches of skeletal arms.

She rips the package away from the deceased. She wipes dust from it.

Alexa rips it open. An old book with a medal emblem on the cover. That of a serpent that winds around a staff.

She looks upwards into the light.

The view ascends. Looks down upon her. It twists as it rises. Into a well. Into a basement...

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A basement we are all too familiar with.

FADE TO BLACK.