

DRAG ME FROM HELL

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EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

CLAY is alone on the platform. There is an eerie silence. Not another soul on the platform.

He takes out the WEDDING RING from his pocket and takes a hasty look at it. We suddenly hear footsteps, and CLAY quickly pockets the ring.

CHRISTINE trots over in her new blue coat, she smiles at the sight of CLAY.

CLAY
Hey, what took you so long?

CHRISTINE
I... just had to see someone off.
But now you've got me all to
yourself.

She pulls CLAY into a hug and they share a kiss.

We hear the horn of a train in the distance.

CLAY
You seem... different somehow.

Christine smiles it off.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Oh, I've got something for you.

CHRISTINE
You're too good to me.

He roots around in his pocket, and pulls out a white envelope instead of the WEDDING RING.

CLAY
That's odd, there was something
else...

CHRISTINE snatches the envelope from his hand and begins to open it. We hear another train horn.

CHRISTINE
Let's see whotcha got for me.

CLAY
No. That's not...

She pulls out the CURSED HORN BUTTON from the envelope, and a look of horror crosses her face as she recognizes it. CHRISTINE drops the button and backs away to the edge.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Hey don't go over...

CLAY's warning is too late as CHRISTINE falls down onto the train track. We hear another train horn and can see the ominous black shape of the train in the distance.

Suddenly the ground beneath CHRISTINE falls away, flames lick at her body and grey, bony arms rush up to grab her.

CLAY throws himself down onto the edge of the platform, his hand reaching out for CHRISTINE's. They both see the train rapidly approaching as we hear another blast from it's horn.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Quick - grab my hand!

The sleepers around CHRISTINE crack upwards, and more hands rush up to greet her. Some only stroke her thighs or torso, and leave horrific marks where chunks of flesh have been burned away in an instant.

The train is so close now, sounding the horn erratically. CLAY has to pull his hand back to avoid it being cut off, but he still looks at CHRISTINE's demise.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Christine!

The train runs over CHRISTINE but we can still see her. Some parts of her skin have started to bubble from the heat of the inferno below.

As CHRISTINE is DRAGGED TO HELL her face begins to dissolve, and the hole closes up. A tuft of blonde hair is all that remains.

CLAY is left on the platform, staring at the tuft of blonde hair as it slowly burns to ash.

The horn begins to sound, but before it finishes...

CUT TO:

INT - TRUDY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TRUDY
...ay! Clay! Wake up you fool!

We see CLAY lying on a sofa. His hair is long and tangled, he has a small beard, and his clothes are stained. A stark contrast to the items in the prim and expensive household that surrounds him.

His mother, TRUDY, a well dressed woman in her late 50's/early 60's stands over him with a look of disgust on her face.

TRUDY (CONT'D)

Finally. I thought may have to resort to using a bucket of cold water.

CLAY groggily sits up.

CLAY

What... How did I get here? Last I remember I was out with Kerry then...

TRUDY

Then you got arrested for being drunk and disorderly. I bailed you out, but you'd better hope nobody hears about this.

CLAY

I can't remember anything... and my head - god!

TRUDY

Your pain is well-deserved! You shame me and your father by acting like this!

CLAY

Mom this isn't about you, I'm still dealing with...

TRUDY

Oh enough! It's been two months Clay - you need to move on! You can't just throw your life away over...

CLAY

(rises)

Over what? A nuisance? A farm girl - *bad stock*? A crazy woman?

TRUDY

(regretful)

Now you know I didn't say that...

CLAY

But you were thinking it.

TRUDY

I can't deal with this anymore, Clay. You need to leave until you get your head on straight.

CLAY seems hurt by this. He goes over to the mantelpiece and strokes a small wooden clock.

CLAY
 Leave? But how will I get back into town...

TRUDY
 I called Kerry. He's coming to pick you up.

CLAY nods and turns back to his mother. His eyes are red with fresh tears.

CLAY
 I'm sorry. But what happened to Christine really...

TRUDY
 Was so terrible that you had to invent a story about her being dragged to hell to protect yourself from the truth. I pulled a lot of strings to keep you out of a psych ward.

Tears are now rolling down CLAY's face.

CLAY
 Mom how can you say that?

She turns away from him.

TRUDY
 Just go.

Clay stands there, unable to comprehend how his mother can disown him.

INT. KERRY'S CAR - LATER

CLAY and KERRY are driving along a suburban road in KERRY's well-used car. Kerry is the same age as clay but a stark contrast, he is clean shaven and his hair is neat and although his clothes are casual they are also clean. He is full of mirth. The seats of the car are worn and some paint scratched, but it still runs smoothly.

KERRY
 Man you were *wild* last night!

CLAY
 (dismissively)
 Really? I wouldn't know.

KERRY
 C'mon that was the most fun I've had in months! You really can't remember *any* of it?

CLAY
(cheering up)
I remember falling off a table...
but nothing after that.

KERRY
Ha! Maybe its better that way, you
must of drank that place dry. When
the poor guy behind the bar
"suggested" that you took a break -
you jumped him!

CLAY
(groans)
I don't wanna know!

They sit in silence for a time as KERRY drives along.

CLAY reaches into his jacket and pulls out the WEDDING RING,
and takes a good look at it. KERRY does not see the movement.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

We see CHRISTINE being dragged to hell, screaming. The image
lasts only a second.

INT. KERRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CLAY quickly puts the ring back in his pocket, clearly shaken
by the FLASHBACK.

CLAY
Hey, did you manage to check that
obituary for me?

KERRY
Yeah, it wasn't too hard. Only two
Ganushes died in the last couple of
months, the other was just 12.

This turns the atmosphere in the car to a very sombre one.

The car begins to slow down as they approach KERRY's
apartment.

EXT. KERRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kerry parks the car on the side of the road. The two of them
exit the car and walk up the driveway.

CLAY
Well did you get an address?

KERRY
(unlocking the door)
Well seeing how she didn't have a house and the fact that she's dead - that part was much harder.
(he smiles)
I found her granddaughter though.

INT. KERRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They step through the door into a typical bachelor pad. The place is untidy yet homely. In the living room a large mirror hangs on the wall.

CLAY
Well? Where?

KERRY casually throws the keys on the coffee table and sits down on the couch.

KERRY
Before I tell you I want you to promise me something first, OK?

CLAY
No Kerry I can't be your pimp.

KERRY
Hilarious. No, you've got to promise me that you'll let this go.

CLAY sits down.

CLAY
How can I? Christine kept saying that old woman had cursed her or something. She told me she was hearing things, as if that Ganush woman had set a hound after her. I have to check this out. For her.

KERRY
Fine, but promise me you'll let it go after you've seen this gypsy-woman.

CLAY
I don't know if I can.

KERRY
You're on a downward spiral man. You're not bringing in any money now, I can barely pay the rent for both of us. And now your parents won't go near you. Clay you need to sort your life out before you're the one who needs help.

CLAY seems withdrawn when he next speaks. He doesn't look at KERRY, his eyes seem unfocused and stare off into space.

CLAY

All the times she told me... I never believed her. I helped her out - she sold everything valuable at a pawnshop to pay for a seance - but I never believed her.
(he now looks at Kerry)
Until she fell onto those train tracks, I never...

CLAY breaks off, unable to continue on.

KERRY

It's alright. I hope you can find some closure.

KERRY gets up off the sofa and pulls out a folded piece of paper from his pocket. He then hands it to CLAY.

KERRY (CONT'D)

I'll make you some post hangover tonic, yeah?

CLAY

(nods)
Yeah thanks.

KERRY walks off into the kitchen while CLAY opens the folded piece of paper and examines the address.

Suddenly we hear a screech like the sound of nails on a chalkboard. Clay's head snaps towards the mirror, and he quickly pockets the address.

KERRY (O.S.)

Clay, are you alright in there? I heard something.

CLAY does not take his eyes away from the mirror, and also does not respond to KERRY.

CLAY stands up and begins to slowly walk towards the mirror

KERRY pops his head round the door.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Clay what did you do in here?

CLAY raises a hand to silence his friend and continues to stalk towards the mirror. Kerry then walks over to him.

KERRY (CONT'D)

What, it came from the mirror?

CLAY

SHH! Look...

CLAY points to the bottom of the mirror, which begins to glow a dull orange. The frame is unchanged. We then hear a faint sound, but it sounds like a roaring fire. It quickly increases in volume, CLAY and KERRY share a worried look - then...

An EXPLOSION of light comes from the mirror, temporarily blinding CLAY and KERRY. They stumble about, the surface of the mirror still glowing a bright yellow.

CLAY and KERRY recover from the blinding flash of light, slightly dazed.

CHRISTINE

(screaming)

CLAY!

They look at the mirror, the light has dulled to reveal an image in the mirror, it has become a WINDOW TO HELL!

CHRISTINE is in the mirror, we see her in a portrait view, looking at CLAY and KERRY with desperation. She's wreathed in flame, though she seems unharmed.

CLAY

Chris...

CHRISTINE

CLAY! You have to help me - get me outta here!

CLAY is horrified by the appearance of CHRISTINE, whilst KERRY is transfixed and slowly edges towards the mirror.

The image begins to flicker, like a tv with bad reception, the sound of the fire becomes weaker as well. Suddenly, the image disappears.

CLAY

No! Come back!

The image flickers back into life on the mirror, the fire sounds louder and in the background we hear the screams of other tormented souls.

CHRISTINE

...ly she knows how. Please, every day I die a thousand times!

CLAY

God... wait - who knows what?

CHRISTINE

I haven't much time - you...

The image flickers out on the mirror again, but it quickly returns.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

...Ganush.

CHRISTINE looks over her shoulder and quickly becomes frantic with fear.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Go! He's coming!

KERRY's hand is now just an inch from the mirror.

Tears of fire are now streaming from CHRISTINE's eyes.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Clay...

Suddenly the flames form into hands, grabbing and pulling CHRISTINE down.

KERRY's hand touches the mirror, as the flames roar and fill the mirror, covering CHRISTINE completely. The surface of the mirror begins to bubble, and the fire forms into a DEMONIC FACE which rushes towards CLAY and KERRY.

The mirror EXPLODES, sending shards of glass and molten glass flying across the room. CLAY is unhurt, but KERRY cries out in pain, clutching his left forearm.

CLAY

Kerry!

CLAY rushes over to his friend and takes a look at his arm. It is red but does not appear burnt, despite the droplets of molten mirror on his arm.

KERRY

What the fuck was that Clay? Ah! My arm...

CLAY

Hold on, we'll need to get you to hospital.

KERRY

No fucking way! How the hell would I explain this!

CLAY

Fine then. Come put it under a cold tap.

Kerry nods, and allows CLAY to lead him to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLAY enters helping KERRY along, who's still nursing his hurt arm. CLAY turns on the cold tap, grabs KERRY's hand and sticks his arm under the flow of water.

KERRY grimaces and begins to use his good hand to feel the parts of molten mirror on his forearm.

CLAY

You OK?

KERRY

The metal, it's not coming off!

CLAY

Damn - does your arm feel any better?

KERRY

Yeah, it doesn't burn anymore - just stings.

CLAY takes another good look at the silver markings on KERRY's arm. The silvery metal forms an eerie pattern that's like writing.

CLAY

Kerry, do those marks look like... words?

KERRY

Shit they do - i can't read it though.

CLAY

It came from a mirror... so maybe...

CLAY grabs KERRY's arm causing KERRY to yelp in pain, and he holds it in front of the mirror above the sink. Scrawled onto KERRY's skin in silvery markings are four words.

COME MAKE A DEAL.