

INT. CREEPERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

DEVON KASTLE, a 20s female from Anchorage, sits in front of a professional monitor paused on the latest opening of the cable TV show, "The Creepers", a paranormal investigations team she cofounded and now leads.

Leaning forward, closer to the monitor, she presses play and watches the new opening sequence.

Devon's POV on monitor screen. White lettered legend appears on a black screen: "WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO WATCH IS REAL. THE FOLLOWING INVESTIGATION BY THE CREEPERS PARANORMAL RESEARCH TEAM WAS FILMED ENTIRELY ON LOCATION IN ALASKA. ALL VIDEO AND AUDIO ARE AUTHENTIC." A streak of light crosses the screen as eerie theme PLAYS over scene showing Devon striding confidently toward the sleek new "Creepers" van. Freeze frame and name is captioned: "Devon Kastle, Team Leader"

DEVON (V.O. FROM MONITOR)

We will hunt ghosts anytime,  
anywhere, from the Aleutians all  
the way up to the North Pole.

Scene switches to TROY EMERSON (30s male and other half of the founding duo). He is leaning over a table, both hands on its surface, a flex lamp bent close to a large map, his John Lennon spectacles low on his nose. Freeze frame and name is captioned: "Troy Emerson, Researcher/Historian"

TROY (V.O. FROM MONITOR)

The Creepers help people to better  
understand the spirit world around  
them.

Scene again switches to the rest of the team, 50s male GREG "ZOMBIE" BONECUTTER, 20s female RONNIE WEISS, 20s male DAVID WESTLAKE and 20s female AUTUMN RIVERS, who are all on the outside of a creepy-looking house in "cool" poses. Freeze frame and names are captioned: "Greg 'Zombie' Bonecutter, Audio Tech, Ronnie Weiss, Camera, David Westlake, Lighting/Camera, Autumn Rivers, Medium"

DEVON (V.O. FROM MONITOR)

My team is smart, highly skilled,  
and fearless.

Team is shown in various activities flashing from one scene to the next. Establishing scenes of Alaska and its wildlife and Native symbols are shown.

DEVON (V.O. FROM MONITOR) (CONT'D)  
 We'll find the problem and then...  
 we'll solve it.

"The Creepers" title supercedes a still of Alaska.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 (quietly as she smiles)  
 Awesome.

Ronnie walks into the cramped office and has a small scrap of paper in her hand.

RONNIE  
 Hey, Devon?

DEVON  
 (typing on computer)  
 Yeah.

RONNIE  
 Hey, I got this call from a woman  
 in Frost Creek who wants us to  
 investigate her house.

DEVON  
 We don't do personal residences.

RONNIE  
 Yeah, I know. But this woman is  
 really old and she's all alone -

DEVON  
 And she's getting goosebumps every  
 time she goes in the attic.

RONNIE  
 She's scared, Devon. Can you just  
 talk to the woman?

Devon turns in her swivel chair.

DEVON  
 I didn't hear the phones ringing.

RONNIE  
 I...I got the call on my cell  
 phone.

DEVON  
 Your cell phone? What is  
 she...your grandmother?

RONNIE  
She got my cell off Facebook.

DEVON  
You put your cell number on...never  
mind. The answer is still "no".

Troy has entered the room.

TROY  
Answer is still "no" to what?

DEVON  
(swiveling back to  
computer)  
Ronnie wants us to investigate her  
grandma's house.

Ronnie scowls toward Troy.

RONNIE  
This old woman in Frost Creek  
contacted me and asked if we could  
investigate her house.

TROY  
So, what's the issue.

DEVON  
(swiveling back to face  
them)  
The issue is that we don't do  
personal residences.

TROY  
Since when?

DEVON  
Um, since like two seasons ago.

TROY  
Two seasons? Not everything has to  
be for the show, Devon.

DEVON  
Uh, yes it does.

Devon swivels back.

TROY  
(to Ronnie)  
Call the woman back. I'll take you  
and Zombie and we'll do the -

DEVON  
(swiveling back again and  
angry)  
What the hell are you doing?

TROY  
My job.

DEVON  
So, you're gonna waste money and  
resources on Ronnie's scared  
grandmother?

TROY  
Yup.

The two stare down each other for a long moment.

DEVON  
Fine. Ronnie...call your grandma  
and tell her we'll take the job  
...for ten grand.

TROY  
Devon, c'mon.

DEVON  
You wanna do a hundred dollar job,  
you can do it yourself...without my  
team.

TROY  
(nodding)  
Oh, okay. *Your* team.

DEVON  
Yeah, that's right. *My* team.

TROY  
You know, Devon, there was a time  
in our lives when we killed for a  
hundred dollars.

DEVON  
Yeah, well, I don't kill myself  
anymore. Ten grand.

Troy and Ronnie exit as Devon goes back to her keyboard.

EXT. CREEPERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The team is loading equipment into the Creepers van. Troy is under the hood, putting oil in the vehicle. Devon is walking from the building with an overnight bag.

DEVON

I cannot believe your grandma actually agreed to ten grand.

RONNIE

(quietly to David)  
She's not my grandmother, bitch.

David snickers loudly.

DEVON

I heard that. Autumn, where's Shellie? Did you call her?

AUTUMN

Already called. Left a message.

DAVID

Why don't you just contact her with, you know, your mental powers.

David chuckles as Autumn flips him off.

DEVON

Well, she's late. She better get here in the next five minutes or I find another reporter.

TROY

(closing hood)  
Here she comes.

SHELLIE COVEY'S car pulls up to the curb. She is a 20s female reporter from an online magazine, Paranews, hired by Devon under closed contract.

DEVON

(consulting watch)  
Thank you for your prompt arrival.

SHELLIE

I'm so sorry. I was tied up in traffic.

TROY

Traffic in Anchorage?

SHELLIE

Okay, fine, I needed a pack of cigarettes.

DEVON

There's no smoking on the team.

Shellie pauses and looks at the other team members as they all shake their heads as if to say, "No, really."

DEVON (CONT'D)

Troy, where is this place anyway?

TROY (O.S.)

Frost Creek.

DEVON

Who?

TROY

Frost Creek. It's about an hour away, down near Tyonek.

SHELLIE

Frost Creek? There was an incident there a couple years ago.

DAVID

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah! The murder of some ghosthunter guy, right?

SHELLIE

Yeah, unsolved, too.

DEVON

Oooo, I just got chills.  
(a beat as she closes van door)  
Let's get going.

Troy jumps into the driver's seat, Devon, the passenger and the rest climb into the back, while Shellie follows in her own car.

EXT. ALASKA SITES - DAY

Establishing shot with landscapes and wildlife, van and car in some backdrops as they drive.

INT. CREEPERS VAN - DAY

Zombie is at the very rear of the van, reading a Lovecraft collection, Autumn is napping, David has a pair of earbuds in his ears and drumming an imaginary drum and Ronnie is watching out the side window as the scenery goes by them.

Troy is driving casually and Devon is on her tablet, checking social media for their TV show.

DEVON  
Randall's such a tool.

TROY  
Again with that guy?

DEVON  
He's railing on us again. Says we're shameless.

TROY  
We are.

DEVON  
He says I need to dump the rest of the team and start fresh.

TROY  
And I suppose he's the go-to guy?

DEVON  
(turning to Troy and smirking)  
Are you jealous?

Troy pulls down his spectacles as he looks in her direction.

TROY  
Me. Jealous.

DEVON  
(nodding toward the rear of the van)  
Maybe when the kids fall asleep, we can pull over and...you know?

Troy begins laughing and shaking his head.

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

Creepers van moves through the small town and pulls up to a space outside the hotel.

INT. CREEPERS VAN - DAY

TROY  
I'll be right back.

Devon turns around toward the group in the back.

DEVON  
(pointing toward Autumn)  
Wake her up.

David nudges the psychic as he removes the earbuds from his ears. Autumn stirs, sits up, and stretches.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Okay, so this is a quick in and out job. Three nights at Ronnie's grandma's and then it's payday. Any concerns, questions, issues?  
(without pause)  
Okay, great!

Devon turns back toward the front and resumes her tablet work. Zombie goes back to his book, David back to his music, as Autumn gives Ronnie a look.

AUTUMN  
I had to wake up for that?

Troy returns to the vehicle.

TROY  
Okay, we're all set. Three rooms ...one for the girls, one for the boys, and one for Queen Devon.

DEVON  
You're so not gettin' any now.

Troy puts the van into gear and pulls out into the road. Shellie follows.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAY

Van pulls up to the house. It's a nondescript home, isolated, and rural. Shellie's car follows. The team disembarks, stretching and groaning.

Devon climbs out and closes up her tablet, TOSSING it on the seat and closing the door. Troy gets out and approaches Shellie who is also exiting her vehicle, handing her a card key.

TROY

Hey, you're rooming with Autumn and Ronnie, okay.

SHELLIE

Oh, thanks.

Devon approaches the door, but before she reaches the porch, it opens. MILDRED BRANDENBURG, 70-ish female, smiles invitingly.

MILDRED

Oh, dear, you are lovelier than on TV.

DEVON

Ms. Brandenburg. So nice to finally meet you.

MILDRED

I'm so excited that you're all here. I made brownies and hot cocoa.

(leaning sideways to look past Devon)

Zombie's favorite...double chocolate fudge.

ZOMBIE

Rock and roll.

DEVON

Well, I'm gonna have the crew set up first and then they can eat you out of house and home.

Devon turns to the group and cocks her head and rolls her eyes toward the house. They begin to unload the equipment.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Shellie?

The reporter comes forward.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Ms. Brandenburg, this is Shellie Covey. She's a reporter from an online newspaper about the paranormal. She's going to be sitting in on the interview, if that's okay with you.

MILDRED

Oh, certainly. That's exciting.

DEVON

Okay, so let's find a comfortable place to sit down and we'll start. All right?

Mildred nods and leads the two inside. Zombie looks at Troy.

ZOMBIE

I'm gonna enjoy this one.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Mildred enters dining room as Devon and Shellie follow.

MILDRED

Can I get you young ladies anything?

DEVON

No thanks, Ms. Brandenburg. I'm fine.

Shellie waves "no, thank you."

MILDRED

Well, sit then. Shall I tell you about the haunting?

DEVON

Actually, I'd like to know a little bit more about you. Why don't you tell me about how long you've lived here.

MILDRED

Well, all right, then. (giddy) This is so exciting. Well, I am a widow of three years now.

DEVON

Oh, I'm sorry.

SHELLIE

Sorry.

MILDRED

Thank you. The angels took my Robert away after he took the fever. Yellow fever. We moved into this home so many years ago, it's hard to remember, really, how long it's actually been.

DEVON

What do you think of Frost Creek?  
Your neighbors treat you well? Do  
you even have neighbors?

MILDRED

Oh, yes, lots of neighbors. You  
just can't see them. I like the  
people just fine. I'm not so crazy  
about the town officials, though.

DEVON

When did the incidences start here  
in the house?

MILDRED

About a year ago. At first it was  
just little things. Missing soap,  
or a spoon. Don't you need to be  
recording this?

DEVON

Oh, we'll piece together an on-the-  
fly interview on day two or three.

MILDRED

Oh, all right.

DEVON

So, you said it started with little  
things. Did it graduate to  
something bigger?

MILDRED

Yes. As I said, at first it was  
just missing things, or things  
being moved from one place to  
another. Then, sometimes, it was  
knocking on the door with no one  
there, or someone saying something.

DEVON

What kinds of things?

MILDRED

Mostly, they would just say, "All  
dead".

DEVON

"All dead?"

MILDRED

Yes.

DEVON

Did you get a sense that these spirits were trying to tell you something?

MILDRED

Oh, they were.

DEVON

And what was the message?

MILDRED

That there is death in this house.

Devon shows a restrained smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zombie, Ronnie and David are setting up cameras and monitors, stringing cable and testing lighting. David disconnects a battery from a camcorder and moans.

DAVID

All right, who's the numb-nuts who didn't charge the freakin' battery!

ZOMBIE

You are.

DAVID

No way. I had thirteen last time and -

Zombie walks up and turns the battery over in David's hand, revealing the number "13" on a piece of tape.

ZOMBIE

You were saying?

DAVID

Shit.

RONNIE

Numb-nuts.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Autumn is walking along the corridor slowly and looking at the old walls and black and white photos of people in very old period clothing. The photos seem very old, from the late 1800s.

She leans close to the pictures, but they're not very clear. All the people in the photos appear to have dead, staring eyes.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Devon and Shellie are sitting with Mildred, finishing up the interview.

DEVON

Is there a particular place in the house that seems to radiate more energy than anywhere else?

MILDRED

Well, I've seen the faces all over the house.

DEVON

Faces?

MILDRED

They seem to show up mostly at night. Sometimes in the walls, sometimes on the floor...

DEVON

Like ghostly images?

MILDRED

Oh, no. They're dreadful. And they look right at you.

Devon appears unimpressed. Off Shellie's serious face, we  
CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Mildred leads the pair into the bedroom.

MILDRED

This is my bedroom. There are two guest rooms if you want to set up some sleeping areas. I sleep with earplugs, so you can make as much noise as you want. Don't worry about me.

DEVON

No, Ms. Brandenburg. We try to be as quiet as possible during an investigation.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

It's because we're recording everything and we don't want outside sounds to influence the integrity of the recording. But I think we'll take you up on the sleeping quarters. We'll sleep in shifts so that someone is always monitoring the equipment.

SHELLIE

Ms. Brandenburg, do you know anything about the paranormal investigator out here a couple years back who died? I don't know if you heard about it?

MILDRED

Why, no, I really don't know anything about that. But, it does seem like Frost Creek has a lot of angry spirits, doesn't it?

DEVON

Well, Ms. Brandenburg, that's pretty much all we need from you as far as the initial stuff. We'll be here for three nights, like it says in the contract that Troy gave you.

MILDRED

Yes, thank you.

DEVON

And I was also wondering about payment. Should we bill you or would you like to set up a payment plan or -

MILDRED

Oh, goodness, no. I'll be giving you the full amount. Is cash all right? I don't like banks.

DEVON

(stifling a full grin)  
Cash will be fine.

MILDRED

Well, let me get that for you.

DEVON

Thank you.

Devon makes eye contact with Shellie as Mildred heads out the door. The group leaves the bedroom and their voices fade away.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DUSK

Establishing shot to show night approaching.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Devon is sitting on a chair and the team is around her on various furniture. Troy is sitting on the floor.

DEVON

So, I want everyone to steer clear of the upstairs bedroom on the left side. That's where Mildred sleeps. Otherwise, the rest of the house should be covered, right?

RONNIE

Yeah, everything's covered.

DEVON

Zombie? Audio?

ZOMBIE

Check.

DEVON

Autumn? Did you get a chance to walk through the house. Get your initial, you know...feelings?

AUTUMN

Yeah, there's a crapload of activity here. It shouldn't be too hard to get stuff on tape.

DEVON

Well, that's what you said about Dillingham.

AUTUMN

You cut my tour short, Devon.

DEVON

And I suppose you wanted to be the *entire* show?

TROY

Guys.

The two stop arguing. Devon clears her throat.

DEVON  
Anyway, we're in shifts. Three on,  
three off.

David puts his hands together in a mock prayer and closes his eyes, awaiting announcement of the initial shift.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Zombie, Ronnie and David, you got  
first shift.

David drops his hands and head in disappointment.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
No napping, David.

DAVID  
Napping!

DEVON  
We've got cameras everywhere. You  
really think you're fooling anyone  
with that face in the magazine  
thing?

The rest of the team laughs.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Okay, that's it. Let's catch a  
ghost.

The group begins to disperse. Troy approaches Devon.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(grinning whisper)  
Cash! Full payment!

TROY  
Seriously?

DEVON  
As a poltergeist.

TROY  
And you wanted to pass up grandma's  
house.

Devon ignores him and walks away. Shellie approaches Devon.

SHELLIE  
What do you want me to do?

DEVON

We're gonna have a powwow. You're going to interview me and write a poignant and engaging piece for Paranews and our website.

SHELLIE

Oh, okay.

DEVON

C'mon.

They leave as Troy looks up from a monitor and shakes his head imperceptibly.

INT. GUESTROOM - NIGHT

Devon and Shellie are sitting comfortably on the bed and chair. Shellie is queuing up a voice recorder to begin the interview.

SHELLIE

Let's just start off by me asking you the obvious question.

DEVON

Okay, shoot.

SHELLIE

You're not a believer in all this.

DEVON

That's not a question.

SHELLIE

Okay. Fair enough. If you don't believe in all this, why are you leading a paranormal group?

Devon pulls out a wad of hundreds and thumb-flicks the bills.

DEVON

I can give you ten thousand reasons.

SHELLIE

So, you do this *just* for the money?

DEVON

Well, the attention is nice, too. And the respect.

SHELLIE

You are, like, the only female lead investigator on any paranormal team that has your level of notoriety. Tell me about that.

DEVON

Yeah, you're right. There are only two others with female leads and they don't have their own cable series.

SHELLIE

Do the others on the team ever express any objections or concerns about the fact that you're not a believer?

DEVON

Not as long as I'm signing their paycheck. And believe me, they're not earning peanuts.

SHELLIE

Does it ever bother you that you're sort of lying to the public about your services?

DEVON

Lying?

SHELLIE

Well, I mean, no one in the public eye knows that you're a skeptic.

DEVON

I'm not lying to anyone. I have never said...not once...that I believe in all this bullshit.

(agitated)

You think people hire me because of what I believe? They hire me because of what *they* believe. I tell them what they want to hear and I give them a really good show. That's what they want, after all. Theater.

SHELLIE

So, you've never run across anything that made you question your skepticism?

DEVON

Like what? A ghost? A chill up my spine? A cold wind on my neck? There are no such things as ghosts. Plain and simple. David and Ronnie don't buy this manure. I'm not sure about Zombie. The guy's like a steel trap. But Autumn? She's a fraud.

SHELLIE

How can you possibly know what is in somebody's head? You can't possibly know what she's thinking or experiencing.

DEVON

She's a hack. Just like all of them. Frauds. Shysters.

SHELLIE

Wow.

DEVON

Shocked?

SHELLIE

No. Just confused.

DEVON

Why's that?

SHELLIE

Well, I was told that you and Troy used to date. And he's a true believer. How does that work?

DEVON

It doesn't. That's why we *used* to date. That's it, Shellie. We're done. Interview's over. I'm tired.

SHELLIE

Fine.

DEVON

And, uh, P.S....we're doing this over again tomorrow, because none of that...

(pointing to recorder)

...is going in that interview.

SHELLIE  
I figured. 'Night.

INT. VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

Quiet, dead of night, one o'clock in the morning. CAMERA roaming and finding different equipment and low electronic BUZZING and HISSING.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zombie is eating a Zero bar and wearing headphones. He's reading a Peter Straub novel.

David is nearby, drowsy-eyed and watching a set of monitors. He glances down at an issue of Rolling Stone and then back up at the cameras all around. He sighs loudly as he straightens in his seat, trying to wake himself.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ronnie is peeling an orange and watching her set of monitors. As she breaks the orange in half and gets ready to pop a wedge in her mouth, she pauses when a dark shadow passes by one of the cameras. Picking up her radio, she quietly speaks into the device.

RONNIE  
(into radio)  
Anyone near the hallway by the  
bathroom door about fifteen seconds  
ago?

She waits for a response.

DAVID (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
Negative.

RONNIE  
What about Zombie or Ms.  
Brandenburg?

DAVID (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
Hold on.

A tense, long beat as Ronnie waits, her seat CREAKING.

DAVID (V.O. THROUGH RADIO) (CONT'D)  
That's a negative on both. (a beat)  
What ya' got?

RONNIE  
Probably nothing. I'm gonna queue  
it up again.

Ronnie manipulates the program and backs up the video of the bathroom hallway . She lets it run through normal speed and once again, sees the dark shadow passing over the walls.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
What the hell...

She leans close to the monitor and backs it up again. This time, she slows the advance. The shadow approaches from the right side of the screen, moving left. It is projected on the wall, as if the object is between the camera and the wall. But there is nothing there except for the shadow. It continues to the middle of the monitor and then, the shadow turns a terrifying face of a man with a dead-eyed stare and straggled beard toward the camera.

Ronnie leans in close to see it and suddenly, it rushes the lens with supernatural speed, its horrible grimace taking up the entire frame!

Ronnie stumbles backward out of her seat, FALLING awkwardly as the shadow then recedes back to the wall and resumes its trek across the screen, disappearing off the left side.

Getting on her radio, she is panicked.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Troy! Come quick! Troy, I need  
you now!

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
(annoyed, sleepy)  
Protocol, people!

TROY (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
What's going on?

RONNIE  
Get the hell in here right now!

Ronnie backs away from her fallen chair and the monitor. Standing against the wall, she waits, breathing heavily and terrified. Both Troy and David arrive at the door of the kitchen.

TROY  
What is going on?

Ronnie simply points at the monitor. Troy looks at the monitor and then slowly approaches it. David comes up behind him and looks over at the frightened girl.

DAVID  
Are you all right?

Her eyes find his, but she is still not speaking.

Troy looks down at the screen and sees that the video has been backed up to a specific queue and hits play on it. The monitor comes to life with the slow-moving shadow from the right. Then, the face looks in their direction and rushes the camera. Troy is startled and straightens, moving a half-step back from the monitor, trying to appear unfazed.

TROY  
Yikes.

DAVID  
(hoarsely whispering)  
Holy shit!

Turning back to Ronnie, Troy's eyes meet hers.

TROY  
Is this what scared you?

Ronnie nods. Troy raises his radio.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Devon.

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
Yeah.

TROY  
You need to come downstairs.

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
Why?

TROY  
You need to see something?

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
What?

TROY  
Just come downstairs.

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
(sighing)  
Can you just handle it?

TROY  
Sure thing, Devon. You just get  
back to sleep.

DEVON (V.O. THROUGH RADIO)  
Thank you.

RONNIE  
I'm sleeping in the van.

TROY  
No, you're not.

RONNIE  
Yes, I am. There is no way I am  
staying here for one more minute.

TROY  
Don't do it, Ronnie. Your job is  
to find evidence of ghosts. You  
just found something and now you're  
going to run away? C'mon, just  
relax.

RONNIE  
You saw it! You saw that and it  
doesn't worry you?

TROY  
Look. It can't hurt you.

RONNIE  
Speaking from experience?

TROY  
If you sleep in the van and Devon  
finds out about it, you're done.  
You know that.

RONNIE  
I don't care.

TROY  
Ronnie, be reasonable.  
(a long beat)  
Okay, listen. Why don't you go and  
work audio for the rest of your  
shift. You got like two more  
hours. Zombie can work the  
monitors.

Ronnie is quiet.

TROY (CONT'D)  
It's two more hours. Is it worth  
your paycheck?

The operator closes her eyes and bows her head, breathing a calming breath.

RONNIE  
Sure. No problem. I'll work  
audio.

TROY  
Good girl. I'll tell Zombie.

Ronnie shuffles out and David is still watching and re-watching the video.

DAVID  
Dude, this shit is better than "The  
Grudge!"

Off Troy's concerned look, we CUT TO:

INT. GUESTROOM - NIGHT

Shellie is sleeping in the bed and Devon is in a sleeping bag on the floor. Devon's hand is twitching in her sleep. Below her head and pillow, the floorboards almost appear to be vibrating or HUMMING. Her face contorts and she starts awake with a sharp intake of air.

DEVON  
(looking around quickly)  
Shit.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zombie is sipping a Monster drink, quietly watching the monitors.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David has his head in the Rolling Stone magazine and is SNORING.

Dead-air SOUNDS through headphones are playing.

Ronnie is sitting across the room, headphones on, her arms folded as if she's chilly, and her brow furrowed. She breathes in deeply, finds a small blanket nearby and wraps it around her shoulders.

Looking over toward David, she spots him sleeping and glances down at the table for something to throw at him. Finding one of Zombie's novels, she picks it up and tosses it lightly across the room, STRIKING David's legs that are up on the furniture.

Startled, he DROPS the magazine and sits up straight, scared that it might be Devon. Looking around, he notices Ronnie laughing at him quietly.

DAVID

Jerk.

An excessively loud, otherworldly voice SHOUTS!

VOICE

(through headphones)

All dead!

A shocked Ronnie simultaneously shrieks, stands, removes the headphones and with two hands throws them onto the table surface, making a CLATTER as empty Red Bull and Monster cans are KNOCKED over loudly.

DAVID

What the hell!

CAMERA follows Ronnie as she quickly exits the room and begins walking through the house. She reaches the front door and from Ronnie's POV, Troy enters the frame from the right to stand and block the exit.

RONNIE

Let me out!

TROY

(hoarsely whispering)

What's going on?

RONNIE

I'm done! I'm not sleeping in this house!

TROY

Keep your voice down!

RONNIE

Move out of my way!

DEVON (O.S.)

What the hell is going on?

The pair turn toward the stairs where Devon is descending, followed by a sleepy-looking Shellie. David is entering from the hall.

RONNIE  
I'm sleeping in the van.

DEVON  
The hell you are. I'm paying you good money for this job.

RONNIE  
I don't care. I'm out.

DEVON  
Oh, you'll be out. You sleep in that van tonight and don't even think about coming back in.

RONNIE  
I'm out, Devon. I'm leaving in the morning.

DEVON  
Then, "sayonara". Good luck on unemployment.

RONNIE  
You're such a bitch.

Devon continues to stare at Ronnie, along with everyone else. Ronnie turns and sees Troy still blocking the door. Troy looks up at Devon and she moves her head as if to say, "let her go."

Slowly, he steps aside and Ronnie opens the door.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
(to Troy)  
Get some balls.

Ronnie leaves, slamming the door.

DEVON  
(shaking her head)  
Good night.

Devon turns and begins to walk back up the stairs with Shellie.

TROY  
Devon?

DEVON

Good night.

Devon disappears up the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zombie is watching the monitors, looking sleepy. His head nods off momentarily and then he stretches.

Troy enters and Zombie turns to see him. He then consults his watch.

ZOMBIE

Thank God.

TROY

Good night.

Zombie slowly rises and grabs all his empty cans and his book and shuffles out of the room.

Troy sits down in the seat with a coffee cup and TAPS a button on the keyboard before leaning back and sipping.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David is standing and touching his toes as he attempts to keep himself awake.

DAVID

(to himself quietly)  
C'mon, three o'clock!

Autumn walks into the room.

AUTUMN

Hey.

DAVID

Hey. Did you hear about Ronnie.

AUTUMN

Troy just told me.

DAVID

Devon's such a -  
(lowering voice, looking  
toward door)  
She's such an asshole.

AUTUMN  
Better watch yourself. She's on  
the warpath.

DAVID  
Well, good night.  
(goes to leave)  
Oh, and if you get the chance,  
check out camera four at one-  
sixteen.

AUTUMN  
Why?

DAVID  
Just check it out. It's killer.

Autumn picks up the headphones and walks over to the monitors. Putting on the headphones, she sits down and looks mildly annoyed.

AUTUMN  
(to David as he's leaving)  
Did you just fart?

David chuckles and leaves the room.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
Gross!

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAWN

Establishing shot to show day has arrived.

INT. GUESTROOM - DAY

Devon is getting dressed and folding up her sleeping bag. Shellie is waking in the bed.

SHELLIE  
Hey. You sleep all right on the  
floor?

DEVON  
Shitty.

SHELLIE  
Well, you can take the bed tonight.

DEVON  
It's wasn't the floor.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAY

Devon exits the house with a Pop Tart and Troy is staring into the woods as the early morning mist rolls along.

DEVON  
Did you talk to the princess yet?

TROY  
Who? Ronnie?

DEVON  
Yeah. Is she crying her widdle eyes out in the van?

TROY  
She's gone, Devon. She left before I even came out.

DEVON  
Gone where?

TROY  
Autumn said she came back in to get her stuff and told her she's walking back to town.

DEVON  
She walked? It's, like, ten miles.

Troy doesn't answer as Devon scoffs.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
What an idiot.

TROY  
You handled that whole situation this morning the wrong way.

DEVON  
Oh, okay, Troy. Thanks for the advice on babysitting.

TROY  
You just can't ever admit when you're wrong.

DEVON  
Oh...*I'm* wrong.

TROY  
Yeah. You're wrong. You've been wrong...a lot.

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)  
You just got this way of making it  
sound like everybody else is an  
idiot.

DEVON  
Everybody else *is* an idiot.

TROY  
And there...is even more evidence  
of it.

Devon crosses her arms and smirks.

DEVON  
You got the hots for Ronnie, huh?

Troy's face suddenly becomes serious and annoyed.

TROY  
You're kidding?

DEVON  
(smiling)  
You do!

TROY  
You really are deluded.

DEVON  
She told you last night to grow  
some balls. And, magically,  
overnight, you do!

Troy pauses and then begins to walk away from her toward the house.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
If you had this kind of manliness  
when we were together...  
(a long beat)  
Really turns me on.

Turning and walking backward a few steps, he points at her.

TROY  
You're a very disturbed individual.

Devon laughs and follows him as he turns back toward the house.

EXT. ALASKA SITES - DAY

The Creepers van is seen as it drives along a scenic road, followed by Shellie's car.

INT. CREEPERS VAN - DAY

Troy drives, Devon is in the passenger seat on her tablet, and Autumn and David are in the back.

DAVID  
(to Autumn)  
And then there were five.

Autumn smirks as she continues to look out the window.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(toward the front seat)  
Why doesn't Shellie ride with us?  
We got extra seats.

David looks back toward the rear seats to where Zombie and Ronnie are absent.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Besides, Shellie's a lot hotter  
than Autumn.

Autumn flips David off and he laughs.

DEVON  
Shellie's gotta use the rental  
because the company reimburses her.  
Anyway, David. Shellie's gay.

David's face falls.

DAVID  
No, she's not.

Devon smirks and nods. David looks at Autumn who is affirming the statement with a cocky nod.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(suddenly smirking)  
I guess I'll just have to *adjust* my  
fantasy...

David leers at Autumn.

AUTUMN  
Oh...my...God.

David nods to himself as Devon shakes her head and gets back to her tablet. Troy looks in the rearview mirror and chuckles.

DEVON  
Oh, by the way. Breakfast is on me.

DAVID  
Nice! And I'm *really* hungry today.

EXT. ALASKA SITES - DAY

The Creepers van zooms in front of Shellie's car.

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

The Creepers van rides through town slowly. It pulls into a parking space downtown.

The team exits as Shellie's car pulls up.

INT. DINER - DAY

Team enters a relatively busy diner. They find a big table and sit. As they are grabbing menus, the WAITRESS approaches.

DEVON  
(before waitress can speak)  
Coffee all around. And keep the sugar and cream coming.

WAITRESS  
Okay, folks!

As the waitress quickly departs, David starts guffawing at the menu.

DAVID  
Check it out! Mile-high pancakes!

Devon, who's sitting next to Shellie, leans over discreetly and whispers at her.

DEVON  
I told David you're gay.

SHELLIE

(amused)

Thanks.

David guffaws again.

DEVON

Okay, so last night wasn't exactly a stellar night. You guys seem to think that I'm a bitch because I have rules that I want everyone to follow.

DAVID

I don't think you're a bitch.

DEVON

Right. And I don't think you're a sexist moron.

Troy chuckles. David laughs as well. Coffee arrives as the waitress puts down a whole bunch of sugar packets and creamer thimbles in bowls.

WAITRESS

(pen and pad poised)

You folks ready to order?

TROY

Ladies?

DAVID

I'll have the mile-high pancakes, a carafe of orange juice, side of bacon, side of sausage...no, no...two sides of sausage, side of hash browns and three eggs, sunny-side up.

WAITRESS

Okay, three eggs?

DAVID

Sunny-side up.

DEVON

Would you like a side of beef with that, too?

Table and waitress chuckle. David's eyes light up.

DAVID

Ooo...side of hash, too, please.

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

Establishing shot of sparse traffic in small Alaska town.

INT. DINER - DAY

Group is gathered around table and eating happily.  
Indistinct banter, laughter, merriment.

TROY

(wiping mouth with napkin)  
Well...  
(gulping last of coffee)  
I'm off to the library.

DEVON

Relax, Emerson. You gotta rush off  
already?

TROY

I wanna look at the property  
records and some historic  
information about the land and the  
construction. Are you going to  
look at the tape from last night?

Devon is silent.

TROY (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. I'm going to  
the library.

Troy gets up and excuses himself and leaves the diner.

SHELLIE

What tape is he talking about?

DAVID

Oh, you gotta see it! Epic!

Autumn is suddenly annoyed at David.

AUTUMN

Oh, yeah, by the way. Real screwed  
up prank last night, jerk!  
(David laughs)  
Nearly had a heart attack. Where  
did you get that from?

DAVID

That's the tape that scared the  
shit out of Ronnie!

DEVON  
All right, enough.

SHELLIE  
What was on the tape.

DEVON  
Ronnie saw a ghost.  
(a beat as she pretends to  
be scared)  
Oooooo!

David laughs loudly.

EXT. DINER - DAY

The team leaves the diner, David rubbing his big belly.  
Devon turns to the group.

DEVON  
Shellie, could you take everyone  
back to the house. I'm going to  
the hotel to take a quick shower.

SHELLIE  
Yeah, of course.

DAVID  
Yeah, I don't need a shower.

AUTUMN  
According you *you*.

DEVON  
Thanks. Later.

Devon walks away from the group as they begin to climb into  
Shellie's car.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Troy is looking at old papers, deeds and records. Pulls out  
an invoice from a file. CLOSE ON document showing DeWolfe  
Contractor Group, PANS DOWN to "Dig cellar hole & stone for  
foundation - Kenai Quarry Company".

REFLECTION OF PAPER IN TROY'S GLASSES.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Devon is stepping out of the bathroom in a bathrobe, wet hair. A soft KNOCK occurs at the door. She PADS over to the door in bare feet and opens it a crack, expecting Troy. No one. Pokes head out into hall, looks both ways. Nothing.

She closes the door and LOCKS it. Going to sit on the bed, a series of dark shadows stream past the window. The closed curtains are blocking the view, but the sunlight is streaming in around the edges. The sunlight is then blotted out completely.

Curious, she walks toward the window and pulls the curtain aside. Dead-eyed stares as many PEOPLE are crowding the window all looking at her! Their faces and skin are ashen grey and they are haphazardly sprawled over the glass!

Devon screams.

She wakes and sits up in her bed, dressed in her robe with unkempt hair, still damp. Her face is horrified.

DISSOLVE

Devon walks quickly to the door, her arms crossed, hugging her sides, worried. Opening the door, she appears harried.

TROY  
(entering)  
What the hell was that?

DEVON  
I'm seeing shit! Bad dreams,  
visions, whatever!

TROY  
Calm down.

DEVON  
Ronnie cursed me! She cast a  
little evil eye on me before she  
left and now I'm seeing things!

TROY  
You're serious.

DEVON  
Of course I'm serious!

TROY  
You don't even believe in all this.

Devon pauses and regards the window.

DEVON

Well, maybe there's something to it.

TROY

(smirking)

Really? You're actually coming around?

DEVON

No, I just had a nightmare. Whatever! I'm fine. Shit!

TROY

Okay. You're fine.

Devon sits down on the bed.

DEVON

So, you find anything?

TROY

No. This place is like, I don't know, the Brady Bunch house.

DEVON

So, in essence, you're telling me that the old lady paid us ten grand and we can't find a single thing of value about the history of the house?

TROY

Sorry. There were no murders, no deaths, no Indian burial grounds...

DEVON

No "they-just-moved-the-headstones?"

TROY

Nothing. It's like the cleanest history ever. I mean, if you watch that tape, you think there's gotta be something. But...

Devon sighs in frustration.

DEVON

Okay, so we can't even salvage anything for a partial show?

TROY  
Are you kidding? You haven't even  
seen the tape and you're -

DEVON  
Quit talking about the tape!

TROY  
Why won't you even look at it?

DEVON  
I don't...believe...in this shit.  
Can I say it any plainer?

TROY  
So, ignore the evidence.

DEVON  
You know what? If you think that  
the tape is enough to base an  
entire show on then -

TROY  
It is.

DEVON  
Then you put the whole story  
together! Make it up if you have  
to! I...don't...care.

TROY  
Oh, I'm well aware of that.

DEVON  
Go wait in the van.

Troy leaves in a huff. Devon growls loudly as he SLAMS the door.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAY

The Creepers van arrives at the house and parks near Shellie's car. Devon gets out of the van quickly and walks determinedly to the house, entering. Troy exits slowly and closes the door, pocketing the keys and following.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zombie is sitting at the table with the headphones on, a large plate of double chocolate fudge brownies in front of him.

DEVON

Anything?

ZOMBIE

Not a peep. Brownie?

DEVON

No thanks.

Devon leaves the room as Zombie picks up another brownie and shrugs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David is sitting and watching the monitors. He sees Devon enter.

DAVID

Oh, hey, Devon! You gotta check out this tape!

DEVON

I've got a sit-down with Shellie in a couple minutes. Anything else on the camera today?

DAVID

Besides Ms. Brandenburg using the bathroom?

(Devon fake gags)

No. Nothing.

Devon leaves the room. Troy enters slowly as Devon pushes past him.

DEVON

Excuse me.

David notices her urgency.

DAVID

Whoa. What crawled up her butt?

TROY

Grab Autumn and follow her around with the camcorder. See if she can get some impressions or something. Try and check out the cellar, too. Nobody's been down there yet, right?

DAVID

No, Devon told us not to bother  
with cameras down there.

TROY

Well, head down there last and try  
to be careful. I haven't been down  
there yet. There might be a whole  
bunch of crap down there. This is  
an old house.

DAVID

Okay, boss.

TROY

Don't call me that.

DAVID

You got it, boss.

David hurries out of the room. Troy goes to sit down, but  
brushes off the seat of crumbs before he does so.

INT. GUESTROOM - DAY

Shellie is sitting on the bed, typing furiously on a laptop.  
Devon enters the room and Shellie nonchalantly lowers the  
screen cover to hide what she's writing.

DEVON

Don't worry. I'm not gonna yell at  
you for whatever you're writing.

SHELLIE

Oh, I was just finishing up anyway.

DEVON

(disbelieving)  
Okay.

Devon sits on the edge of the bed, facing the window.  
Suddenly, she looks up toward Shellie.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm a bitch?

SHELLIE

No. I think they just look at you  
that way because -

DEVON

Seriously. Am I a bitch?

SHELLIE

A little.

DEVON

Sometimes, I wish I could go back to what it used to be like when it was just me and Troy.

SHELLIE

Why'd you guys break up?

DEVON

I don't know. Probably 'cause I'm a bitch.

Shellie begins laughing and Devon joins in on it.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Autumn is walking slowly through the hall. David is following her with the camcorder. She is touching the walls, the door frames, looking at the ceiling and floor.

AUTUMN

You do know that there's something nasty here, right?

DAVID

Are...are you talking to me?

AUTUMN

Yeah. Don't you sense it?

DAVID

No. I don't feel anything.

AUTUMN

(turning to face him)

Just stop for a minute and feel the air. The vibrations. Can't you hear the humming.

DAVID

That's Zombie.

Autumn scoffs.

AUTUMN

I don't know why I thought that you could be a human being for one moment.

DAVID  
I can be a human being.

Autumn shoots him a sidelong glance.

AUTUMN  
Where to next, Ansel Adams?

DAVID  
Let's do the grounds before we lose  
the daylight.

Autumn nods and changes direction.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Hey, Autumn, I think I'm pretty  
human.

Voices fade.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Troy enters the room and sidles up to Zombie's table where he is listening to the headphones and reading. Zombie removes the headphones.

ZOMBIE  
What's up?

TROY  
Have you seen the tape from last  
night?

ZOMBIE  
Yeah. Freaky.

TROY  
You believe in this stuff, right?

ZOMBIE  
I guess.

TROY  
What do you think about that face  
on the tape?

ZOMBIE  
(contemplative)  
I think that either there's a real  
haunting here in the house, or  
someone's playin' a hell of a joke  
on us.

TROY

A joke?

ZOMBIE

Well, yeah. I mean, how convenient that this old widow has ten grand to blow on a ghosthunting expedition.

TROY

You think this is a set-up?

Zombie shrugs and smirks.

TROY (CONT'D)

Who'd be trying to do that?

ZOMBIE

Don't know. There's a whole lotta people out there running their own groups who would just love it if we were proven to be frauds.

TROY

Whadaya mean?

ZOMBIE

Well, I mean...you knock off The Creepers and who's the next group in line to benefit from that? Maybe the Danbury group out of Connecticut -

TROY

SpiritZone.

ZOMBIE

Yeah, right. Then there's Wandergeist out of Oregon.

TROY

How could they have gotten all the way up here, not even knowing if we would accept the job?

ZOMBIE

(shakes head slowly)

Maybe they know Devon better than we do. Money talks. And ten grand *is* a lot of money.

TROY

Sounds...far-fetched.

ZOMBIE

That's why I'm the sound guy.

Troy laughs suddenly and PATS his shoulder before rising and heading out. Zombie replaces his headphones and continues with his novel.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DUSK

Establishing shot to show the arrival of night two.

INT. GUESTROOM 2 - NIGHT

Autumn is touching the window pane and looking out at the surrounding duskiness.

AUTUMN

(softly)

That vibration and humming are everywhere in this house. I cannot believe you can't hear or feel that.

DAVID

Maybe only human beings can feel it.

Autumn moves away from the window and brushes the closet door handle. She hears a distant WHISPER. She halts and puts her hand back on the doorknob. Turning it and opening the door, she hears a distinct voice.

VOICE

All dead!

AUTUMN

Whoa!

DAVID

Got something?

David swings around to the front of the closet and films inside the empty room.

AUTUMN

You didn't hear that?

DAVID

Sorry, no. What was it?

AUTUMN

A voice.

DAVID  
D'you make contact?

AUTUMN  
I have no idea. Where to next?

DAVID  
The only place left is the cellar.

AUTUMN  
Oh, goodie.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

The cellar door opens as light streams into the dark stairwell. Several spiders retreat into holes or along webs.

ANGLE UP FROM STAIRS

Autumn is at the top of the flight and standing in the doorway, looking down. David's camera light can be seen behind her.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Try the light.

Autumn reaches forward and PUSHES the old-fashioned button. Nothing happens. David comes up from behind and peers down into the darkened basement.

AUTUMN  
Great.

DAVID  
Guess we're doing this Creepers style.  
(turns toward her and grins)  
In the dark!

Autumn goes to take a step, but David steps down first.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
No, let me go first...as you're coming down the steps.

AUTUMN  
You'll break your neck.

DAVID  
I'll be careful. C'mon.

David steps down onto the second step and it CREAKS menacingly. Turning, he faces her and shines the camera lights onto Autumn.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Awesome! Do your psychic thing.

Autumn gives him a dirty look and calms herself. She looks down at the step and descends. He descends in front of her until they get to the bottom of the flight, the steps making incredibly old GROANING sounds.

David turns about, shining the light in a pan of the cellar walls and old odds and ends. CAMERA comes back around to Autumn who is nodding and breathing rapidly.

AUTUMN  
This is it. This is the source of the haunting.

DAVID  
Good.

AUTUMN  
(to the spirits)  
What do you want to tell us?  
(David snickers lightly)  
Will you please shut up?

A SOUND occurs behind them and David swings the camera light around, momentarily brushing the wall. As he turns and the light passes over the stone wall of the foundation, a GIRL'S FACE (dead-eyed stare as they then dart toward David) is actually part of the wall, her skin ashen-grey. The pair does not see her face.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
(dread building)  
David?

A long beat.

DAVID  
(sounding afraid)  
Yeah?

AUTUMN  
We're not alone.

DAVID  
(a long beat)  
I figured.

The two peer into the darkness as the camera's light sweeps the walls, decaying furniture and other junk.

AUTUMN  
I'm ready to leave.

DAVID  
Not arguing.

They begin to move toward the stairs across the floor, Autumn leading and David following behind.

AUTUMN  
They're here.

DAVID  
Please stop that!

David stumbles forward and turns quickly, shining the camera light down toward the ground.

FACES in the earthen floor! All ashen-grey, staring with dead eyes!

FACES  
(in unison, otherworldly  
voices)  
All dead! All dead! All dead!

Simultaneously, Autumn shrieks as David screams in genuine fear, DROPPING the camera to the floor. As the camera spins slowly on its side, the light brushes the walls where fleeting glimpses of OTHER FACES can be seen!

David shouts and grabs the camera before running toward the stairs, nearly catching Autumn at the top and bowling her over.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Autumn and David are both heading for the front door. Troy approaches them from a doorway while Devon is hurrying down the stairs, Shellie in tow.

DEVON  
What the hell is it now?

The pair stop as the three surround them. Autumn and David look terrified.

DAVID  
We were doing a shot in the  
basement and -

DEVON

What the hell were you doing in the basement? I told you not to bother!

TROY

I told them to get the shot, Devon.

Devon looks at Troy, annoyed, but let's it go.

DEVON

What's going on? Every time I try to shut my eyes for a nap, you people start running around and screaming like idiots!

No answer.

DEVON (CONT'D)

We're supposed to be professionals. The Creepers have a reputation! We...don't...scare!

DAVID

(nodding insistently)

I scare.

DEVON

Since when? You don't even believe in this crap!

DAVID

I do now.

Devon screws up her face and turns to Autumn.

DEVON

Care to tell me why you're crying like a little girl.

Autumn doesn't say anything, but tears well up in her eyes and she pushes past them and leaves the house through the front door.

DEVON (CONT'D)

So help me, if she stays out there tonight, I'm firing everyone and starting a new team.

TROY

Stop.

DAVID

I'm not staying in the house.

DEVON  
What the hell is wrong with  
everyone?

TROY  
What happened, David?

DEVON  
Troy, don't start this shit!

TROY  
What happened?

David hesitates as he looks at a fuming Devon. Shellie nods from behind her in his direction.

DAVID  
Faces. Everywhere. Dead faces,  
dude. Their eyes are, like, moving  
and -

DEVON  
Oh, my God! Enough!

DAVID  
I tripped and dropped the camera  
and it was spinning -

DEVON  
You dropped the camera?!

DAVID  
It was dark down there!

DEVON  
That camera is worth *six* of your  
paychecks!

Troy reaches forward and takes the camera from David, examining it.

DAVID  
I'm sorry!

DEVON  
Go ahead! Follow the ghost  
whisperer out to the van!

David rushes off and exits through the front door.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
These idiots are costing us money  
we don't need to be spending.

Troy is watching the playback.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
Troy! Are you listening to me?!

Troy looks up at her with a serious face and hands the camera to Shellie.

TROY  
(to Shellie as he stares  
in Devon's face)  
You watch this and then tell Devon  
there's no such thing as ghosts.

After a brief moment staring, Devon fuming, Troy walks out the front door.

Shellie looks down at the camera.

SHELLIE  
It doesn't look broken.

Devon walks away down the hall, scowling.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Devon enters and approaches Zombie who is listening to the headphones. He sees her and removes them. Her face looks angry. Automatically, he raises both hands.

ZOMBIE  
I swear I didn't stop up the  
toilet.

Devon's face shows annoyance and she then dismisses it.

DEVON  
Did you...hear...anything about  
five minutes ago?

Zombie pauses to contemplate whether or not this is a trap.

ZOMBIE  
Five...minutesssss.

DEVON  
It's not a trick question!

ZOMBIE  
Oh. Then, yeah.

Devon rolls her eyes.

DEVON

And?

ZOMBIE

Oh. It was David screaming like a chick and Autumn yelling like a...psychic.

DEVON

Anything else?

ZOMBIE

Nope.

Devon storms out of the room. Zombie lowers his hands again, as he kept them raised throughout the conversation.

ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

Chillax, lady.

INT. GUESTROOM - NIGHT

Digital alarm clock reads 4:18 a.m. next to Devon's head on the floor. She's in her sleeping bag. She is flinching in her sleep as the floorboards HUM beneath her pillow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

Devon is walking along the sidewalk with Troy.

DEVON

We'll hit the library one more time and then get something to eat.

Devon spots an old man across the street who is staring at them.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I'm so done with Frost Creek.

TROY

One more night, Devon.

DEVON

Yeah.

TROY

Did you just say "we" when referring to the library? You're going to the library?

DEVON  
I figured that I have to do your  
job, too, since you're coming up  
empty-handed.

TROY  
Nice.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Troy is flipping through old newspapers while Devon is digging through old deeds and records from a drawer in a filing cabinet.

TROY  
Whoa, whoa...

Devon looks over toward Troy.

DEVON  
What?

TROY  
Check...this...out.

Rising, he brings an old newspaper over to where she is sitting. There are no pictures and the article is short.

TROY (CONT'D)  
That contractor group that built  
the Brandenburg house?  
(a beat as he continues  
reading)  
Holy...

DEVON  
What?

TROY  
Okay, there were eight of them.  
The foreman, Lance DeWolfe and  
seven crewmen. They dug the cellar  
hole, built the foundation...

Troy continues to read.

DEVON  
Uh huh?

TROY  
And after finishing the house,  
every single one of them, over the  
next two weeks, *dies* under...

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)  
 (finger quotes)  
 ...mysterious circumstances! So,  
 what's the connection?  
 (a beat as Devon yawns)  
 They're all *related*.

DEVON  
 Who is?

TROY  
 The contractor and his workmen.  
 Lance DeWolfe and his seven sons.

DEVON  
 Seven sons?

TROY  
 Yeah, busy guy.

DEVON  
 I was thinking, "poor wife".

TROY  
 So, whadaya think?

Troy looks up from the article in his lap and smiles,  
 impressed with his find. She is nonplussed.

TROY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, that doesn't seem a little odd  
 to you?

DEVON  
 Okay, so they died.

TROY  
 They didn't just *die*. Devon, seven  
 brothers and their *father* died over  
 the span of two weeks. One from a  
 tree *falling on his car*! Another  
 one...

(looking down to read)  
 ...another one falling into a well  
 and drowning! One fell from a  
 ladder while fixing a lamp and  
 broke his neck! Devon, this is  
 incredible!

DEVON  
 Did any of them die from boredom?

TROY  
 You cannot possibly sit there and  
 tell me you're not floored by that.

DEVON

Yes, I can. But, maybe, if you're so amazed by all this, you can keep digging and find something that impresses me.

Troy rolls his eyes and gets up slowly.

TROY

(to himself)

Just like having sex with you.

DEVON

What did you say?!

TROY

I said, we should text the crew.

DEVON

Asshole.

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

Autumn, David and Shellie are sitting on a small stone wall eating sandwiches. They are all quiet until Shellie breaks the silence.

SHELLIE

It's the last night, guys!

No answer.

SHELLIE (CONT'D)

Do you think any of this investigation will make it onto the show?

DAVID

If it doesn't, I'll upload it to YouTube myself.

SHELLIE

I saw the cellar video.

The other two look up slowly at the reporter.

SHELLIE (CONT'D)

You guys did the right thing sleeping in the van last night.

DAVID

Who slept?

AUTUMN

Devon's in for one hell of a rude awakening.

David nods as he bites into his sandwich.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

(to Shellie)

Did she watch the video.

SHELLIE

No.

DAVID

It's really hard for her to admit that she's wrong about all this supernatural stuff.

SHELLIE

She's proud.

AUTUMN

She's a bitch.

They all nod slowly.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Troy has a mass of papers spread out in front of him on a table and some old newspapers opened to specific pages. Devon is glancing at some other documents and tosses them on a shelf, frustrated.

TROY

Okay. Listen to this.

(facing Devon)

The DeWolfes pay the Kenai Quarry Corporation for a shipment of chromite.

DEVON

Hey, chromite! Didn't we do a hunt on that in Eagle River or -

TROY

The Moore Residence in...

TOGETHER

Deadhorse!

TROY

Right. You remember what chromite is in the spirit world?

DEVON  
(nodding with furrowed  
brow)  
Like a...like a sponge...no, no!  
Like a haven.

TROY  
Yeah. It can be inhabited by  
spirits. And *apparently* there's a  
whole rock bed of chromite right  
here in Frost Creek.

DEVON  
You're shitting me.

TROY  
The DeWolfe's bought their stone  
for the foundation of this house  
from the quarry company and it was  
all chromite.

DEVON  
Oh my God.

TROY  
Gets better.

Devon slides her chair closer to Troy.

TROY (CONT'D)  
The Kenai Quarry Corporation is  
owned by Eric DeWolfe.

DEVON  
Related?

TROY  
Uh huh. Lance DeWolfe's brother.

DEVON  
Oh, man.

TROY  
So, they get the stone, build the  
house, Lance and all seven of his  
sons die in the next two weeks and -

DEVON  
The quarry guy dies.

TROY  
No. Well, at least it didn't say  
that in the article.

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)

But the whole quarry corporation  
quietly goes out of business.

DEVON

Okay. Finally something we can  
work with. Where's this rock bed?  
Can we get there?

TROY

I don't know.  
(looking around)  
I need some maps.

DEVON

Right over there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zombie is HUMMING to himself as he fiddles with cables at the  
back of the monitors and amplifiers.

CAMERA POV entering from hallway slowly. Finds Zombie, who  
looks up with a smile momentarily before losing the smile and  
standing slowly.

ZOMBIE

(hesitantly)  
Hey, Ms. B.

MILDRED (O.S.)

(otherworldly)  
All dead.

CAMERA rushes Zombie as he covers his face and screams!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAY

Zombie's SCREAMS are heard outside the house, disturbing  
wildlife.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Troy is looking through the oversized map pages, old,  
mismatched, and odd in size from one page to the next. Devon  
looks at her watch.

DEVON

Troy, it's getting late. We gotta  
head back.

Troy removes his glasses and rubs his eyes.

TROY  
I know, I know. But I need like  
twenty more minutes.

Devon is anxious.

DEVON  
You got enough already. We don't  
need the quarry stuff.

TROY  
We need it. It's integral to the  
story.  
(turning and pleading)  
We can make a full show out of this  
stuff. This is real!

DEVON  
Okay. Real.

Troy goes back to the book and turns a page. He pointedly  
flips back and then once more the other way.

TROY  
Bingo!

DEVON  
(jumping up to look)  
You got something?

CLOSE ON MAP AS TROY'S FINGER POINTS TO AREA OUTSIDE OF FROST  
CREEK.

TROY (V.O.)  
Frost Creek...surrounding area.

DEVON  
Okay.

CLOSE ON MAP AGAIN AS TROY FLIPS THE PAGE AND THE NAME  
"SEWARDVILLE" APPEARS NEAR FROST CREEK.

TROY  
See it?

DEVON  
(leaning close)  
Sewardville?

TROY  
Uh huh. Eighteen sixty-  
eight...there.

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)  
(flips page)  
Eighteen sixty-nine...

DEVON  
Gone. Shit. So what does that mean?

TROY  
I don't know. But what makes a whole freakin' village disappear in one year?

DEVON  
Internet...back at the hotel.

They both move to gather the documents and clean up the research room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Troy is TAPPING away on the keyboard of the hotel computer while Devon arrives in the small partitioned niche with two sodas in cans. As she puts one down on the table next to the keyboard, Troy leans forward to read the screen, then looks up toward Devon.

TROY  
Got it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CREEPERS VAN - DAY

Troy is leaning inside the van from the driver's side, door open with a mass of papers in his hands. Devon is standing in the open side door panel, one foot up on the runner, leaning on her knee, addressing the group as they sit inside the van. Shellie is also among them.

AUTUMN  
Yellow fever?

TROY  
Yup. The whole village died during the yellow fever epidemic of 1868.

DEVON  
So, Frost Creek gets word of the plague and sends out a crew of men to check out the village.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

When they get there, they find every single man, woman, and child dead.

AUTUMN

(whispers)

All dead.

DEVON

All dead.

TROY

So, town officials order the burning of all the bodies...

AUTUMN

Oh, God.

TROY

...because they're afraid of the plague spreading to Frost Creek, right? The bodies are burned, don't know if they were buried, given final rights, but...

The group looks poignantly in his direction.

TROY (CONT'D)

The houses are knocked down and plowed into the ground and the highest ranking Frost Creek town official signs an order, get this, confiscating the land of Sewardville.

DAVID

No shit!

Shocked faces result.

DEVON

They don't contact Alaska authorities. They don't even contact the living family members of the Sewardville residents to tell them about the deaths, because they're -

SHELLIE

Stealing the land.

DEVON

Yeah.

TROY  
But it gets better.

DAVID  
Better than yellow fever?

Devon chuckles.

TROY  
Fast forward eighty-something years and a contractor group that's building *lots* of homes in the area pays a quarry company to deliver stones that are used in the construction of the Brandenburg house.

DEVON  
Nineteen fifty-two, right?

TROY  
Yeah, nineteen fifty-two. The DeWolfe family business, Lance and his, count 'em, seven sons are the contractors that build the house. They get the stones from the Kenai Quarry Corporation, owned and operated by...

Troy puts out a hand toward Devon.

DEVON  
Eric DeWolfe, Lance's brother.

TROY  
Lance and his seven sons finish the house and then die in odd accidents over the next two weeks.

AUTUMN  
They all died?

TROY  
All dead.

DAVID  
This is so going on my Facebook fan page.

AUTUMN  
You don't have a fan page!

DAVID  
Do, too! Twenty-seven followers!

DEVON

You're not putting it on the Facebook page because this is going to be its own show.

SHELLIE

Really?

DEVON

Oh, there's enough here for a whole season.

TROY

So, the DeWolfe brothers and their father die and then Eric Dewolfe, owner of the quarry, kills himself.

DAVID

Epic!

TROY

Now...where does the haunting come in?

AUTUMN

Well, obviously the spirits don't know that they're dead.

TROY

I don't know about that, but the stones...and Autumn, you can attest to this...the stones that were collected by the quarry and delivered to the contractors that are in the foundation of the house where all this is going on... they're chromite.

AUTUMN

Chromite?

SHELLIE

What's chromite?

AUTUMN

Chromite is a stone with metal in its make-up, but is reputed in many cultures to trap and house spirits.

SHELLIE

Like quartz.

AUTUMN

No, quartz stores energy. I mean, there are theories about spirits being trapped inside crystal quartz, but no one's really come forward with anything definitive. Chromite, however...

TROY

So, there's that and...the mother of all evidence.

A long beat as everyone hangs on the words.

TROY (CONT'D)

The official Order of Confiscation, transferring all lands of Sewardville *illegally* into Frost Creek authority...

(holding up copy of order)

...signed in eighteen sixty-nine by city manager, Bartholomew Asa DeWolfe...esquire.

Everyone expresses surprise at once.

TROY (CONT'D)

The DeWolfes have been in the land business, it looks like, since eighteen sixty-nine...nearly a hundred years.

DEVON

Land they stole from the people whose spirits are haunting this house.

DAVID

(slapping knee)

Abraham freakin' Lincoln!

The group stops to look at David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(grinning and nodding)

I'm starting a new trend.

DEVON

Anyways. We've got one more night in this house. We're gonna do one hell of a show.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 Save poor old Millie from the scary  
 ghosts...Autumn, you can cleanse  
 the *Hell* out of the house...and  
 then, we're gone! Woo! I'm  
 stoked! What about you guys?

DAVID  
 Abraham freakin' Lincoln!

Everyone rolls eyes and Troy laughs as Devon closes the sliding side door.

Walking around toward the front of the van, Troy meets her.

DEVON  
 I've got Shellie's car. You go  
 back to the house. Make sure you  
 bring Zombie a late lunch or  
 something. I'm going back to the  
 hotel to get my stuff and check out  
 for everyone.

TROY  
 I didn't even use the room.

DEVON  
 Catch ya later?

Devon goes to leave and turns back around.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 Troy.  
 (Troy turns to face her)  
 Really nice job on the research.

TROY  
 Thanks. Felt like old times.

Devon smiles genuinely and walks off toward hotel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Devon is packing her overnight bag with her stuff quickly when a dark shadow passes over the window. She stares at the curtains and reaches for her cell. Browsing the contact list, she pauses.

CLOSE ON TROY'S NAME

She's torn. Then...

CLOSE ON CELL CONTACT LIST AS SHE MOVES UP THE LIST TO "MOM".  
PUSHES CALL.

Devon puts the phone to her ear as she continues to pack  
stuff in her bag.

DEVON

Mom? Hey, what's going on? Yeah  
...yeah...I know. I've been busy,  
mom.

Devon sits on the edge of the bed, playing with the hotel  
card key in her other hand.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Yeah. Yup, I remember.  
(bored face)  
Yeah. Hey, I got a question. Hey,  
do you remember when I was a baby?  
Like crawling around in diapers?  
(light chuckle)  
Yeah, I know you're my mother. But  
I mean...okay, what I'm trying to  
say is that I've been having these  
really weird nightmares.

Devon rises from the bed and walks toward the mirror in the  
bathroom, staring at herself.

DEVON (CONT'D)

They're always the same. Really  
weird...kinda scary. Well, it's  
you and dad...

FLASHBACK BEGINS

Baby crawling in diapers on the floor of hallway, looking up.

BABY'S POV AS MAN AND WOMAN RUN PAST A DOORWAY AHEAD.  
THERE'S A BIG FLASH OF LIGHT, WIND GUST, AND SHATTERED WOOD  
FLIES. MAN AND WOMAN FALL TO FLOOR, ONLY THEIR SHOULDERS AND  
UP ARE VISIBLE ON THE FLOOR IN THE DOORWAY, FACES STARING,  
DEAD.

END FLASHBACK

Devon is still staring at herself in the mirror.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I mean, obviously it didn't happen.  
But, it's weird because it feels  
like it's - no, I haven't been  
talking to dad? Whadaya mean?

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 Mom, why are you getting so mad?  
 Mom.

Devon looks at the screen on the cell and puts it back to her ear.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 Mom? Hello?

Devon shakes her head in frustration and picks up her bag from the bed, ZIPPING it up, putting it on her shoulder, and leaving the room.

EXT. ALASKA SITES - DAY

Establishing scene as Shellie's car moves along the road.

INT/EXT. SHELLIE'S CAR - DAY

Devon is driving along a smaller wooded road and a shadow passes over the windshield. She leans forward and looks up through the windshield, but only squints at the sunlight.

DEVON'S POV through windshield as Shellie's car pulls up to the Brandenburg house and halts next to the Creepers van.

Devon removes the key from the ignition and opens the door. As she steps from the car, her cell phone RINGS. Before she can close the door, she answers it, pausing in mid-stride.

DEVON  
 Hey, mom! What happened? Did you hang up on me before?

MOM (V.O.)  
 (through phone)  
 Honey, I'm so sorry. I got upset because we haven't talked about this yet.

DEVON  
 Talked about what?

MOM (V.O.)  
 About when you were a baby.

A long beat as Devon waits. Nothing.

DEVON  
 What about when I was a baby, mom?

MOM (V.O.)  
Oh, Devon.  
(softly crying)  
I wish we could talk about this  
face-to-face.

DEVON  
Obviously we can't.

MOM (V.O.)  
Sweetie, your dad and I agreed we  
weren't going to tell you, but -

DEVON  
Tell me what? Tell me what, mom?

MOM (V.O.)  
We're not your real parents, Devon.

Shock! Devon's eyes wander and her mouth drops open.

MOM (V.O.)  
Devon? Devon?

DEVON  
What are you talking about?

MOM (V.O.)  
Your father and I adopted you when  
you were eight months old.

Devon is floored. She stares at the house for a long moment.

DEVON  
Where are my real parents?

MOM (V.O.)  
Devon, please just come back home  
so we can talk -

DEVON  
Mom, where are my real parents?!

MOM (V.O.)  
They're dead.

DEVON  
But...

MOM (V.O.)  
They were murdered when you were a  
baby. It was a miracle. You were  
left behind in the house.

DEVON  
What's my real name, mom?

MOM (V.O.)  
The police never solved your  
parents' murders.

DEVON  
Mom! What's my real name?

A long beat.

MOM (V.O.)  
Devon...DeWolfe.

Full circle!

ANGLE ON Devon's devastated face.

DEVON  
We're not here to give them  
justice.

MOM (V.O.)  
What?

DEVON  
They want revenge.

Dread. Mom's pleas are drowned out as Devon drops phone from her ear and slowly walks toward the house. She passes the van and DROPS the phone on the ground.

Suddenly, up above in the second floor window, Autumn SCREAMS behind glass! Devon looks up and sees Autumn pinned up against the pane, a terrified look on her face! She is then rudely pulled from the window and the blinds are TORN down in her wake! Blood spatters the glass!

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
No!

Devon runs toward the front door and tries the knob, but it's locked. BANGING on the door, she then hears horrific SCREAMS coming from Troy, David and Shellie from inside the house.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
No! Let them go! You don't want  
them! You don't want them! You  
want me! You want me!

Sounds CEASE. Screaming stops. Dead silence.

The front door CLICKS and SQUEAKS open of its own accord.

DEVON'S POV INTO HOUSE

Mildred is standing back from the door, a dead-eyed stare toward the ground to her right.

BACK ON DEVON

Devon is breathing heavily and frightened beyond belief.

DEVON'S POV INTO HOUSE

To Devon's left, where Mildred is looking, stand Zombie, Shellie, David, Autumn and Troy, all dead.

They suddenly look up at her with dead eyes.

CLOSE ON DEVON'S LIPS

DEVON (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
I'm sorry.

DEVON'S POV INTO HOUSE

All the dead rush toward the camera with supernatural speed and...

BLACK SCREEN

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)  
Sad and disturbing news out of  
Alaska today as police have made a  
grisly discovery in the rural town  
of Frost Creek.

FADE IN

EXT. FROST CREEK TOWNSHIP - DAY

Establishing shot of Frost Creek and its rural countryside outside of town.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)  
Cable's paranormal investigations  
team, The Creepers, were found dead  
in what was apparently a multiple  
murder.

EXT. BRANDENBURG HOUSE - DAY

Squad cars are parked around the home and there is police tape near the front porch, with cordons also blocking access to the two vehicles.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

Co-founder of the group, Troy Emerson, and members David Westlake, Autumn Rivers and Gregory Bonecutter were found inside an unowned home by an Anchorage real estate agent this morning.

CAMERA moves slowly past the squad cars and past Shellie's car, the driver's side door still open.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

Also found among them, the body of Shellie Covey, reporter for online magazine, Paranews. Frost Creek police have no motive for the crime, but Creepers founder and leader, Devon Kastle, is being sought for questioning.

CAMERA moves slowly along ground, past Devon's cell phone, a police forensics officer, taking a photograph of it.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

Today, via Skype, we have with us former Creepers team member, Ronnie Weiss, who miraculously left the group in this home only two days ago. Good morning.

RONNIE (V.O.)

Good morning, Ronda.

Camera finds Brandenburg house, the front door open, police tape everywhere.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

You told our producers that you had an argument with team leader, Devon. Is that correct?

RONNIE (V.O.)

Yes. We were experiencing some crazy things in that house.

(MORE)

RONNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The police are calling it unoccupied, but I was contacted specifically by a Mildred Brandenburg who said she owned the house and we went out there to investigate.

CAMERA moves along ground toward the Creepers van and rises slowly going toward the driver's side open window.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

Do you believe that Devon is involved in any way in the deaths of her team members?

RONNIE (V.O.)

Not a chance. There's no way. She loved her team. This is some crazy murderer or something.

CAMERA enters Creepers van and hovers over passenger seat where mass of papers is sitting.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

I was given a note from our producer who said that you plan on returning to the house? Is that right? Why would you do that?

RONNIE (V.O.)

I am going back. I'm completely scared about going, but they were my friends. I'm going back there to find out what happened in Frost Creek.

Camera moves down toward the document on the top of the pile. It is a copy of the Order of Confiscation. CLOSE ON signature by city manager, Bartholomew Asa DeWolfe.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

Thanks for stopping by today, Ronnie. We appreciate your time and we're sorry for your loss.

RONNIE (V.O.)

Thanks.

CLOSE ON signature of DeWolfe and moves down to bottom of letter, which reads, "Addendum attached of homes to be destroyed: family residences of Brandenburg, Weiss, etc."

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)  
That was Ronnie Weiss, former  
member of the Creepers who, we  
repeat, have been found dead in  
Frost Creek, Alaska.

DEVON (V.O.)  
(otherworldly whisper)  
All dead.

THE END