

# THE VERBALEK

An Original Screenplay

By

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The VÉrbalek

FADE IN

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

RAPID INTERCUTS of dishevelled middle-aged man, looking desperate, rushing hither and thither. He feverishly jots things in a notebook. He looks scared.

Finally, he is sitting at his desk, writing in a notebook. He looks agitated. He keeps checking over his shoulder. An idea occurs to him. He writes furiously, then turns the page.

Suddenly, his attention is drawn away. He looks frightened.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A storm is in full swing. Thunderbolt and lightning, very, very frightening. The house looks extremely ominous as it is illuminated against the black sky.

A SCREAM fills the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

Title:

"Africa"

Camp fire in the bush. A celebration is in progress. The center of focus is our hero, JAKE, mid-20s, strong, wiry frame, slightly emaciated. He is a modest man, dressed simply in jeans and a plain white T-shirt. He smiles broadly as he cuts food with a large utility knife and hands it out to the kids thronging around him.

He turns to his colleague JOE, mid-50s.

JAKE  
Gonna miss this.

JOE  
Me most of all, right?

JAKE  
Yea, right.

Joe signals to a BIG GUY who SHOUTS for everyone to be quiet for a minute. Joe stands up and everyone turns their attention to him.

JOE  
Thank you, everyone, for coming  
to Jake's farewell.

The still night fills with WHISTLES and APPLAUSE. Joe gestures for them to quieten down.

JOE (CONT'D)  
(to Jake LOUDLY)  
Looks like they're glad to see  
the back of you.

They LAUGH.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Joking aside, we're going to miss  
you, sport. It's been great having  
you here, and we wish you all the  
best for the future.

He CLAPS and everyone follows suit. A young man gives him a brightly colored ethnic shirt. He puts it on to everyone's delight.

A couple of kids hug Jake. He is clearly moved. He stands up.

JAKE  
Thank you, Joe. And thank you,  
everyone, for this beautiful shirt  
which I shall cherish and...

With a smile, he looks around at everyone watching him intently.

Suddenly, he grabs his knife and hurls it in the direction of a pretty girl opposite. There is an audible GASP of shock.

The knife impales a snake in a tree, just inches from the girl. She rushes up to him and gives him a tearful hug. He looks embarrassed - he doesn't enjoy the attention.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A street is blocked by a handful of young people sitting in the middle of the road, demonstrating against the cutting down of mature trees. BRONWYN, a pretty, wholesome girl in her early 20s, is protesting vociferously.

Unlike the others she is in formal business attire and high heels, so she stays standing. She carries on a conversation with her best friend, CHARLOTTE, in between CHANTS.

Charlotte points at Bronwyn's clothes.

CHARLOTTE  
You sure look the part.

BRONWYN  
This is my lunch break, Charlie.  
I can't...

CHARLOTTE

It's only an internship, Bron.

BRONWYN

Long live the revolution - outside  
office hours.

A POLICEMAN aggressively tries to pick Charlotte up.

POLICEMAN

Move along or I'll have to arrest  
you.

Bronwyn intervenes.

BRONWYN

Do not touch my client. She has  
every right to protest against  
this barbaric destruction of the  
environment.

POLICEMAN

She doesn't have a permit.

He grabs Charlotte and tries to yank her to her feet.  
Bronwyn pushes him away.

POLICE STATION - DAY

Bronwyn's brother, PAUL, a nerdy 20 year old, is bailing  
out Bronwyn and Charlotte. They collect their things from  
the duty officer.

PAUL

What's the matter with you? Second  
time this month. Should I start  
a tab?

BRONWYN & CHARLOTTE

Thank you, Paul.

They smile, kiss him on the cheek, and head out. He shakes  
his head.

INT. AFRICAN HUT - DAY

Jake checks his stuff. A dog eared photo of a heavier  
him with a beautiful teenage girl falls out of his  
passport. It is Bronwyn. He looks at it apprehensively  
for a moment, then, with a look of determination, he puts  
it back in the passport, and pockets it. Joe comes in.

JAKE

This is it, I guess.

They hug. Joe clears his throat and stiffens up to hide  
his emotions.

JOE

Now, you go home and get laid,  
you hear.

JAKE

I plan to do more than that.

He picks up his kit bag, takes one last look at the room,  
then turns and exits.

EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE - DAY

Jake jumps into the back of a beaten up old Jeep, and  
slouches down. He puts his sunglasses on as the Jeep  
pulls away.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

Jake is slouched in the back of a convertible, sunglasses  
on. He looks supercool, happy, but also nervous. We are  
back in the USA. GEORGE, the driver, and LUCY, his  
girlfriend, are excited to have him back.

GEORGE

What's with the fancy dress, Jake?

Lucy turns and looks at the exotic shirt he got as a  
farewell present.

LUCY

It's... very... bright.

JAKE

(smiling)  
Dressed to impress!

GEORGE

(looking in mirror)  
O-k-a-y.

LUCY

A lot of people are dying to see  
you again after all this time.

GEORGE

And with that shirt, they'll  
definitely see you!

JAKE

So, Bronwyn knows I'm coming?

George and Lucy exchange glances.

GEORGE

Chill, man.

LUCY

It's a mega-celebration -  
graduation, birthday, and...  
(does drum roll on  
car dash)  
... best of all, the return of  
the prodigal... friend.

GEORGE

It's gonna be awesome.

Jake smiles. He turns his gaze outside the car to the  
nothing but countryside. The sky is darkening.

A rusty old sign swings from a post by the road:

Dante's Copse

Someone has sprayed an "r" between the "o" and the "p".

INT. BRONWYN'S CAR - DAY

Bronwyn and Charlotte sit in the back of the car, waving  
their arms, SINGING Robin Thicke's hit "Blurred Lines" -  
more or less! They are having a great time.

BRONWYN & CHARLOTTE

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!  
(pointing at each  
other)

I know you want it. You know you  
want it. I know you want it.  
'Cos you're a BAD girl!

They LAUGH. Paul brings the car to a halt in front of  
the house. He showily pulls earplugs out of his ears.

PAUL

We have reached our destination,  
ladies. If you were happy with  
the service today, please don't  
forget to tip your driver...  
especially, let us not forget, if  
you want to be bailed out again.

BRONWYN

Ha, ha. Nice try.

Charlotte flashes him a boob.

CHARLOTTE

Sorry. Thought you said "tit  
your driver".

PAUL

Don't worry, ma'am. All tits  
gratefully received - large or  
small.

BRONWYN

(playfully)

Stop trying to corrupt my little brother!

PAUL

(smiling - to Bronwyn)

You - mind your own business.

(to Charlotte)

You - feel free to express your gratitude and generosity in whatever way you feel appropriate.

Laughing, Charlotte playfully flashes the other boob, a little longer this time. Paul nods approvingly.

CHARLOTTE

(to Bronwyn)

An act of charity.

BRONWYN

(laughing)

This party's gonna be off the hook!

CHARLOTTE

Hell yeah!

They both wave their hands in excitement.

BRONWYN & CHARLOTTE

Woo!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The girls get out of the car. Bronwyn stops dead in her tracks and stares at the gloomy house from the first scene. A storm is brewing in the distance.

CHARLOTTE

You okay?

BRONWYN

Yea... sure. It feels a bit... weird, you know... coming back here, after all this time.

Charlotte gives her a hug.

CHARLOTTE

Hey! Like, I totally get it.

Paul carries a large cardboard box to the front door.

PAUL

The car ain't gonna unpack itself, you know.

BRONWYN

He sounds so like mom.

She snaps out of it, and puts on a brave and positive front, but her eyes betray a certain sadness.

CHARLOTTE

Okay, let's get this place ready before the hordes arrive.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - DAY

Everything's ready. There are drinks, ice buckets, trail mix, and food laid out in several locations. They slouch on a sofa, tired but happy. They CLINK beer bottles.

BRONWYN

Thanks, guys. Are we the best team, or what?

Bronwyn looks at her watch.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Oh, God, look at the time. I'm gonna shower and get ready.

CHARLOTTE

Gotta look your best!

PAUL

Good luck with that!

Bronwyn gives Paul a playful thump.

INT. BRONWYN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Bronwyn showers. A very claustrophobic atmosphere. The curtain inexplicably billows.

BRONWYN

Cut that out, Paul.

She pulls the curtain back. There's no one there. She continues showering. The curtain billows again strongly.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Paul!

She YANKS the curtain back. Again, no one there. Puzzled, she grabs a towel, dries herself quickly, and heads back to the bedroom.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

CLOSE UP of large computer monitor. There is a split screen with four views of the house and grounds. In one window, the car parked outside, with cool-boxes and travel bags on the ground; in another, the back garden with it's

Guest House at the end; in another, Charlotte flat out on a bed; in the fourth, the master bedroom, Paul asleep.

After a few seconds, one window changes to show Bronwyn seated naked on her towel at her dresser, carefully preparing her hair with hair-dryer and brush.

There is a weak but discernible ripple effect in this picture. Suddenly she feels cold. She shudders and looks around nervously. Puzzled, she instinctively draws the towel tightly around herself.

The window changes to the front of the house. George's car pulls up.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

There are a lot of bird NOISES. Jake leans against the car looking at the birthday decorations around the open front door. George and Lucy get the luggage from the trunk. George tosses Jake his duffel bag.

GEORGE

What did your last servant die of?

JAKE

Which one?

Jake smirks mischievously.

GEORGE

What?

He rolls his eyes, then heads for the door with Lucy. Jake hesitates. He straightens his hair nervously. Steeling himself, he follows. He notices a very weather-worn "FOR SALE" sign, blown over in the corner of the garden.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

George and Lucy enter with big smiles.

GEORGE

Anyone home?

The door BANGS behind them.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Jake looks startled as he is hit by the slamming door.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

LUCY

(whispering)  
Why'd you do that?

GEORGE

I didn't. Must have been the wind.

He is about to go back and open the door when he is distracted by Bronwyn and Charlotte coming in. Bronwyn and Lucy run to each other, excitedly SQUEALING. They kiss and hug, TALKING twenty to the dozen.

BRONWYN

George! Lucy! Awesome!  
(emotional)  
I'm soooo happy to see you guys.  
This is Charlotte, my best friend from college.

CHARLOTTE

Call me Charlie.

LUCY

This is George. I only keep him out of pity.

George nods in agreement and mouths "It's true. So true".

LUCY (CONT'D)

(to Bronwyn)  
Look at you. You look awesome.

BRONWYN

Thanks, Luce. You too. This is great... so great. Finally, I'm getting my shit together.

GEORGE

Glad you include US in your shit.

BRONWYN

You will always be part of my shit, George.

GEORGE

Aw!

LUCY

You done good, girl.

BRONWYN

Can you believe it? Surprised my mom, that's for sure - she thought I'd never be off the payroll.

George sees Jake entering nervously.

GEORGE

Speaking of surprises, look what we brought you for your birthday.

Bronwyn looks puzzled, then sees Jake. She is taken aback.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sorry we didn't have time to wrap him better, but...

BRONWYN

Oh, my God!

Jake looks at George and Lucy, embarrassed. They smile and shrug.

Bronwyn recovers her composure slightly.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Jake!... I... I... Oh, my God!

She walks up to Jake, her gaze fixed on his.

CHARLOTTE

(to Lucy)

So THAT'S Jake?

LUCY

In the flesh... what there is of it.

Awkwardly, Bronwyn doesn't know whether to kiss, hug or shake hands.

BRONWYN

What a surprise! It's... it's great to see you again. I... I didn't know you were back in the country.

Jake looks very uncomfortable.

JAKE

I'm sorry, Bron. I thought...

BRONWYN

No. No. You caught me off-guard, that's all.

JAKE

Give me a fruit knife and I'll skin them alive, here and now. Just say the word.

This breaks the ice. They hug. She smiles broadly.

BRONWYN

It's great to see you again. Really. You look...

GEORGE

... like a cheap piñata, right?

BRONWYN

(laughing)

A-c-t-u-a-l-l-y, yes!

CHARLOTTE

Let's get a drink. You gotta tell us what you've been up to in... India, was it?

JAKE

Madagascar.

CHARLOTTE

Right! Where the penguins are from.

Everyone LAUGHS, but Jake looks puzzled. They go through to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - DAY

The girls enter first, followed by George and Jake.

JAKE

What were you thinking? I thought she was gonna have a heart attack.

GEORGE

Yea. It must be the shirt.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

More kids arrive, with alcohol & weed clearly visible in ziplock bags. They drag their stuff into the house, including sleeping bags which they toss into the front room. As they GREET each other, we discern their principle character traits, through body language as much as words:

- TODD, a football playing jock with a swagger and a sense of entitlement, arrives with his slightly younger brother, DAVID, far less sporty, and clearly resentful of Todd.

- MONICA, a gorgeous cheerleader, clearly smitten with Todd.

- HEATHER, cheerleader, very sexily dressed, arrives with her elder brother KYLE, a guy with a serious attitude.

- NATHAN, a repressed gay with a faux jovial manner.

- SOPHIE, a quiet, pretty girl.

- GEEKY GIRL, a timid bespectacled girl.

- PENNY, conservative glasses, mediocre in every way, but sweet.

- SARAH, prize bitch, aggressive to hide insecurities, looks at the house disapprovingly.

SARAH  
Seriously? Like, we drove all  
this way, to get to this shithole?!  
I need a drink.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Bronwyn leads Jake out onto the terrace. She is clearly nervous and excited.

BRONWYN  
Wow! Sorry. I keep repeating  
myself, but, jeez, this is just  
SO...

She makes a gesture of crazy.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)  
I want to know everything... where  
you've been... what you've done.  
How long are you staying?

JAKE  
Trying to get rid of me already?

BRONWYN  
No, silly.

JAKE  
Six weeks.

BRONWYN  
Is that all? You better start  
talking fast!

Jake smiles, and begins to tell her his story.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - LATER

It is dark and oil torches have been lit. The party is in full swing.

EXT. GARDEN - LATER

Jake and Bronwyn are sitting very close on a swing couch. They are clearly very comfortable together.

BRONWYN  
Wow! What an incredible  
experience! I thought my life  
was finally getting good, but,  
compared to yours...

JAKE  
Get outta here. No way your life's  
been boring, Bron.

She smiles, then looks serious.

BRONWYN

I'm so glad you followed your dream.

JAKE

It was OUR dream once, remember?

BRONWYN

Jake, please don't...

JAKE

Sorry, I didn't mean to...

BRONWYN

I just couldn't. You know that.

JAKE

I know. I shouldn't have brought it up. Sorry.

BRONWYN

Forget it.

JAKE

(nervously)

You should come and visit. You'll love it.

Jake catches Bronwyn's expression becoming more serious.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I've talked enough. What have you been up to?

Bronwyn looks uncomfortable.

BRONWYN

A lot's changed since you left. After my dad died...

JAKE

Oh, yea, George told me. I'm so sorry. He was a great guy.

She fights back a tear.

BRONWYN

Yea. He really liked you. God knows why.

Jake smiles.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

It was here, in the house, a couple of years ago. An accident.

Bronwyn holds back a sob. Jake puts his hand on hers. They look each other deep in the eyes. Jake starts to move in.

RYAN, 26, enters. He is handsome, educated, well-mannered, fit, chiseled - in short, perfect. He is stunned by what he sees.

RYAN

Sorry I'm late, Sweetie. My boss  
wouldn't let me go.

Bronwyn looks at Jake, embarrassed, then jumps up nervously. As Ryan moves in to kiss her on the lips, at the last moment she diverts so they kiss on the cheeks.

Jake is caught off-guard. He gets up out of politeness. George and Lucy join them.

Ryan looks at Bronwyn.

BRONWYN

Ryan, these are my bestest friends  
from High School. Jake. George.  
Lucy.

Ryan gives them all a VERY firm hand shake. He holds on to Jake's hand extra long and looks him in the eye.

RYAN

Nice to meet you. I'm Ryan -  
Bronwyn's fiancé.

Jake is stunned. Bronwyn feels bad when she sees Jake's face drop.

George grimaces and turns to Lucy. She is shocked. George mouths to her: "Oh, shit".

BRONWYN

Ryan! We were going to tell  
everyone together.

Ryan, puts his arm around Bronwyn, and guides her back indoors.

RYAN

Sorry, babe. You can keep a  
secret, can't you, guys? Excuse  
us.

Jakes tries to smile and nods. He slumps back onto the bench.

George and Lucy grab Jake and pull him aside.

In the background, the kids are partying. Some of the boys are throwing hoops, CHEERING whenever the ball goes in.

Some are drinking and smoking weed, and starting to get merry.

JAKE

Could this be more awkward?

LUCY

We had no idea, Jake, I swear.  
We knew there were others in the  
background - I mean, she's not a  
nun - but not...

She stops as Ryan and Bronwyn walk passed towards the house. Ryan nods politely. Bronwyn finds it hard to look them in the eye.

RYAN

(to Bronwyn)

... so, with the bonus from this merger, we'll have enough for the deposit on an apartment. We can move there in the Fall. Isn't that great?

BRONWYN

Yes.

Ryan looks puzzled.

RYAN

You okay? I thought you'd be excited.

She squeezes his arm.

BRONWYN

Of course I am. Just a bit stressed by the party, I guess.

Ryan is reassured, and they disappear into the house.

GEORGE

(guiltily)

Sorry, man. Looks like they've got it all figured out.

Jake puts on a brave face.

JAKE

It's okay, you guys. My own stupid fault. I started to believe in fairy tales. I mean, I've been off the radar for four years. Why would she wait for me?

George looks him up and down.

GEORGE

Good point. Anyhoo, ready when you are.

JAKE

What?

GEORGE

To leave. A bit awkward, isn't it? For Bron, I mean. Fiancé AND ex-boyfriend.

LUCY

No way we're leaving now. You can't leave before the cake. That's the rule.

Jake turns to George, with a determined look on his face.

JAKE

Rules is rules, George. Besides, it ain't over till the fat lady sings.

INT. BRONWYN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bronwyn is sitting on the edge of the bath, staring at the toilet bowl. She looks a bit the worse for wear.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Come on, Bron. You're gonna miss your own party.

INT. BRONWYN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte paces nervously. She hears a PUKING sound from the bathroom.

CHARLOTTE

Jesus! You okay? You want me to come in?

There is a FLUSH. Charlotte is about to open the door. A tap RUNS and we hear a GARGLING sound. Bronwyn comes out. Charlotte helps her to the bed.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You okay? You got me worried there.

BRONWYN

Get outta here! It's just... my stomach feels like it's tied in knots. I guess it's all too much at once. Graduation, birthday, and now, the ultimate Blast from the Past.

CHARLOTTE

Jake?

BRONWYN

Never thought I'd see him again.

CHARLOTTE

You're not still...?

BRONWYN

No... no, of course not.

EXT. GARDEN - EVENING

The party is definitely warming up, and inhibitions are down. All manner of couples are making out. There is frolicking in the pool. The guys playing hoops are now useless, laughing at their own ineptitude.

Todd balances a beer can on his head, while bouncing the ball. He tries a shot, but the beer spills in his face, and the ball SMASHES through a window of the Guest House. Everyone LAUGHS, especially Todd. One of the kids, MORGAN, tries the door. It's locked. Jake and George watch them.

JAKE

Why didn't Bron open up her dad's study? Would have given us a lot more space.

GEORGE

That's where her dad died. I guess she...

Morgan starts climbing in through the broken window.

JAKE

Hey! Get out of there. Out of bounds.

Jake is about to go and stop him, but George grabs his arm and shakes his head.

MORGAN

Chill, man. Just getting our ball back.

He disappears inside. A weak desk lamp goes on in the Guest House.

There is a general surge of kids towards the Guest House. Morgan opens the door to let them in.

Jake and George look at one another. They shrug, and go and have a look as well.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Even in the dim light, it is clear this room hasn't been entered for a long time. It is untidy and dusty. George rubs his arms in reaction to the drop in temperature.

GEORGE

Brrr. Jesus...

David sticks his head in the window.

DAVID

Hey, what's taking so long? Can't be that hard to find a basketball, for chrissakes.

He suddenly notices the stuff on the walls and climbs in.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Wow. That's some sick shit they got in here.

JAKE

What're you talking about?

DAVID

Well, look at it. All that occult stuff. Crosses. Stakes. Tarot cards over there. That looks like an Ouija board. Dark shit.

The others look surprised. No one had really noticed in the dim light. George inspects one of the shelves, full of occult books and artifacts. There are arrays of javelins, pikes and scimitars attached to the walls.

GEORGE

He's right, Jake. Some pretty weird stuff here.

They are all spooked when the lamp inexplicably flickers. When it comes back on, they all visibly relax.

JAKE

What the hell was Bron's dad into?

GEORGE

No clue.

DAVID

Maybe he sacrificed virgins and offered their blood to Lucifer?

George whispers to Jake, indicating David with his thumb.

GEORGE

The next offering.

Jake picks up Bronwyn's father's diary lying discarded in the corner, and flicks through it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What you got there?

JAKE  
(haltingly, as he  
reads)  
Looks like a diary, or notebook.  
Must be Bron's dad's.

Jake puts the diary in his back pocket.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I'll give it back to her.

DAVID  
Hey, let's have a seance. You're  
into that shit, aren't you,  
Heather?

HEATHER  
Hell, yea. My aunt does it all  
the time. Always wanted to give  
it a go.

DAVID  
Awesome!

GEORGE  
Total B.S., if you ask me.

But there is general enthusiasm for the idea, and they quickly set up a small table in the middle of the room with chairs around it.

Jake and George move over to a sideboard. Next to it is a five-foot tall, heavy terracotta jar with a metal lid like melted cheese. Out of curiosity, Jake tries to lift the lid, but it is sealed.

JAKE  
This should be entertaining.

INT. BRONWYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bronwyn is sitting on the bed with Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE  
Where's Ryan?

BRONWYN  
On the phone. This could be a  
big deal for him... us.

CHARLOTTE  
What did he say when he saw Jake?

BRONWYN  
He doesn't know.

CHARLOTTE  
He doesn't know?!

BRONWYN

He never asked, so I never told him.

CHARLOTTE

No, shit? What're you gonna do now?

BRONWYN

I don't know. Should I tell him?

CHARLOTTE

Nah. What for? Why stir things up?

Bronwyn looks doubtful.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, you did the right thing. Don't get me wrong - Jake seems a great guy, and all - a bit skinny for my taste, but nothing a few pints of Ben & Jerry's couldn't fix. But he's a dreamer.

BRONWYN

So are we, Charlie. But we sit in the middle of the road and protest, while he goes and actually does something.

CHARLOTTE

Yea, but all your pro bono shit's important too. Besides, would you really want to spend the rest of your life in mud huts.

BRONWYN

I could've lived with that. I loved him. It broke my heart when he left. He begged me to go with him.

CHARLOTTE

Your folks were right. You ain't getting nowhere in this world without a degree.

BRONWYN

Yea... I guess. We used to spend hours talking about how we were going to...

CHARLOTTE

What? Save the world!?

BRONWYN

Nooooo. Mock if you want, but we were going to... make a difference. I never thought he would actually have the balls to do it.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

A seance is in progress. A group of six are seated around the table, with Heather at the head. A single candle burns on the middle of the table, while others are spread around the room. While these six look very serious, some of the other kids, partly wasted, are taking the piss by putting lampshades on their heads, and such like.

The room is eerily dark, but for the flickering candle light which throws grotesque shadows in all directions.

DAVID

Let's try and get Bronwyn's dad.

Heather stiffens up, tilts her head back slightly. Her voice becomes deeper and mysterious. Jake and George SNIGGER.

HEATHER

Is there anyone there? Make your presence known. We mean no ill.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Bronwyn and Charlotte come in and look puzzled.

BRONWYN

Where is everyone?

Ryan comes in from the front room. He switches off his cellphone. He points to the Guest House.

RYAN

There's a light on over there.

BRONWYN

What!?

She goes pale and nearly buckles. Charlotte catches her.

RYAN

Are you okay?

BRONWYN

Get them out of there, Ryan. Please. Get them out.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Heather is sounding more and more mystical.

HEATHER

I can sense a Roberto. He wants to speak with a... Donatello. Is anyone here called Donatello?

Everyone shakes their head.

DAVID

No Ninja Turtles here.

GEORGE

(whispering)

This is a waste of time. I'm gonna find Lucy. Coming?

Ryan enters in. He is about to speak when he is bewildered by the scene - the seance, all the bizarre stuff in the room, but especially Heather's appearance - the candlelight and shadows make her face and hair look almost diabolical.

He moves around near Jake.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Bronwyn walks purposefully towards the guest house with Charlotte and Lucy in tow.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Heather is now in a deep trance, swaying vigorously from side to side. She mouths utter mumbo jumbo. As her movements become more violent, some kids start to look worried. They take off the lampshades.

Bronwyn bursts in. She is also stunned by what she sees.

Heather suddenly starts to YELL in a MAN'S VOICE. Everyone becomes agitated. The big terracotta jar startles Jake as it starts to tremble.

HEATHER

(angry Man's Voice)

Get out! Get out now!

BRONWYN

What the... Dad!?

GEORGE

Fuck! I know that voice. That sounds like her dad!

Jake is shocked.

HEATHER

(Bronwyn's Dad's Voice)

Bronwyn - get away from here NOW. Leave. Never come back.

A panic starts and some of the kids fall over each other as they try to get out.

The room SHAKES. Everything vibrates. Things fall off the walls and bookshelves.

MONICA

Earthquake! Get out.

Kids are SCREAMING as they scramble out.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Pandemonium as kids pour into the garden.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

The whole room shakes. Jake rushes to Bronwyn's aid, puts his arm around her and guides her outside. She looks like she's seen a ghost. She holds on to Jake tightly.

Ryan, meanwhile, is stunned by events. He snaps out of it when he sees Jake holding Bronwyn. With resolve in his face, he heads for the door, but loses his balance in the shaking, and knocks over the terracotta jar. He tries to save it, but misses. It falls in slow motion to the floor.

HEATHER

(screaming)

NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The jar shatters into a thousand piece. A tremendous, blinding light bursts forth, followed by a rush of cold energy. The candle is blown out. Ryan is thrown backwards against the wall, banging his head.

EXT. OVERHEAD VIEW OF AREA - NIGHT

A bright, white pulse of energy moves out from the house.

EXT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake rushes back in. He looks around nervously. He sees Heather, slumped forward, head on the table. He checks her pulse, then carefully puts her over his shoulder and carries her out.

Ryan, covered in dust, slowly recovers his wits.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

View from above. Tables and chairs have been knocked over in the panic. Jake carries Heather to the house. Ryan staggers behind them.

A strong ripple effect washes menacingly over the scene.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Everyone is huddled, bewildered, in the kitchen.

Suddenly, the lights go off.

TODD

Stop fucking about. Put the lights  
back on.

The lights flicker, then stay on.

TODD (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Thank you!

(to himself)

Asshole.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

The camera PANS slowly over the scene. Suddenly one of the upended sofas starts to move. Someone is struggling to get free. A hand appears on the sofa. It pauses.

We hear HEAVY BREATHING. A bedraggled Sarah slowly manages to get up. She makes a feeble effort to dust herself down. She staggers through the debris, steadying herself on whatever she can find. She heads for the garden.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Jake puts Heather down on a sofa.

JAKE

(to George)

Where's Bron?

George points to Bronwyn rushing to help Ryan. They go off to her bedroom. Jake puts a brave face on.

Heather recovers consciousness.

HEATHER

How'd I do? Anything happen?

KYLE

Only a fucking earthquake.

HEATHER

What?

DAVID

You got Bron's dad.

HEATHER

No fucking way! Awesome! What  
did he say?

GEORGE

You don't remember?

HEATHER

No. Why? What happened?

KYLE

He scared the fucking shit out of us, is what happened. Told us to leave.

The earth skakes again. There is an audibly sharp intake of breath again. They jump up, but the shaking stops and they relax.

TODD

Don't be such pussies. Forget all that shit. It's over. We're here to party. Come on, you guys.

He grabs Heather's hand, and takes her outside. There's clearly a connection. With so many kids "under the influence" of this or that, he doesn't need to say it twice.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jay, very erratically, heads for the bathroom. As he enters, a ripple effect swirls over him. He spins unsteadily, confused, then continues into the bathroom, without closing the door. The ripple effect lingers, then leaves.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sarah walks with a slow but determined stride.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

The kids are partying again. Paul checks the time.

PAUL

Charlie, tell Ryan we should do the cake now.

Charlotte heads off to Bronwyn's bedroom.

TODD

(to Heather)

You were amazing in there.

HEATHER

Why, thanks, Todd.

He sits down next to her.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Charlotte sees Sarah enter the Master Bedroom.

CHARLOTTE

You okay, Sarah?

Sarah ignores her completely. Charlotte hesitates for a second. She shivers from the cold and pulls her top tighter over herself.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Sorry I asked!

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Jake, George and Lucy have moved slightly to one side.

GEORGE

That was weird, right? What the fuck happened? What was that blast?

Jake looks around at the kids partying again.

JAKE

How can they be so... calm?

LUCY

Come on, Jake. You haven't been away THAT long! They're totally wasted. Bet half of them have forgotten it already.

JAKE

I'm with George on this - that was some weird shit.

GEORGE

After the cake, we're outta here. Agreed?

They nod.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

There is a FLUSH, then Jay staggers out of the bathroom. He shivers from the cold. We can see his breath.

Sarah lets slip her dress to reveal her perfect body, naked but for the crucifix between her breasts. She approaches him seductively, not that he needs much encouragement.

JAY

Wow! Sarah. I...I...

After a moment's hesitation as his addled brain processes the scene, he becomes excited. Fumbling, he undresses as fast as he can. She has a strange, frozen expression.

Jay is captivated. He stretches out his hand and touches her breast. His breathing quickens.

He kisses her passionately. She barely responds. This is clearly one-sided making-out.

THE CAMERA PANS OVERHEAD AND LOOKS DOWN ON THEM

Sarah gently pushes Jay down onto the floor, then sits on top of him. He can't believe his luck.

She very seductively raises her hands above her head, exposing her breasts in all their glory. He soaks in the view. He GROANS with pleasure. She brings her outstretched hands down slowly to level with her shoulders. From above the two of them form a cross.

P.O.V. JAY - NIGHT

Slowly, she brings her hands down to her side. Her face is largely in silhouette. He grabs her breasts. His breathing quickens. He watches her hand touch his chest. The camera jerks and he CROAKS, as we see her hand disappear half way to her elbow. The lights FLICKER.

FADE OUT:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah's body has been well and truly splattered. Calmly, she licks the blood off her hands. All around her mouth, her face is covered in blood, and a piece of meat hangs out. She SUCKS it in s-l-o-w-l-y. She looks contented.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Everyone is now calm, and drinking and smoking again. They crowd around as Ryan brings out a birthday cake with a single candle on top.

The lights are dimmed. They SING "Why Was She Born So Beautiful". Bronwyn looks the happiest person on the planet. She is about to blow out the candle, but is beaten to the punch by the ripple effect. Hardly anyone notices, but Bronwyn looks momentarily surprised and disappointed.

CHARLOTTE

Make a wish, Bron!

HEATHER

(to Lucy)

Not that she needs anything!

Bronwyn briefly closes her eyes and purses her lips with concentration. Then she nods as if she's finished and opens her eyes again. There are CHEERS.

Ryan gives Bronwyn a big kiss and a hug. The others take turns to do the same.

Ryan CLINKS his glass with a spoon.

RYAN

One more thing. As you guys know,  
we are here to celebrate my  
beautiful Bronwyn's birthday...

CHARLOTTE

... and graduation...

RYAN

... and graduation. Thank you,  
Charlie. But we are also here to  
celebrate our engagement!

There are SQUEALS of delight from the girls, and MUTTERINGS  
of congratulations from the boys.

Jake stands by the side with George, watching.

JAKE

My God, he's so... so... fucking  
perfect... the bastard!

GEORGE

Total asshole.

They LAUGH and CLINK beer bottles, but their expressions  
betray their true feelings.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sarah methodically washes herself in the shower. Blood  
slowly runs down from her face, over her body, to her  
feet. Soon she is standing in red water.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Bronwyn comes over and hugs George and Lucy.

BRONWYN

I'm so glad you guys came.

She comes up to Jake. He doesn't know what to say.

JAKE

I... I...

Bronwyn smiles nervously. She puts a finger on his mouth  
to stop him talking, then gives him a VERY warm hug and a  
proper kiss on the cheek, which lingers just a little too  
long. Ryan watches attentively from across the room.

BRONWYN

I know.

JAKE

I shouldn't...

She squeezes his hand. She kisses him again tenderly on  
the cheek. He savors it. George watches him carefully.

He turns to Lucy.

GEORGE

Oh, man! What a mess!

Todd and Heather sneak out, holding hands. Geeky Girl sees them leave.

GEEKY GIRL

(to Charlotte)

Heather... the school bicycle.

CHARLOTTE

(to Lucy)

Ouch!

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

With efficient, unfussy movements, Sarah puts her dress back on. She checks herself in the mirror. Perfect. No sign of what just happened. She licks her lips.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As she passes through, she sees Jay's foot, still visible under the bed, and kicks it out of sight. She throws a blanket over the huge blood stain on the carpet.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Charlotte and Lucy sit on the swing couch, drinks in hand, facing the dark forbidding Guest House.

LUCY

That place gives me the creeps.  
Like, how the hell do you die in  
a STUDY? Weird, or what?

CHARLOTTE

Totally. All I know is, I saw  
him the week before he died, and  
he was fine.

(using air quotes)

"They" say he committed suicide,  
whoever "they" are, but no one  
talks about it. Been locked up  
ever since. Bit morbid if you  
ask me.

LUCY

But that... voice... really sounded  
like him.

CHARLOTTE

Now THAT was really weird.

INT. BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

Todd starts music on his iPhone, and sets it up on a table. Heather lights a couple of candles and switches off the main light. They start to make out.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Music is coming from the front room, where the main party now is. Suddenly, the main lights fail and the music stops. There is an audible intake of breath. Fortunately, there are mood candles around the room.

PAUL

I'll go check the fuse box.

He hesitates for a moment, and looks at Ryan. Ryan gets the message.

RYAN

I'll go with you.  
(to Bronwyn)  
Be back in a minute, okay?

She nods.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Black clouds swirl in the sky.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Paul make their way cautiously. They see a faint bluish light beneath a door.

PAUL

Why's that light on?

RYAN

Maybe only the kitchen fuse blew.

PAUL

No. I mean, why is THAT light on?

Paul hesitates. He is about to open the door, when Ryan urges him forward.

RYAN

No time for that. Everyone's sitting in the dark.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Jake puts his hand caringly on Bronwyn's arm.

JAKE

You okay?

She smiles benignly at him.

BRONWYN

Yes, thanks. Bit much to take in. You know, I often wondered if I'd ever see you again. Never expected it to be this... awkward.

JAKE

Not quite how I imagined it either.

BRONWYN

Did the earth shake for you too?

JAKE

(laughing)

I have that affect on women!

She smiles.

BRONWYN

Modest, as ever.

He stares into her eyes. Love is written all over his face... and hers.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ryan holds the candles while Paul struggles to open the fuse-box.

RYAN

So, what's with this Jake guy?

PAUL

You're not jealous, are you?

RYAN

No, of course not. But who is...?

The lights come back on. Ryan looks mildly disappointed. Paul looks surprised - the fuse box is still closed.

PAUL

What's going on?

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Jake and Bronwyn are sitting very close. When the lights suddenly come back on, they guiltily move a little apart.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ryan and Paul hurry towards the kitchen. When they reach the door with the light again, Paul hesitates a moment, but Ryan continues on.

PAUL

Something's not right.

Paul tries the handle. The door is locked. Anxiously, he looks again at Ryan, then he kicks the door.

Startled by the noise, Ryan stops dead in his tracks and jumps against the wall. He sees Paul kicking away.

RYAN

Are you coming or not?

Paul hesitates, then hurries to catch up with Ryan.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Ryan and Paul enter. Ryan sees Jake and Bronwyn sitting cozily together on the sofa, and clearly getting on well. Paul sees Ryan's worried expression.

PAUL

Chill, man. He had his chance.

RYAN

What!?

Bronwyn suddenly LAUGHS. Ryan goes over.

BRONWYN

That's hilarious!

Tears are running down her cheek. Jake starts to wipe them away when Ryan thrusts a handkerchief at her face.

RYAN

I got it.

He flashes an angry look at Jake.

BRONWYN

You should hear Jake's stories from Africa, Ryan. Amazing.

RYAN

Well, maybe another time. I think we should mingle now, don't you?

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

The party has broken up into groups. People are tired, but determined to go on. Some are stoned. Some have had a bit too much to drink.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FRED comes across Sarah walking unsteadily. He LAUGHS.

FRED

You never could hold your...

Sarah again lets her dress drop to the floor. Fred can't believe his luck. Hurriedly, he ineptly removes his shirt.

FRED (CONT'D)

I always said you were epic, Sarah.

He can't take his eyes off her breasts.

FRED (CONT'D)

Oh, man, they're fucking awesome.

When Sarah gets within reach, he touches her cheek, then her breast. He looks as though he's landed in heaven.

Sarah lifts her right hand and sinks it effortlessly into his chest. She rips his heart out and starts to eat it. Again, the lights flicker.

The camera pans around her voraciously eating the heart in the corridor. We see her expressionless face... and blue cat's eyes.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

People look puzzled by the flickering lights.

BRONWYN

Not again?

RYAN

We'd better get all the candles  
and flashlights we can.

They go off in different directions to get them.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Sarah savors the moment, takes a few steps, then crumples to the ground. Her body twitches. Suddenly, it is enveloped in a ripple effect, then is at peace.

All the lights go out for good.

INTERCUT view of kids scrambling to light candles in various rooms in the house. The garden is still lit by the oil lamps.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

JAKE

Again? What's up with your fuses,  
Paul? I'll come with you.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jake and Paul are walking down the corridor.

JAKE

So, what's the story with Ryan?

PAUL  
For fuck's sake. When did I become  
Camp Counselor?

JAKE  
What are you talking about?

PAUL  
He was just asking me all about  
YOU.

JAKE  
Really? What did you say?

PAUL  
(laughing)  
That you're an asshole, obviously.

JAKE  
Come on, Paul. We go way back.  
Just the basics - then I'll drop  
it. Promise.

PAUL  
You mean, is HE an asshole?

JAKE  
Basically.

PAUL  
Who knows? I thought YOU were  
cool until you dumped my sister.  
She cried for months.

JAKE  
It wasn't like that.

PAUL  
Hey, it's none of my business,  
but she's happy now, so don't  
fuck it up, okay?

JAKE  
Okay. Okay.

PAUL  
Good. All I know is he's some  
Wall Street Master of the fucking  
Universe she met at college.

JAKE  
How did...

PAUL  
Ask her yourself.

They hear someone fumbling towards them, around the corner.  
Suddenly, she trips and falls.

GEEKY GIRL (O.S.)

Ouch! What the...? Oh, my god!  
Oh, my god!

Jake and Paul run round the corner. The flickering candle light shows three inanimate bodies on the floor. Jake and Paul stop in their tracks. Suddenly, the geeky girl gets up slowly, and hobbles towards them.

PAUL

What the...?

JAKE

Calm down. They just passed out.

PAUL

That's Sarah. Why is she naked?

JAKE

Dude, it's a party. People do stupid things when they're wasted. Take the girl back to the others. I'll wake these guys.

Paul helps the girl back to the kitchen.

Jake goes up to the bodies. He prods Sarah. Nothing happens. He prods harder. Nothing. He checks for a pulse. Nothing.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit...!

He turns Sarah over, face up, and brings the candle close. He recoils at the sight of all the blood and what looks like pieces of raw meat in her mouth. He feels sick.

Ryan comes round the corner, his face looking ghostly in the light of the candle he's carrying. He startles Jake.

RYAN

Good. We need to talk.

JAKE

Not now. This isn't pretty.

He points to the bodies.

RYAN

What?... Oh, my god!

He stops dead in his tracks when he sees Sarah's face.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What the hell happened? Did he attack her and she bit him?

JAKE

I don't know. Help me turn him over.

They put their candles on the floor, and turn Fred over. They both recoil and stare in disbelief at the body, with the hole in the chest.

They look at one another.

RYAN

Oh, shit, shit, shit!

They hear a SCREAM from the kitchen.

JAKE

We'd better get back. Call 911.

Ryan pulls out his cellphone and dials. He holds it to his ear. They both anxiously look around, very vigilant. They react nervously to the slightest sound or draught. Perspiration is building up on their faces. Jake grabs his shirt collar to waft in some cooling air.

Ryan shakes his phone. No signal.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me! How can you have no signal? You've been non-stop on the fucking thing for hours.

Paul suddenly rushes around the corner, making their candles flicker. They both jump back, fear written all over their faces.

JAKE (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake, Paul. You scared the shit out of...

PAUL

Penny's dead.

JAKE

Who?

RYAN

Does it really matter? What the hell's going on?

Paul has a closer look at the bodies. He sees the hole in Fred's chest.

PAUL

What happened to...? Oh, fuck!

He blanches. Jake puts his arm around Paul's shoulders and guides him away.

JAKE

Come on. Let's get back to the others.

INT. BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

POV The Entity

The camera floats, this way and that, in and out, above Todd and Heather making love. The candles flicker. We can see the goose-bumps on Todd's back.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Jake, Ryan and Paul rush back into the kitchen. Nathan is distraught in the corner, being comforted by some of the women, most of whom are crying. He is fussily dressed, but now looks disheveled. The men are white as sheets.

Sobbing in a staccato fashion, Nathan rubs his right hand on the back of his pants.

CHARLOTTE

Penny's dead. Nathan found her body behind the Guest House.

Jake, Paul and Ryan look at each other. Jake reassuringly puts his hand on Nathan's shoulder.

JAKE

I'm sorry, man.

RYAN

Did you notice anything... strange?

GEORGE

STRANGE?!? Strange? She's dead, for fuck's sake. Isn't that strange enough for you? Or is that par for the course on Wall Street?

Jake makes a calm down sign to George.

JAKE

George. Please.

George looks at Jake surprised.

Nathan composes himself for a moment, and thinks.

NATHAN

She's dead. I... I think she was raped. Her top was ripped.

JAKE

Her top?

He looks at Ryan.

RYAN

Could you see anything?

NATHAN

Like what? She was lying there  
with her clothes torn - dead.

Jake, clearly uncomfortable, moves his hands around in  
front of his chest.

JAKE

What about... here? Did you see  
anything?

There are HOWLS of protest.

BRONWYN

Jake! What's the matter with  
you? And you too, Ryan.

Ryan calms her down.

RYAN

Bron, he's asking for a reason.  
Nathan, did you see her tits?

Bronwyn looks at Ryan, shocked.

GEORGE

(to Jake)

What is this? Are you two bosom  
buddies now?

Again, Jake makes a calm-down motion.

JAKE

Patience, George. Now, Nathan...

NATHAN

No. She was lying on her front.  
What difference does it make? Do  
you think I'm some kinda perv?

BRONWYN

What's going on? You're freaking  
us out here. Ryan?

Ryan looks at Jake. Jake pauses for a moment, then nods.

RYAN

Okay. There's no way to sugarcoat  
this, so I'll just say it: Sarah  
and Fred are also dead.

MOST KIDS

What!?!?

They become very agitated.

GEEKY GIRL

Shit! There's a killer in the house. Let's get outta here.

They make a mad rush for the cars outside, bumping into one another, knocking things over, breaking stuff.

INT. BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

Todd pauses. Heather MOANS.

TODD

Did you hear something?

HEATHER

What? Who the fuck cares? Don't stop now!

Todd resumes making love.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The night is dark and deadly quiet. The cars are filled with kids, desperately trying to call on their cell-phones - but nada. Much CURSING at the phones.

The cars refuse to start. The passengers SCREAM at the drivers. The drivers SHOUT back.

They abandon the cars and bump into one another, in a hysterical panic. The ripple effect flows over them.

INTERCUT between OUR POV and the spirit's POV as it flows over events and people. We see people react to its invisible coldness when it gets up close.

JAKE

(shouting)

Quiet! Quiet! Okay, the cars are fucked, so we're stuck here. We gotta be smart about this. We don't know if it's one of us, or someone from outside.

Bronwyn looks up and down the road.

BRONWYN

No one just happens to wander passed THIS house! This is as remote as it gets.

JAKE

Listen up. Get all the flashlights and batteries you can find.

Several get torches from their cars and try them out. They work! Jake grabs one and gives it to George to hold as he looks under the hood of George's car.

Half a dozen kids start rushing down the road. They rapidly become mere silhouettes against their torch lights.

RYAN

Hey, you guys! We should stick together.

KID (O.S.)

Fuck you, pretty boy! We're dead meat if we stay here.

Jake comes out from under the hood.

JAKE

Listen to Ryan. We've gotta stick together. Safety in numbers. It's our best shot.

RYAN

Thank you.

JAKE

No idea what they did to the cars. I can't see anything wrong.

BRONWYN

What are we gonna do?

RYAN

Walk, I guess.

BRONWYN

You're joking, right? It's MILES to the next house.

GEORGE

You wanna stay *here*?!

RYAN

If we stick together and watch each other, we should be okay. Any better ideas?

He looks around. Some shake their heads.

JAKE

We should...

RYAN

Good! Now let's get outta here.

JAKE

No. We should get back in the house and barricade ourselves in. That's what we were trained to do in emergencies in Africa.

RYAN

This may be news to you, but you're not in Africa now.

Jake looks at Ryan. He decides to ignore the hostility.

JAKE

It's pitch black, and we can't see where we're going. We don't know what's out there.

RYAN

The house is full of bodies.  
(to the others)  
Who wants to go back in?

GEEKY GIRL

Let's get the fuck outta here!

They head off, VERY nervously, along the dark road, cautiously watching each other. Jake hesitates, then reluctantly goes with them.

Suddenly, one kid trips and knocks over two others in front of him. Everyone jumps out of their skin.

Several pounce on him. The kid is almost crushed. George holds his torch right in the kid's face, and slaps him.

GEORGE

What the fuck? Do you wanna see God, asshole?

Petrified, the kid shakes his head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Then sober up. Next time, you might not be so lucky.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A few hundred yards down the road, with the glow of the garden lamps receding behind them, the group walks at a brisk pace away from the house. The torches of the first group are faint in the blackness in front of them.

Our group stop dead in their tracks as a blood-curdling SCREAM erupts from the first group. They watch in horror as they see first one, then another torch beam shine erratically, before suddenly going dark.

There are multiple SCREAMS, and the remaining torches scatter in all directions.

There is CRYING, SOBBING and panic from our group as they watch each of the lights go out one by one.

DAVID

Shit! We're trapped.

The ripple effect washes over them. George puts a protective arm around Lucy.

LUCY

You were right. We should have left before the cake.

He gives her an affectionate kiss on the head.

GEORGE

Give me a sec.  
(shouting)  
Shut-the-fuck-up! Panic is going to get us nowhere.

RYAN

We should go the other way. We know the killer's in front of us.

JAKE

(forcefully)  
No. We don't know what we're up against, or how many, or where they all are. Everyone - back to the kitchen. We've gotta barricade ourselves in 'til morning. NOW!

Everyone rushes back to the house, nervously watching their flank. Ryan looks pissed at Jake.

In the melee, Morgan gets knocked over. When he gets up, dazed, a girl stands silhouetted between him and the house. She stands there quietly.

MORGAN

Don't just stand there. Give me a hand.

She takes a couple of steps forward, then stops. Morgan is puzzled.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Sophie? Is that you? What's the matter with you?

She lets her clothes fall to the ground, leaving her stark naked.

Morgan LAUGHS.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Stop fucking about, Sophie. You know I'm gay.

Suddenly, the smile vanishes from his face. He WHIMPERS.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Shit.

He scrambles to his feet. He looks around for an escape. She blocks his way back to the house. He dashes into the woods. He switches on his torch as he runs.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

It is pitch black, save for the erratic beam of the torch. Morgan WHEEZES as he runs and stumbles through the dark woods. He bumps into tree trunks.

He trips on the undergrowth and falls with a THUMP. He turns round in a panic. No one there.

He scurries back onto his feet and rushes head long further into the woods.

He bumps into Sophie. At first he doesn't realize. He bends over and takes some deep breaths. He sees her feet. He looks up just as she is about to take him. He YELPS and runs like the clappers deeper into the woods.

He dives behind a raised bank. He is spooked by every noise. Owls HOOT. Twigs CRACK. He is shit scared. He covers his mouth to hide his HEAVY BREATHING.

He switches off the torch. There is barely any light breaking through the wood covering. All we can hear is his muted scared breathing.

MORGAN

(whispering)

Oh, please, God! Please!

No sign of being pursued. His breathing calms down.

Suddenly, Sophie's eyelids open. She has cats' eyes.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The kids are rushing towards the house. They stop dead in their tracks as they hear an unearthly SCREAM. They look at each other, shit-scared. Some start to CRY.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

GEORGE

What the fuck was that?

JAKE

It sounded like a banshee.

The kids gather around Nathan. Everyone is on edge.

PAUL

Why was Nathan behind the Guest House in the first place? Where was he when...?

KYLE

That's right. What the fuck were you doing there anyway? Are you one of them?

Things are getting ugly. They start shoving him around.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Well?

Nathan starts crying. He protects his face with his arms.

PAUL

Come on.

Nathan retreats towards the wall in tears.

NATHAN

(softly)

I was supposed to meet Bill...

KYLE

Speak up. We can't hear you.

NATHAN

(louder)

I was supposed to meet Bill, but he didn't show.

KYLE

Fucking liar.

He punches Nathan in the stomach. Others kick him.

JAKE

Stop! We're not savages. We'll all end up killing each other. He could be telling the truth. He was with us outside, remember?

KYLE

Doesn't mean he isn't one of them.

Jake pulls Kyle away. Ryan and Paul help to free Nathan. Paul notices blood stains on the back of Nathan's pants.

PAUL

Hey, look. Blood.

Everyone freezes. Ryan grabs Nathan's right hand and inspects it.

RYAN

Blood stains.

Kyle lunges at him, but is prevented from striking Nathan.

KYLE

You lying, murderous...

JAKE

Whoa! Whoa! Slow down everyone.  
(to Nathan)  
So? Care to explain?

Nathan is so scared, he pees himself.

NATHAN

I checked her pulse. That's all.  
I swear.

RYAN

Where were you when Fred and Sarah  
were killed?

Nathan looks confused.

NATHAN

I... I don't know. When WERE  
they killed?

JAKE

This is getting us nowhere. Tie  
him up until we can check his  
story with... who was it again?

NATHAN

(gratefully)  
Bill.

JAKE

Okay. Bill. Is he here?

Everyone looks around. No answer. They tie Nathan to a  
chair with duct tape.

RYAN

Everyone stay calm. We're cut  
off, but if we don't panic, we'll  
get through this.

KYLE

How do I know one of you isn't a  
killer?

JAKE

You don't. That's why, until we  
figure out what's going on, we  
all watch each other's backs,  
okay? If one of us IS a killer,  
he's not likely to do anything  
with so many witnesses. It's our  
best chance of getting out of  
here in one piece.

George gestures for Jake to come over.

GEORGE

That guy couldn't kill a mouse.  
I don't think it's one of us.  
There's gotta be a gang of demented  
psychos out there, waiting to  
pick us off.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Most of the kids sit forlornly around the kitchen.

CHARLOTTE

I'll make some coffee. We need  
to sober up.

JAKE

But...?

CHARLOTTE

Gas.

JAKE

Ah. Good idea.

Bronwyn does a visual check of who's present.

BRONWYN

There are a lot of people missing.

RYAN

How many?

BRONWYN

I dunno. I didn't see everyone  
arrive.

Several COMMENT that x, y or z is missing.

DAVID

My brother's missing. Todd.

LUCY

He went off with Heather, after  
the cake.

DAVID

That fucker... He never stops.

LUCY

Should we go and find them?

RYAN

It's too dark and dangerous to go  
looking for others. We don't  
even know if they're still alive.

Everyone MUTTERS in agreement. The kettle starts  
WHISTLING, scaring the living daylight out of everyone.

The ripple effect passes over everyone.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - LATER

Everyone is sitting around nervously, some are nursing mugs of coffee. The distrust is tangible. The candles are burning low. Jake starts to blow out half of them, making the room even darker.

JAKE

We won't have any left if we don't save some now.

George suddenly stands up.

GEORGE

I've just remembered I've got another flashlight in the trunk. I'll go and get it.

KYLE

You're not going anywhere alone.

GEORGE

I'm only gonna get a torch.

KYLE

We don't know that.

Everyone looks at one another.

RYAN

Okay, Kyle. You go with him.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

George closes the trunk of his car and tests his flashlight in Kyle's face.

GEORGE

Satisfied, jerk wad?

As they nearly reach the door, a body suddenly drops at their feet. They jump backwards, scared out of their wits.

KYLE

What the fuck...?

In a split second, he points the torch upstairs and waves it wildly from side to side.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Who's there?

They are very antsy.

Silence. They relax a little.

George steps back on a twig. The CRACK makes them both jump out of their skin.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Fuck me, George. You're killing me here.

They look cautiously at the body to see if it moves, then gingerly approach it.

Kyle grabs the flashlight and shines it on the body, lying face down.

GEORGE

Who is it?

KYLE

How the fuck do I know? Turn him over.

GEORGE

No, you turn him over.

KYLE

I'm not touching him. You do it. I'm holding the torch.

GEORGE

For fuck's sake...

Reluctantly, George touches the body with his foot, but pulls it back immediately, just in case. Nothing happens. Less worried, George, gently turns the body with his foot. It flops over, its arms flying out, one hitting Kyle in the leg. He SCREECHES like a little girl.

They see the hole in the chest cavity. His face is covered by his hair. Shocked, they lean on each other for support.

KYLE

Jake! Ryan! Get your asses out here.

Jake and Ryan rush out, brandishing knives.

JAKE

What?

KYLE

Is there something you didn't tell us about the other bodies?

RYAN

Why?

Kyle points the torch at the body. Jake and Ryan's expressions drop.

JAKE

We didn't want to start a panic.

KYLE

Well, shit for brains! Look at him! We got a fuckin' psycho out there.

Kyle picks up a stick and gingerly moves the hair from the body's face.

KYLE (CONT'D)

It's Bill!

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Kyle rushes in, and heads for Nathan.

KYLE

You lying asshole. You knew Bill was dead.

NATHAN

What!? No. No, I...

Before he could finish, Kyle lands a hefty punch. A cut above his eye starts to bleed profusely.

Suddenly there is a great swirling motion as the ripple effect homes in on Nathan. The candles flicker, and half go out. People SCREAM.

Nathan stops sobbing and sits up straight. He flexes his muscles, freeing himself from the duct tape as though it were merely confetti. Kyle is at first startled, then relishes the situation. He adopts a boxing posture.

KYLE

Okay, tough guy. Bring it on.

Nathan walks slowly, swerving as Kyle jabs at him.

CHARLOTTE

Stop this.

KYLE

I told you all along it was this asshole.

Kyle swings a right hook at Nathan. Nathan effortlessly catches the hand, and forces his arm down until there is a loud CRACK. Kyle SCREAMS in agony, as he falls to the ground, his right forearm broken at a 90 degree angle.

JAKE

This isn't right. Bron, Lucy, George - get out of here.

They head out towards the garden.

Some of the guys try to grab Nathan, but he swats them away. He picks Kyle up by the neck.

KYLE

No. No. I'm sorry. I...

Nathan pushes his hand into Kyle's chest and pulls out his heart. Everyone runs into the garden, SCREAMING and SWEARING.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

They watches spellbound as Nathan feasts on Kyle's heart.

GEORGE

At least we've found our killer.

JAKE

Maybe.

GEORGE

MAYBE!?!? Look for yourself.

Nathan heads slowly for the crowd in the garden.

DAVID

What are we waiting for? Let's get some weapons and get this fucking thing over with.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

David kicks open the door, and half a dozen guys grab scimitars, pikes and javelins and rush out.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Led by David, they encircle Nathan, who doesn't seem to care. Nathan's hands and face are covered in blood, and he is chewing raw meat. The others flee back inside.

Gingerly, the guys move in. Nathan makes a sudden move that scares the shit out of them and they jump back. Incongruously, he emits a deep hollow LAUGH.

DAVID

Steady, guys. We can do this.

Nathan stops chewing and turns to face David head on. David is momentarily unnerved. Panic crosses his face.

DAVID (CONT'D)

NOW! NOW!

P.O.V. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The rest have a grandstand view of events through the large French windows. They watch spellbound as the guys all rush at Nathan at the same time.

Suddenly there is a huge ripple effect, blurring their view, followed by the guys landing blows on Nathan. Nathan, well and truly impaled, falls to the ground. There is very little blood.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The guys maintain their hold on their weapons, just in case. They look at each other with a mixture of nerves, horror and elation.

Slowly, they relax their hold and get up. The Geeky Girl suddenly grabs a javelin and plunges it violently into Nathan's heart.

GEEKY GIRL

Take that, motherfucker!

She sees everyone looking at her surprised.

GEEKY GIRL (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

Just making sure.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Everyone is back in the kitchen. We can see Kyle's body has been taken outside and covered with a rug. No one is in a festive mood anymore. No one can sleep; they sit together, holding each other quietly.

Jake is standing by the water cooler. Bronwyn comes up for some water. Jake grabs a glass and fills it. Despite her tiredness, she smiles warmly back.

BRONWYN

Thanks.

Jake touches her arm reassuringly.

JAKE

Quite a homecoming, eh? You really didn't need to bother.

BRONWYN

You did say my life wasn't boring.

She is about to go back, when she stops and kisses Jake on the cheek.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

I know this is all screwed up, on so many levels, but I'm glad you're here.

BEAT

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

You should never have left, Jake.

Jake is stunned. He starts to speak, but she's already gone.

JAKE

I know...

He watches wistfully as she sits down on the sofa, but sits slightly apart from Ryan. George and Lucy come up.

GEORGE

Well, that was fucked up.

JAKE

I'll say.

Lucy puts a comforting hand on his arm.

LUCY

Don't get your hopes up, Jake. She's confused.

JAKE

But...

GEORGE

She's right, man. Who can think straight, right now?

PAUL

Hey, Jake. Got a minute?

George and Lucy nod, and leave.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I just don't buy it - you know, Nathan doing all this.

JAKE

We saw it with our own eyes, Paul. But I don't understand the... the... macro stuff. You know. The power cut, the phone signal.

PAUL

Exactly. Nathan was an English Major, for fuck sakes.

JAKE

There must be more of them out there.

He grabs Jake by the arm. Jake instinctively recoils forcefully.

PAUL

It's okay. I want to show you something. Come with me.

He grabs two torches and heads for the door. Jake hesitates. He turns and looks at Bronwyn. There's so much he wants to say.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Forget it. That ship's sailed.

With a determined look on his face, Jake shakes his head silently. He follows Paul out.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

They make their way through the house, their nerves on edge. Their faces, in the reflected light of the torches, betray their fear. Jake expertly carries a knife. They reach the door that Paul had kicked in. A faint bluish light shines into the corridor.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jake and Paul enter what is quite a sophisticated control center, albeit with somewhat out-of-date equipment such as CRT monitors exuding a bluish light into the room. Jake walks around, while Paul studies one of the monitors.

PAUL

I found this place earlier.  
Wouldn't have noticed it but for  
the light under the door.

JAKE

What the hell is all this?

PAUL

Very sophisticated surveillance  
system, by the look of it. There  
are cameras everywhere. It does  
normal light and infrared. Some  
great kit.

JAKE

Why's it still working when we  
don't have any power?

PAUL

Look at all those emergency  
batteries over there. My dad  
must have done this.

JAKE

Why!?

Jake looks around the room. He is amazed.

PAUL

Dunno. You know he died under  
strange circumstances, don't you?

JAKE  
What do you mean?

PAUL  
Coroner's report said heart attack.  
But he was only 48.

JAKE  
It happens.

PAUL  
I don't buy it.

JAKE  
So, what are you saying? Suicide?

PAUL  
I don't know, but no way was it  
natural. We've been trying to  
get rid of this house for years.  
No one wants it... because of its  
reputation. We can't give it  
away.

JAKE  
What reputation? What're you  
talking about?

PAUL  
You see, if you'd stayed around  
long enough, you wouldn't be so  
clueless.

JAKE  
Give it a rest, will you? What're  
you talking about?

PAUL  
Dad wasn't the first to die here  
in, let's say, mysterious  
circumstances.

Jake looks surprised.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
There have been quite a few.

JAKE  
How'd they die?

PAUL  
Officially, all by...  
(makes air quotes)  
"natural" causes, but they were  
all young-ish.

JAKE  
Jesus! So why'd your Dad buy the  
place?

PAUL  
I guess he didn't know.

INTERCUT MONITOR SCREENS AND BASEMENT

Jake looks at the monitors. They show various parts of the house and grounds.

JAKE  
No sign of anyone else out there.

They can see people huddled in the kitchen; another small group is cowering in the corner of the garden; Todd and Heather asleep in Bedroom 2.

PAUL  
Okay, that's one mystery solved - now we know where they are.

He zooms in on their naked upper bodies.

JAKE  
You can't be serious!

PAUL  
Give me some credit! I'm checking to see if they're still breathing.

JAKE  
Sorry. I...

PAUL  
Forget it. Watch the monitors. Maybe we'll see something.

They can see some of the bodies.

JAKE  
I don't get it. Why'd your dad set all this up? Bit much, don't you think?

PAUL  
Maybe he was kinky. Or paranoid. Sit down. I'll get another chair.

Jake sits down and moves the mouse. They see Ryan and Bronwyn talking in the kitchen. Ryan gets up and heads for the door.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jake pulls out her dad's notebook and starts to read it.

Paul plays around with the computer. A menu appears. He clicks on a file. A video starts. It is Bronwyn earlier that evening drying her hair, naked. Jake looks up stunned. He makes a grab for the mouse.

JAKE  
Hey! Close that.

At that point, Ryan enters. Jake tries to close the window, but Ryan sees it.

RYAN  
You asshole. You creep.

He knocks Jake off his chair, and lunges for him. Jake manages to swerve out of his way. The notebook flies across the room. They wrestle, banging each other into the cupboards and walls.

PAUL  
Calm down. He didn't know...

Paul tries to stop the fight, but gets pushed away. He bangs his head and lies stunned on the floor. The ripple effect swirls around him.

RYAN  
Bullshit.

Ryan has Jake pinned to the wall.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You're stronger than you look, asshole.

JAKE  
And you're stupider than you look.

With a deft move, Jake twists Ryan's arm behind his back. Ryan resists, but is immobile.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Okay, calm down. Okay? I'm gonna let you go.

He carefully lets him go. They both get up. Jake has his hands in the air. He helps a groggy Paul up into a chair.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
You okay?

Paul rubs his head, but nods. Jake turns to Ryan.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I get it. You're pissed. But we didn't know that video was there, I swear.

RYAN  
Don't think I haven't noticed.

Jake shrugs the accusation away. He picks up the notebook again and puts it in his back pocket.

JAKE

Come on, man, we've got much bigger problems than that.

RYAN

I know what you're after.

JAKE

Give it a fucking rest, willya?

RYAN

This isn't over.

JAKE

Whatever. Now, are you going to help or not?

Ryan nods grudgingly.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Good. This is obviously recording. Let's check out what's gone down today.

Jake sits down at the monitor again, cautiously keeping an eye on Ryan. Ryan moves in closer. He puts his hands up to signify a truce.

JAKE (CONT'D)

By the way, did you feel that cold... draft... a minute ago?

They scan the room. There are no windows. They look puzzled.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

INTERCUT MONITOR SCREENS AND BASEMENT

Jake and Ryan look more tired.

RYAN

This is taking forever.

JAKE

Let's try the corridor. That's where we found the first bodies.

RYAN

Check everyone's okay in the kitchen first.

Everything is calm in the kitchen. Jake looks longingly at Bronwyn as she sits huddled with Charlotte on the sofa.

RYAN (CONT'D)

So, how long were you two together?

JAKE  
What!?! Who told you that?

RYAN  
I'm not a fool, Jake.

JAKE  
Okay, here's Sarah. Concentrate.

Sarah walks unsteadily down a corridor.

RYAN  
Why's she so shaky? You wouldn't  
think she'd be able to...

Fred comes towards her and LAUGHS.

JAKE (O.S.)  
Okay. There's Fred. Now what?

Sarah rips his heart out and eats it.

JAKE & RYAN (O.S.)  
Holy shit!

They look at one another, horrified. Jake pauses the video.

JAKE  
That's what Nathan did to Kyle.

RYAN  
What the hell does this mean?

JAKE  
Nathan wasn't our only killer.  
Let's see what happens next.  
Maybe Nathan killed her.

He CLICKS the mouse.

Sarah finishes eating the heart. She savors the moment. She is getting visibly weaker. She takes a few steps, then crumples to the ground.

JAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What just happened? Why'd she  
fall?

They both move in closer to the screen.

Her body twitches and is enveloped in a ripple effect, then is at peace. All the lights go out for good.

Jake CLICKS the mouse to stop the video. They look at one another, puzzled. He CLICKS to start another video.

Kitchen. Kyle attacks Nathan.

SLOW MOTION: Kyle punches Nathan and wounds him. We see the swirl as the spirit homes in on Nathan and enters him through the wound above his eye. He jerks up and shudders as the spirit takes control.

RYAN (O.S.)

Did you see that... that... wavy stuff, whatever it was?

JAKE (O.S.)

Yeah. Let me slow it down and zoom in.

It rewinds, then we see the spirit enter Nathan again.

RYAN (O.S.)

There it is! Look! It's going in through the wound.

Nathan stands defiantly against his friends.

JAKE (O.S.)

Look, Ryan... his eyes. They're changing...

We see his eyes change to cat's eyes.

They fast forward to Nathan's death. Just before the guys impale him, they can clearly see a whoosh as a ripple escapes from the cut.

RYAN (O.S.)

Look! There's that wavy shit again, coming out through the wound. Just like when Sarah died. Now I think about it, I've seen it...felt it...all evening.

JAKE

Me too. Looks like we've got an insatiable...spirit monster with a taste for human hearts.

RYAN

Which means it won't stop until it's killed us all.

JAKE

Comforting. Five minutes ago, we knew nothing about this... thing. Now we know next to nothing.

Suddenly, the whole basement gets a huge ripple effect. They nearly jump out of their skin. They leap up and stand with their backs to the wall.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Shit! We got company!

Fear and distrust are writ large across their faces. Has the other one been taken? The ripple passes. Cautiously they eye one another up and down, looking to see if the other is wounded and been possessed.

RYAN

You okay?

JAKE

Yeah. You?

Ryan gives out a huge SIGH of relief, and collapses back into his chair.

JAKE (CONT'D)

That was way too fucking close for comfort!

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is vigilant and scared. Any sudden flicker of a flame causes almost instantaneous panic. Ryan and Jake report back.

JAKE

So, that's about it. Nathan was possessed by... something. It isn't over yet, so stay vigilant.

David SCOFFS.

DAVID

So what are we talking about here? Vampires? Zombies? Werewolves?

There is a nervous LAUGH, then a deadly hush as they contemplate the prospect.

RYAN

You've been watching too many movies.

JAKE

Yeah. Besides, Sarah was wearing a cross.

There is an almost palpable SIGH of relief.

The camera pulls back as a cacophony of speculation arises. AD LIB CHATTER: some still insisting on vampires, etc etc. Suggestions: crosses, garlic, mirrors, silver bullets (but where are we going to get those on a Saturday night?), Wooden stakes.

As we watch and listen, the ripple effect swirls around them.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

The candles are much lower now. It is very late, but no one dares sleep. They sit quietly watching each other. JIM, an athlete, breaks the silence.

JIM

Maybe it's Bron's dad doing this,  
from beyond the grave.

RYAN

Don't be a jerk.

JIM

Fuck this. I don't see why we  
have to listen to you two all the  
time. Who put you in charge? We  
can't sit around here doing  
nothing.

DAVID

He's right. We need more weapons.

JIM

There's still a whole arsenal  
over there. Ancient stuff, but  
better than nothing.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

They grab anything that could be a useful weapon.

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

As they come out, they see Monica by the pool, with a body at her feet. She seems listless. Nervously, they confront her, but she is already looking weaker and less sure of herself.

RYAN

What do we do? Grab her? Or  
kill her?

CHARLOTTE

We can't kill her - she's our  
friend.

JAKE

So were the others. We can't  
take any chances. We don't know  
what the hell we're dealing with  
here.

Monica sees a kid slightly isolated from the rest and surges for him. Ryan leaps on top of her, pushing her to the ground.

BRONWYN

Ryan! No!

Monica lifts herself and Ryan, with ease.

RYAN

Help me! I've got her. Jesus,  
she's strong. Quick!

Bronwyn jumps on top of him. Jake looks horrified.

JAKE

Bron! No!

He jumps on top as well, followed by others. There is a WHOOSH as a ripple escapes from the bottom of the pile.

Slowly they climb off the pile, until there is only Ryan pinning Monicadown. Carefully, he lets go as he realizes she is dead, white as a sheet.

Jake turns to Paul.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Why is she dead? She's still got  
her heart. We're missing  
something. Let's go and check on  
those bodies again, the first  
ones we found.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Paul hangs back and watches squeamishly as Jake examines Fred's and Sarah's bodies.

PAUL

How can you do that?

JAKE

You see death all the time in  
Africa.

PAUL

We know what killed Fred.

JAKE

Yes, but Sarah's the interesting  
one. She just dropped. Why?

He shines his torch closely at Sarah. Her chest is undamaged. He cuts her in a few places closest to the floor.

JAKE (CONT'D)

See? She's obviously still got  
her heart, but hasn't got a drop  
of blood in her. She's white as  
a sheet.

PAUL

She's been bled dry. It must  
have fed on her...

JAKE

... And supplemented it with Fred's heart.

PAUL

How fucked up is that?

Jake looks closely at Sarah's pale body.

JAKE

And when it runs out of blood, it leaves in search of another.

PAUL

Great. Now what?

JAKE

How the fuck should I know? But we should seal that kitchen as fast we can.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

They lock or block all the entrances to the kitchen. Some look reassured.

Jake and George sit in the corner. Jake pulls out the diary.

JAKE

I remember seeing the phrase "ripple effect" when I flicked through earlier. Didn't mean anything then, but, maybe...

Paul joins them.

INT. BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

Todd and Heather are asleep, naked, in each other's arms. The iPad is still playing MUSIC. We see the ripple effect roll over them, then disappear. Heather wakes up, as if from a sudden chill, and rubs her arm.

HEATHER

Brrr.

She kisses Todd. He wakes up, and kisses her back. They both look offscreen down between his legs. Heather, impressed, smiles and they start again.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - LATER

Jake, George and Paul sit in a corner, reading the diary by candlelight. They speak in WHISPERS to one another

JAKE

He knew about the monster.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

All that mystical shit in the Guest House - he wasn't into it - he was researching how to get rid of it.

He looks up sadly at Bronwyn.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Look, here... he says it's a... a... VÉrbalek.

GEORGE

How'd he figure that out?

PAUL

Really!? Who the fuck cares!? How do we kill it?

GEORGE

Steady, boy. Just curious.

Jake turns over a few pages.

JAKE

Uh, huh... yes... we figured that out. Ah, here. It's an ancient spirit. It's core can exist in a dormant state for years, while its essence seeks new prey.

PAUL

Core? Essence? What the hell's he talking about?

GEORGE

Maybe Bron's dad woke it up?

JAKE

Who knows? Something woke it. He was trying to destroy it.

PAUL

How?

Jake turns another page.

JAKE

It feeds off the "life-force" of its victims. And it gets stronger with each one.

PAUL

That explains the blood and the hearts. But why use one to do the other?

Jake suddenly sits up straight. He looks excited.

JAKE

The VÉrbalek is vulnerable when it occupies a body. He believed it was even mortal then... It has to get out before the body dies...

PAUL

Wait.

They look at him impatiently.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That makes sense. Look, Sarah had no blood left. This... this thing had time to drain her totally. But with Nathan, we stopped it finishing the job. It escaped just before we...

He can't continue. Jake puts a consoling hand on his shoulder. He turns back to the diary.

JAKE

He figured out a way to kill it. Look...

ANGLE ON DIARY

The handwriting is very uneven and straggly. We see the pages from the opening credits. Jake reads the entry. The voice fades into that of Bronwyn's dad.

JAKE/BRONWYN'S DAD (V.O.)

There's only one way to kill this monster. If this works, we'll all be safe; if it doesn't, at least the core will be imprisoned.

They look at each other excitedly.

GEORGE

Holy shit! Finally, some good news.

BRONWYN'S DAD (V.O.)

I am so tired, Jane. If you're reading this, I failed. I am so sorry. I love you and the kids so much...

Paul wipes away a tear.

PAUL

She never found this, did she?

JAKE

Apparently not.

GEORGE

Jesus, you guys. Get on with it.

BRONWYN'S DAD (V.O.)

I must do this now, before it's too late.

PAUL

What? Do what?

Jake turns the page. It is empty.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

George throws his hands up in exasperation. Paul jumps up and paces around.

PAUL (CONT'D)

WHAT did he do? Why the fuck didn't he write it down?

JAKE

Stay calm. It didn't work.

PAUL

What, for fuck's sake? We don't wanna make the same mistake. His body was bloodless, like Sarah's, so it definitely got him.

JAKE

How d'you know that?

PAUL

I hacked into the Coroners' computer.

Jake nods, impressed.

JAKE

Does Bron know?

PAUL

No. And don't you tell her. No point in upsetting her even more?

GEORGE

(nodding approvingly)  
Wise beyond his years.

JAKE

Maybe we can figure this out. Whatever it was, he managed to imprison the core, so that's why we were safe for so long.

PAUL

But how... and where?

GEORGE

It's gotta be that huge, ugly...  
amphora thing in your dad's study.  
It was like an explosion when it  
smashed.

PAUL

That fucking seance. Drunken  
assholes.

INT. BEDROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Todd and Heather are lying back, clearly satisfied.

TODD

That was awesome.

HEATHER

You weren't so bad yourself.  
Should we go back and join the  
others now?

TODD

Or...how about round two?

A broad smile flashes on her face, as she turns to kiss  
him.

The ripple effect swirls around them.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Ryan gets up. He gives Bronwyn a peck.

RYAN

Bathroom, Sweetie.

PAUL

Me too. It's through there. I'll  
take you.

They arm themselves and leave gingerly for the front room.

Bronwyn pushes a box of saran wrap to the side and cuts  
up some fruit on a chopping board while chatting with  
Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

What's wrong with you?

BRONWYN

Besides this epic party, you mean?

CHARLOTTE

I've been to better. No. You  
and Jake. You're still into him,  
aren't you? It's SO obvious. Be  
careful.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I know Ryan's half way up his ass most of the time, but even he'll notice. Trust me.

BRONWYN

That's all in the past. It was good while it lasted, but...

CHARLOTTE

Good!?!? The way you used to talk about him?!

BRONWYN

That was then. Now I love Ryan.

CHARLOTTE

I know you do, Bron. But your head says the banker, while your heart wants the cowboy.

Bronwyn is distracted by Jake standing up in the distance. Charlotte turns to see what Bronwyn is looking at.

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

Case closed.

Jake is suddenly enveloped by the ripple effect. Bronwyn is startled. She CRIES out.

BRONWYN

Jake!

Carelessly, she cuts herself.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Ouch!

Jake hears this and nearly shits himself. He grabs some saran wrap and runs to her. Pushing Charlotte unceremoniously aside, he frantically wraps it quickly and crudely over the wound, layer after layer after layer. He folds himself over her as an extra protective layer.

JAKE

Do NOT take this off, whatever you do.

Suddenly, Jake gets yanked up by an invisible force to the ceiling. The ripple effect is very strong. Jake is being choked. He tries to free his throat, but can't.

Bronwyn grabs his legs and tries to pull him down, but this only chokes him more.

BRONWYN

Help! Help! Somebody do something.

George and David flail around, trying to free Jake but they are powerless. They are swatted away, sent flying across the room. They are momentarily stunned.

Jake, struggling with all his remaining energy, manages to CROAK out a few words.

JAKE

Bron... get... away... Save...  
your...

He loses consciousness. Suddenly, he drops to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

Heather's nails scratch Todd's back in ecstasy, drawing blood.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Bronwyn holds Jake in her arms.

BRONWYN

Jake! Jake! Are you okay?  
Please, God, be okay.

Nothing. She puts him on the floor and gives him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. He COUGHS, and slowly regains consciousness.

P.O.V. JAKE - CONTINUOUS

Jake's vision is blurred. Bronwyn is a picture of loveliness. She looks ethereal.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - CONTINUOUS

Jake can taste her lipstick. He touches his lips, and licks them. He looks at her dreamily. He summons the energy to kiss her. He closes his eyes, and savors every second. Bronwyn looks confused, but surrenders herself to the kiss. Finally, she pulls away.

BRONWYN

Thank God you're safe.

He kisses her again, a long loving kiss.

JAKE

I never stopped loving you.

She punches him lightly out of exasperation.

BRONWYN

Then why did you leave, you  
asshole? Why'd you stay away so  
long? Why...?

Jake kisses her.

JAKE

I know. I screwed up. But we can fix this, Bron. I know we can. We'll figure it out when all this craziness is over. I've waited four years for this - a few more hours won't kill me.

Bronwyn, looking exhausted, is about to say something, but he stops her with another kiss. She surrenders.

INT. BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

Meanwhile the spirit forcibly enters Todd through the wound. He jerks.

HEATHER

Oh, you liked that.

The spirit takes control of Todd's body. His eyes turn bright blue. His expression is cold. He caresses her face, her neck, then her breasts.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I never noticed how blue your eyes...

He pushes his hand inside her chest and pulls out her heart. He holds it admiringly then eats it.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Bronwyn and Charlotte are talking animatedly in a corner. Bronwyn is clearly emotional. Charlotte comforts her.

Jake looks very happy. He goes to George and Lucy. They are cautious.

LUCY

You okay?

GEORGE

Let me see your eyes, Jake.

JAKE

Come on, George. If it had got me, you'd be dead by now.

Jake gets into George's face and rolls his eyes. They are normal. There is a palpable SIGH of relief.

GEORGE

Not an unreasonable request, under the circumstances. That was close.

LUCY

Maybe not the best of times to be  
sucking face though.

Jake is about to say something but changes his mind.

GEORGE

Never mind that. This... thing...  
is getting stronger, Jake. Next  
time, we might not be so lucky...

JAKE

What did you do? How'd you drive  
it away? Garlic?

They look at one another, puzzled.

Suddenly, there is a huge BANG on the door.

TODD (O.S.)

Help! Let me in. Let me in.

CHARLOTTE

It's Todd.

They all look at one another, confused and scared.

TODD (O.S.)

Come on. Let me in.

David goes to the door.

GEORGE

What are you doing?

DAVID

That's my brother. I'm...

George grabs his hand away from the handle.

GEORGE

How do we know he hasn't...?

CHARLOTTE

Any one seen Heather?

They shake their heads. Jake puts a finger to his mouth  
to shut everyone up.

JAKE

(whispering)

Let me handle this.

(loudly, to the  
door)

Where have you been?

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Todd, still naked, is standing stiffly at the door. There are still traces of blood around his mouth.

TODD  
Fucking Heather.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - CONTINUOUS

David is shocked. He starts to WEEP.

DAVID  
Todd may be a jerk, but he would never talk like that.

George comforts David. Jake urges everyone to get their weapons ready.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

JAKE (O.S.)  
Where is she?

Todd looks angry.

TODD  
Dead. The... thing got her.  
Come on, open up. Let me in.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - CONTINUOUS

JAKE  
(quietly)  
This may be our best chance.  
This is NOT Todd. Remember that.  
I'm gonna let him in, then  
STRIKE... QUICKLY. Make it count -  
we won't get a second shot at  
this.  
(to Lucy)  
Lucy, you and George take David  
away. He shouldn't see this.

She nods, and they take David away.

Everyone is ready with their knives.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(loudly)  
Okay, Todd, are you alone?

TODD  
Of course, I'm fucking alone.  
Now hurry up, willya?

JAKE  
I'm gonna open the door. Give me  
a second.

They crowd around the door. Fear is written all over their faces. Jake grabs the lock.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Ready?

They nod. He unlocks the door, gingerly. He mouths the word "now" and jerks it open with one tug. They all recoil slightly, preparing themselves.

Nothing happens. There is no one there. Jake cautiously approaches the door. The corridor is dark.

BRONWYN  
Don't, Jake! It's a trap.

Jake tosses a flashlight into the corridor. Without going through the door, he goes to one side and looks down the corridor. He repeats the exercise the other side. He cautiously even checks the ceiling. Finally, he sticks his head through the door.

JAKE  
He's gone.

They all relax.

RYAN  
Why's the door open?

They are all startled as Ryan and Paul come back in. Lots of CUSSING. They close and secure the door again. Relief is on their faces.

Suddenly there is the CRASH of breaking glass. They turn round to see Todd trying to break in through the patio doors. There are SCREAMS and SHOUTS. The men immediately form a protective shield in front of the girls.

Jake signals for support as he moves forward. They lunge with their knives, but can only cut Todd's arm. Despite the deep wounds, there is almost no blood, and, what there is, immediately goes in reverse.

JAKE  
We gotta be quick. He's weak.  
He's almost dead. Paul, open the  
door quickly.

Paul, scared out of his wits, opens the patio door and recoils.

SLOW MOTION

They lunge at Todd again. At the same time, we see the ripple effect leaving the body through the back wounds. Jake's knife goes through the heart; another cuts the throat. Almost no blood comes out.

The body falls to the ground. They pile on top of him.

NORMAL MOTION

RYAN

We did it!

Paul checks the body.

PAUL

Dead.

There is jubilation and a sense of relief.

JAKE

But did we get the Vėrbalek?

Jake shrugs.

PAUL

I don't think so. I'm pretty sure I saw that wavy motion just before you stabbed him.

The jubilation evaporates.

JAKE

Shit. We'd better block this hole, just in case.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Jake and George stand in front of the others, while Paul rummages frantically through the cupboards in the background.

JAKE

The Vėrbalek enters through a wound, and possesses the body as it drains the blood.

DAVID

The Vėrbalek? Now it has a name?!

GEORGE

The key thing is, don't get wounded, and beware of blue cats' eyes.

JAKE

That's about it. Our weapons will work while it's in a body, so, everyone, stay armed and vigilant.

Paul rushes up with 2 boxes of saran wrap. He and George distribute some to everyone.

GEORGE

Any cut or scratch: wrap it immediately.

DAVID

How do you know all this?

PAUL

We've seen it.

BRONWYN

You're saying our best protection against this killer is... saran wrap!

Jake and Paul look at one another.

DAVID

That's the best you've got? We could have saved my brother with fucking saran wrap? Are you crazy?

PAUL

You got anything better?

David waves his knife around.

DAVID

THIS is a weapon.

He throws his saran wrap on the floor in disgust.

DAVID (CONT'D)

THIS is shit!

PAUL

You pick that up. This is fucking serious.

DAVID

Fuck you!

Ryan and some others step in to intervene as David and Paul SHOUT at each other. Paul is waving a box of saran wrap; David is wielding his knife aimlessly in the air.

RYAN

Calm down. Ouch!

Everyone freezes. There is a strong ripple effect around Ryan as the VÉrbalek enters the wound. He jerks upright. Instinctively, everyone pulls back, scared witless.

JAKE

Don't panic. Grab your weapons.

BRONWYN

(screaming)

No!

George and Lucy grab her, kicking and screaming, and pull her away. George and Jake look at one another. A multitude of emotions flit across Jake's face.

JAKE

Grab him!

The kids behind Ryan jump on him and force him to the ground. Others pile on top. Half a dozen kids on top have great difficulty keeping Ryan pinned to the floor. A couple more pile on. Ryan can still move.

DAVID

Oh, shit. What have I done?

PAUL

The fucking thing's got him now,  
thanks to you, you fucking asshole.

Tears run down David's face.

DAVID

I'll fix this.

He gets in front of Ryan and raises his knife to strike.

He hesitates.

Jake looks over at Bronwyn. She is CRYING inconsolably, restrained with great difficulty by George and Lucy. For a second, he seems mesmerized by her.

Ryan lifts his face. David sucks in air when he see Ryan's blue cat's eyes. His resolve is strengthened. He raises his knife again to strike.

P.O.V. JAKE

RAPID SUCCESSION SLOW MOTION SHOTS of David approaching Ryan; Bronwyn devastated, struggling to free herself; the knife in his own hand; David about to strike; a ripple effect enveloping the scene.

Jake's conflicting emotions are clear.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - CONTINUOUS

SLOW MOTION

David prepares to strike.

Ryan's face is emotionless with threatening cat's eyes.

David starts to bring the knife crashing down.

Bronwyn SCREAMS and turns away.

David's knife comes down. At the last moment, a hand grabs David's arm, pushing it off course.

Jake tackles David to the ground. The knife passes within a cat's whisker of Ryan before hitting the ground and sliding away on the floor.

Back to NORMAL MOTION

DAVID

What the...? Are you fucking crazy?

He punches Jake and frees himself. He grabs his knife, and tries again. Jake leaps up and gets between them.

JAKE

Stop! Stop!

DAVID

Get out of my way. I'll kill you as well, if I have to. Ryan's gonna kill us all if we don't kill him first.

He tries to get round Jake, but Jake blocks him again.

JAKE

No he won't. The Vėrbalek has gone.

Jake hurriedly puts saran wrap on Ryan's wound. Ryan is lying inanimately on the floor, still pinned down by half a dozen kids. Jake checks his eyes. Normal. He breathes a SIGH of relief. He looks again at Bronwyn's forlorn figure, then, almost reluctantly, checks Ryan's pulse.

JAKE (CONT'D)

He's alive. Let him go. Take him to the sofa.

George and Lucy turn Bronwyn round.

LUCY

Bron. He's okay. He's gonna be okay.

Bronwyn runs to Ryan on the sofa and kisses him.

BRONWYN

Oh, Ryan. I thought you were going to die.

Ryan is inanimate. She bursts into tears.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. The baby...

Charlotte's face momentarily expresses joy, before cascading back into worry and fear.

Jake overhears. His world collapses. His eyes well up with tears. He slowly slips to the ground. He covers his face to hide his emotions. He barely suppresses a SOB. George slides down next to him and pats his knee.

GEORGE

So sorry, man. Looks like the fat lady just sang.

The CAMERA pulls back to reveal the distraught scene.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Ryan is lying on the sofa asleep, covered with a blanket. Bronwyn is at the breakfast bar with Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

Aren't you full of surprises today? Why didn't you tell me? About the baby.

BRONWYN

I only found out today.

CHARLOTTE

So? How can you NOT share that?

BRONWYN

You're right. Sorry. I... I don't know. It's been a weird day.

CHARLOTTE

You think?

INT. FRONT ROOM - LATER

George and Lucy sit on either side of Jake. Their weapons are all within reach. Lucy has her arm around him.

LUCY

If we'd known, Jake, we...

Jake is more composed now.

JAKE

Hey. Come on. It's not your fault. How could you know?

He swallows hard. He grabs their knees.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Thanks, anyway. You guys are the best, really. I'm an idiot. I don't know what I was thinking. After all this time. She's moved on.

GEORGE

But you did good, Jake. You saved Ryan.

JAKE

Huh! Ironic, no? Maybe, if...

GEORGE

No way, man. I know you. Not that way. You could never have lived with the guilt. Oh, shit!

He wipes away tears. He's all emotional.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sorry, man.

He wipes away more tears.

LUCY

How did you know the thing had gone?

JAKE

When David was about to strike, I saw that wavy stuff again. Happens every time. Looks like Bron's dad got it right. It has to get out before the body is killed. Lucky for Ryan, he only lost some blood. He's weak, but he'll live.

LUCY

What about the rest of us? How are we going to beat this thing?

JAKE

(thoughtfully)

Yes. It's getting stronger with each victim. Half a dozen of us could barely hold it down.

He breaks out of his reverie.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We'd better get back to the others before they notice we're gone.

GEORGE

Let's hope they don't kill us the moment we walk in!

As they walk to the door, Jake pauses. His face is very emotional. He hugs each of them in turn, then both together. He has difficulty getting the words out.

JAKE

Thanks, guys.

He wipes away a tear, then straightens up.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Jesus. So stupid.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)  
Look! Someone's over there in  
the garden?

There are two KIDS squatting next to the Guest House. They are alarmed to see everyone looking over towards them. They debate amongst themselves, then raise their weapons defensively.

JAKE (O.S.)  
You guys, get in here. You'll be  
safer with us.

KID ONE  
Are you kidding? You're the ones  
killing each other. We're staying  
here.

JAKE  
This is a one time offer. We're  
gonna barricade this window again.

P.O.V. JAKE - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly a strong gust of wind batters them and the Guest House.

JAKE (O.S.)  
Shit. It's the Vėrbalek... the  
monster. Get in here... NOW!

They look puzzled, as they huddle down against the force of the gust.

JAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Run! NOW!

EXT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

The wind creates a shower of glass from the broken window onto the kids. One falls onto Kid One's shoulder. Already hyper-tense, he reacts swiftly and brushes it away.

KID ONE  
Motherfucker!

P.O.V. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

A combination of the darkness and the wind blur their perspective.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
What's going on?

Suddenly the kids come into view as they slowly approach the house.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - CONTINUOUS

PAUL  
Why'd they suddenly change their minds?

They warily open the French windows, check their blind spots carefully, then move out onto the terrace.

JAKE  
Stop!

The kids stop. One looks anxious. The other looks very composed.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(whisper)  
George. That one on the right...

GEORGE  
I got you. Way too calm.

Suddenly, something strikes Jake in the face.

JAKE  
What the...?

Instinctively, he waves his hands and knife around to defend himself. He accidentally nicks his hand with the knife. Panic crosses his face. He grabs the saran wrap from his pocket and wraps it frantically around the wound. The ripple effect envelops him, knocking him to the ground.

Everyone is sooo edgy. While some maintain their guard of the kids in the garden, others take defensive postures towards Jake as he gets back up on his feet.

A couple are about to strike him. Bronwyn is horrified. George gets in front.

GEORGE  
Stop! He's safe. Look. Saran Wrap.

George holds Jake's tightly-bound hand up to show them, then lifts Jake's eye-lids.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
See? Safe.

George takes command. He turns to the kids in the garden.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Okay. One at a time. Starting with you on the left. Put your weapon down and move very slowly. And open your eyes... wide.

KID TWO looks nervously at his friend. He drops his weapon and moves forward slowly.

JAKE

(to George)

Thanks, man. How did you know...?

GEORGE

I didn't.

Jake gives him a light punch.

JAKE

Idiot.

Paul checks Kid Two's eyes as he goes through the door.

As Kid Two passes, we see a trickle of blood and small fragments of glass in his hair.

George shepherds him into a corner.

RYAN (O.S.)

(weakly)

Stay here. Do not move a muscle.

Jake turns to see Ryan propping himself up, wielding a kitchen knife. Bronwyn, who has been watching events in the garden, rushes back to support him.

BRONWYN

What're you doing? You've lost too much blood. Lie down.

RYAN

Got to help. We need everyone if we're gonna get outta here.

Bronwyn catches Ryan as his knees buckle.

BRONWYN

Right. You're going to listen to me now. Don't be a hero.

Ryan is about to protest.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Be quiet! Lie down and rest. I'll watch him.

While Charlotte helps him back onto the sofa, Bronwyn gets a knife and holds it threateningly towards Kid Two. She turns round to see Jake watching intently.

She looks fierce and determined. They smile reassuringly at each other. Suddenly, her face turns to horror. Confused, Jake rushes towards her.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

No. The garden.

Jake stops and turns around. Kid One has started to buckle. He lunges at the group, aiming his hand directly at David's heart. David swerves and Kid One falls to the ground. He is enveloped by the ripple effect.

David tentatively checks the pulse. He nods, relief on his face.

DAVID

We can't fight this thing.

Lucy puts a comforting arm around him. She tries but can't say anything reassuring.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - CONTINUOUS

Jake and George stand in front of the French window, looking out. Jake suppresses a laugh.

GEORGE

What?

JAKE

You! Put down your weapons -  
I've got saran wrap!

They both LAUGH.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I love you, man.

GEORGE

I love you too, dude. So, what're  
you gonna do?

JAKE

About what?

GEORGE

Don't act dumb on me, Jake. Not  
now. Bronwyn.

JAKE

I never expected... I hoped, of  
course, but I never... It's weird,  
I know, but I don't think I've  
ever been happier.

George gestures to the wreckage around them and outside.

GEORGE

Why would I think that's weird?  
What about the baby?

JAKE

I'll raise it.

GEORGE

Where? You can't expect her to  
bring up a baby in a mud hut in  
Africa.

JAKE

That's my life, George.

Jake looks thoughtful.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You know, I've dreamt about this  
for years, in a thousand different  
ways, but never once did I think  
she'd be pregnant. We'll figure  
it out.

GEORGE

Oh. Well. Good thing it's no  
biggie!

Suddenly, Jake is pushed violently against the wall. Kid  
Two has a vice-like grip on Jake's neck. He is about to  
plunge his hand into his heart when...

Suddenly, they are enveloped in the ripple effect, as we  
see a knife in his back, piercing his heart.

With a fierce, determined expression, Bronwyn twists the  
knife to be sure.

BRONWYN

I'm getting tired of this shit.  
You okay?

Jake frees himself. She hugs him and kisses him.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Jake, Paul and George sit down in a huddle.

JAKE

That was close.

PAUL

What's going on? You and my  
sister?

GEORGE

Not the time and place, Paul.

PAUL

So, there IS something going on.

GEORGE

Paul...

PAUL

I get it. Time and place. I'll say it again, then I'll shut up.

(angrily to Jake)

You broke her heart once, you schmuck, when you fucked off to some hell hole or other. Don't do it again. Until today, she was perfectly happy with Captain America. If you hurt her again, it isn't the VÉrbalek you should be worried about. Got that?

Jake is taken aback with Paul's vehemence.

GEORGE

Focus, Paul. We've got bigger problems. That kid that tried to kill Jake looked normal. How did we miss that?

JAKE

I don't know. It must be adapting.

PAUL

Great! Perfect! Then how do we know for sure someone hasn't been possessed?

JAKE

We don't.

PAUL

Fuck! We are so fucked.

GEORGE

We've got to kill it fast. But how do we get even close? It always detects when it's in danger.

Jake looks very thoughtful.

INTERCUT P.O.V. JAKE AND ANGLE ON JAKE

George and Paul continue to debate, their voices fading into the background. Jake stares at Bronwyn. The CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS in on her.

We see a range of emotions slowly play over his face. We see his love for Bronwyn. A flicker of happiness and hope. This changes to longing.

Ryan wakes up, disorientated. We see Bronwyn move to comfort him. She acts in a very loving way. She holds his hand over her belly.

Jake's expression gradually evolves: firstly, he looks forlorn and older, then it softens to one of peace; finally, it hardens to one of resolve and determination.

JAKE

I think I know what we gotta do,  
but we need more of your dad's  
arsenal.

PAUL

Are you crazy? Go out there again?

JAKE

Look, if you don't want to...

PAUL

Hey, I never said that.

JAKE

Sorry. I didn't mean it that  
way. Let's do this. Just give  
me a minute.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jake takes Bronwyn aside. He is the epitome of calm.

JAKE

How's it going? How's Ryan?

She nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Good. I'm glad. He's a good  
man.

She looks surprised. He squeezes her hands.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Charlie was telling me you two  
are going on holiday.

BRONWYN

Yea. If we ever get outta here  
in one piece! Backpacking round  
Asia for a few weeks.

JAKE

Awesome. What about Ryan?

BRONWYN

Not his thing. Besides, he doesn't  
have the vacation time. He might  
join us for a few days in Bangkok.

JAKE

No chance of a side-trip to Africa,  
I suppose?

BRONWYN

(hesitantly)

I'd love to, but... the tickets...  
we've already...

JAKE

I get it. Next time.

He looks around, as if turning a page.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Look, some of us are going to  
your dad's study to get more  
weapons.

She grabs him.

BRONWYN

No, stay. I couldn't bear it  
if...

He smiles reassuringly and kisses her on the forehead.  
He steels himself with new resolve.

JAKE

No one knows how - or if - we're  
gonna get out of here, but, just  
in case I never get the chance  
again, I want you to know I've  
always loved you, and always will.

Bronwyn takes a sharp intake of breath.

BRONWYN

Jake...?

JAKE

You are the love of my life,  
Bronwyn, and I am so grateful for  
what we had. You treated me to a  
flake of your life - more than I  
ever deserved.

BRONWYN

You're freaking me out here, Jake.  
I...

Jake puts his finger on Bronwyn's mouth, then gives her a  
kiss and a hug. Eyes closed, he breathes her in.

BRONWYN (CONT'D)

Stop talking like that, Jake.  
We're gonna get outta here - all  
of us.

JAKE  
Of course, we are.

George comes up.

GEORGE  
Ready?

Jake kisses Bronwyn again. She is confused, frightened, exhausted.

JAKE  
Let's do this.

He has to pull himself away from Bronwyn's vice-like grip. She is swamped by a feeling of foreboding.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jake, Paul and George stand by the patio door, knives at the ready in one hand, saran wrap in the other. They are all wearing jackets, coats and caps for extra protection. Paul is ready to open it.

DAVID  
I'm coming too.

Paul and George look at Jake.

JAKE  
You sure?

PAUL  
But if you come and it gets you, we're gonna kill you. You know that? You okay with that?

GEORGE  
That goes for any of us - just to be clear.

DAVID  
I get it.

David joins them at the door. Jake throws him a jacket and cap.

JAKE  
Harder for it to cut you if you're covered.

They tense up, mentally preparing themselves. Jake checks outside. He NODS to Paul.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Now!

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

They walk cautiously into the garden, extremely vigilant.

Half way, the ripple effect passes over, around and through them. They slow down and their steps become irregular. Futilely, they lash out at it.

David trips. There is panic on everyone's face. Jake drags him back onto his feet, and gives him a quick check.

DAVID

Sorry.

A violent wind starts to gust, blowing debris at them. They hold their arms up for protection. Each step becomes harder and harder as it gets stronger and stronger.

JAKE

Run! Run! Get in the study before we get hit.

They abandon all caution as, with tremendous effort, they push on as fast as they can to the study, almost at a 90 degree angle, the wind's so strong.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

They collapse into the study exhausted. The door is off its hinges, so they hastily prop it up and fortify it with furniture.

JAKE

Quick. We don't know how much time we've got.

PAUL

(to David)  
You help me.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

George and Jake collect a set of Gurkha kukris from the wall. Paul and David wrench off the old military pikes and spears fixed to the walls.

GEORGE

So, what's the plan, general?

JAKE

Can't say.

Jake waves his finger about wildly in the air.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We don't know if it can hear us, so... shhhh!

GEORGE

How do we know what to do?

JAKE

I'll tell you.

GEORGE

Not even a clue?

JAKE

(with a tired smile)

It's an African specialty. Happy now?

GEORGE

(sarcastically)

Of course. Silly me.

INT. KITCHEN / DEN - NIGHT

Everyone is staring out towards the Guest House.

BRONWYN

What's taking so long?

LUCY

Yeah. I thought they were just gonna get more weapons.

BRONWYN

(nervously)

Are they all right?

Ryan attempts to get up.

RYAN

We should help.

Bronwyn gently pushes him down again.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They attach the kukris and pikes firmly to the furniture, like a palisade, or a Vietnamese trap.

JAKE

Make sure they're really, really tight and secure. We'll only get one shot at this.

GEORGE

At what? What are we doing?

JAKE

Patience, my friend.

Paul sees David about to check how sharp a spear is. He rushes forward and knocks the spear out of David's hand, almost impaling George in the process.

PAUL

Are you crazy?

GEORGE

Yeah, man. That was fucking close!

DAVID

Sorry... I wasn't thinking...

Paul angrily shoves David.

PAUL

"Wasn't thinking". Moron.

GEORGE

Ladies! Please. Let's get on with this before we end up killing each other.

JAKE

Everyone ready? Good - pick up a spear.

They all pick up a spear.

PAUL

I don't get it. Why are we...?

GEORGE

I don't get it either, Jake. How is this going to work? We can't stab it if we can't see it.

PAUL

We'll be stabbing thin air.

Jake makes one last check of the array of kukris and pikes, then climbs up onto the table in front of them.

A strong wind starts to blow in the study. They have difficulty standing up straight.

GEORGE

Better make it quick, Jake. It's gonna be blowing a fucking gale in here, in no time.

JAKE

Trust me, George. You're my best friend, and I'm now calling in every favor you owe me.

GEORGE

ME owe YOU!?

JAKE

Seriously, George. I really need you to step up to the plate this time, okay?

GEORGE

What are you talking about?

PAUL

What's going on?

George and Paul suddenly look truly startled when they see Jake take off his cap and jacket. He is down to a t-shirt, his arms bared.

GEORGE

What the fuck...!

JAKE

You know it's the only way.

GEORGE

Are you crazy?

JAKE

You have no choice.

He pulls out a dagger from his belt.

JAKE (CONT'D)

If you don't kill me, I'll kill you.

PAUL

You can't do this, Jake. Not this.

JAKE

We all know it's your only chance. It's getting stronger with each kill, and it's getting harder to tell who's possessed. At this rate, everyone'll be dead in a couple of hours.

Jake is composed, but the emotion increasingly shines through.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Paul, you've been awesome today. Really. You would have been a great brother-in-law. Tell Bron... tell her I'm sorry... I'm sorry I let her down.

Bronwyn, Lucy and Ryan reach the window. Jake doesn't see them.

JAKE (CONT'D)

George, you've been the best friend a guy could have. I love you, man.

GEORGE  
(tears streaming  
down his face)  
Stop this, Jake.

JAKE  
You were right, what you said  
earlier.

GEORGE  
About what?

JAKE  
The fat lady sang.

GEORGE  
Don't listen to me, for fuck's  
sake! I'm an idiot!

Jake notices Bronwyn and Ryan.

JAKE  
Ryan, you're a very lucky man.  
Treat her well and make her happy.

BRONWYN  
What are you doing?

JAKE  
There's no other way to beat this  
thing. Until today, I thought my  
life had no purpose, but now...

INTERCUT views of each in turn. Emotions abound.

Jake wipes away a tear.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Bronwyn, I...

He sees their horrified faces. He stares lovingly at  
Bronwyn, then looks at Ryan. He changes his mind. He  
takes a deep breath, then looks back at Bronwyn again.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
... You know. Be happy.

Tears are running down Bronwyn's face.

Jake deliberately cuts his forearm so it bleeds profusely.  
They GASP in horror. They SCREAM.

The ripple effect swirls into the room, circling everyone.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute!

The spirit enters him. We see the VÉrbalek taking  
possession of his body. He jerks upright.

His eyes turn blue.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Now! Now!

They can't do it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(haltingly)

Do... it... now...

With a superhuman effort, Jake puts his hand on a candle. It starts to burn. He is fighting the spirit.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(weakly)

I... knew... you'd... chicken...  
out...

They tentatively draw near. They can't. With a superhuman effort, Jake launches himself onto the array of spears, one piercing his heart.

There is a huge burst of white light and energy. Everyone is thrust back by the force. They are singed and windswept.

As the light subsides, we see Jake's body, impaled on the spears.

The camera pulls back to reveal a scene of devastation.

George is sitting on the floor, his head in his hands, CRYING. Lucy rushes up to him, and drops by his side, CRYING her eyes out too. They hug.

Bronwyn is devastated and heart-broken. She WEEPS inconsolably. Ryan tries to comfort her.

CLOSE UP ON JAKE

He looks at peace.

FADE OUT: