

INSIDIOUS: CHAPTER 2

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TITLE OVER BLACK: **SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, 1983**

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A very ordinary house.

That's how you would describe it, if you saw it. Not ominous, but ordinary.

An ordinary car arrives to join the house - a Honda Accord. It sputters to a halt curb side. A woman clambers out of it. We can't see her properly, she is hidden in silhouette.

She glares up at the two story house, pausing. Apprehensive.

INT. ENTRY WAY/LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (1983)

LORRAINE LAMBERT (28) scampers to answer a knock at the door.

She is clad in jeans and T-shirt; a strong single mother who knows how to be a father too. She peels the door open to reveal ELISE RAINIER (40s). The Honda Accord owner.

ELISE

You must be Lorraine.

LORRAINE

You must be Elise.

ELISE

You must be crazy to wear a T-shirt in this cold.

Elise cracks up. She has an easy, infectious laugh.

LORRAINE

I'm sorry it's so late. My day job kinda makes raising my son a night job.

ELISE

It's fine. In my line of work, things don't tend to happen until it gets dark.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lorraine guides Elise into the spacious, well-lit living room. Elise gazes around, smiling, surveying the house.

A man is fiddling with a 16mm camera in the center of the room, sitting on an equipment box. This is CARL STANAWAY(36)

Carl is a soft-spoken, wise old soul. Everything he says and does is considered and thoughtful.

ELISE  
Ahoy there, Carl.

Carl looks up, smiling ruefully. He is relieved to see Elise. He rises and embraces her. He looks ragged.

CARL  
Thank you for coming, Elise.

ELISE  
I'm always happy to help.

LORRAINE  
Would you like some coffee? Or tea?

ELISE  
No, thanks. I'd like to get started right away, if that's okay. Carl told me on the phone that your son is the one affected, is that right?

LORRAINE  
Yes. That's right. My son Josh.

ELISE  
May I meet him?

LORRAINE  
Of course. I'll go get him.

Lorraine hustles up the stairs. Carl lowers his voice to a grave whisper.

CARL  
I didn't know what else to do.  
Except call you.

ELISE  
You had a terrible psychic presence that was making you sick and you thought you'd make it my problem?

She cracks herself up again. Carl doesn't share it. Elise explores the living room as Carl talks to her. She approaches a series of framed photos tacked to the wall. Most of them are of a young boy.

CARL  
I started with the usual checks.  
Mental health tests, medical records. All normal.

Elise beams as her eyes trace across the photos, taken by the young boy's cuteness.

CARL (CONT'D)

I interviewed the boy, but he doesn't want to tell me anything. He's scared. I thought maybe you could get something out of him.

Elise pauses on one particular photo...the boy at around ten. He is slouched on a couch in a baseball uniform. Behind him is a set of drapes, a lamp, all shrouded in shadow, the exposure focused on the boy.

CARL (CONT'D)

There's definitely something in this house. I can feel it. It doesn't want me here. It's the strongest presence I've ever felt. I'm afraid of it, just like the boy.

(beat)

I need your help, Elise. I failed.

ELISE

You worry too much, Carl. Always have. This isn't an exact science.

Elise turns back to the photo. Her smile slowly deflates. A hint of concern in her eyes. Is there something in the shadows? A person? Hard to tell by looking. Elise senses it.

LORRAINE (O.S.)

She's right there.

Elise STARTS, jolted out of her focus. She turns to see Lorraine herding the young boy from the photo down the stairs - JOSH LAMBERT (10). Lorraine tows and Josh resists.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

(to Josh; firm)

Come on, just say hi to her. She just wants to talk to you for a little bit. You're not being polite, Josh. No politeness, no baseball.

Josh sees that Elise is looking at him. Softens, embarrassed.

YOUNG JOSH

Hi.

ELISE

Hi Josh. I'm Elise.

Josh musters a half-hearted smile. Distracted.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Your mom's right, I'd love to ask  
you some simple questions. The good  
kind, the kind you can't get wrong.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - LATER

We see a POV FROM THE 16MM CAMERA - it frames up Josh,  
sitting on the couch, pulsing in and out of focus at first.

ELISE (O.S.)  
Do you like living here?

YOUNG JOSH  
Yeah.

ELISE (O.S.)  
Good for you. Are there a lot of  
kids your age in this neighborhood?

YOUNG JOSH  
A few. One kid lives next door.

ELISE (O.S.)  
Oh, that must be nice.

YOUNG JOSH  
Nah. He's pretty lame.

OUT OF POV - The camera whirs as it chews up film. Carl  
operates the camera. Lorraine observes from the corner,  
clutching a cushion like a life-preserver.

ELISE  
Is there anything you don't like  
about living in this house?

YOUNG JOSH  
No.

ELISE  
Nothing bad happens here at night?

A long beat. Josh scans the room.

YOUNG JOSH  
I get scared when it gets dark. I'm  
a wimp.

ELISE  
No. You're not. It gets dark for all of  
us eventually. And we're all scared of  
it.

Josh is clearly not comfortable talking. Elise changes tact.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
I'd like to try something with you,  
Josh. I promise it won't hurt.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - LATER

A hand lights a candle. It is Elise. The flame frolics across her face. The room is darker now. Josh is still sitting opposite Elise.

ELISE  
Close your eyes. I want you to  
relax.

Josh gulps and closes his eyes.

Elise takes out a METRONOME, propping it on the table next to her and setting it in motion. Tick...tick...tick...

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Listen to the ticking...focus on  
it. Tune everything else out.

WE PULL AROUND JOSH'S BACK, circling the room.

ELISE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Take a deep breath. Feel yourself  
getting sleepier...

When we complete the circle, Josh is in a deep trance. The whole house is silent. Carl triggers the camera again.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to ask you some  
questions, and I want you to tell  
me the truth. Can you do that?

Josh replies in the narcotic tones of the hypnotized, his body as still and sullen as a sculpture.

YOUNG JOSH  
Yes.

ELISE  
I want you to tell me who all the  
people are in this house right now.

YOUNG JOSH  
Me, my mom, Elise, Carl...and the  
old woman.

Carl looks up from the camera, prickled by goosebumps.

ELISE  
What old woman, Josh?

YOUNG JOSH  
She talks to me at night.

ELISE  
What does she say?

YOUNG JOSH  
She wants me to go with her.

ELISE  
Go with her where?

YOUNG JOSH  
Out into the dark, where she lives.

ELISE  
Where is she, right at this moment?

YOUNG JOSH  
I can't tell you. She doesn't like  
other people. Only me.

Elise gets up, leaning in close to Carl and whispering. Carl opens his equipment box and wrests two walkie-talkies out of it, handing one to Elise.

ELISE  
How about if we play a game, Josh?  
It's called hot and cold. I'll walk  
around the house and you tell me if  
I'm getting warmer or colder. Do  
you know that game?

YOUNG JOSH  
Yes.

Carl squats in front of Josh, holding the walkie up to his mouth. Elise leaves the room, headed for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A dark, spotless kitchen. Elise shuffles inside, gazing into the murk. The walkie squawks in her hand.

YOUNG JOSH (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
Cold.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise re-enters, pacing the living room to the front door.

YOUNG JOSH  
Colder...

Elise wanders over to the stairwell.

YOUNG JOSH (CONT'D)  
Warm...

She takes a step, then another, marching up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Elise gapes into the darkened hall that yawns in front of her.

YOUNG JOSH (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
Warmer.

She passes a door. She opens it - it is Lorraine's bedroom.

INT. LORRAINE'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Elise leaves the light off, stalking through the dark.

YOUNG JOSH (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
Cold.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise steps back into the corridor. At the end of the hall is a door decorated with colorful stickers. The door is ajar. A light is on inside. Elise is drawn to the door, hesitating in front of it.

YOUNG JOSH (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
Very warm.

Elise prods the door. It keens as it opens. The cluttered room of a pre-teen boy greets her.

INT. YOUNG JOSH'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Elise troops inside. She scans the room. It is devoid of life. A bedside lamp provides the only light.



Elise floats to the window, peering through. She stoops down and lifts the bed sheets...unveiling the mess under the bed.

YOUNG JOSH (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
Cold.

The closet door behind her CREAKS as it moves outwards slightly. Elise turns to face the closet. Steps towards it.

YOUNG JOSH (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
Hot...

Elise treads closer.

YOUNG JOSH  
(from walkie)  
Hotter...

She draws the closet doors open. A row of baseball jersey's dangle on coat-hangers inside it.

YOUNG JOSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(from walkie)  
Very hot.

Elise cleaves the row of clothes in half.

She gropes outwards, reaching into the pitch dark space beyond the coat hangers.

Slowly.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Josh JOLTS, still in a trance.

He turns, eyes still closed, facing into the far corner of the room, into the shadowy corners where the drapes are.

YOUNG JOSH  
This door stays locked until I come  
out of my shell.

CLICK. The camera rolls out of film.

A garbled, whispered voice spits out of the walkie. Carl holds it to his ear, listening. It's Elise. Her whispering is barely audible, distant.

ELISE (V.O.)  
(from walkie)  
...what do you want?...why?

Lorraine carefully approaches Josh. Bends in front of him.

LORRAINE  
Honey? Are you okay? Honey?

ELISE  
No. He's not okay.

Lorraine whips around to see Elise, descending the stairs.

LORRAINE  
What did you see?

ELISE  
I saw what haunts him.

LORRAINE  
What was it?

ELISE  
It was a parasite. I spoke to it.

LORRAINE  
What does it want?

ELISE  
It wants to be him.  
(beat)  
Your son has a gift, Miss Lambert.  
When he sleeps at night, he is able  
to explore another world. But it  
can be a dangerous gift. He can  
attract the attention of the  
darkest part of that world.

LORRAINE  
What can you do to stop it?

ELISE  
I could wipe his memory of his  
gift. Make him forget how to visit  
that world.

Lorraine turns to face her boy, still in a trance state. Her fear and concern for her son swirl on her face.

LORRAINE  
Do it. Make him forget.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**TITLE SEQUENCE - HAUNTING TITLES THAT RECALL THE FIRST FILM**

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

A woman is hunched in a chair opposite a police detective. She is pale, traumatized, her face streaked with tears.

This is RENAI LAMBERT (32). The officer is DETECTIVE TERRY SENDAL (40). He regards Renai with a relaxed, coaxing eye. A true professional who listens rather than speaks. A crushing silence envelopes the stark room. Finally:

RENAI  
My son had been sick.

DET. SENDAL  
He was in a coma?

RENAI  
Yes.

DET. SENDAL  
What was the cause of the coma?

RENAI  
No doctor could tell us. One morning he just wouldn't wake up. We took him to the best hospital we could find, but they had no idea. Eventually we brought him home. A nurse would monitor him...but nothing would bring him out of it.

Sendal thumbs through a medical report.

RENAI (CONT'D)  
Then things started...happening... around the house. Unexplained things. I got so freaked out that we moved. But they kept happening.

SENDAL  
You believed that there was some sort of ghost following you?

RENAI  
More than one. I saw them.

SENDAL  
When did you hire the services of the deceased, Elise Rainier?

RENAI

When we ran out of places to go.

Sendal picks up a report, reading from it.

SENDAL

It says in your report, Renai, that last night at approximately ten PM, Elise put your husband, Josh, into a state of hypnosis. She did this as part of a ritual that she believed would allow Josh to project his unconscious into a...

He leans in closer, stuck on a word.

SENDAL (CONT'D)

...spirit realm - I can't read my own handwriting - where he could locate your son and bring him back to consciousness.

Sendal looks up.

SENDAL (CONT'D)

Did you believe her?

RENAI

I had to.

SENDAL

Did you pay Elise for this?

RENAI

I never had the chance.

SENDAL

Is this something you've been interested in before? Ghosts? The supernatural?

RENAI

No. But it worked. My son woke up.

SENDAL

What happened after he woke up?

RENAI

I was in the kitchen with Dalton. I was so happy to have him back. Then I heard a noise coming from the living room. I ran in there to see what it was...

INT. LIVING ROOM, NEW HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Renai scurries into the living room. She is confronted by the frozen death mask of Elise, stock-still on the couch.

With horror, Renai seizes a flashlight and flits down the corridor.

RENAI (O.S.)

Josh! Josh!

Renai returns to the living room. She rakes up a digital camera from the floor. An image an Old Woman is burned into the viewing window.

Renai GASPS, her hand flying to her mouth. Another hand grips her shoulder from behind.

JOSH (O.S.)

Renai...I'm right here.

Renai STARTS, wheeling around. She sees Josh, dread in her tear-brimmed eyes. She reels away from him.

RENAI

No!

Josh is alarmed by her fear.

JOSH

What? What?!

Renai keeps backing away. His mother, LORRAINE, and son, DALTON, run into the room, startled by Renai's screaming.

LORRAINE

Renai?

Renai says nothing - just points to Elise. Josh locks his eyes on Elise, his face dropping. He seems horrified.

JOSH

Oh Jesus...Elise...

He rushes to her.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Mom, get Dalton out of here!

Lorraine shields him, hustling him out of the room, returning quickly. She squats next to Josh, feeling Elise for a pulse.

JOSH (CONT'D)

No...no...call an ambulance!

LORRAINE

She's gone.

JOSH

She could be --

LORRAINE

She's dead.

Josh seems like he might faint. He staggers back, then looks up at Renai. Her eyes are locked on him.

JOSH

Why are you looking at me like that, Renai?

She backs against the wall.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You think that I did this?

(beat)

Why are you looking at me like that?

Renai holds out the digital camera, showing him the pixilated image of the Old Woman. Josh takes the camera, stunned.

RENAI

It's Elise's camera. It was by her feet. That's the last picture she took.

JOSH

Oh my God...this face. I know this face.

(beat)

This is the face that haunted me as a child.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY (PRESENT)

Sendal studies Renai intensely. Her every twitch.

SENDAL

So he claims he was out of the room when it happened?

RENAI

Yes.

SENDAL

Do you believe him?

RENAI  
He's my husband.

SENDAL  
That's not what I asked.

RENAI  
Yes, detective. I believe him.

SENDAL  
You know, ninety per cent of  
detective work is looking for nose  
hairs at a crime scene. The rest is  
people watching. I have to say, your  
body language right now tells me  
that you don't believe him.

RENAI  
There were...strange things  
happening in our house that night.

SENDAL  
I'm not interested in ghosts, Mrs.  
Lambert. I'm interested in the  
living people who create ghosts.

Sendal pushes the file aside, sitting back.

SENDAL (CONT'D)  
It's been a long night, so I'm  
going to end it there for now.  
But you should know that our  
forensics team has already claimed  
a result from the fingerprints on  
Elise's neck.

Renai holds her breath.

SENDAL (CONT'D)  
The fingerprints did not match your  
husband's.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The sun flares down on a large congregation of mourners. They  
are gathered around an open grave.

A casket is lowered into the grave. Lorraine, Josh, Renai and  
Dalton hover over it. Renai cradles Cali, and FOSTER slinks  
behind Josh, who is wearing DARK SUNGLASSES.

We PAN across the disparate group of grieverers. So many  
different ages and races. A true mix, all dressed in black.

One of the mourners is CARL, who we met in the opening scene. He's aged a lot in the past thirty years, but still wears the same expression of pensive thought.

We finally come to rest on two men - SPECS and TUCKER.

PRIEST

...and this is not the end...for  
though dear Elise's body may have  
left us, her spirit goes on to the  
kingdom of Heaven and the life  
everlasting that awaits her there.

Specs looks up, finding Josh in the crowd and staring at him.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

The mourners dissipate, scattering like leaves.

Specs and Tucker meander away from the crowd, heads down. A tall man in an ill-fitting suit huffs up the hill behind them. This is DAVID FOX (47). He is holding a folder of papers.

FOX

Gentlemen, a moment of your time!

They stop and turn, suspicious.

FOX (CONT'D)

I've had some trouble reaching you.  
You're not easy men to locate.

TUCKER

If the US government feels the same  
way then my plan is working.

Fox holds out the folder. Specs accepts it.

FOX

I wanted to give you these papers.  
I'm David Fox, the attorney  
representing Elise Rainier's  
estate.

SPECS

Her estate?

FOX

You are Steven 'Specs' Fisher and  
Tucker Croft, are you not? Did you  
work as Elise's assistants for the  
four years leading up to her death?



SPECS

Yeah, but...

FOX

As the executor of her last will and testament, I'm here to inform you that Elise left a substantial amount of her estate to you gentlemen. I'll need you to come to my office so we can discuss the terms and settle everything contractually.

Tucker takes the file from Specs' hands, flipping through it.

TUCKER

Is there one of us who got more in particular, or is it kind of an equal thing or...?

SPECS

Tucker...

FOX

I can't list every particular, but basically, she left you guys her home...and everything in it.

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The house we met in the opening scene. She's weathered a little with age, but is still a home to be proud of.

Lorraine's car veers into the driveway.

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door groans open and the family lumbers inside, still bedecked in their funeral black. The whole brood looks dour, fatigued by the emotions of the day.

Josh and Renai are lugging gym-bags and suitcases.

LORRAINE

Make yourself at home. My house is your house.

Josh, who is toting a sleeping Cali, reaches out and takes a bag from Lorraine's shoulder.

JOSH

Let me take that.

LORRAINE

I can manage.

JOSH

My mother taught me better than that.

LORRAINE

I'll go and make up the beds.

JOSH

I'll help. Come on, guys.

Josh tows a sleepy Dalton and Foster away, leaving Renai alone. She is a deer in the headlights. She steps out of the doorway, surveying the house. The living room is recognizable as the living room from the opening, with updated furniture.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai unloads the dishwasher. She heaves a stack of plates out of it, slotting them in a cupboard. Lorraine enters, alarmed by the sight of Renai working.

LORRAINE

Oh no, Renai, please let me do that.

RENAI

No, it's fine. I want to do it.

LORRAINE

You really need to sleep. Don't even worry about the dishes.

RENAI

No, Lorraine, I want to. I need something to do right now.

LORRAINE

Okay. Sorry. It's hard for me to stop playing mother.

INT. YOUNG JOSH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom looks much as it did when Josh was a boy. Toys clustered in boxes. The closet doors face the bed.

The main difference is that there are now TWO single beds on opposite sides of the room, rather than one.

Foster reclines across the mattress nearest to the window. Dalton is in the bed by the door, reading a book. He looks up when he hears a knock. It's Josh.

JOSH  
Time for bed folks.

FOSTER  
Oh, man.

Josh enters and slumps down on Dalton's bed.

JOSH  
We're gonna stay at Grandma's for a little bit, while the police work at our house. You'll have fun. I loved this room when I was a kid.

DALTON  
Did you ever see anything bad in here?

JOSH  
No, I didn't. And neither will you.

DALTON  
Daddy, does dying hurt?

JOSH  
No. It doesn't. It's like...falling asleep. It doesn't hurt to go to sleep does it?

DALTON  
No.

JOSH  
And you've got a lot of sleeps to go before you have to think about that stuff. Good night.

He switches out the bedside lamp and leaves. Dalton thumbs a flashlight on and continues to read.

FOSTER  
Hey, Dalton.

DALTON  
What?

FOSTER  
Look what I made.

He climbs out of bed and scurries over to Dalton, handing him a plastic cup, then whips back to his bed, stretching out a string between the two beds. It's a homemade tin-can telephone.

Foster covers his mouth with the cup.

DALTON  
No, that's stupid.

FOSTER  
Come on. It really works. I wanna ask you something.

DALTON  
Just ask me normally.

Dalton gives up and places his ear up to his cup.

FOSTER  
(through cup)  
Um...what do you think of this?

DALTON  
(into cup)  
It's stupid.

Josh pokes his head in. Busted. The boys feign sleep.

JOSH  
You think I'm falling for that?

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Night has draped its cloak over the house. All is in repose.

INT. BATHROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The only sounds are the occasional grunts of the house itself, settling into the earth.

INT. LORRAINE'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine is splayed out across her bed, asleep.

A TV facing the bed is on, a newscast droning quietly.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Renai is still cleaning dishes, drying off an orange mug with a towel. The kitchen is spotless now.

She is the only person still awake in the house. And then -- a baby crying interrupts the quiet.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai pads down the corridor, stopping at a particular door.

INT. CALI'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai tip-toes inside. As soon as she does, the crying CEASES. The room is dark, save for a glowing NIGHT LIGHT.

Renai leans over the crib - seeing that Cali is sound asleep.

Unnerved, Renai claws through a cluttered baby bag on the floor, fishing out two BABY MONITORS.

She sets one down beside Cali's crib, exits with the other.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai heads down the corridor, towards a bedroom.

The baby monitor in her hand SPITS to life, the mournful cry of an infant emitting from it.

Renai STARTS, listening, then heads back the way she came.

INT. CALI'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai shuffles inside. The crying on the monitor drains away. She FREEZES. The crib is EMPTY.

Alarmed, Renai whips around the room, stopping when she sees her baby - asleep on the floor.

Renai scoops up her daughter, pressing her close. An all too familiar shiver of terror passes through her. She backs out of the room, still clinging to the baby.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai is lying in bed, awake, glaring at Cali who is now lying next to her. Josh is awake too, watching Renai.

JOSH

Are you okay? Do you want me to get you a sleeping pill?

No answer.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
What are you thinking about?

RENAI  
Nothing.

JOSH  
It's impossible to think about  
nothing.

She turns away, annoyed by his probing.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
I keep staring at Dalton. I can't  
believe we have our son back. So  
why are you so upset?

RENAI  
I'm upset because it's not over.  
I'm upset because we have our son  
back but there are a lot of  
unanswered questions.

JOSH  
Such as?

RENAI  
What did you see in there?

JOSH  
I saw things you don't want to know  
about.

RENAI  
Yes, I do. I need to know.

Josh exhales. A long beat. This is difficult for him.

JOSH  
It's not a place where you see  
anything. It was dark. Pitch black.  
Exactly the way Elise described  
it...like a void. There were people  
in there. They were screaming,  
crying. Stuck living out their worst  
moments on a loop. It was a place  
for people who died in a terrible  
way.

RENAI  
Like Elise?

JOSH

I don't know what happened to her,  
Renai.

RENAI

Yeah, you said that. The police  
asked me if I believed you.

JOSH

And what did you say?

Josh reaches for her hand and she flinches, getting up.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Okay. Alright. Let's just get it  
all out there. Let me answer all  
the accusations you're lying awake  
'not thinking' about. I didn't do  
it, okay? I didn't kill Elise. Why  
would I? How could I do that?

Josh approaches her and she backs away.

JOSH (CONT'D)

What exactly is it that you think  
happened, Renai? Tell me that. Tell  
me your version of events

RENAI

That old woman in the photo...

JOSH

What about it? I don't know how it  
got there. I don't know why she  
showed up in pictures of me as a  
kid and I don't know now.

Renai still doesn't seem convinced.

JOSH (CONT'D)

We invited some extremely evil  
things into our house that night  
and one of those things murdered  
Elise. It's as simple as that. You  
saw them too. You saw things that  
cannot be explained rationally and  
now you want to explain Elise's  
death rationally. Well, it can't be  
done.

He grips her by the shoulders.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Look at me. Look in my eyes.

She drills his eyes, inches from his face.

JOSH (CONT'D)

It's me. You know it's me. I swear on our children's lives. You have to believe me or we can't go on from this point right now. Do you believe me?

The moment hangs in the air. A long beat, until Renai breaks.

RENAI

Yes.

She collapses into him and they entwine.

EXT. ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Specs and Tucker stand outside a modest house.

They are not wearing white shirts and ties, instead more casually dressed in T-shirts.

Specs approaches the front door, letting a batch of keys fall out of an envelope. He rivets one of them into the lock, opening the door.

There is some mail at his feet. He scoops it up. It is addressed to Elise Rainier.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Specs taps a switch and recessed lighting gives a gentle ambience to a room full of quirky, fun bric-a-brac. There is a vintage pinball machine wedged into one corner.

Specs moves past a table cluttered with photos. Many shots are of Elise with the two of them. He picks one of them up.

SPECS

All the stuff we've seen, the ghosts...I feel like that should be a comfort somehow, like, we have firsthand knowledge that there's something else. That she's still with us. But it's not. Turns out the living version of someone is always better.

TUCKER

Except for maybe...Hitler.



SPECS

What?

TUCKER

I'd prefer ghost Hitler to the living version. It's not always better.

SPECS

You're sick.

TUCKER

I'm just saying...technically...

Specs places the photo down. Tucker moves to a door on the far side of the room. He fishes through the keys, trying several in the lock. One after the other. Then -- CLICK.

Specs prods the door. It whines open and stabs a blade of light onto a short set of steps that descend into murk.

SPECS

You first.

TUCKER

Hunter ninja bear?

SPECS

Hurry up.

Tucker descends the steps to another door, opening it.

INT. READING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Draped immediately behind the door there is a curtain.

Tucker parts it, shuffling into a large, dark room with a small card table at the center, flanked by four chairs.

A hanging lamp dangles above the table, which is covered by a red TABLE CLOTH. Tucker flicks a switch and the lamp gives off a pale glow, revealing a deck of TAROT CARDS fanned out on the cloth.

This room is also filled with bric-a-brac...but not of the bright kind like upstairs. Shelves are lined with artifacts of the occult, strange instruments, books on the afterlife.

Against the back wall is a FILING CABINET, a 16MM FILM PROJECTOR and a life size ANATOMICAL DUMMY.

The dummy is wearing the GAS MASK that Elise once used to contact Dalton.

They open the filing cabinet, thumbing through and hauling out a file labelled 'LAMBERT, JOSH - 1983'.

Tucker skims through the file; through papers and handwritten notes taken down by Elise.

He finds two rolls of 16mm film, holds them up for Specs to see, marked LAMBERT.

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE of Tucker threading film into the projector.

CUT TO:

INT. READING ROOM - LATER

Specs kills the lights and the projector lamp spits to life, a shaft of light washing the opposite wall in white grain.

The film leader jerks and stutters before cutting to a dirty, aging locked-off frame of YOUNG JOSH. He is slouched on a couch in a living room. The sound crackles and spits.

ELISE (IN FILM)  
Do you like living here?

YOUNG JOSH (IN FILM)  
Yeah.

TUCKER  
Amateur framing...just horrible.

SPECS  
Shhh.

ELISE (IN FILM)  
Good for you. Are there a lot of kids your age in this neighborhood?

YOUNG JOSH (IN FILM)  
A few. One kid lives next door.

ELISE (IN FILM)  
Oh, that must be nice.

YOUNG JOSH (IN FILM)  
Nah. He's pretty lame.

ELISE (IN FILM)  
Is there anything you don't like about living in this house?

YOUNG JOSH (IN FILM)

No.

ELISE (IN FILM)

There's nothing bad that happens  
here at night?

Specs and Tucker exchange an unnerved glance. They turn back to the image.

INT. READING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Specs and Tucker are entranced by the footage. In it, they can now see CARL, who stoops in front of Young Josh, holding a WALKIE-TALKIE to his mouth. Young Josh twitches.

YOUNG JOSH (IN FILM)

Hot...hotter

His body starts to tremble.

He JOLTS, then turns to face the murky corner of the room, where the drapes are. Eyes still closed.

YOUNG JOSH (IN FILM) (CONT'D)

This door stays locked until I come  
out of my shell.

The frame widens to reveal the whole room. It flutters WHITE, then the leader runs out.

SPECS

What the hell does that mean?

INT. READING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - LATER (MONTAGE)

A MONTAGE of Specs and Tucker cutting the last few frames out of the film reel with scissors.

They lay it on a computer scanner, copying it -- the frames appearing on Tucker's laptop screen.

They hunch in front of the computer screen, enlarging the image of the corner of the living room where Josh was staring.

The frame renders, sharpening. There is a blurred shadow there. Tucker traces his finger along the edge of the shadow.

TUCKER

Is that a person?

Tucker crops the frame and moves in again, focusing in on the figure hidden in the corner. Shrouded in shadow.

This time, there is the definitive outline of a person.

Tucker crops it again, enlarging the face of the figure. When it renders, it's still too dark to make out any real features.

SPECS  
Can you brighten it?

Tucker pecks at the keyboard. The image brightens.

CLOSE ON SPECS AND TUCKER - they are stunned.

We do not see what they see.

SPECS (CONT'D)  
Oh my God...

INT. LORRAINE'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As opaque and still as the deep ocean.

Lorraine JOLTS awake with a yelp of fright, alert. She takes in her surroundings, inhales. Relieved.

She peels back the sheets, climbing out of bed. The TV is still mumbling away. She flicks it off with a remote.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine slinks stealthily into the darkened hall. She passes an open door. It is Dalton's new bedroom. She backs up.

INT. YOUNG JOSH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lorraine enters, crossing the dark room and looming over her sleeping grand-children, watching their movements.

She focuses on Dalton. His chest rises and falls. Light bleeds in from the window.

Dalton twitches and mutters something unintelligible, sleep-talking. He rolls over.

DALTON  
...in...some...

Lorraine eases down onto the bed.

Dalton mutters again. His voice is so quiet she can barely hear it.

Lorraine leans down close to his face, kissing his arm.

LORRAINE  
Please don't leave us again.

This time, she hears Dalton's whispered sleep-talking.

DALTON  
There's someone standing behind you,  
grandma...

*LORRAINE'S BLOOD FREEZES.*

Over her shoulder, we see what she does not...the silhouette of a FIGURE. Standing behind Lorraine. Shrouded in shadow.

Lorraine turns her head slowly...very slowly.

As she turns her head, the figure walks away, disappearing.

Lorraine glowers into the dark. She reaches over and flicks the bedside lamp on. It is bright enough to light the whole bedroom.

She takes a deep breath and gets up, marching to the door. A PITCH BLACK corridor extends beyond the door. Inky black.

She reaches into the dark, groping for the hallway light switch on the wall next to the bedroom door.

Deathly quiet. Lorraine's fingers find the switch. The light comes on. The corridor is empty.

She leaves the light on.

INT. BATHROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine steps into the bathroom, flicking on the light, leaving the door open.

She opens the mirror cabinet, plucking out a bottle of SLEEPING PILLS. She arches over the faucet, swallowing a pill with a gulp of water.

We HOLD on the open mirror cabinet.

Lorraine shuts off the faucet, closing the cabinet to reveal -

-- NOTHING. No one is there.

The curtain dances in the breeze, the bathroom window open.

Lorraine glances up at her reflection.

In the mirror, she sees a figure is standing in the corridor, facing the wall.

Lorraine freezes with terror. Keeping quiet. Very slowly, she turns away from the mirror to face the door. We TRACK WITH HER, following her eyes to see that the figure is still standing there. This was no illusion.

The figure looks like a woman, in a short, dirty night gown. Modern, not Victorian. Her scraggly, oily blonde hair coils down her back. She presses her forehead against the wall of the corridor.

Lorraine's eyes are locked on the woman. The woman appears to be holding A BABY. The baby has PALE, DEAD SKIN.

The woman turns her head, glaring over her shoulder at Renai. Eyes like portals into Hell. The woman's skin is wrinkled.

The bathroom door groans as the breeze from outside pushes it closed, blocking Lorraine's view of the woman.

Lorraine takes a step towards the door. Then another. She grips the handle...and opens the door.

It creaks open...very slowly --

-- THEN SLAMS SHUT as if pulled! Lorraine SCREAMS, reeling back.

She watches the door...hears footsteps. The door opens. It's Josh.

JOSH  
What happened?

LORRAINE  
I saw...someone.

Josh approaches her. Lowers his voice, through gritted teeth.

JOSH  
No. You didn't. There's no one here. If there was, that would scare my children.

There is something about Josh's look. It's hard. Unsympathetic.

Lorraine gathers herself.

LORRAINE

You're right. It was probably my imagination after everything. I'm sorry.

INT. DOOR WAY/LIVING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - MORNING

A knock at the door. Specs opens it to see Lorraine.

LORRAINE

Hello Specs.

SPECS

Hey.

An awkward pause.

LORRAINE

I found out that you guys were here. Can I come in?

Specs opens the door. Lorraine steps inside.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I was usually so happy to walk through that door. I'd be hearing that laugh of hers by now. Feels so empty here without that laugh.

SPECS

Yeah, she liked to laugh. We liked her because she never laughed at us. Like everyone else did.

LORRAINE

She was a great human. I'm sorry.

TUCKER

All we're doing right now is trying to find out who or what killed her.

Lorraine takes a seat on the couch, overwhelmed.

LORRAINE

Whatever it was that killed her... whatever it was that was haunting our family...it's not done with us yet. Last night, I saw something in my house...a woman. She looked right at me.

(beat)

It's still happening. It's not over. I need your help.

Specs and Tucker exchange a look. Tucker nods, giving silent permission.

SPECS

Come on, we wanna show you something.

INT. READING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - DAY

Specs and Tucker lead Lorraine into Elise's reading room.

SPECS

Do you remember the first time Elise visited your house, to talk to Josh when he was a boy?

LORRAINE

I did a lot to try and forget that part of my life until recently.

SPECS

Elise hypnotized him, and then asked him a series of questions.

LORRAINE

Yes. I remember.

SPECS

At the end of that session, Josh said something strange.

Tucker slaps his keyboard and the scene from the 16mm footage opens up in a viewing window on the screen.

TUCKER

This is the actual footage taken that night.

Lorraine leans in, scared to watch. In the footage, Young Josh turns and stares into the corner.

YOUNG JOSH

(on laptop screen)

This door stays locked until I come out of my shell.

Tucker hits pause and the image freezes.

TUCKER

He was looking at something in the far corner of the room. I cropped it and lightened the image.



ON THE SCREEN - as Tucker lightens the freeze frame of the far corner. A FIGURE TAKES SHAPE. Tucker ZOOMS IN.

Lorraine GASPS.

**It is JOSH in the present.**

Young Josh was speaking to his older self.

Lorraine is weak at the knees. Specs holds up the PHOTO Elise took before she died - the digital photo of the OLD WOMAN.

SPECS

This is the last photo Elise ever took, seconds before she was strangled to death. One would assume it's a photo of her killer.

LORRAINE

I...don't...what are you saying?

TUCKER

We're saying that, according to Elise's files, an entity haunted Josh as a child. An old woman. She wanted to lure Josh out into the Further so that she could take over his body. We believe that while Josh was hypnotized, searching for Dalton, she may have finally gotten what she wanted.

LORRAINE

No...no...it can't...I've spoken to Josh. Over the last few days. He's with us.

SPECS

If we're right, that means the real Josh is still out there.

LORRAINE

What do we do?

TUCKER

There's only one person who can tell us what to do now.

(beat)

Elise.

LORRAINE

But how do we talk to Elise... without Elise?

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Renai opens her eyes. She is alone in bed. Josh and Cali are gone. She glances at the alarm clock - it reads 10:07 AM.

Renai sits upright, listening. Hears voices outside.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Renai shuffles through the door.

Through the kitchen window she sees JOSH, playing with Foster in the backyard. Josh is on his knees, pushing trucks around. Renai smiles.

Dalton zombie-walks into the kitchen, tired. He sits at the kitchen table, eyes down. He looks afraid.

RENAI

Morning honey. What do you want for breakfast?

She kisses the top of his head. He doesn't react.

RENAI (CONT'D)

Come on, it's the weekend. You get to have whatever you want. Take advantage of this one-time only opportunity.

DALTON

I don't care.

Renai turns to him, concerned. Sees the fear on his face.

RENAI

What's wrong, honey?

Still no answer. Renai sits opposite him.

RENAI (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

(beat)

Come on, you can tell me. What's the matter?

DALTON

I had a bad dream.

A look of real fear ripples across Renai's face. Dalton's bad dream has far deeper implications after all that's happened.

RENAI

I'm sorry. What did you dream about?

DALTON

I dreamt that...I was in my bed at night and Grandma walked in.

INT. YOUNG JOSH'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

The bedroom is dark. Foster is fast asleep.

Dalton lies in his bed, eyes open, facing the ceiling. Lorraine steps inside the room, easing onto the edge of his bed (*we are seeing a repeat of last night's scene*).

Dalton stares at her, paralyzed. She leans over and pecks his arm with a kiss. Seems not to know that Dalton is awake.

LORRAINE

Please don't leave us again.

From Dalton's POV, we see a figure STANDING BEHIND Lorraine, draped in shadow. Dalton's eyes are FILLED WITH TERROR.

DALTON (V.O.)

I could see someone else in my room. I told her.

DALTON

There's someone standing behind you, Grandma.

Lorraine turns her head, flooded with fear. The figure leaves the room. Lorraine sees that no one is there and then exits herself.

DALTON (V.O.)

I got up to look for the person who was in my room.

Dalton creeps out of bed.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Dalton tip-toes down the corridor. A figure stands at the end of the hall - the same shadow he saw in his room.

Dalton gets nearer, the silhouette sharpening into clarity.

It is JOSH.

DALTON (V.O.)

It was daddy. He was the one in my room. He was talking to someone.

Josh does not see Dalton. He is talking to another figure, someone we cannot see or hear - only Josh's responses.

JOSH

Yes...I understand...I will, I promise.

The figure talking to Josh leans in and whispers something in Josh's ear. We see that the figure is a woman - THE SAME WOMAN Lorraine saw.

Josh turns and faces Dalton, eyes burning with rage.

DALTON (V.O.)

Then daddy saw me and he came after me.

Josh charges down the hallway towards Dalton, a look of fury etched on his face.

Dalton retreats, scrambling backwards down the hall.

INT. YOUNG JOSH'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dalton wakes with a start. It was all a dream.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - MORNING - PRESENT

Dalton trembles at the memory.

DALTON

Is there something wrong with daddy, mom?

RENAI

No. Daddy's fine. He's...just been through a lot lately. We all have.

(beat)

It was a bad dream, that's all.

She hugs him.

We see on her face, resting on Dalton's shoulder, that all is not fine with her at all.

She moves to the sink, pouring herself a glass of water. She glares out at Josh, still playing in the backyard.

This time, as she watches her husband, her smile is gone.  
A babies cry lilts into her ears, disrupting the silence.  
Renai leaves the kitchen and we TRACK WITH HER into --

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- the hallway. She plods up the hall, towards the stairs,  
passing the entrance to the LIVING ROOM.

Inside the living room, on the far side of the room, we can  
see a WOMAN holding a baby, her back to us.

Renai keeps going, not noticing the woman...

...until she hears the warbles of the baby.

Renai HALTS - backing up and glaring into the living room.  
She sees the figure pacing, soothing the infant.

RENAI

Cali...

The woman walks past the doorway on the other side of the  
living room, no longer in view. Evaporated.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Renai forges ahead, chest rising and falling. Petrified.

She reaches the arched doorway where the mysterious woman  
disappeared.

She stalls for a moment, collecting herself...then strides  
through the doorway.

No one is there. The woman is gone. Renai takes off,  
streaking through the living room --

INT. STAIRWELL, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- and up the stairs --

INT. CALI'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

-- into Cali's room.

Where she finds Cali asleep.

The wail of a baby crying interrupts.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Renai descends the stairs, entering the living room. Once again the woman is pacing around in the corner.

The woman steps out of view. Renai approaches. Slowly. Quietly.

When she reaches the corner where the woman lurked, there is no sign of her.

All is mute. Though it is daytime, the room is darker.

Renai steps into the center of the living room and we TRACK AROUND HER. There is no sign of the woman.

We STOP TRACKING AROUND RENAI, seeing her from the back.

For a moment, all we can hear is Renai's breathing --

**-- UNTIL A HIDEOUS WOMAN STEPS OUT TO THE SIDE FROM RIGHT IN FRONT OF RENAI, CLUTCHING A PALE BABY IN ONE ARM!**

WOMAN

Don't you dare!

The woman SLAPS Renai across the face with POTENT FORCE. Renai REELS BACK, stunned, spilling onto the floor. (IT IS THE WOMAN THAT LORRAINE SAW IN THE HALLWAY).

Renai HOWLS, whipping her head back and SEEING NO ONE. The woman is gone.

Dalton rushes in, alarmed by her shriek. The back door opens and Josh barrels inside.

RENAI

I saw one of those things again - she hit me! She slapped me!

JOSH

Take Dalton outside. Now.

Renai simply sits, too stunned to move.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Dalton, take your mother outside.

RENAI

No, Josh, she hit me, you can't --

JOSH  
I can. I'm not afraid of these  
things anymore. Go outside.

Dalton scuttles over and aids Renai to her feet. They exit,  
leaving Josh all alone.

He ambles into the living room. Eerie quiet envelops him.

A long beat of nothing. Finally:

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Are you there?  
(beat)  
Show yourself.

We CIRCLE AROUND Josh. No response comes forth.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Where are you?

The sound of BREATHING rises - the rasping wheeze of an  
asthmatic, whistling through phlegm.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Where are you?

Josh turns, his eyes landing on a PAIR OF FEET, visible below  
the lace curve of the curtains. A FIGURE is hiding there.

Josh approaches the figure. He is calm. Stops short, in front  
of the curtain. Keeping a safe distance, head bowed.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
What do you want?

An EYE peeks out from behind the curtain - a blackened bulb of  
despair, glaring at Josh. We hear A VOICE. A whisper dragged  
through gravel.

WOMAN  
I want you to be a good girl. Kill  
them.

JOSH  
Yes, mother.

Josh keeps his eyes down. He looks up into the mirror mounted  
to the wall above the fireplace.

In it, he sees his own reflection - behind him is another  
figure.

IT IS JOSH.

He stares helplessly from beyond, a look of terror on his face.

We PUSH INTO the mirror, so close that we BLEED INTO IT, entering the reflection itself.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, BEYOND MIRROR (THE FURTHER) - CONTINUOUS**

A dark world beyond the mirror - The Further version of Lorraine's living room. Limbs of mist swirl like tentacles.

We circle around the two figures - only now we see the TRUE versions of them.

Josh has been replaced by an OLD WOMAN. Behind him, we see the REAL JOSH. He is terrified, dumb founded.

The Old Woman smiles at Josh.

OLD WOMAN

You'll never get back in. The shadows are your home now.

We keep CIRCLING around Josh, moving through the MIRROR once more and back into --

**INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

-- our world.

The Old Woman appears as Josh, who we will now call POSSESSED JOSH.

POSSESSED JOSH

I have to go now. Your wife needs me.

His smile widens and he turns and walks away.

**EXT. ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Gloom settles over Elise's house.

**INT. READING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Tucker studies the frames of film on his computer. Lorraine paces.

Specs hunches in the corner, chewing his nails. A light flickers on near the door, emitting a buzz. A doorbell.



Specs rises, checking a small BLACK AND WHITE SECURITY MONITOR by the door. It displays a locked-off shot of Elise's front door step.

On it, he can see a man. Waiting patiently.

SPECS

He's here.

Specs hastens up the stairs. We hear the front door open, inaudible chatter. Footsteps thump overhead, the floorboards complaining.

Specs tromps back down the stairs, followed by another man - it's CARL (60s). He ducks as he steps into the reading room, taking a moment to survey the group. Lorraine stands.

LORRAINE

Hi Carl. It's been a long time.

CARL

Yeah, that's right, I was a young man once, wasn't I? Looks like I did the aging for the both of us.

LORRAINE

Stop it.

They hug.

CARL

The hands of the clock. Unmerciful in their relentless march forward.

LORRAINE

Carl, this is Tucker.

Carl turns and shakes hands with Tucker.

TUCKER

Elise talked about you a lot. Said you were the second best person she ever worked with.

Carl laughs.

CARL

Second best is generous.

He drinks in the room. All the antiques and mementos.

CARL (CONT'D)

I was at the funeral. I'm sorry I didn't come and talk to you, Lorraine. I wasn't myself.

LORRAINE

I don't think any of us were.

CARL

I'd been meaning to catch up with her...to call her. I always put it off until next week, you know? I forgot that weeks are just years chopped up into little bits. Then a decade went by. And now she's gone.

LORRAINE

Maybe you will have your chance to say your goodbye's.

SPECS

We have questions that need answering. And the only person we can think of to ask is Elise.

LORRAINE

Please help us, Carl.

CARL

It's been a long time...since I've done that. I don't know if...

TUCKER

We have a lot of equipment that can assist you.

LORRAINE

Please.

Carl shoots her a look...then takes off his jacket.

CARL

We'll need a candle.

INT. READING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

A RAPID MONTAGE - Specs and Tucker organize the room the way Elise would for a seance. The table is set, a candle at the center. Four chairs surround it.

Carl takes a seat at the head, flanked by the others. The room is pitch black, save for the candle flame.

Tucker sets a strange device on the table - an old Speak N' Spell toy, modified and melded with a radio device.

TUCKER

I call this a Wiki-Board. It's my own version of an Ouija board. We've had pretty amazing success with it in terms of contact.

CARL

Are you serious?

SPECS

They just don't make toys anymore like they did in the eighties, huh?

Tucker shoots Specs a glare. He raises a microphone on a gimbal, like a desk-lamp, to Carl's mouth.

TUCKER

You speak into this. You then ask the entities to speak through the device. Their answers will appear on the display. I can show you some read outs of dialogues we've had in the past if you --

SPECS

There's no time for that.

TUCKER

There's plenty of time, but anyway.

CARL

It's a little unorthodox, but...

(beat)

First thing we need is quiet.

The room falls eerily soundless. Carl closes his eyes.

CARL (CONT'D)

Elise...we are calling out to you.  
Give us a sign if you are there.

A long beat of human breath...and nothing more.

CARL (CONT'D)

Tell us if you can hear us.

Another long wait.

CARL (CONT'D)

Please Elise...we need to speak to you. We need your help. Use this device to talk to us. Are you there?

And then - a SOUND. The soft tone of a letter appearing on the Speak N Spell display. The letter Y.

Then E.

Then S.

Y - E - S.

Everyone sucks in a sharp breath. The candle flame flickers.

CARL (CONT'D)

Elise, we need to know who killed you. Tell us.

Tucker clears the screen for the next answer.

A long beat - then M - I - C - H - E - L - L - E.

SPECS

Michelle...

CARL

Where is Michelle now, Elise?

A letter H appears. Then I.

H - I - D - D - E - N.

CARL (CONT'D)

Hidden where? Elise?

I - N - S - I - D - E.

CARL (CONT'D)

Inside what? Inside who?

T - H - I - S      H - O - U - S - E

They ponder the words - until POUNDING ON THE FRONT DOOR AND THE BUZZING OF THE DOORBELL collectively STARTLES them!!

They all LASH their heads towards the ceiling. Specs rises. The clobbering is insistent, urgent, frenzied. BANGBANGBANG!!

Specs hops to the front door monitor.

THERE IS NO ONE ON IT. The buffeting din suddenly CEASES.

SPECS

There's no one there...

They hear the front door OPEN...then footsteps above them. Measured. Deliberate. Their eyes follow the footsteps as they make their way across the floor...

...down the stairs that lead to the reading room. Closer.

Closer.

Stopping in front of the door. A moments lull --

-- THEN SMASHING ON THE DOOR ERUPTS. BANG! BANG! BANG!

Specs approaches the door.

Grips the door handle.

Then turns it.

He is met with a mouth of pitch darkness, betraying no one. He takes a step through the door...then another...advancing into the dark.

He flicks a flashlight on, swinging it up --

-- SEEING A GHASTLY FIGURE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM!! IT IS THE OLD WOMAN WHO SLAPPED RENAI.

HER FACE IS LITERALLY INCHES FROM SPECS' FACE!

SPECS FLIES BACK INTO THE ROOM, SHOVED BY THE WOMAN, SMASHING INTO THE READING TABLE!

The candle goes out and the room is drowned in TOTAL DARKNESS. Not 'movie dark' - but pitch black.

Tucker flicks another flashlight on, swatting the beam around the room -

- finding the GAS MASK staring at him. The ANATOMICAL DUMMY IS STANDING BESIDE HIM.

It REACHES OUT - as Tucker screams, scrambling back.

Carl stands up as Lorraine SCREAMS.

CARL

LEAVE US!

He hurls the Wiki-Board device at the floor, severing the communication.

THE LIGHTS blink on - revealing an empty room. The anatomical dummy is splayed across the floor.

A distant scream echoes out from the HEADPHONES ATTACHED TO THE GAS MASK.

TUCKER

Listen!

He lifts the headphones, hearing the receding wail of a tortured soul. It shrinks into nothingness. Gone.

SPECS

Look...

Everyone turns to face him. He wanders over to the strewn Wiki-Board, sifting through its parts to lift the word display.

It says **PHILIP OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS**

SPECS (CONT'D)

Philip...our lady of the angels.  
What does that mean?

LORRAINE

Our Lady Of The Angels is a hospital.

(beat)

I know because I used to work there.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai drags Dalton and Foster through the living room. Possessed Josh watches her scramble to find her car keys.

RENAI

Where are my god damn keys...?

She locates them, a ball of stress.

RENAI (CONT'D)

I'm going out. I'm taking the kids out for a while. I have to get out of here.

POSSESSED JOSH

I'll be here.

She leaves without saying goodbye, closing the door behind her.

Possessed Josh stands at the window, peering through at Renai as she loads the kids into her car.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Possessed Josh runs his eyes over the photo's of Young Josh.

Then, around age nine, the photos abruptly stop. The wall is blank beyond them.

He steps in close to one - of Young Josh grinning on the couch.

A slight smile curls across his face.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Possessed Josh rifles through the stuffed refrigerator, fingers lingering over each item of food like it were gold.

He retrieves an armload of food, setting it on the counter. He opens a carton of milk, drinking hungrily from it.

Relishing every drop.

Next, he takes a bite of some RAW STEAK, ripping and tearing at it like an animal. He closes his eyes as he does, the sensual experience of eating overwhelming him.

He chews slowly, savoring every moment.

The cry of a baby interrupts. Possessed Josh is alarmed by it. He sets the steak down.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Possessed Josh wanders into the bedroom, glaring at the baby, fascinated. He scoops her up, rocking her gently.

POSSESSED JOSH

Shhh...

He presses his nose to the baby's face, inhaling her scent.

THEN - he FREEZES, setting the baby down, alarmed by a sudden JOLTING AGONY in his jaw.

He reaches into his mouth and extracts a single BLOODY TOOTH.

INT. BATHROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Possessed Josh enters, leaning into the mirror and prying his lip up, examining the crater in his gum where the tooth was.

He looks down at the tooth in his palm. As he does, he curls his fingers around it. The fingernails are yellowing. Parched.

With TERROR, he turns his hand over. The skin is withered, wrinkled. Not to an alarming degree, but enough for someone this close to notice it.

His fingerprints are different. These are not the hands of a young man, but the aging hands of the elderly.

He eyes the mirror. Sees a patch of GREY HAIR at his temple.

POSSESSED JOSH

No...not yet. Not yet. Please no...

EXT. OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

This hospital has been around for a hundred years, but many additions have modernized it.

INT. FRONT DESK, OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A normal, bustling hospital. Lorraine waits with Specs, Carl and Tucker at the reception station.

A man in surgeon's scrubs approaches. This is IAN NANKERVIS (52), a longtime resident of this hospital.

IAN

Hey stranger.

LORRAINE

Hey yourself.

They hug.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

You look great, Ian.

IAN

Thanks. Who knew that exercise had its benefits, huh?

LORRAINE

These are my friends Steven, Tucker and Carl



Ian shakes hands with them all.

IAN

I was pretty intrigued by what you said on the phone.

LORRAINE

Well, was I right? Most of my work was in the East Wing right?

IAN

Right, but it's all closed now. For two years. Eventually they're demolishing it, if they ever get their act together, and they're putting up a whole new building.

LORRAINE

So we could we take a look around?

IAN

Let me get security up here. You'll need a someone with you, but I don't see why not.

INT. EAST WING OF HOSPITAL - NIGHT

This section of the hospital has been closed and emptied out. There are scattered pieces of equipment, but the halls are eerily empty. Trash and dust everywhere, a place neglected.

Lorraine, Specs, Carl and Tucker wander down the hall with a Hispanic SECURITY GUARD, JESUS (38).

JESUS

You can take a look around, just be careful, there's some rough spots.

LORRAINE

Thanks.

Jesus stays behind at the nurses station, and the trio keep ambling down the long corridor, poking their heads into various abandoned rooms.

They round a corner, losing sight of Jesus.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I don't know what we're looking for.

SPECS

Now that we're here, forget the actual hospital and think about the name Philip.

LORRAINE

I mean, I saw hundreds, thousands of patients. It's impossible to pick out a name like that.

They wander, Specs and Tucker splitting off, examining different rooms. Some sunlight streams in, but there are also darker sections without windows. We stay with Lorraine and Carl as they roam the halls.

They round a corner, facing another long corridor. They shuffle down it. Lorraine is melancholy, flooded with memory.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

This is kind of overwhelming. I walked up and down these hallways for a long time, spending every minute of my day trying to keep people from dying. I thought I was doing good.

(beat)

Now I'm under attack from the other side. From the dead. It makes me question if I did something wrong. How did I bring this on my family? Why won't they leave us alone?

CARL

You didn't do anything wrong. The fact that you're a good person is what draws them to you. They want to corrupt that. But they can't.

All is quiet. Lorraine opens a door, glaring into a long abandoned utility closet.

Carl stops walking, affected by something. He closes his eyes, taking in some unseen signal.

LORRAINE

What is it?

Carl doesn't answer. He turns to face a door beside him. CLOSE ON HIS FACE - it is painted with a FEARFUL expression.

FLASH FRAME INSERT: THE FACE OF AN ELDERLY MAN, GAPING WITH WIDE EYES...UNNERVING, UNBLINKING.

Carl backtracks from the door. Lorraine sidles up next to him.

CARL  
Here. In here.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They shamble into a small patient care room, a gurney still lying in it. Wires coil on the floor where medical equipment has been removed.

Lorraine's eyes scour the walls, eventually ascending to the CEILING. There is a large BROWN STAIN there.

Now it is Lorraine's turn to be afraid.

LORRAINE  
I remember this room...

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

It is 1983. The east wing of the hospital has returned to its bustling heyday. Lorraine hikes down the corridor in a nurses outfit. Young Josh is at her side.

Lorraine shoulders into one room.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A sprightly women of about seventy looks up from a crossword. She is lying on the bed, an IV in her arm.

NOTE - the dialogue in this scene is removed, muffled...as if heard from a distance.

ELDERLY PATIENT  
Morning.

LORRAINE  
Hi Audrey, this is my son, Josh.  
He's come to work with me today.

AUDREY  
Well, hello there to you.

INT. CORRIDOR, OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Lorraine keeps moving, very busy. She checks the name on another room, entering carefully.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 2 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

An older man lies on the bed, asleep. This is PHILIP (50s). Lorraine indicates to Josh to keep quiet, checking the chart at the end of the bed.

Josh fiddles, bored. He approaches the sleeping man, then glances over the personal belongings piled beside the bed. There is a FRAMED PHOTO of a WOMAN (60's). She stares into the camera with a vacant, spectral glare. THIS IS THE WOMAN THAT SLAPPED RENAI.

Josh giggles.

LORRAINE

Shhh.

Lorraine gives him the death glare, then busies herself with his chart. Josh turns his attention back to the photo.

YOUNG JOSH

This lady looks weird.

IN THE SAME SHOT, he turns back to the sleeping patient --  
-- suddenly FACE TO FACE with Philip!

He is sitting up in bed, scowling at Josh, inches from his face!

Josh SCREAMS.

PHILIP

Her name is Michelle!

Josh WAILS as Lorraine rushes to separate them. Lorraine struggles to pry his fingers away.

Another male nurse rushes in, pinning the patient down.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

She wouldn't let me leave!! I was just a boy!

The crazed patient keeps his eyes fixed on YOUNG JOSH as he screams, spittle flying.

The nurse injects him and he calms slowly.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Lorraine shakes the memory off. Specs and Tucker wander in.

SPECS

Anything?

LORRAINE

I had a patient in here once. In this room. I remember I brought Josh into work with me one day and this man, this patient of mine, he screamed at Josh.

TUCKER

When was this?

LORRAINE

It was...right around the time Josh started having nightmares.

TUCKER

Do you remember anything about him?

LORRAINE

He had cut himself. At first, he said it was an accident. We suspected that he did the cutting himself.

CARL

What happened to him?

Lorraine glares down at the bed.

LORRAINE

A few days later I saw him again.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR, OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Lorraine rushes for the elevator, grabs it just in time. She depresses the button for the lobby. It lurches and descends.

She pivots and claps eyes on the ELDERLY MAN WHO SCREAMED AT JOSH, PHILIP. He is the only other person on the elevator.

He stares at Lorraine with eerily unblinking eyes.

LORRAINE

Good to see you. Feeling better I see, up and about.

PHILIP

Yes.

LORRAINE  
That's good. Are you checking out?

PHILIP  
Yes, I am.

LORRAINE  
Well, great. That's good.

PHILIP  
I very much enjoyed meeting you.  
And your son.

LORRAINE  
I'm sorry about everything that  
happened with him. He was being a  
nosy kid. I shouldn't have brought  
him on my rounds.

PHILIP  
That's quite alright. I have a  
temper. I'd like to make it up to  
him.

Lorraine gives an uneasy look, masked with a smile.

LORRAINE  
He's okay. He's learned his lesson.

PHILIP  
What I wouldn't give to be his age  
again.

LORRAINE  
Wouldn't we all?

PHILIP  
To have that bedroom filled with  
toys, and all those finger  
paintings on the wall.

Lorraine's smile fades a little. The elevator stops and the  
doors open.

LORRAINE  
How did you...?

Philip alights the elevator, walking away into the corridor.

INT. FRONT DESK, OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS HOSPITAL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Spooked, Lorraine navigates the crowd to the nurses station  
at the lobby. A nurse looks up.

LORRAINE

Excuse me, I was wondering if I could get some info on a patient? He's checking out today.

NURSE

Name?

LORRAINE

Room 104. He came in with a laceration.

The nurse skims through some files, plucking one out.

NURSE

Oh...do you mean...?

LORRAINE

What?

NURSE

Um...that patient died this morning. He committed suicide. There's detectives up there now.

LORRAINE

No, no he didn't. I just spoke to him on the elevator not thirty seconds ago.

NURSE

It says here that they pronounced him dead at 6:14 AM. Three hours ago.

The color drains from Lorraine's face.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Specs and Tucker are utterly riveted by the story. Specs takes out a notepad and pen, scrawls on it.

TUCKER

What are you doing?

SPECS

Writing it down. That was a great fucking ghost story.

CARL

How did he kill himself? Do you remember?

LORRAINE  
He hung himself.

CARL  
Did the incidents with Josh begin  
happening before or after he died?

LORRAINE  
After. Later that year...

CARL  
What was his name?

A long beat.

LORRAINE  
Philip. His name was Philip.

INT. RECORDS ROOM, OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A cavern of paperwork. An abyss of administration.

Ian leads Lorraine, Carl, Specs and Tucker down a narrow  
aisle between rows and rows of hospital records.

He slides out a box of files.

IN MONTAGE - we see Ian, flicking through various pages of  
yellowing files. He lands on one in particular - PHILIP  
CRAIN.

Lorraine accepts it from him.

LORRAINE  
Thanks, Ian.

Specs, Tucker and Carl crowd over her shoulder, scanning the  
information written on the paper.

Carl FOCUSES IN on the ADDRESS written below Philip's name -  
4471 ARROW AVENUE.

FLASH FRAME INSERT: A SMALL DARK HOUSE...THEN THE FACE OF A  
WOMAN, ENRAGED. STANDING OVER A YOUNG GIRL.

Carl draws in a deep breath, affected by the vision.

CARL  
That address...there's something  
there.



INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens and Renai enters with Foster and Dalton. Josh appears from the kitchen.

FOSTER  
Dad!

POSSESSED JOSH  
Hey buddy, come here.

Foster scrambles to him and they hug.

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)  
Did you have fun with mom?

FOSTER  
Yeah.

POSSESSED JOSH  
Did anything exciting happen?

FOSTER  
Hmmm...no.

POSSESSED JOSH  
You sure? Maybe you got in a fight?

He playfully wrestles Foster to the floor, attacking him. Foster cackles, loving it.

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna eat you!

RENAI  
Stop it, guys. You'll break something.

POSSESSED JOSH  
Boo. You're killing our fun.

Foster gathers himself up off the floor and sprints away. Josh notices his hand - it is a little wrinkled. He hides it with his sleeve as Renai leaves. Only Dalton is left.

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)  
Hey son.

DALTON  
Hey dad.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai tidies up. She seems a million miles away, lost in her own thoughts. Possessed Josh enters, hugging Renai from behind.

RENAI  
Your mom hasn't come home.

POSSESSED JOSH  
I know.

RENAI  
I'm worried.

POSSESSED JOSH  
Don't be.

He rubs her stomach, kissing her neck and her ear.

RENAI  
This isn't...

POSSESSED JOSH  
This isn't what?

A sly smile breaks out on her face. He leads her away.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Possessed Josh and Renai push into the bedroom, closing the door behind them. They fall back onto the bed. Renai giggles.

Possessed Josh isn't laughing - he is caught up in the moment. He kisses her neck and her body, growing more intense.

RENAI  
Josh, calm down.

He doesn't, clamping a hand over her mouth and nose. She rips his hand away and sits up.

RENAI (CONT'D)  
What is wrong with you?

POSSESSED JOSH  
What? Forgive me for wanting to have sex with my wife.

RENAI  
I can't breathe when you do that.

POSSESSED JOSH

You're going to leave me here like this?

RENAI

It's your own fault.

POSSESSED JOSH

You know, I'm getting tired of you, Renai. You have your son back and you're still not happy. You skulk around here all day like a miserable, ungrateful bitch.

RENAI

That's because these things... they're never going to leave us alone. We're surrounded by ghosts.

(beat)

It's like we're already dead.

POSSESSED JOSH

No. It's not. This house, this light, it's nothing like being dead. I know. I know what it's like where these things exist. I've seen it. They want what you have - life. That's all they want.

There is a grim certainty to Josh's words that scares Renai.

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)

So you have no idea how much you're wasting your life by being afraid of them, because very soon...you'll be one of them. And you'll realize you should've been happy for your brief little moment in the sun.

RENAI

Well, unlike you, I'm not thinking about myself. I'm thinking about our kids. In case you've forgotten, one of those things nearly took our boy from us. And they're still here and I'm scared to death they're going to try and do it again.

(beat)

So forgive me if I can't enjoy the sunshine with you, but from where I'm standing, things still look pretty dark.

She leaves, slamming the door.

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The monotonous rhythm of a dripping faucet.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Curtains lull in a breeze.

INT. YOUNG JOSH'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights out. Dalton and Foster sleep like the dead.

CLOSE ON DALTON - his eyelids twitch.

A voice slithers out of the darkness, barely audible.

VOICE (O.S.)

Dalton...

Dalton rouses.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dalton, wake up.

Dalton opens his eyes. Listens.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dalton...

Dalton turns and sees the CUP that Foster fashioned a phone out of, resting on his pillow near his head.

The voice is coming from the cup.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(from cup)

Dalton...

Perturbed, Dalton scoops up the cup, annoyed to be woken. He sits up, squinting across the room at Foster, unable to see him. It's too dark.

He speaks into the cup.

DALTON (INTO CUP)

What?

He presses his ear to the cup.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 (from cup)  
 I want to show you something.

Dalton clamps his flashlight, aiming it at Foster's bed and flicking it on.

He sees that Foster is FAST ASLEEP.

With dread, Dalton traces the flashlight beam down to the string that leads from his cup.

It trails along the floor...Dalton keeps following it...all the way to...

...the closet.

The string leads up into a GAP in the closet doors.

Someone is holding onto the other end inside there.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (from cup)  
 Dalton...

Dalton is a statue of terror - eyes locked on the closet. He finally lifts the cup to his mouth.

DALTON (INTO CUP)  
 Who are you?

VOICE (O.S.)  
 (from cup)  
 An old friend.

DALTON (INTO CUP)  
 What do you want?

We CLOSE IN on the closet. Dalton turns his ear to the cup again, straining to hear the sibilant whisper.

VOICE  
 (from cup)  
 What's mine.

Dalton turns back to face the closet - and SHRIEKS!!!

Perched on haunches at the end of Dalton's bed is the RED FACED DEMON who terrified Dalton, leering like a harlequin!

Dalton scrambles backwards, a cry of terror reverberating through the house. He rips the bed sheets over his face.

The door opens and Renai barrels in, flicking the light on.

RENAI

Honey, are you okay? What's wrong?!

Dalton tears the sheet away, still numb with fear. Dalton locks eyes with her.

Renai stares with mortal dread into her son's eyes.

She hugs him, pressing him tight. Dalton stares over her shoulder. His father enters the room...or what looks like his father.

Dalton is afraid of him.

EXT. PHILIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pale headlights arc across a wrought iron gate.

Tucker's van pulls up outside a neglected estate. An aging mansion looms out of the sable surroundings beyond the gate, at the head of a short driveway.

INT. TUCKER'S VAN - SAME TIME

Tucker squints at the grounds in front of them.

TUCKER

Gate's open.

EXT. PHILIP'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Tucker nudges his van through the groaning gate, piloting it down the driveway to a halt. The gang disembarks the van, glaring up at the house. No lights are on inside or out.

Carl shivers, unable to take his eyes off one particular window in the top corner.

LORRAINE

Do you feel something?

CARL

They call my ability a talent...but a talent is something to be thankful for.

(beat)

This house is not a place where good things have happened.

Specs knocks on the door. No answer. He squats, wrenching a handful of envelopes stuffed in a mail slot. The envelopes are moldy, aged. He tears one open - an electrical bill.

SPECS

This bill is four months old.

SMASH!

They all whirl around to see Tucker wielding a blunt instrument, clearing shards from the window.

TUCKER

Look they left a window open.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PHILIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Specs and Tucker assist Lorraine through the broken window.

Carl snaps the light switch on and off. Nothing.

Tucker clicks open a large equipment case, handing out flashlights to Specs and Carl. He takes out a strange device, affixing it to his face. It resembles a welding mask with three camera lenses jutting out of it, forming a triangle.

Carl, Lorraine and Tucker step forward. Specs stays where he is. Lorraine turns around.

LORRAINE

Are you okay?

Specs has tears in his eyes.

SPECS

We've never gone into a house  
before without Elise. I guess...it  
just hit me that she's gone. The  
finality of it.

Lorraine hugs Specs, leading him into the house.

FROM TUCKER'S POV - night-vision views of the living room, in different degrees of UV light. The mask automatically clicks between the three different filters.

Click...click...click.

Specs follows Tucker with a flashlight.

Click...click...click.

Carl swoops his flashlight across the room. Boxes are stacked, piled on rotting newspapers.

SPECS (CONT'D)  
 Somebody call Hoarders...whoever  
 lived here was a complete shut-in.

The house is in putrid decay...as if the walls themselves were living things that had long ago died. Peeling wallpaper, dripping in some unfelt heat. Insects cluster in piles of rotting food.

INT. STAIRWELL/UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, PHILIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The four of them advance up the stairs. Specs takes out a handkerchief, covering his nose.

SPECS  
 What is that smell?

LORRAINE  
 Something you never forget once  
 you've worked in a hospital.

They creep down the corridor, reaching a set of double doors. Specs opens them.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, PHILIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Specs leads the others into a large bedroom with soaring ceilings and a large bed covered by a canopy.

The four of them swat their flashlights onto it, reacting to an intolerable stench. Tucker lifts his goggles.

Carl parts the curtain covering the bed, revealing the skeletal corpse of an old woman, lying across the mattress, eyes fixed and open.

LORRAINE  
 My God...I've seen her...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lorraine gapes with horror at a woman standing in the hallway of her home, holding a baby.

CUT TO:



INT. MASTER BEDROOM, PHILIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine steps closer.

SPECS

Josh was haunted by an old woman.

Lorraine leans in very close.

LORRAINE

Not by her. I'd say this woman's only been dead about three weeks. Maybe a month. She looks about eighty.

There is a large locket around her neck. Tucker opens it - inside is a PHOTO. Tucker pries it free. It is a shot of the woman they see with a young boy, around 11.

On the back, the words MICHELLE AND PHILIP.

CARL

This is Michelle. Philip is her son.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, PHILIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The gang cluster back into the hall, approaching another door.

INT. PHILIP'S BEDROOM, PHILIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A large bedroom unveils itself in the pale glow of the flashlights.

The room is large, with a soaring ceiling and a fireplace. Toys are gathered in one corner - dozens of dolls and a rocking horse.

A bed rests against a window, the sheets decorated with frilly lace. Immaculately made, but sodden with mold.

Specs peeks in through the window of a DOLL HOUSE, seeing eerily still figures sitting at a dining table.

Carl steps into the center of the room.

WHAT NO ONE IN THE GROUP SEES is a PAIR OF EYES staring at the group over a CABINET.

Someone is crouching behind it.

CARL

This must be Philip's room.

LORRAINE

It looks like a girls bedroom.

As they face the wall, a TEENAGE GIRL EMERGES FROM behind the cabinet, marching outside the room. They do not see it. The floorboards creak and Carl wheels on the sound.

All is then quiet again.

Carl approaches the doorway...slowly...slowly...

THE TEENAGE GIRL RUNS PAST THE DOORWAY! CARL LEAPS BACK WITH A YELP! He bolts outside the room, following the girl.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, PHILIP'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The group trample out of the bedroom, following the Teenage Girl. They hear her scampering down the stairs and they follow her --

INT. LIVING ROOM, PHILIP'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- down into the cavernous living room. Furniture is covered.

They huddle together, whipping their flashlights around.

SPECS

Look...

They snap their attention to a CAT. Sitting in the center of the living room, STARING AT THE WALL. The cat pays no attention to them, fixated on the wall.

CARL

What's she looking at?

Tucker sets his case down, pulls his goggles on and steps up to the wall. Through his POV - the bone-white wall flicks between different shades of UV light.

CLICK...CLICK...CLICK...

Then, in one of the filters - a messy collage of dark HANDPRINTS is SUDDENLY VISIBLE. All of the handprints are concentrated in ONE AREA OF THE WALL.

Tucker JOLTS, then lifts the goggles.

TUCKER

There's something here. Handprints.

Tucker and Specs runs their fingers over the wall, finding nothing. Tucker pushes on the wall.

A HIDDEN DOOR CLICKS OPEN.

Tucker pushes the door open, a vault of air escaping it. A pitch black room lies beyond it.

Tucker aims his flashlight into it. Carl steps closer, then staggers back. PALPABLE TERROR blazes in his eyes.

CARL

No...no...I can't go in...

He falls onto a couch, shaken. Stares up at them.

CARL (CONT'D)

There's too much suffering in there.

TUCKER

It's okay. We'll go.  
(turning to Specs)  
After you.

Specs steps inside.

INT. DARK CHAMBER, PHILIP'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A dank, stark cell. A wire-spring bed without a mattress rots in one corner, a tattered, soiled blanket thrown across it.

A tray of medical instruments is beside the bed. A rusted needle, a clamp, a scalpel and a STETHOSCOPE.

Tucker squats, finding a large case in the corner. He opens it, finding a stack of NEWSPAPER ARTICLES. Headlines scream out from them:

**"M KILLER STILL AT LARGE", "FOURTH YOUNG WOMAN TO GO MISSING THIS MONTH", "LETTER 'M' CONFIRMS MURDERS WORK OF ONE KILLER", "LETTER M MURDERS REMAIN UNSOLVED".**

All of the articles are related to one serial killer case. The paper is yellowing, faded. The collection of a proud killer.

In one of the articles, a crude police sketch of the suspect. It is PHILIP'S FACE.

LORRAINE

That's him...that's Philip.

SPECS

The M killer. I remember this case.  
Serial killers are one of my other  
hobbies. Besides chasing demons.  
It's an unsolved case.

TUCKER

Until now.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PHILIP'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Carl sifts through Tucker's equipment case, hauling out his Wiki-Board. He turns it on, closing his eyes.

CARL

I'm talking to the spirit who  
brought us here...you're not Elise  
are you?

A long beat passes. Carl glances down at the Wiki-Board.

It says NO.

CARL (CONT'D)

Who are you?

The word is slowly types out: U - P - S - T - A - I - R - S.

CARL (CONT'D)

Michelle...

INT. DARK CHAMBER, PHILIP'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Specs, Lorraine and Tucker sift through the articles.

Specs turns around, facing the wire mattress.

THERE IS SOMEONE LYING ON IT.

IT IS THE TEENAGE GIRL.

She stands up, screeching at them in an unholy tenor.

TEENAGE GIRL

Heeeeelllppp meeee!!!!!!

The three of them scream, spilling out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PHILIP'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The trio fumble backwards, slamming the door behind them.

EXT. PHILIP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They stand outside the house, spooked. Unsure of what to do next.

LORRAINE

We've got to know for sure that something is wrong with Josh before we do anything.

CARL

I'll do it. You get him alone in the house, take his wife and kids away.

(beat)

If I look him in the eye, talk to him...if there's something wrong I'll sense it.

INT. FRONT DOOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lock jiggles, grunting as it is opened. Lorraine edges inside, keeping quiet.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine kicks off her shoes, skittering barefoot down the hallway. She stops herself when she reaches the guest room where Renai and Josh are sleeping.

She opens the door.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Renai is asleep with Dalton and Foster beside her, her arms curled around Dalton. Josh is not in the bed with them.

INT. YOUNG JOSH'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine inches stealthily into the dark bedroom. With each step, the floor CREAKS. She winces.

She stands over the slumbering Josh, at the foot of the bed, watching her son.

She leaves.

**INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (THE FURTHER)**

Renai twitches in her sleep. We are CLOSE ON her face.

She opens her eyes.

The room is unnaturally quiet. She sits up, sleepy. Her children are gone. She is alone in bed.

RENAI  
Dalton? Foster?

She strains to see in the dripping black around her. Then she sees it - Dalton is standing at the end of the bed. Staring at her.

RENAI (CONT'D)  
Honey?

Dalton walks sluggishly around to the side of the bed. He takes Renai's hand, pulling her out of bed. He leads her through the door.

**INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (THE FURTHER)**

Their footsteps do not make a sound as they walk. Dalton leads Renai into the dark.

RENAI  
Where are you taking me?

DALTON  
Into the dark place.

He points towards the end of the corridor.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
They're over there.

Renai glares into the dark, seeing Josh, talking to someone, just as Dalton described in his dream.

Josh turns and sees Renai.

**INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Renai opens her eyes with a start, awakened from her dream. Dalton is lying next to her, as is Foster.

Fast asleep.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Possessed Josh opens his eyes. Sunlight streams through the window. He turns over - Renai is gone.

INT. BATHROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Possessed Josh hobbles into the bathroom, closing the door. He is hunched over, as if his bones were shrinking.

With horror, he glares into the mirror at his aging reflection. The grey hair has advanced, wrinkles cutting deeper lines into his face. His skin is pale.

His fingers on his left hand are curled inwards. He struggles to straighten them, gritting his teeth as the BONES CRACK.

With his other hand, he reaches up and claws a handful of his hair out at his temple, leaving an exposed scalp. Tears come to his eyes. Tears and terror. We PAN PAST HIM --

-- seeing the outline of a person, standing behind the distorted glass of the shower door. The glass is too opaque to make out any features.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

When will you kill them?

Possessed Josh nods, hearing the voice.

POSSESSED JOSH

Soon.

He stares down at the clump of GREY HAIR in his hand.

POSSESSED JOSH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I don't want to die again.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You will. And so will they.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Possessed Josh lurches inside the kitchen. There is a note on the counter - JOSH, I'VE TAKEN RENAI AND THE KIDS OUT FOR THE DAY. WE'LL SEE YOU LATER, MOM.

A knock at the door startles him.

INT. FRONT DOOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Possessed Josh opens the door, faced with a somber Carl. He has a carry bag slung over his shoulder.

POSSESSED JOSH  
Can I help you?

CARL  
My name's Carl. I know that you don't remember me, Josh. Elise and I did our best to make sure of that.

POSSESSED JOSH  
You're right, I don't remember you.

CARL  
I haven't spoken to you since you were a young boy. Your mother called me when you started experiencing...some problems. I worked as a psychic at the time. And I came to your house, this house, and what I saw scared me so badly that I called Elise.

(beat)

Now Elise is gone. And I know that you were there when she died. So I was wondering if you could help give me some closure? I need it.

A long beat...then Possessed Josh steps aside.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Possessed Josh leads Carl into the living room.

CARL  
Why is it that places always seem so much smaller than we remember them?

POSSESSED JOSH  
Have a seat.

Carl does. He studies Possessed Josh. The greying hair and pale skin.

CARL  
Are you feeling okay?



POSSESSED JOSH

I'm fine.

CARL

I suppose I wanted to ask you if you have any idea what happened to her?

POSSESSED JOSH

No. I don't.

CARL

I'm sorry to ask something like that so bluntly, but I want to remind you that I'm not the person who's going to look at you funny if you tell me something...unusual.

Carl removes his glasses.

CARL (CONT'D)

I've seen things with my own eyes that most people have to go to sleep to imagine.

POSSESSED JOSH

Elise did a great thing. She helped me get my son back. She sent me to a place...I saw faces there that won't leave my field of vision. It was terrifying, but I got my son back.

As he talks, Carl subtly glances down at Josh's hands.

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)

Everything was good for about ten minutes. I left the room, and when I came back, Elise was gone. She was strangled.

CARL

Horrific.

POSSESSED JOSH

Yes. It was.

CARL

When you were a boy, you said it was an old woman who haunted you. Did you see that old woman when you were visiting that other world you talked about?

POSSESSED JOSH

No.

CARL

Okay.

(beat)

You also said when you were young  
that you were a big football fan.  
Are you still?

POSSESSED JOSH

Yes. Still a fan.

Carl nods. He gets up, moving to the wall of photos. As he passes Possessed Josh, Carl grabs his arm.

CARL

Haven't lost that arm?

POSSESSED JOSH

Not one bit.

Carl looks into his eyes, then lets go and moves to the wall of photographs. He zeroes in on the SAME PHOTO Elise studied when she first visited this house. When he is out of Possessed Josh's line of sight, his expression melts into one of fear.

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)

Would you like a coffee? I'm making  
one for myself.

CARL

Sure, absolutely.

Possessed Josh leaves the room. When he does, Carl quietly unzips the shoulder bag he is carrying and removes a CAMERA.

WHAP!!

With sudden, shocking violence, a black garbage bag is wrapped around Carl's face. He flails, clawing at the bag, sucking in air.

Possessed Josh wrenches Carl to the floor, tightening the bag around his throat, twisting it. Madness in his eyes. Grinning.

Carl kicks out, scratching at Possessed Josh's fingers - but Josh is too strong.

Carl spasms, his resistance slowing...until he shudders with a final breath and is still.

Possessed Josh sits on his back, making sure Carl is dead. He stands up, locking the front door, then fishes through Carl's pockets for his car keys.

He finds them, leaves the room. He returns with blankets, wrapping them around Carl's corpse.

He spies through the drapes, seeing Carl's car parked in the driveway.

He hefts Carl's body up, his spine cracking with the effort, opening the door and limping outside. The door closes.

The house is quiet.

We TRACK ACROSS IT...past the furniture...all the way to the MIRROR mounted on the wall. We move INTO THE MIRROR - emerging on the other side in --

**INT. LIVING ROOM, BEYOND MIRROR (THE FURTHER)**

-- The Further.

A cold, midnight version of Lorraine's house.

Carl is standing in the center of the room, dressed as he was when he died. He is shell-shocked, frightened. A lost child.

He sees a dark FIGURE approaching from the kitchen. The figure holds up a bright lantern, illuminating his face.

It is Josh. He steps close to Carl.

CARL

I've been here before...but I was never afraid of this place until now.

JOSH

Now there's no going back. Understand?

Carl nods, shaken.

CARL

I'm one of them.

JOSH

She's in my body. The old woman. She murdered you and she's going to do the same to my family.

He places his hand on Carl's shoulder.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
I'm trapped here. I don't know what  
to do to help them.

A long beat passes as Carl takes in his surroundings, still shocked.

CARL  
Elise. You have to find Elise.

JOSH  
How?

Carl moves to the door, opening it and unveiling an infinite darkness.

CARL  
Into the further we go.

They step through the door.

**EXT. BLACK VOID - NIGHT (THE FURTHER)**

Darkness closes in around Josh and Carl like a suffocating blanket.

They stagger forward, not knowing which direction to head in. There is nothing in front of them. Josh whirls and stares back at the house, the lantern held out in front of him.

They lurch on through the unfolding nothingness.

The sounds of this world are a muffled aural cacophony. Distant SCREAMS, distorted and tortured. The whinny's and snorts of ANIMALS. The wheeze of asthmatic BREATHING - all of it swirling together in the distance, as if coming through a tinny, faraway speaker.

CARL  
Elise?

The cry echoes back to them.

JOSH  
Elise!

Then...a figure looms in the distance. A man, standing alone. Staring at them. They approach.

The man is unmoving. His unblinking eyes pivot between the two of them.

CARL  
We're looking for Elise. Where is she?

The man doesn't answer. His fingers shake. Finally, he points over their shoulders, behind them.

They turn - AND JOLT.

A huge horde of pale figures is crowded behind Josh and Carl. The figures reach out with gnarled fingers.

Josh and Carl stagger back - hitting another wall of figures.

THEY ARE SURROUNDED.

The figures rip and tear at Josh.

JOSH  
Get away from me. Get away!

And then - the entities suddenly SCREAM.

A BLINDING LIGHT casts over them. They react to the light as if it were fire.

The sea of dead parts, retreating into the darkness. The light flickers and dies down...a FIGURE EMERGING FROM IT.

IT IS ELISE. She is glowing with an inner light of her own. Her and Josh embrace, lingering long on the hug.

ELISE  
I wish I could say it's good to see you.

JOSH  
I'm sorry.

ELISE  
Everybody's time comes. I knew that more than most. I chose to make my living by dabbling in a dangerous world. I knew the risks.

Elise turns to Carl and they share a hug.

JOSH  
I need your help, Elise.

ELISE

When I heard you scream, I followed your voice and found you...but I don't know that I can help you anymore. Not from this side.

(beat)

But I may know who can.

JOSH

Who?

ELISE

You. When you were a boy.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Lorraine and Renai sit on a bench, observing a playground. Renai rocks a blanket covered stroller. Forced smiles.

LORRAINE

I'm so happy to spend time with Dalton again.

RENAI

Me too. It's a miracle.

LORRAINE

It'd be nice to have everything back to normal again.

(beat)

But it isn't. Is it?

RENAI

No. Have you seen them too?

LORRAINE

Yes.

A long beat passes. The forced smiles are gone.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Have you noticed anything...strange about Josh?

RENAI

Why?

LORRAINE

Anything that he's done or said?

RENAI

Just say what you're thinking.

LORRAINE

I'm thinking Josh may have gone into that other world and come back a different person.

RENAI

How could you...prove something like that?

LORRAINE

Right now, a friend of mine is at your house. He's a psychic, like Elise was. I'm hoping he can tell us something.

(beat)

And you know Josh better than anyone. I'm not saying something is definitely wrong...we just need to know for sure.

RENAI

What do you want me to do?

LORRAINE

Talk to him. Take his picture. Ask him a question only he would know.

(beat)

Do it as soon as you can.

**INT. BLACK VOID (THE FURTHER)**

Elise, Carl and Josh press through the dark, until a structure takes shape in front of them.

It is Lorraine's house.

CANDLELIGHT flickers in the window, but otherwise the house is dark.

ELISE

Go. Go now. You must hurry.

Josh moves towards the house.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

The house is DEATHLY QUIET.

Josh pushes inside, seeing Young Josh sitting on the couch in the center of the darkened living room.

Young Josh turns slowly, facing his older self.

JOSH  
I need your help...I need to know  
how to destroy the Old Woman.

YOUNG JOSH  
This door stays locked until I come  
out of my shell.

And with that, Young Josh disappears, leaving the room empty.  
Josh whispers the words to himself.

JOSH  
This doors stays locked until I  
come out of my shell...

**EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

Josh shuffles through the door, back to Elise and Carl.

JOSH  
He said that this door stays locked  
until I come out of my shell.

ELISE  
Can you remember what that means?  
Try, Josh. Try to remember.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM 2 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

We are in an earlier scene. Young Josh is perched next to  
Philip's hospital bed.

As before, we see Josh turn to face Philip - greeted by him  
sitting up in bed.

Philip screams and locks his fingers around Josh's neck.

MAN  
Her name is Michelle! I'm going to  
see her and you are too!

FLASHCUT TO:

**EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

Josh repeats the words to himself.



JOSH

Her name is Michelle...

(beat)

I got it wrong. I got the words wrong when I was a kid. It's not 'my shell'. It's Michelle.

(beat)

I meant to say 'this door stays locked until I come out as Michelle'. I remember it now.

CARL

I've been to Michelle's house. I can take us there.

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai pulls up in her car, unloading the kids. She approaches the quiet house.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai enters the room. The house is dark.

RENAI

Josh?

(to kids)

Guys, go get ready for bed.

INT. CALI'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai sets Cali down in her crib. We do not see the baby.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai step into the corridor. She hears the front door close.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Possessed Josh enters the house.

RENAI

Josh?

He starts, turns to her.

POSSESSED JOSH

You scared me.

He steps out of the shadows. He has aged more VISIBLY now. Renai cannot hide her shock.

RENAI  
You look...sick.

POSSESSED JOSH  
I know. That place Elise sent me to...it did something to me. I can feel it.

He approaches her, standing over her.

RENAI  
Do you remember what you said to me on the night we got married? You said that you would love me when I didn't like you. Do you remember that?

POSSESSED JOSH  
Of course. I meant it.

RENAI  
Thanks for sticking with me. I promise to be in a better mood.

They hug. Over Possessed Josh's shoulder, we see that Renai is NOT smiling. Her look is one of FEAR.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai lies still with her eyes closed.

She opens them, looking over at Josh who lies next to her. As carefully as she can, she pulls herself out of bed.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai creeps down the corridor in the dark.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She steps into the living room, fishing through her handbag in the corner and removing a digital camera.

She turns it on, her breath quivering with fear.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door to the bedroom opens with a groan.

The pale light from the hallway reveals Josh fast asleep on the bed.

Grimacing with each creak of her footsteps, Renai treads inside the bedroom...very slowly...closing the door behind her.

In the darkness, we can BARELY make her out, tip-toeing to the foot of the bed. She waits, holding her breath.

She raises the camera, pointing it at Josh.

She depresses the trigger. The flash ignites, lighting the whole room. Renai checks the viewing window --

-- AND JOLTS WITH TERROR.

On it, she sees an EMPTY BED. Josh is no longer there.

Renai backs up in the dark. She holds up the camera again, hitting the button. The flash explodes again.

This time on the viewing window, there is a FACE FILLING THE SCREEN - A HYBRID OF JOSH'S FACE AND THE OLD WOMAN'S (there is less of the Old Woman transposed over his face than there was before - SHE IS SLOWLY TAKING OVER, assimilating with him).

Renai looks up - coming FACE TO FACE with Possessed Josh.

Renai staggers away from him.

POSSESSED JOSH

I wanted to stay so much longer...  
the feeling of being alive again.  
You cannot comprehend how good it  
feels. To breathe. To eat. All the  
little things that you brush off,  
like a fly. But she wanted me to  
kill you.

Possessed Josh shakes his head, tears in his eyes, scratching at his thinning hair.

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)

She wouldn't stop. Wouldn't stop  
pushing me to do it. Just like when  
I was a boy. She wouldn't let me be  
a normal little boy.

(MORE)

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)  
 She made me kill. And now you've  
 just given her exactly what she  
 wants once again.

He opens his mouth - revealing BLOODIED GUMS where two more  
 of his teeth have fallen out. Renai BREAKS into a run and  
 Possessed Josh streaks after her. She barrels into --

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- the kitchen, hurling a pan at him as she goes. He deflects  
 it, fury in his eyes.

POSSESSED JOSH  
 Come here!

Renai SNATCHES up a kitchen knife, whirling around and  
 slashing him.

He WINCES, grabbing the knife. They struggle with each other,  
 but he overpowers her, SLAPPING her viciously. She falls to  
 the ground.

He towers over her with the knife, examining his wound.

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)  
 The pain feels good. It's been such  
 a long time since I felt real pain.  
 I miss it.

He wrenches Renai's head up by the hair.

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)  
 But not as much as I miss the  
 feeling of inflicting it on others.

He holds the knife to her throat.

POSSESSED JOSH (CONT'D)  
 Goodbye, Renai, and welcome to my  
 world.

SMASH!!

A baseball bat SLAMS into Possessed Josh's head.

He TURNS to see DALTON, standing in the doorway.

DALTON  
 Get off her!

Possessed Josh snarls and GRABS him, easily pinning him to  
 the floor.

Renai scrambles to her feet in the melee, snatching up the strewn pan she threw at Josh and SMACKING IT into his head.

Blood spurts from the wound and Possessed Josh rolls off Dalton, stunned. He is still conscious, but dazed.

Renai grabs Dalton's hand and bolts into the --

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- hallway, running with him to the bedroom where Foster is sleeping.

INT. FOSTER'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Renai charges in, waking up Foster.

RENAI  
Foster, get up! We're leaving.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai charges in, snatching Cali out of her crib.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Possessed Josh stirs on the floor, blood dribbling from his scalp where the pan cut his head open.

He struggles to lift himself off the floor, using the wall as support.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

We TRACK with Renai as she carries Cali with one arm, dragging Foster with the other, CHARGING down the corridor toward the FRONT DOOR.

SUDDENLY -- Possessed Josh appears in front of the door, injured. A ball of murderous rage.

He limps towards them. Renai backs up.

DALTON  
Mom, in here!

Dalton flings open a door and Renai and Foster follow him into --

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- a darkened stairwell.

Possessed Josh SCREAMS, increasing in speed, LUNGING at them as Renai SLAMS the basement door.

She SNAPS a lock shut just as Possessed Josh BARRELS into it, WALLOPING the full weight of his shoulder into the wood.

Renai backs down the stairs, her children behind her, then pushes a SHELF directly opposite the basement door at the top of the stairs into the door.

The shelf SMASHES down, leaning against the door and blocking it. The door frame SHUDDERS as Possessed Josh POUNDS it, whaling on it with animal fury.

Renai retreats all the way to the bottom of the stairs, finding herself in a murky concrete bunker.

She hits the light switch and a bare bulb dangling above her sheds a pale pool of light onto the environs.

Foster cries as the door WHOMPS against the shelf. Renai hugs him to her thigh.

FOSTER

Why is daddy angry at us?

RENAI

That's not daddy.

FOSTER

I'm scared.

RENAI

It's okay. I won't let anything happen to you.

Cali cries as Renai hugs her children to her. Possessed Josh POUNDS against the door again and Foster SCREAMS.

**INT. BLACK VOID (THE FURTHER)**

Josh, Carl and Elise lope through the unfolding dark.

The sound of a scream spirals towards them. Faint. Distant.

DALTON (V.O.)

*...mommy...help me...*

JOSH  
Did you hear that?

DALTON (V.O.)  
*...make him stop...*

JOSH  
That's my son.

Anguish floods Josh.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Please God, no....I've got to help  
them. I've got to help them, that  
thing is going to kill them!

He charges into the dark, literally screaming into the void.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
You bastard! Leave them alone!

Elise joins him, struggling to calm him.

ELISE  
Listen to me, Josh, we've got to  
help them from here. There's  
nothing you can do physically.

JOSH  
He's killing them! I can hear my  
son, don't you understand that? I  
need to get to them, I need to help  
them, he's --

ELISE  
No. Listen to me now. If you wander  
into the dark screaming, then he's  
won. You've got to focus and come  
with us, destroy him from here.  
That's all you can do.

CARL  
She's telling you the truth. It's  
all we can do now.

A long beat passes. Elise leads Josh into the dark.

INT. READING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine, Specs and Tucker pace the room. Lorraine dials her  
cell phone. The call goes straight to voicemail.

CARL (V.O.)  
 (from phone)  
 You've reached Carl Stanaway, leave  
 me a message.

LORRAINE  
 Carl, it's me again. Please call me  
 as soon as possible. Thanks.

She hangs up, anxious.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
 That's my third try. I'm gonna try  
 my house.

She dials again. This time the phone rings.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house phone bleats, ringing throughout the house.

Possessed Josh ceases pounding on the door, scanning around  
 for the phone in the cradle. He picks it up.

POSSESSED JOSH  
 Hello? Mom?

LORRAINE (V.O.)  
 (from phone)  
 Josh, sorry to call so late, I  
 was...wondering if you saw Carl  
 today.

POSSESSED JOSH  
 Who's Carl?

LORRAINE (V.O.)  
 (from phone)  
 He's an old friend of mine. So I'm  
 guessing he didn't stop by from the  
 sound of that?

POSSESSED JOSH  
 No. He didn't. No one by that name.

LORRAINE (V.O.)  
 (from phone)  
 Really...okay.

POSSESSED JOSH  
 You haven't been around much this  
 past few days. Why don't you come  
 home?



LORRAINE (V.O.)  
(from phone)  
Alright, I will. I'll see you soon.  
I love you.

POSSESSED JOSH  
I love you too.

Possessed Josh hangs up.

INT. READING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine's concern grows into fear.

LORRAINE  
My son is a loving person...but  
he's not the type to say I love you  
to his mom over the phone.  
Something is wrong. He said Carl  
never even came over.

She turns to Specs and Tucker.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
We've gotta get over there.

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The pounding on the door has stopped. Eerie quiet.

Renai is slumped on the floor in her pyjamas, cradling Cali.  
Her children huddle close to her.

RENAI  
Dalton, take Cali.

She hands the baby to Dalton and stands up.

FOSTER  
No, don't go!

RENAI  
It's okay.

She leans down to Dalton's height. He is not hysterical the way Foster is. She whispers to him.

RENAI (CONT'D)  
Look after your brother and sister.

Dalton nods firmly. There is a new found strength in him.

DALTON

What are you gonna do?

RENAI

I'm gonna have a look around, try  
and find a way out of here or  
something we can use. Anything.

Dalton crouches next to Foster, hugging him close. Renai gropes through the large basement, searching shelves. She finds a flashlight, smacks it in her palm. It's working.

She pockets it, then hauls the shelf aside to inspect the wall behind it. Solid concrete. No windows or doors.

And then the LIGHT CUTS OUT. The room is plunged into darkness. Foster cries out.

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

It's okay. I'm here, I'm here.

A beam of light swords through the room as Renai triggers the flashlight.

She listens...hearing footsteps above their heads. The wood creaks under the weight of someone's shoes, pacing upstairs.

The family huddles together, glaring up at the ceiling. The slow pacing stops and all is quiet again.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Possessed Josh enters from the kitchen, carrying a heavy FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

He SMASHES IT into the door to the basement. The wood cracks, splintering. He drives the extinguisher into the door again.

POSSESSED JOSH

Most people don't know when they're  
going to die, but you do. It's  
going to be in a very soon, and  
it's going to be a slow, painful  
death.

He smashes the door over and over, the slats in the frame coming loose. He forces his hands through them, pushing as hard as he can on the shelf wedged against it.

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai JOLTS with each THUMP against the door. She whisks to her feet, whipping her head around the basement, seeing a row of tools.

She plucks a CHISEL from its slot, scurrying up the stairs and STABBING it into Josh's arm.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Possessed Josh YELPS in pain, jerking back...then laughs.

POSSESSED JOSH

I enjoy the pain.

He storms down the corridor, then lurches to a stop in front of a wall mounted mirror. Even in the dark, he can see his reflection.

With horror, he sees that he looks decidedly more AGED now; haggard, haunted. Hair stringy and grey, spine arched.

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai keeps the flashlight focused on the beams of wood above them. Dalton steps up beside Renai. His resolve has grown even more. He whispers in her ear.

DALTON

I can go and find daddy. Out in the dark place. If I go to sleep.

Renai holds his gaze.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Let me find him. I can bring him here.

RENAI

No...I can't let you do that. It's too dangerous. I nearly lost you once, I'm not letting it happen again.

A long, resolute beat. Then:

RENAI (CONT'D)

I'll go.

She hunkers down to his level.

RENAI (CONT'D)  
You took me into that place last  
night, didn't you?

DALTON  
Yes.

RENAI  
Do it again. Can you do that?

Dalton nods apprehensively.

DALTON  
Close your eyes.

She does. Dalton does the same.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Possessed Josh staggers back into the house, carrying an AXE.

He roosts a couch aside and WRENCHES a huge rug back,  
exposing the thick wooden floor boards.

He holds the AXE high, then arcs it over his head, burying  
the blade in the wood. Like a madman, he swings it down, one  
blow after another, wood splinters flying.

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Chips of wood flutter down from above each time the axe  
strikes.

Renai and Dalton are facing each other, eyes closed. We CLOSE  
IN ON RENAI'S FACE.

She opens her eyes. The impossible quiet and dark of the dead  
enfolds her.

**INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

Renai is sitting opposite Dalton. He takes her by the hand,  
standing up and hauling her to her feet.

Dalton gestures out into the dark above the basement stairs.

DALTON  
Out there. Call his name.

Renai glides up the stairs.

**EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

Renai glares out into the pitch black environs of The Further.

She moves into them, mist swirling around her. Thunder growls.

RENAI

Josh!

Her cry echoes back to her, swallowed by oblivion.

**INT. BLACK VOID (THE FURTHER)**

Josh, Carl and Elise FREEZE suddenly.

JOSH

Listen.

RENAI (O.S.)

*Josh...*

JOSH

That's Renai.

ELISE

My god...she's here.

They surge forward into the void.

**INT. BLACK VOID (THE FURTHER)**

The sound of a baby crying spirits towards Renai from the darkness.

She turns to see THE ORIGINAL VICTORIAN HOME where this all began for her.

RENAI

Josh!

Renai trots towards the door. She WALLOPS into it. It is locked. It won't budge. She PUMMELS the door with her fists.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM, LAMBERT HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*(We are now watching a scene from the original film)*

Josh and Renai are in bed. They hear someone pounding on the front door.

JOSH  
Who the hell is that?

There is another round of desperate knocks on the door.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Stay here.

He bounds out of bed, jostling through the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING, LAMBERT HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Josh paces into the hall.

What he doesn't see is the LONG HAIRED FIEND, standing beside the doorway to Cali's bedroom.

**EXT. LAMBERT HOME - NIGHT (THE FURTHER)**

Renai tries the door handle again. No good.

INT. CALI'S BEDROOM, LAMBERT HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In Cali's room, the Fiend hovers over her crib. He reaches in, touching the baby. She gurgles.

Renai suddenly appears in the doorway to Cali's room -

- AND SCREAMS!!!

**EXT. LAMBERT HOME - NIGHT (THE FURTHER)**

Renai hears a SCREAM.

With all the power she can summon, she BLASTS her fists into the front door. It flies open, the burglar alarm wailing instantly.

**INT. FRONT DOOR, LAMBERT HOME - NIGHT (THE FURTHER)**

Renai stampedes inside the former Lambert home, hastening up the stairs in a blur.

RENAI  
Josh!!

As the alarm squeals, we follow her into --

**INT. CALI'S ROOM, LAMBERT HOME - NIGHT (THE FURTHER)**

The Further version of Cali's room.

There is no furniture or decorations in here except for Cali's crib. The room is dark, tentacles of fog writhing along the floor.

The Fiend looms over the crib, cackling.

RENAI  
Where is Josh?

The Fiend CANNONS TOWRDS HER, arms outstretched, ATTACKING.

Renai SHRIEKS.

**EXT. LAMBERT HOME (THE FURTHER)**

Josh leads the charge, following Renai's scream all the way to the front door of the house.

He barrels through it.

**INT. CALI'S ROOM, LAMBERT HOME (THE FURTHER)**

Josh charges in, confronted with the sight of the Long Haired Fiend assaulting his wife.

Josh HURLS himself at The Fiend, attacking with all his strength.

WHAM! Josh socks the Fiend in the face, trading devastating blows with him, his fury providing strength.

He PICKS THE FIEND up, hurling him THROUGH THE WINDOW. The Fiends' screams recede into The Further.

Josh embraces Renai, tearful.

**INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Foster hovers over Dalton and Renai, who lie on the floor, out cold. Foster clings to his mother.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME**

SLAM!!

The axe penetrates the wood, gash by gash. A hole has formed, not yet big enough for an adult to worm through.

He raises the axe again, then --

-- headlights hit the darkened wall opposite him, bleeding through the drapes.

Someone is pulling up outside.

Possessed Josh ceases chopping, darting to the window.

**EXT. PHILIP'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

A shape forms in front of Elise - the foreboding estate where Philip and his mother reside.

CARL

That...that's it. That's Michelle's house.

Elise, Renai, Carl and Josh float towards the front door of the house.

**INT. CORRIDOR/LIVING ROOM, PHILIP'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

Elise leads Carl, Renai and Josh down an empty corridor. It is exactly as the house was that Carl visited - seen from the other side.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, PHILIP'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

They push into the living room. Dozens of GHOULISH FIGURES stand in the room, glacially still. They are all YOUNG GIRLS, ranging from teenagers to women in their early twenties.

Their eyes are hollow, skin sallow. They don't look at the four intruders, stunned eyes fixed on some unseen depravity.

Elise weaves through the bodies, careful not to touch them. Josh shields Renai, weaving through with her.

It is a human maze.

JOSH

Who are they?



ELISE

Murder victims. That's what The Further is - a black hole where all of the suffering from a life can continue on in eternity, like an echo. The souls here either don't know or can't accept that they're dead. They simply wander the dark. Lost.

She turns to face Josh, brushing one of the ghouls.

ELISE (CONT'D)

The people who die without being murdered at the hands of another, who die peacefully at the hand of nature...they don't know this place exists. They go to the light. But if there's light, there must also be dark. And that's where we are.

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine, Specs and Tucker climb out of Tucker's van.

LORRAINE

That's strange...

TUCKER

What is?

LORRAINE

No lights on inside. Or at the front door.

Tucker checks the other houses on the street, still glowing from within.

TUCKER

It's not a black out.

LORRAINE

Oh no...please no.

SPECS

We're right behind you.

Tucker grabs a large tool from the back of his van, wielding it like a sword, along with a flashlight. They approach the front door.

Lorraine fishes for keys, slots one into the lock. It clicks open.

INT. ENTRY WAY/LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The trio blunder into the house, Tucker first. He gropes forward in the dark.

Specs follows Tucker with a flashlight. The light illuminates pockets of a desolate living room. No signs of life.

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Dalton blinks awake, coughing. Renai is still lying next to him, out cold. Dalton stands, reborn with strength.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Specs and Tucker keep trekking forward.

All is quiet.

WHOMP!!

Tucker falls, his right leg spilling through the hatch that Possessed Josh rended in the floorboards.

He slams down to the ground.

TUCKER

Ah, damn it!

Specs ferries Tucker out of the hole.

Tucker WHEELS around - coming face to face with Possessed Josh!

Possessed Josh PROPELS a knife forward, embedding it in Tucker's chest. The blade shears into his flesh and he cries out in PAIN, his body folding.

Specs ATTACKS, swinging his flashlight, SMASHING IT down.

It connects with Possessed Josh's face, CRACKING against his jaw bone. Teeth go flying, clattering on the wooden floor.

Possessed Josh recovers, smiling. He wrenches Specs' forward, smashing his head down against a desk. He falls.

Lorraine SCREAMS and takes off down the hall.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She BOLTS up the corridor, dialing 911 as she runs. Frantic.

Possessed Josh dives for her, landing on her back and pinning her. He crushes the phone against the wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Possessed Josh uses nylon rope to tie up Lorraine, coiling it around her ankles and wrists. Hog-tied.

She stirs, coming out of her daze.

POSSESSED JOSH  
I'm going to leave you alive. But  
I'm going to make you watch.

He hauls her along the floor to the lip of the hole he cut.

**INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, PHILIP'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

Josh keeps Renai close to him, advancing down the corridor.

Finally, they reach a DOOR. A heavy oak door, it is guarded by a GHOUL, his head bowed.

A demon.

There is nowhere left to go. Josh marches forward, trying to pass him - but the monstrous man blocks his path with a thick forearm.

DEMON  
The key.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Possessed Josh BLUDGEONS the axe down, the hole gaping now.

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Possessed Josh peers into the hole.

POSSESSED JOSH  
Now it's all over.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR, PHILIP'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

Josh leans into the ear of the demon, whispering.

JOSH  
Michelle.

The demon reaches out with taloned fingers, gripping the door handle and opening the door.

Josh steps inside.

**INT. YOUNG PHILIP'S BEDROOM (THE FURTHER)**

The same bedroom that Carl first explored reveals itself. The same eloquent dollhouse's and child's drawings.

It is obviously the bedroom of a young girl. Josh's eyes sweep the room, coming to rest on the young girl in question.

She sits with her back to Josh, slumped on a stool, facing the wall.

Her hair is long and combed into twin pig-tails. Her dress is decorated with fanciful trimmings. Her feet dangle above the floor. Josh approaches the young girl, very slowly.

The girl doesn't move. He reaches out to touch her shoulder.

JOSH

Michelle?

The girl suddenly SPINS around -- revealing that it is NOT A GIRL AT ALL. It is a young boy, bedecked in a dress.

YOUNG BOY

That's not my name.

He rips at a wig on his head, revealing his true hair. THEN --

-- the door to the bedroom POUNDS open. MICHELLE barges inside the room. She is dressed in a very prim and proper fashion, but her expression belies rage.

She seems not to see Josh and the others, her gaze fixed on the boy. The boy looks terrified, backing away from her. Michelle clenches a sheet of paper, which she juts out at him with her fist.

MICHELLE

What is this? Just what is this?!

The boy bumps into the wall, unable to back up any further. Michelle looms over him. She unfurls the piece of paper, revealing it to be a FINGER PAINTING.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Did you do this?

The boy keeps his eyes down. The woman slaps him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Did you?

He nods, shamed. Michelle points to the name he has signed, and we see it in CLOSE UP: PHILIP.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

THAT IS NOT YOUR NAME! Your name is not Philip. That was the name your father gave you. Your name is Michelle. Like your mother. We both share that name. Do you understand?

She slaps him again and he cries.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Repeat after me - this door stays locked until I come out as Michelle.

(beat)

Say it.

YOUNG PHILIP

This door stays locked until I come out as Michelle.

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Possessed Josh drops down into the basement, hitting the floor with a THUD.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorraine YANKS her hands free of the ropes, quickly wrenching the rope from her feet.

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Possessed Josh advances on the comatose body of Renai.

Dalton shields his brother, holding onto his young sister, backing into the corner.

DALTON

Get away from her!

That's when Lorraine ATTACKS - she LAUNCHES herself through the hole in the floor. Her fury gives her strength and they struggle.

She CLAWS at Possessed Josh's hair, pulling out a chunk and leaving a patch of his scalp exposed.

Josh finally turns her over, gaining the upper hand, hurling her aside. He limps over to Dalton, raising the axe.

LORRAINE

Noooo!!!

Lorraine LEAPS at him.

**INT. YOUNG PHILIP'S BEDROOM (THE FURTHER)**

Michelle seems to enjoy Young Philip's tears.

MICHELLE

Quiet now. Be a good little girl.

Elise and Carl approach, standing behind Josh.

ELISE

Destroy her, Josh. End this.

Josh charges at Michelle. She seems shocked by his sudden appearance in the room.

JOSH

Get away from him!

Michelle HISSES with rage and lunges at Josh. Renai whisks in and grabs Young Philip, hauling him out of harms way as Michelle FLAILS WILDLY at Josh.

He struggles with her --

**INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

-- just as Lorraine struggles with Possessed Josh, both of them fighting for control of the AXE --

**INT. YOUNG PHILIP'S BEDROOM (THE FURTHER)**

-- Michelle and Josh struggle. With the force of ten men, Michelle HURLS Josh across the room with the ease of a rag doll.

Josh's body missile's into the wall, sagging to the floor.

MICHELLE

Little girls need to learn to be good.

Elise steps in front of Josh's crumpled body.

ELISE

Why don't you pick on a big girl  
then?

Elise LAUNCHES herself at Michelle and they ENGAGE in a vicious fight. Pounding blows traded - but it is clear ELISE IS STRONGER.

She forces Michelle onto the floor, pinning her down --

-- then reaches over and wrenches up the ROCKING HORSE, holding it aloft above her head as --

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

-- Possessed Josh SHOVES Lorraine aside, then charges over to Renai's comatose body, raising the AXE --

**INT. YOUNG PHILIP'S BEDROOM (THE FURTHER)**

-- as Elise brings the heavy wooden rocking horse down with all her might.

Michelle SHRIEKS - until the rocking horse silences her, smashing into her SKULL with a DULL THUD!

INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

And at that EXACT MOMENT - Possessed Josh FREEZES, axe held high in the air.

He SCREECHES - the pain of a thousand lashes unleashing itself from within his gut. The scream is not even human, it is *something else*. He WRITHES as if his body was contracting. The axe drops to the floor.

Possessed Josh keels over, his body contorting into tortured, starved shapes. His bones cracking. His spine elongating.

His jaw distends and his mouth opens WIDE. A sound ROARS from within his throat. Releasing something.

**INT. YOUNG PHILIP'S BEDROOM (THE FURTHER)**

The walls quake and shudder violently.

The whole house is imploding from within. The structure itself seems to be BELLOWING in pain.

ELISE  
 Josh, take Renai and go! Now!

Josh trades a look with her and Carl.

JOSH  
 What about you two?

ELISE  
 We can't go with you. We're going  
 to a different place.

Josh grabs Renai by the shoulder, dragging her away.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR, PHILIP'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

Josh and Renai STAMPEDE down the hall, retracing the trail they took. The demon who guarded the door has now VANISHED.

As they run away, Elise and Carl stand calmly at the door to Philip's bedroom, watching them go with sorrow.

**INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, PHILIP'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

The souls of all of Philip's victims have been released. The two of them barrel towards the front door and out into --

**EXT. BLACK VOID/PHILIP'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

-- the darkness of The Further.

**INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Lorraine creeps forward, tentative. Renai's body lies on the floor. Her chest is moving, she is breathing - but otherwise she looks catatonic.

Lorraine reaches out with trembling fingers and pokes Renai.

**INT. BLACK VOID/LORRAINE'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

Lorraine's house materializes out of the darkness. A voice drifts towards them.

LORRAINE (V.O.)  
 Renai...please wake up.

They reach the front door, flinging it open.



**INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

The duo stagger inside, seeing the dark, empty living room. The floor has been torn up, and all the damage Possessed Josh caused is plainly visible.

**INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Lorraine cradles Renai.

LORRAINE  
Renai, please wake up!

**INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE (THE FURTHER)**

FROM JOSH'S POV - we fly through the pitch space of the basement, only two bodies visible in it - Josh and Renai.

Both bodies lie prone on the basement floor. Our POV RUSHES TOWARDS Josh's body.

**INT. BASEMENT, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Renai COUGHS suddenly, her eyes blinking. She snaps to attention.

RENAI  
Dalton!

Renai locks her arms around him and they embrace - but only for a second. Dalton stands over his father's body.

Josh SITS BOLT UPRIGHT suddenly, sucking in a huge BREATH, coughing.

Lorraine and Renai instinctively shield the children and stand back, ready for another attack.

An agonizing wait as Josh arches forward, gathering his breath, spitting and coughing. He finally calms the fit of expelling his lungs, taking deep breaths. He looks up slowly.

Renai stares at him without expression. Waiting. Tears come to Josh's eyes and he smiles.

JOSH  
Renai...it's me. It's me.

We see that he is no longer AGED. The wrinkles have melted away, the color returned to his formerly undead pallor. Renai joins him in shedding tears of joy.

FOSTER

Daddy!

Foster bolts towards his father, wrapping his arms around him. Renai is more cautious. She leans down, studying the eyes of her husband.

JOSH

You know it's me.

Somehow, Renai can see his soul. Something has changed about him. Renai can't hold it anymore - her arms enfolding him.

They are together again. Josh looks over Renai's shoulder at Dalton, who is still afraid.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Come here son.

Dalton joins his mother and Dalton in the embrace. Lorraine watches on...happy once again.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renai tends to Tucker, whose shirt is bloodstained. Specs gathers himself, nursing a sore head.

JOSH

I'll call an ambulance.

FOSTER

No, dad, stay with us!

JOSH

I'm not going anywhere.

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Specs wanders back to Tucker's van, carrying Tucker's goggles.

He pries open the back of the van, climbing up onto the lip and slotting the flashlights back into their allotted case.

And then he stops. Because he hears something. Brow furrowed, he trains his ears on it. A low, hissy whisper.

Intrigued, he ransacks the mess stacked in the van. He finally lands on the GAS MASK device.

The whispering is coming from the headphones attached to it. Specs lifts them to his ears...hearing a slight, barely audible hiss. A singular voice swims within the white noise.

Specs snatches a pen and paper, jotting down what he hears.

VOICE (V.O.)  
 (from microphone)  
 ...goodbye...

Specs writes the single word down. GOODBYE.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun shines down on Lorraine's house.

INT. KITCHEN, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Renai spoons a paste into Cali's mouth, who squeals happily.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Renai strays into the living room.

She halts when she spies a sheet hiding a large object in the middle of the room, a bow adorning it. She approaches the object, seeing a card addressed to her.

She tears open the envelope, plucking out a small card. Inside, the scrawled handwriting says 'WILL THIS DO FOR NOW?'

Renai hauls back the sheet - unveiling a BABY PIANO. She beams, pulling up a chair and plopping down on it. She lets her fingers dance across the keys, tapping out a melody. Josh approaches her from behind and she looks up.

RENAI  
 I love it.

JOSH  
 You've got plenty of songs left to write. We're going to live a long life together.

They kiss, lingering on it. Enjoying it.

INT. CORRIDOR, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Renai meanders up the hall, buoyed by a happiness she hasn't felt in a long time. She opens the door to Josh's old bedroom.

INT. YOUNG JOSH'S BEDROOM, LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Renai pads inside. It is dark, the blinds drawn.

RENAI

Dalton, don't forget to finish  
packing everything up for the...

She trails off, gaping up and spotting a trail of CRAYON ON THE WALL, running erratically over the white paint.

Renai follows it with her eyes, all the way until her eyes find DALTON. He is slumped at the desk, his back to her.

RENAI (CONT'D)

Honey...?

She lurches closer. Dalton seems to be using one of the crayons to DRAW on his own face.

RENAI (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Dalton PIVOTS TOWARDS HER -

- and with DREAD, Renai sees that he is running a CRAYON over his face, coloring it BRIGHT RED.

As he stabs at his sanguine face with the crayon, his features morph into an eerie and terrifying expression of pure homicidal intent.

A grimace from the pits of HELL.

Renai WAILS a blood-curdling cry of FEAR AND ANGUISH as we --

CUT TO BLACK.