

**O U I J A**

Written by

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DARKNESS. A low wind stirs from far away...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

No cars in the driveway. A single light on in an upstairs window. We hear A TEENAGE GIRL'S VOICE.

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)  
I wanted to talk. I felt like last night... I don't know. Things were starting to get kinda weird between us.

EASE IN on that upstairs window...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Glimpse a sliver of A BEDROOM... because we're looking out from inside the bedroom closet. The slightly open closet door keeps us from seeing more.

We stay exactly in this spot throughout...

A teen girl sits on the floor. This is DEBBIE (17). She's talking to someone in her room.

DEBBIE  
It was fun for a while, when we first started playing. But... I feel like you've changed.

EASE OVER SLIGHTLY... able to see a little more of Debbie. There's something in front of her on the floor. A GAME BOARD. Debbie's fingers touching a heart-shaped wooden piece on the board.

She's playing OUIJA with someone. But from where we are inside the closet, we can't see who it is.

WE DRIFT UP AWAY FROM THE BOARD now so that we're just on Debbie's face.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
I mean, you're still my friend, right?

Debbie sits there waiting.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
C'mon. Answer me.

Suddenly, Debbie's expression shifts. Fear in her eyes.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
You know what? This is our last game. I'm not playing ever again. I want you to leave. Just get out.

MOVEMENT. A DARK SHAPE steps past the crack in the closet. We hear a THUD and now we are --

IN THE BEDROOM WITH DEBBIE

She sits there alone on the floor, glancing over to the wide open bedroom door as it comes to a rest against the wall. As if someone just left the room.

The night wind creaks outside...

Debbie gathers up the Ouija board and planchette and moves quickly to her closet. She opens the double doors, about to put the board away when --

-- there's a noise. SCRAPE. Debbie glances over her shoulder. The room is still empty.

She turns back. Reaching to place the Ouija up on a shelf as behind her --

-- there's MOVEMENT in a mirror. Unseen by Debbie, because she's still reaching up to put the board away.

The wooden planchette slips and falls, landing at Debbie's feet. She picks it up when suddenly --

-- BAM! A loud sound in her room. Debbie spins to see that her bedside table lamp has fallen... now slowly rolling on the floor.

Debbie stands there totally still. Staring. Her panicked eyes scan the room. All we hear is her BREATHING and the WIND outside. She turns slightly... and a SHADOW falls across her face. We don't see what she sees -- but someone's standing right there.

Debbie stares. Absolutely terrified. Her lips tremble, about to say something when --

-- she's PUSHED HARD into her closet! It's a blur. She falls back into her hanging clothes. Getting twisted up in a plastic dry cleaning bag.

VERY CLOSE on Debbie -- and right before she can scream, a clear plastic dry cleaning bag suddenly PRESSES TIGHT AGAINST HER FACE! A split second shock and we instantly go --

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- back into the bedroom. The closet doors, out of focus in the background. We catch the tail end of them closing shut with a slight creak. No sound comes from the closet. Just the wind outside.

CHILLING MUSIC rises, taking us to --

TITLE CREDITS. A vintage turn of the century black and white photograph of a parlor SEANCE GATHERING. People in formal attire at a table with a OUIJA BOARD at the center. We hear a WOMAN'S VOICE speak via a scratchy cylinder recording --

WOMAN'S VOICE

*As friends we've gathered, hearts  
are true. Spirits near, we call to  
you.*

More PHOTOS. STOCK FILM FOOTAGE. Moving through the decades. Groups of people playing the Ouija. Even though the times and styles change, the Ouija board continues to look the same. We hear that familiar calling, different VOICES --

VARIOUS VOICES

*As friends we've gathered, hearts  
are true. Spirits near, we call to  
you.*

Polaroid shots. Video footage. Each Ouija game feels more recent than the last. The final image is TWO GIRLS (12). Sitting on a floor with a Ouija board between them. Dressed for a sleepover. It's just a photo, but we hear their innocent young voices as they say the words --

TWO GIRLS

*As friends we've gathered, hearts  
are true. Spirits near, we call to  
you.*

From the photo of the two girls we DRIP TO BLACK. LARGE BOLD LETTERS appear one by one out of the darkness... as if conjured from the ether. Spelling out a single mysterious word in a familiar vintage font:

O U I J A

SOUND rises. A hard SCRATCHING. CLOSE ON --

A PENCIL ON PAPER. Cursive handwriting spills across the page. Beat.

Suddenly the paper is ripped from a notebook and crumpled up.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

ELENA "LAINE" MORENO, 17, tosses the paper into the wastebasket near her desk. A few other crumpled notes already in there.

It's early. Laine sits alone in the classroom. Outside the commotion of students arriving for the school day. Laughing distant voices. Slamming of lockers out in the hallway.

Laine regards another blank piece of paper. She takes a breath. Writes out another note. Her final words are the only ones we see: "Friends forever xoxo Laine"

Laine folds the paper into an origami note. She sets it on a far desk near the window as the bell rings and students start filtering into the classroom.

A MOMENT LATER. Laine's back in her desk. ISABELLE (17) takes the seat next to her and starts right in --

ISABELLE

What are we feeling this weekend?

LAINE

It's only Tuesday.

ISABELLE

I know. But I like to get a jump.  
(scrolling through her  
phone)

Got multiple party options here.  
Small selective gathering or that  
blow-out everyone's going to?

A GUY swoops in and gives Laine a kiss before taking the desk behind her. This is TREVOR (17).

TREVOR

She trying to steal my time again?  
Iz, we don't always have to tag  
along. You can fly solo.

ISABELLE

Yeah. Me showing up to a party  
alone wouldn't look pathetic at  
all. Not everyone has your perfect  
couple situation.

LAINE

Look at her... acting like she's  
not the one who breaks up with  
every guy she goes out with.

ISABELLE

I'm a picky bitch. Can't help it.

A TEACHER, MR. SATLOF, enters and starts passing out an exam.

MR. SATLOF

Okay. Settle. Books away. I'm  
putting thirty minutes on the  
clock. Please dazzle me with your  
knowledge of all things John  
Milton.

Trevor leans in toward Laine, whispering --

TREVOR

Yo. You ready to throw down on  
this iambic pentameter --

But Laine's not paying attention. She's glancing back at the desk where she put the note... and it's still empty. The note just sitting there.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Laine? This is the part where you  
laugh.

Laine snaps out of it. Gives Trevor a smile.

MR. SATLOF

Eyes front. No talking.

DISSOLVE TO:

LAINA TAKING HER TEST. She hears whispering and looks up to see her TEACHER out in the hall talking with someone.

Mr. Satlof comes back into the classroom, and by his somber expression, Laine knows that something is wrong.

MR. SATLOF (CONT'D)

I know some of you are finishing  
up, but... I have something I need  
to share with everyone.

Students put their pencils down. Murmuring, wondering what's going on.

MR. SATLOF (CONT'D)

I just got word that...

Mr. Satlof's voice trails off. This is hard for him to say.

Laine glances back again at the EMPTY DESK. Then --

LAINA

It's Debbie, isn't it? What  
happened?

Now everyone's looking at Laine. Mr. Satlof slowly nods.

MR. SATLOF

I'm so sorry... she died at her  
house last night.

TREVOR

Oh my God...

Reaction ripples through the classroom. Isabelle starts crying. But Laine is frozen.

LAINE

No. It's a mistake. Debbie can't be dead...

MR. SATLOF

This is a tremendous loss. The school will be providing counselors for anyone who needs to talk during this difficult time --

EASE IN ON LAINE. Her eyes stare in shock. The world suddenly seems to swim around her. Sounds and voices fading.

And from that EMPTY DESK with the note sitting on it we go --

INT. LAINE'S ROOM - DAY

Laine stands at a mirror as an OLDER WOMAN zips up her black dress from behind. This is Laine's grandmother, NONA.

The woman sees the devastation on her granddaughter's face. Their conversations are always in Spanish with subtitles --

NONA

*I know this mourning that you feel. With the death of a friend, there is a part of you who dies as well.*

LAINE

*It's like there's a pain in my heart that will never go away.*

NONA

*Respect grief, my precious Elena. It is often in these times we find our own light and understanding.*

Laine looks at her grandmother.

LAINE

*I don't want understanding. I want Debbie back.*

There's a knock at the door. Laine's father, ANTHONY MORENO. Latino. Dressed in a suit. His eyes filled with heartache.

MR. MORENO

It's time.

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Several cars are parked out front. GUESTS in post-funeral attire heading into the house.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

WITH LAINE. Standing among the mourners who are gathered in the house. Adults. Other high school friends. A few teachers... Mr. Satlof among them. Trevor and Isabelle are here.

Laine moves through the gathering. Voices hushed. Snippets of dialogue:

MOURNERS (VARIOUS)  
...and that Carol had to find her like that... in the closet. Just horrible... makes no sense. They're packed and coming to stay with me... can't be in this house another night...

Laine hovers, glances at a vintage ANNIVERSARY CLOCK. Small crack in the glass dome. Hands frozen in time. Hasn't worked in years.

Beat... then over at the stairs she sees a GUY standing there holding flowers. Student. Strange. Thrift store suit and tie. He doesn't seem to know anyone else here. He's just standing there. Glancing up the stairs...

Laine hears crying. Sees Debbie's PARENTS sitting across the house, being comforted by friends. THE MOTHER, sobbing.

Laine turns back... and now that GUY at the bottom of the stairs is gone. His flowers left behind on the foyer table.

INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM - DAY

Upstairs. Laine pushes open a door into Debbie's bedroom. She steps inside and glances around, as if trying to understand Debbie's sudden death.

The room is decorated in an eclectic style. Evidence of Debbie's life in high school theatre. Framed posters and photos of her plays and performances. But the most prominent feature in the room is a MURAL OF A TREE, silhouette style. Painted branches sweeping across the wall.

It's familiar. We've been in this room before...

Laine casts a glance to the closet. The door is slightly open. An unsettling crack of darkness within. Laine reaches out and pushes it closed.

Laine takes a breath. She steps to a BULLETIN BOARD, covered in mementos and photos. Almost all of the pictures are of Debbie and Laine. Through the years. Birthday parties. Camping trips. School dances. Arms around each other.



A faint CREAK. Laine looks over... and the closet door is again slightly open. She stares... unaware that a FIGURE is now right behind her.

MRS. GALARDI (O.S.)  
You were everything to her.

Laine spins and sees Debbie's MOTHER standing there. The woman's eyes wild with grief.

LAINÉ  
Mrs. G...  
(devastating beat)  
I can't believe she's gone.

Laine hugs Debbie's mom. Holds her tight in the silence. And then Mrs. Galardi pulls back, looks at Laine.

MRS. GALARDI  
Do you understand this, Laine? Why  
would my baby do this to herself?

Tears run down Laine's cheeks. All of this simply too much.

LAINÉ  
I don't know.

Mrs. Galardi steps away... glances around. Being in this room, the despair is so immense.

Mrs. Galardi starts collecting some of her daughter's possessions and putting them in a box. A bracelet. An old Flip camera. Pulling photos from the bulletin board.

Laine watches her with concern, not understanding.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
Mrs. G....

MRS. GALARDI  
She'd want you to have these. This  
way a part of her is always with  
you...

Mrs. Galardi hands Laine the box of mementos.

MRS. GALARDI (CONT'D)  
Always remember her.

Laine nods. Her heart breaking.

EXT. LAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A very similar two-story style as Debbie's house. Same neighborhood. The sudden SOUND OF GIRLS LAUGHING takes us --

*FLIP CAMERA VIDEO SCREEN. Recent footage. Laine and Debbie trying on dresses in a small store changing room. Laughing. Posing in the mirror. Hamming it up for the camera.*

*DEBBIE*

*That's the one. Very hot. Lemme see that booty shake!*

*SALESPERSON (O.S.)*

*Ladies, I need you to keep it down in there. We do have other customers.*

*Laine and Debbie laugh so hard they can barely breathe.*

*ANOTHER MOMENT. Laine and Debbie in their dresses. In Debbie's house. Saying goodbye to Debbie's parents.*

*ANOTHER MOMENT. School dance. Music pumping. Lights swirling. Debbie holds the camera out, getting a two-shot of her and Laine. The kind of night you want to last forever. Image freezes. A GLITCH. It makes Debbie's frozen laugh look like a scream.*

*INT. LAINE'S ROOM - NIGHT*

*Laine's on her bed with the box of mementos. Laptop open next to her revealing Debbie's Facebook page -- now a memorial. Memories and messages from friends popping up.*

*Laine tries to get the Flip camera working again, but it's stuck on that image of Debbie. Laine sets it aside.*

*She looks down at the mementos. Laine puts Debbie's infinity charm bracelet on her wrist. She dangles a little penguin with sunglasses keychain on her finger...*

*...when she hears a loud car MUFFLER outside.*

*Laine goes to the window. Her sister SARAH (15) emerges from a beat-up car that proceeds to head off down the street.*

*The girl comes up the sidewalk as Laine's FATHER storms out of the house. Laine cracks her bedroom window to listen --*

*MR. MORENO*

*-- that's the guy you skipped school with today? What the hell's going on with you?!*

*Sarah responds. Her voice low. Laine unable to make it out.*

*MR. MORENO (CONT'D)*

*Well, you better start caring. Because I'm getting calls at work. Principal said one more no-show and you're getting expelled --*

Laine watches as her father follows Sarah into the house, their ARGUING VOICES muffled through the walls.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

SARAH stomps up the stairs into the hallway and we get our first real look at her. Heavy makeup. Growing up too fast.

Sarah sees Laine standing there.

SARAH  
Great. Now I get to be blessed  
with your opinion too. Lucky me.

LAINE  
I can't believe you weren't at the  
funeral. Actually, I can. It's  
totally typical.

Sarah keeps heading to her room. Laine follows.

SARAH  
Can't be around people crying. All  
sad and stuff --

LAINE  
-- Debbie was always good to you.  
Especially when mom left --

SARAH  
-- I know. Okay.  
(beat)  
And now she's gone too.

Sarah steps into her room and closes the door, leaving Laine alone in the hallway.

INT. LAINE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laine steps to her bed, starts putting Debbie's things back in the box. She glances over and sees that a PHOTO has fallen on the floor. Face down. She picks it up.

It's Laine and Debbie circa 7th grade. The two girls are in their pajamas playing a OUIJA BOARD.

*Two girls playing Ouija. We've seen this photo.*

Laine stares at the photo. Lost in thought. She notices something. Runs her finger over a GLARE streaking across the Ouija board in the image. It's odd.

Then -- LAINE'S COMPUTER SCREEN. Photo folders. Click. Recent Instagram pics of Laine and her friends.

INT. LAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Laine scrolls through her digital photos. Going backwards through the years. And Laine finally finds the exact same photo of her and Debbie on the floor playing the Ouija.

Laine holds up the printed photo next to the image on her screen. There's no glare on her computer version. The one from Debbie's bulletin board is definitely different.

CLOSE ON THE PRINTED PHOTO. Suddenly lit up with a bright FLASH OF LIGHT.

Laine takes a 'snapscan' of the photo with her iPad. She opens up the image in her photo app and ENLARGES THE PICTURE.

She scrolls around. Down to the Ouija board. That WEIRD GLARE. Laine taps -- blows the photo up even more. The glare seems to perfectly highlight the word GOOD BYE at the bottom of the Ouija board.

Off of Laine's puzzled expression cut to --

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Debbie's house sits in late afternoon shadows. Curtains drawn. Trevor's car pulls up in front. Laine gets out and heads around the side of the house.

L A I N E

This'll just be a second. I have to grab something.

Trevor calls out through the rolled down window --

T R E V O R

I thought her parents were gone?

Laine doesn't answer. Keeps walking.

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Alone, Laine moves past a tarp covered swimming pool in the backyard. She glances up at the dark windows of the house.

There's a soft lapping of water from under the pool tarp. Laine turns. A brief undulating MOVEMENT underneath... but it's just the wind. Dead leaves blowing across the tarp.

Laine checks under a small garden statue -- finds a SPARE KEY. A hiding place she's familiar with.

And when she looks back up at the house... there's now a LIGHT TURNED ON IN AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW. Laine looks at the window, unsettled, as we go --

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

A CLICK at the back door... and Laine comes inside. Curtains drawn. Still.

LAINÉ  
Mrs. G? Hello?

No answer. Laine moves through the kitchen. Coffee cups next to an open tin of cookies... remnants of Debbie's wake. There's a feeling that Debbie's parents packed a few things and simply left. So eerie.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Laine steps to the top of the stairs. Down the hall... the LIGHT is coming from Debbie's bedroom.

LAINÉ  
Somebody there?

INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM - DAY

Laine moves into Debbie's room. Everything here is just as it was the other day. Preserved and untouched.

The bedside table lamp suddenly FLICKERS off and then back on. BUZZING like it has a bad bulb. Laine unplugs it...

But now there's a slight sound. SCRAAAPE. Laine turns -- eyes falling on the CLOSET. Is it coming from in there?

She goes to the closet. Hesitates. Knowing what happened in here. Laine opens the doors. Darkness. Can't see. She reaches up, pulls the light cord --

-- and there's a FACE. SOMEONE'S STANDING BEHIND THE CLEAR PLASTIC HANGING BAGS.

Laine startles, as --

TREVOR (O.S.)  
What're you doing?

Laine spins to find Trevor behind her. Watching. As Laine turns back to the closet, she sees that the "face" is actually one of Debbie's painted theatre masks, hanging on the back wall.

Laine settles, looks around the closet shelves. And there among some other games is a OUIJA BOARD. She pulls it down and brings it over to the floor.

Laine sits there, runs her fingers over the antique lettering on the vintage wooden game board.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
So you came here looking for a  
Ouija board?

LAINE  
We used to play all the time.

TREVOR  
Anything cool ever happen?

LAINE  
No, it's just a game. But we  
pretended it was real. Asked  
questions about our future. You  
know... 'Will I ever find true  
love?' Stuff like that. Debbie  
would always spell out the answers  
I needed to hear. And I'd do the  
same for her. Like texting each  
other. Old school.

Trevor picks up the tear-shaped PLANCHETTE out of the box.  
It's wooden. Looks homemade. Not the plastic kind that  
usually comes with the game.

TREVOR  
And this is the thing you use --  
the game piece?

LAINE  
The *planchette*. Debbie's mom made  
this one when she was our age. Put  
her initials on the bottom. And we  
added ours too. See?

Laine places the planchette on the board. Touches it with  
two fingers... moving it slightly across the board --

LAINE (CONT'D)  
You know how Debbie and I had that  
huge fight a few weeks ago?

Trevor nods.

LAINE (CONT'D)  
I thought it would blow over. You  
know, 'It'll be okay tomorrow.' Or  
next week. And suddenly there's no  
tomorrow.

Laine looks at Trevor. She is sick with guilt.

TREVOR  
Laine, you can't blame yourself for  
this. Friends have arguments. Why  
Debbie did what she did... we'll  
never know.

Quiet. Laine keeps looking at the board.

LAINÉ  
Sit across from me a sec.

Trevor gives her a look -- knows where she's going with this.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
You aren't supposed to mess with it alone.

TREVOR  
You said it was a game.

LAINÉ  
It is. But...

Trevor sits across from her. Watches as Laine puts her fingertips on the planchette. He does the same.

TREVOR  
Okay.

LAINÉ  
You do two circles like this. One for each of us. Clockwise.

They move the planchette twice around the board. The feeling in the room shifts. Trevor gives Laine her space, knows she needs to say some things.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
Freshman year, when my mom suddenly decided that she needed to 'find herself' and split on us, I was a total mess. You get your world ripped out from you like that -- you don't know if you can trust anyone again. And Deb... she pulled me out of it. It wasn't anything she said or did -- it was her just being there. Always there.

Trevor trades a quiet look with Laine, moved by her words.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
I never got to say 'goodbye.'

Together their hands move the planchette to the words GOOD BYE at the bottom of the Ouija board. Overcome with sadness, Laine can barely say the words...

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
Goodbye, Debbie.

INT. LAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laine's back home. Alone in her room. And she now has the OUIJA with her. She sets the board on her desk. Slides the planchette on GOOD BYE at the bottom. Laine lights a votive candle next to the board. A remembrance.

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE... as the candle burns low... flickers out... the light in the room fading on the board.

INT. LAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late. The room sits in darkness. We're on the Ouija board... the planchette still rests on the words GOOD BYE.

DRIFT OVER TO LAINE. Asleep. We hover above the bed as...  
 ...very slowly... almost imperceptibly... the bedside table begins to slide away from the bed.

Laine wakes up. Listening in the dark as she hears something moving in her room.

Laine sits up, reaches over for her lamp... and it's not there. She looks over to see that her bedside table is now three feet away from the bed. The light cord from the lamp swings slightly.

And that sound comes again. SCRAAAAPE... something else is sliding around in the room.

Laine gets out of bed, turns on the lamp -- and the sound immediately stops.

Laine steps over to see the OUIJA BOARD on the desk where she left it. But something looks different. The planchette has moved... no longer on GOOD BYE at the bottom of the board.

Laine stands right over the board... sees that the planchette is now on top of the letter 'D.'

Laine is chilled by the sight of it. She cautiously reaches out and touches the planchette... glances around her room -- 'what just happened?'

INT. LAINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Morning. Laine's getting dressed as Sarah shuffles past in the hallway... just now waking up.

L A I N E  
 Hey, Worm --

Sarah pokes her head in.

L A I N E (CONT'D)  
 -- were you in my room last night?



SARAH  
Wait. What? --

LAINÉ  
-- were you messing around in here.  
Yes or no?

SARAH  
No. God. I wasn't in here.  
You're trippin'.

Sarah moves on. Laine stands there, looking down at the Ouija.

INT. DINER - DAY

Local hangout. Family-owned kind of place. Laine sits with Trevor and Isabelle at a booth. Isabelle wears a waitress uniform, taking a break from her shift.

Laine is in the middle of her story --

LAINÉ  
-- and then the planchette had  
moved to the letter 'D.'

TREVOR  
The board must've gotten bumped --

LAINÉ  
-- it did not get bumped, Trevor.  
Stuff was moving in my room.

Trevor reaches across the table... takes Laine's hands.

TREVOR  
Laine. Everyone's in shock. But  
you don't need to keep feeling  
guilty about this. Last night...  
you were having some crazy  
nightmare.

Laine's frustration is growing. She pulls her hands away.

LAINÉ  
I wasn't asleep. It's Debbie.  
She's trying to contact me.

Isabelle and Trevor exchange a worried look. Isabelle tries a softer approach --

ISABELLE  
Let's say she is. What do you  
think she wants?

Laine looks at them. Very serious.

LAINE  
She wants me to play the game.

TREVOR  
Are you being for real?

Laine fights her emotions. Trying not to fall apart.

LAINE  
You ever think that even after  
someone you love has died... there's  
still a way they can reach out? What  
if the game is real this time? I  
need to talk to Debbie. Please. Do  
this with me.

The COOK at the kitchen window hits the bell. DING! Order  
up. A man in a tie -- ISABELLE'S FATHER -- angrily waves at  
her to get back to work.

ISABELLE  
Of course... I'm in.

Trevor nods, uncomfortable about this.

TREVOR  
Me too.

EXT. LAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Laine stands out at the curb as her FATHER finishes loading a  
suitcase and hanging bag into the back of a waiting TAXI CAB.  
Mr. Moreno closes the trunk, comes over to Laine.

MR. MORENO  
I hate to leave right now.

LAINE  
We'll be okay.

MR. MORENO  
Once these permits get approved,  
I'll be back. Might be a few days  
though.

Laine nods.

MR. MORENO (CONT'D)  
Nona will drop by, check in on you  
guys -- but you know she can't keep  
up with Sarah.

LAINE  
I got it covered.

He gives her a smile, but his eyes are filled with worry.

MR. MORENO  
Love you, baby.

LAINE  
Love you too, Papi.

CLOSE UP OF A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO. Artistic. Half of Laine's face and half of Debbie's face. Side by side. Staring right at the camera.

INT. LAINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

From the photo on her wall collage, EASE OVER to find Laine at her desk... looking down at the OUIJA BOARD. Beat, then she places the board into her backpack and zips it up.

INT. LAINE'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Sarah's on the living room couch. History textbook open. Notes. Studying hard.

Laine steps in, backpack over her shoulder.

LAINE  
C'mon. I have to run out. I'm dropping you off at Nona's.

DEBBIE  
Laine, I'm totally in the middle of this. Dad put me on blast, so look -- I'm studying.

Laine regards her sister for a long beat.

LAINE  
One hour and I'll be back. There's some dinner stuff in the fridge. Sarah, do you hear me?

Sarah barely looks up from her book.

SARAH  
One hour. I got it. Later.

EXT. LAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Laine comes out of the house... takes a few steps down her walkway. Glances over --

-- to see that same CAR Sarah got out of the other night now parked in front of the house next door. Lights off, but music playing inside. BASS THUMPING.

Laine starts walking toward the car.

LAINE  
Hey! I see you, asshole!

Laine has a plastic water bottle and throws it at the car! THUNK. The car lights quickly turn on -- engine revs and the vehicle peels out.

Sarah storms out of the house, furious.

SARAH  
-- the hell, Laine!

LAINE  
For a minute there I actually had a little faith in you.

Sarah's a swirl of fury and hurt.

SARAH  
We hang out -- what's wrong with that?!

LAINE  
What's wrong is that you're fifteen and whoever that dude is should know better. Alright. Since you can't be left alone, you're coming with me.

SARAH  
What?! I'm not going anywhere.

Laine goes quiet... and then --

LAINE  
You know what? I'll let Dad deal with it. I think he said if you slipped up again -- at all -- you'd have to go to that special school. You know, where they send the 'problem kids.' I'm sure it's nice. Oh, but remember, when you have to use pepper spray on your fellow classmates, extend your arm away from your face.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LOOKING DOWN FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW. Laine moves through the dark backyard past the covered pool... followed by Trevor, Isabelle and Sarah.

Linger here. At the side of the window, what we thought was the edge of the curtain suddenly MOVES. Someone steps away... sinking back into the shadows of the house.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Furniture sitting in the dark. Hold for a long beat...

...as LAINE enters the quiet space. She glances around, passes the vintage clock she looked at before... making sure the coast is clear. She turns and signals to the others who are waiting by the back in the kitchen.

They all step further inside. Isabelle turns on a lamp --

ISABELLE  
This feels wrong. We shouldn't be here.

-- Trevor comes up behind Isabelle, turns off the light.

TREVOR  
No house lights. We don't want to draw attention.

Trevor pulls an LED camping lantern from his backpack and turns on the low light.

LAINE  
I thought we'd do this up in her room. That's where we used to play.

Sarah steps over to Trevor -- an aside.

SARAH  
I don't know how you think you're gonna 'talk' to someone with that thing.  
(going into a little routine)  
'Yo. Can you hear me now? Signal's bad. I'm only getting like one bar here.'

TREVOR  
Your sister needs to do this. Just zip it and go along.

SARAH  
Fine. I'll lead the way.

Sarah takes Trevor's lantern, heads for the stairs.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sarah is ahead of the others. Moving down the dark upstairs hallway. We follow her into --

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah comes into the room. She shines the lantern around. Looks at the tree mural across the wall. FOLLOW THE LANTERN LIGHT, scanning things on Debbie's shelves, over to the bed --

-- and SOMEONE'S SITTING RIGHT THERE IN THE DARK!

SARAH SCREAMS! Drops the lantern. Backs away.

Laine, Isabelle and Trevor hurry into the room to find Sarah standing with her back against the wall. Staring. Laine follows her gaze -- as the PERSON sitting on the bed now stands... steps further into the light.

It's the loner GUY who Laine saw at Debbie's wake. This is PETE (17).

|                         |                                |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| TREVOR                  | LAINÉ                          |
| Who the hell are you -- | -- what're you doing up here?! |

Pete coolly takes them in. Not ruffled in the slightest.

PETE  
Everyone just chill.

TREVOR  
You got three seconds to answer me --

PETE  
-- I'm Pete. Friend of Debbie's from theater class. Transferred in last fall.

LAINÉ  
-- she never talked about a 'Pete.'  
I think I'd know if you were friends.

Pete regards Laine.

PETE  
Laine, right? Heard all about you from Debbie... the falling out you guys had. How you stopped talking to her.

Laine's stung by his comment. A beat and then Pete holds up a DVD.

PETE (CONT'D)  
In answer to your questions, I told Debbie's folks I'd burn a DVD of her last performance. Promised to drop it off. I didn't know they were already gone.  
(beat)  
Back door was unlocked, so...

LAINÉ  
Fine. But why are you in Debbie's room?

Pete glances over at the CLOSET.

PETE  
Guess I wanted to see where it happened. Still can't believe she would do that...

The room finally settles. Pete connects a look with Laine.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Your turn. What're you doing here?

TREVOR  
Laine, you don't have to tell him anything.

Pete's eyes fall on the OUIJA board in Laine's hands.

PETE  
That's hers, right? Last couple of weeks, she talked a lot about that game.

Beat. Laine can't hide her surprise at this new info.

LAINE  
Did you ever play it with her?

PETE  
No. She wanted me to. Bugging me about it... and then she quit asking. Said she found another friend to play with.

Pete glances at all of their faces.

PETE (CONT'D)  
That's why you're here. Gonna try to talk to Debbie.

A beat and then Pete hands Laine the DVD.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Then I'll let you guys do your thing. If you can get this to her parents, I'd appreciate it.

Pete heads out of the room.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

As Pete heads toward the stairs.

LAINE  
Hold up.

Pete stops as Laine approaches. It's just the two of them.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
 She really wanted you to play?

Off his expression we go --

THE FLOOR. Laine sets up the OUIJA BOARD. Places the camping lantern next to it. Just the right amount of light.

Trevor adjusts his VIDEO CAMERA on a tripod, aiming it down on the Ouija board. He glances back at Pete, and then comes down next to Laine. Very quiet --

TREVOR  
 We don't even know this guy...

Laine cuts a look at Pete. He's at Debbie's desk, browsing through her things.

LAINÉ  
 But Debbie did... she wanted him to play. The more of her friends around the board, the more likely we make contact.  
 (beat)  
 You finish setting up the camera?

TREVOR  
 Yeah. We're all ready.

INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's now gathered in a circle around the Ouija board. Sarah starts to touch the planchette, but Laine stops her.

LAINÉ  
 The rules first. You can't ever break them. For starters... never play Ouija in a graveyard.

ISABELLE  
 Okay. Obviously we're good there.

LAINÉ  
 Don't ask for any physical signs -- it should only be questions and answers. Always end a session with 'good bye.' And the most important one -- do not play alone.

Pete reaches a hand in. The first to touch the planchette. He's ready. Hesitant vibe in the room --

OVERHEAD. THE BOARD. As everyone else puts a hand on the planchette. Fingertips touching.



LAINE (CONT'D)  
 We circle the board five times to  
 begin. Once for each of us.

The planchette circles the board five times clockwise... then comes to rest at the center.

Laine takes a breath... her words are like a summoning. The painted tree limbs of Debbie's wall mural stretched out behind her.

LAINE (CONT'D)  
 As friends we've gathered, hearts  
 are true. Spirits near, we call to  
 you.  
 (beat)  
 If there is a presence here, please  
 make yourself known.

Nothing happens. The planchette is totally still. Isabelle and Trevor trade a side glance, just wanting this to be over.

Laine remains focused on the board, asks again --

LAINE (CONT'D)  
 Is there a presence among us?

Another long moment passes. And then...

PETE  
 I feel something.

TREVOR  
 Feel what? Nothing's happening.

We ever so slightly PUSH IN ON THE BOARD -- and the planchette starts moving. Slowly at first. The movement is stuttered... tentative. But definitely moving.

SARAH  
 C'mon. Who's doing that?

ISABELLE  
 Not me.

The planchette keeps moving into the upper left hand corner of the board, stopping on the word YES.

PETE  
 Can you tell us who you are?

Beat... then the planchette slides over to the 'D.' Laine's eyes widen. She's breathless.

LAINE  
 It's her. I told you. I told you  
 she was here.  
 (MORE)

LAINE (CONT'D)  
 (out into the room)  
 Debbie... talk to us.

With eerie movement, the planchette LITERALLY STARTS TO TURN UNDERNEATH THE PLAYERS' FINGERS. Like it's pointing in a direction... then moves with a sudden quickness to the letter 'H'... now over to 'I.'

LAINE (CONT'D)  
 She's spelling something.

EVERYONE WATCHES... their faces bathed in the cool blue LED light of the camping lantern, as --

-- the planchette glides across the board. More letters. Each one coming faster: F-R-E...

(Visual note: we won't show every letter when the Ouija is spelling out messages. The game sessions will always be a combination of fast stylistic shots of seeing certain letters appear in the planchette window, and characters talking out the messages as they happen.)

*VIDEO CAMERA FOOTAGE. That fixed angle on the tripod. Looking down at the circle of players... hands on the planchette... as the game piece moves uncannily again to the letter 'D.' And stays there. Finished with the message. Everyone's fingertips remaining on the planchette. Sarah is fully engaged now --*

SARAH  
 It spelled 'hi friend.'

ON LAINE -- astonishment filling her eyes.

LAINE  
 Hi friend.

Isabelle and Trevor trade that worried look again. Isabelle asks a question, pretending that she believes in this --

ISABELLE  
 Laine thinks you're trying to make contact.

Nothing happens.

LAINE  
 Have you been in my room -- was that you last night?

The planchette TWITCHES, then slowly slides again to YES.

LAINE (CONT'D)  
 Is there something you're trying to tell me?

The planchette TWITCHES again under their fingers, moves to the number '3'... now over to another number -- '0.'

Pete watches -- trying to follow it all.

PETE

It's a number. '306.'

NOW LETTERS... the planchette criss-crossing the board and then coming to a stop.

ISABELLE

And 'B D Y.'

SARAH

What does that mean? 'Body'? Or initials? Somebody you know?

Laine shakes her head.

LAINE

Debbie? Deb... I want to understand.

Trevor sees the hope in his girlfriend's eyes. It's killing him.

TREVOR

Okay. I think we're done here --

LAINE

-- No. We can't stop. Not now.

*VIDEO CAMERA FOOTAGE. Trevor looks up into the lens, with his free hand, uses his remote to widen out the angle on the room. We stay in VIDEO CAMERA MODE --*

TREVOR

*This isn't real. And if it is, I need some proof --*

ISABELLE

*-- Whoa. What do you mean proof?*

TREVOR

*I want Debbie to show us that she's here. C'mon. Show us something --*

LAINE

*-- Trevor! That's breaking a rule. You can't ask for a physical sign.*

TREVOR

*No. It's me asking to see something that's not this guy pushing the planchette around --*

*Trevor's glaring at Pete as he says this.*

*PETE*  
 -- wait. You think I'm doing this?

*Isabelle is starting to grow uneasy.*

*ISABELLE*  
 -- let's just say 'goodbye' and end the game.

*There's a sound out in the house. A low CREAKING. Everyone falls silent. Listening... listening... and --*

*BAM! OUR POV suddenly shakes. Like the camera's been hit hard. THE POV TIPS BACK ON THE TRIPOD -- FALLS! CRASHING TO THE FLOOR. We're staring up at the ceiling.*

*LAINE (O.S.)*  
 Who knocked the camera over?!

*Shadows on the ceiling as Trevor comes running over. Picks us up. Checking the camera.*

*TREVOR*  
 It's okay. Still working --

*TREVOR SWINGS THE CAMERA AROUND. On the floor, the planchette has been knocked off the Ouija board. Sweep around to see that everyone's on their feet. Rattled.*

*But Laine's not with the group.*

*TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
 Laine?

*The camera eventually finds Laine... out in the upstairs hall. Standing there very still.*

*TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
 What is it --

*Laine holds her hand out to silence him. She's trying to hear something. We move out into the hallway.*

*Laine points toward the stairs -- angle turns -- where we hear faint CHIMING MUSIC coming from downstairs.*

*LAINE*  
 You hear that?

*Laine moves down the hall and disappears around the corner to the stairs.*

*TREVOR*  
 Laine --

Sarah steps up, holding the camping lantern. Trevor turns to Pete --

TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
-- dude, you got a friend down  
there or something?

PETE  
I came solo -- swear.

TREVOR  
Laine!

There's no answer from below...

Trevor takes the lantern from Sarah, moves out in front of the others with the light...

...the lantern light pushes into the shadows ahead. Past framed photos of Debbie hanging on the staircase wall. The further we go, the more distinct that MUSIC becomes. A delicate and haunting melody.

Trevor arrives DOWNSTAIRS, catching his reflection in a hanging wall mirror. Across the room, we see Laine standing next to the VINTAGE ANNIVERSARY CLOCK. Mechanisms turn inside the glass dome as the MUSIC plays.

Trevor approaches Laine. She keeps staring at the clock.

LAINÉ  
This was broken since we were  
kids... hasn't worked in years.

And then the MUSIC winds down... stops. Laine looks away from the clock, talking out into the downstairs. Urgent.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
Deb. I know it's you. You're  
right here with us. Tell me what  
you want me to do.

TREVOR  
It's not her --

LAINÉ  
-- then how do you explain this?!

SARAH (O.S.)  
Guys... where's Pete?

CAMERA PANS around... and Pete's missing. It's just the four of them.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Pete?

*The house is so quiet now...*

ISABELLE  
*I thought he was standing right --*

*SMASH! A shattering sound rips through the darkness! It JOLTS everyone. Trevor loses his grip on the camera for a moment. It bobbles. Finally re-adjusts, and now we're FOLLOWING THE OTHERS THROUGH THE HOUSE. Passing furniture in the dark. Searching.*

*(A LOW BATTERY warning starts flashing on the upper part of the camera screen.)*

*Around a corner. There's Pete in a downstairs hallway. Blood on his shirt. He looks stunned.*

LAINE  
*Oh my god you're bleeding!*

*On the floor, large pieces of a BROKEN MIRROR. Shattered.*

*CAMERA CATCHES SIGHT OF PETE'S HAND -- a DEEP RED SLICE across his palm.*

PETE  
*I saw someone...*

LAINE  
*Where?!*

*Pete points to a shadowed corner.*

PETE  
*Standing right there.*

*CAMERA PANS OVER... lantern light aims that way as well... blowing out the shadows. Just an empty corner.*

PETE (CONT'D)  
*I saw a reflection... in the mirror. And then it fell. I was reaching out --*

*Pete stands there in the hall... apart from the others. Battery warning BEEP. And then picture goes out. BLACK.*

*OUT OF THE DARKNESS, a light breaks through. Shining brighter. FLARING OUT. PULL BACK. It's a porch light, finally revealing --*

EXT. LAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

*Laine stands at her front door with Trevor. She's still wired from playing the game, holding Trevor's video camera.*

LAINE

Can I hang on to this? I want to go through the footage. Take another look at her messages.

Trevor doesn't say anything. Laine looks up at him and sees his expression. Hard to read.

LAINE (CONT'D)

Why are you looking at me like that?

TREVOR

I'm worried about you. That you need this game to mean something.

LAINE

You were there. You saw what happened tonight.

TREVOR

Yeah. And that guy Pete was there too. I don't know what he's up to, but he's messing around with your head. You believe that he saw someone in the house... the mirror just falling like that?

LAINE

His hand. Why would he do that to himself?

Trevor shrugs... gazes off.

TREVOR

I mean... we really don't know what he was doing there tonight. Do we?

Laine doesn't answer. Because Trevor's right -- she doesn't know. Trevor gives her a kiss, but he's preoccupied.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

'Night.

Laine heads inside. Closes the door. We hear it LOCK from the inside. Trevor heads back to his car. His keyless entry CHRIPS. He's about to get in... taking one last look around. The nighttime street is totally empty... no one around.

And yet, something feels changed.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

Girls dressed for Phys Ed stream out of the locker room, tossing a volleyball around. Laine's the last one. Heading to join the others on the field when --

PETE (O.S.)

Laine.

Laine turns. Sees Pete standing there behind the bleachers. He approaches. Laine glances at his bandaged hand. It's awkward between them.

LAINÉ

How's your hand?

PETE

Better. Thanks.

Pete stands there. Uneasy.

PETE (CONT'D)

Last night... with the game. What do you think really happened?

Laine doesn't say anything. Cautious. Pete keeps going...

PETE (CONT'D)

Because I was reading these theories about the Ouija. One of them said it's our subconscious minds moving the planchette. You know? Involuntary motor muscles kick in and we're just telling ourselves what we want to believe.

(beat)

There are only two things it can be. Either our minds are playing tricks on us... or we were really talking to Debbie last night.

Laine regards Pete... and then she breaks. Putting her true feelings out there.

LAINÉ

Yeah. I believe it was her.

Pete quietly nods... turns away. Like he's trying to hold back his emotions.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)

Did you like her? You know... more than friends?

PETE

We hung out in class. She always said I was a good listener. Yeah. I thought maybe there could be more between us. That I should ask her out. But I never did...

(beat)

Deb used to talk about you.

(MORE)



PETE (CONT'D)

The day you guys had that fight, she was upset. Whatever went down -- not my business. But all the stories she told me, the good times -- feels like I already know you.

We hear Isabelle SHOUTING from the field --

ISABELLE (O.S.)

Laine -- let's go!

Laine glances over toward the field... suddenly feeling isolated back here with Pete behind the bleachers. The two of them are out of view of the others.

LAINE

I should go.

Pete takes a step toward her. Standing very close now.

PETE

Laine, what do you think Debbie's trying to tell you?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL COMPUTER LAB - DAY

STUDENTS at work on an assignment, but Laine's turned away from her computer. Looking down at the palm of her hand.

CLOSER WITH LAINE. The Ouija message from last night written in pen on her hand: 3 0 6 B D Y.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Laine has snuck out of class, moving with purpose down the empty hallway. Whispering numbers --

LAINE

299. 300. 301.

Laine scans down a row of STUDENT LOCKERS. Stops at --

LAINE (CONT'D)

306.

REVEAL that Laine is standing in front of locker #306. Remnants of a makeshift memorial. Notes. Wilted flowers stuck in the locker vents. It's Debbie's locker. Combination lock still attached.

Laine looks back at the message written on her hand: B D Y

LAINE (CONT'D)

'B-Day.' Debbie's birthday.

Laine enters a series of numbers and CLICK -- to her astonishment -- the lock falls opens. Laine hesitates...

glances around the hall... wondering if she should even be doing this.

LAINE (CONT'D)

This is crazy...

SOMEPLACE DARK. A metallic rattle, a door opens... light spilling in. We're deep inside Debbie's locker, looking out at Laine. Linger here for a moment, then --

WITH LAINE -- as she checks things out. A messy math BINDER. Graded papers in folders. A couple cans of Red Bull.

LAINE (CONT'D)

What do you want me to find...

Laine keeps digging. Pushes aside a sweater in the back of the locker to find a black and white marbled NOTEBOOK.

Notebook pages flip to reveal... doodles... to-do lists... math scratch paper. Nothing of significance. Laine keeps flipping...

...suddenly stops on a detailed sketch of a OUIJA BOARD. And as Laine slowly turns the page, there's more. VINTAGE PHOTO COLLAGES of people playing Ouija. Eerie images printed from the internet that depict seance type gatherings and spirit contact. This wasn't done in the name of art. It feels like the outward signs of an increasing obsession.

JOURNAL ENTRIES and dates are mixed in with the images. Debbie's handwriting. Laine reads a passage quietly to herself as her face fills with deep concern.

MAN'S VOICE

Laine... what are you doing?

Laine turns and sees the history teacher, MR. SATLOF, standing at the end of the hall, watching her intently.

LAINE

Nothing...

Laine closes the locker, shutting us back into the DARKNESS.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

End of day. Most of the cars already gone from the parking lot. We find TREVOR, Isabelle, AND LAINE hanging out by Isabelle's car. Trevor has his bike out, resting against it.

CLOSER WITH THEM. They're flipping through DEBBIE'S JOURNAL.

LAINE (CONT'D)

Her journal... the whole thing.  
Every word's about playing the game  
with some friend.

(MORE)

LAINE (CONT'D)

Over and over again. Listen to this...

(Laine reads)

'...he's changed. Started acting really weird. I don't want to play with him anymore. I'm going to tell him tonight that it's over.'

Trevor takes the journal and flips to the next page to find it blank.

TREVOR

That was her last entry... written the day she died.

(to Laine)

And you're sure she never says a name of who she's playing with...

LAINE

No. Like she was keeping a secret.

Isabelle swallows.

ISABELLE

What if Debbie wasn't alone that night?

They all absorb the impact of this.

TREVOR

That Pete guy. Maybe he was with her --

LAINE

-- we don't know that.

ISABELLE

I got an idea. How about we just walk away from all of this.

LAINE

I'm not walking away from Debbie. Not again.

(beat)

If we figure out who this friend is -- we figure out what really happened to Debbie.

INT. LAINE AND SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Alone, Laine and Sarah's grandmother NONA moves through the house with a laundry basket. Spanish language TV on in the background. She picks up a stray sock on the stairs... and notices another sock further up.

NONA

*These girls...*

INT. LAINE AND SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Nona retrieves the other sock at the top of the stairs, and as she looks down the hall...

...sees that pieces of laundry are scattered on the floor like a trail leading to Laine's closed bedroom door.

Nona feels a chill. She puts the basket down, moves down the hall, stopping at Laine's door.

She hesitates at the door... then pushes it open.

INT. LAINE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nona steps into Laine's room and sees that the trail of clothes continues across her floor to the bed.

UNDER THE BED... as NONA comes closer. Picking up the clothes. Closer...

BACK WITH NONA. She gets down on her hands and knees, starts to lift the dust ruffle when behind her -- a SCRAPING SOUND.

Nona turns. Just as the Ouija planchette falls off the desk and lands on the floor. She picks it up. Confused. And as she stands she sees the OUIJA BOARD on the desk. In an instant, she realizes what she's holding and drops it.

Backing away from the board right into -- Laine. Home from school. Both of them scaring the hell out of each other.

LAINE

Nona, what're you doing --

Nona points at the Ouija board... but won't look at it.

NONA

*-- you should never touch such things, let alone bring one into your house --*

LAINE

*-- it was Debbie's. It's just a game. That's all. Nona --*

Nona's doesn't want to hear it. She's out of the room. Muttering something to herself. Laine picks up the planchette from the floor. Beat, and we're --

SUDDENLY TIGHT ON TREVOR. Sweating. Breathing. His face a mask of total concentration.

EXT. SUBDIVISION STREET - DAY - LATER

Trevor bikes along the outer edge road of a neighborhood. No traffic out here. Body leaning forward on the bike.

Pushing hard. A little further. Reaching a mental finish line... and then he coasts. Sits up. Catching his breath.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL - DAY

Trevor takes a sip of water... walks his bike to the entrance of a long pedestrian tunnel. HOLD HERE... as Trevor enters and slowly disappears into the shadows ahead.

INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL - DAY

Bike gears clickclickclick as Trevor makes his way through the narrow tunnel... light fading on him as he goes deeper.

Up ahead, a sound coming from around a tunnel corner.

...SCRATCH-SCRATCH-SCRATCH-SCRATCH.

Trevor stops. Silencing the clicking of his bike so he can hear better.

The SCRATCHING gets louder... like nails on a chalkboard echoing in this concrete corridor.

TREVOR

Hey -- somebody there?

No answer... but something MOVES. An abandoned SHOPPING CART slowly rolls out from behind the corner... drifts to a stop.

Trevor peers ahead into the darkness. Can't see around the corner up ahead. Was it the wind... or did someone push it?

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Who is that?

The cart just sits there. Trevor leans his bike against the wall and unclips a safety light from under the seat. He starts walking toward that corner. Coiled. On edge. His red light BLINKING into the darkness.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Pete? I swear to god dude --

He quickly rounds the corner -- and no one's there. Trevor regards the empty tunnel... his light still blinking when suddenly -- a small ROCK comes skipping out of the darkness, landing at his feet. Like someone just tossed it.

Trevor picks up the rock. Rattled. He moves toward the direction it came from... notices a sign on the tunnel wall:

PLAYGROUND -- with an arrow pointing to the exit. Trevor runs his light across the sign, revealing that it's been vandalized. Some of the letters wildly scratched off.

Just the word PLAY remains.

Trevor raises his blinking light toward the empty darkness ahead of him where the rock came skittering in from. He starts to back away... unaware that in the brief flashes of red light --

-- SOMEONE IS BEHIND HIM. Just a shape. And Trevor is backing up right toward them. Closer. CLOSER. He turns --

-- and it's just empty tunnel. His bike leaning against the wall. Trevor stares. Can't shake the feeling that he wasn't alone here.

INT. NONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Laine comes inside with her grandmother. Turns on some lights. It's a comfortable apartment. The decor reflects Nona's life and heritage.

Laine and her grandmother say nothing. Then, in Spanish --

NONA  
*The board. You used it. Didn't  
you -- to try to contact your  
friend?*

Laine hesitates. Then --

LAINE  
*It was just once.*

Nona touches the small gold cross that dangles from her neck.

NONA  
*Do not turn to divination for  
answers. There are things beyond  
us that we must simply leave alone.  
Promise, Elena. You get rid of it.  
Never touch it again.*

Nona's warning hangs heavy in the air.

INT. LAINE'S CAR - DAY

Laine sits in her parked car outside her grandmother's apartment building. Conflicted. She glances over, the corner of DEBBIE'S JOURNAL sticking out of her backpack.

MOMENTS LATER. Laine still in her car. Flipping through the pages of the journal. She can't pull herself away from this. She studies a page that has OUIJA MESSAGES jotted down. The word fragments make no sense. Laine writes one of them out on a piece of paper trying to decipher it...

**FNS HGME**

Laine's cell phone suddenly vibrates on the dashboard, shaking her from her thoughts. She answers --

LAINÉ  
 Sure. Of course -- I'll go check  
 right now.

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Evening has fallen. Laine pulls up to DEBBIE'S HOUSE and in the sweep of headlights sees a WOMAN standing out in the yard, looking up at the house.

Laine gets out of her car and approaches the WOMAN. It's MRS. GALARDI. Just standing there.

LAINÉ  
 Mrs. Galardi -- your husband's been  
 looking all over for you.

Mrs. Galardi points toward an upstairs window. Riveted.

MRS. GALARDI  
 I saw her... up in the window.

A chill runs through Laine as she looks up at the window. But it's empty.

LAINÉ  
 It's just the curtain.

Laine tries to guide Mrs. Galardi away from the house.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
 I told Mr. G. I'd wait with you here.  
 He's going to take you back to your  
 sister's. Okay?

MRS. GALARDI  
 What if Deborah's still in the  
 house... and she needs me...

LAINÉ  
 There's nothing for you in there.  
 Promise me you won't go in the  
 house.

MRS. GALARDI  
 I've been having these dreams.  
 Debbie's in her room... and  
 someone's in there with her. And  
 my baby... she's screaming... but I  
 can't hear her.

Mrs. Galardi turns and takes Laine's hand -- holds it tight -- looking right at her with wild eyes.

MRS. GALARDI  
 No one can hear her.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

SUDDENLY, and quietly, we're on a CHAIR. It just sits there. EASE IN on the legs of the chair... as it starts to move... sliding across the floor.

IN THE EMPTY DINER, WE FIND ISABELLE in her waitress uniform. She pulls chairs out and flips them upside down on a table. Sweeping underneath. Closing up for the night.

She heads toward the back, but stops at the daily special board. A prankster has obviously rearranged the letters from "Try Our Meatballs" to "Eat Our Balls."

ISABELLE  
That's lovely.

She puts the letters back in place. Then --

INT. DINER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Isabelle ties off a large bag of garbage... heads toward the rear exit... passes her FATHER in the restaurant office as he runs through the receipts.

EXT. DINER - BACK AREA - NIGHT

Isabelle comes out the back exit... nudges a brick against the bottom of the door to keep it open.

She takes the sack of garbage over to the dumpster and heaves it in. DRIFT AWAY FROM HER...

...over to the back door. As the brick door-stop begins to slide across the ground. Sliiiding and --

SHHHUNK. Isabelle turns to see the door has fallen shut. She steps away from the dumpster and comes over to the door. Tries the handle. No entry from the outside.

ISABELLE  
Hey!

She KNOCKS on the door. Waiting. Stuck out here alone behind the restaurant. Isabelle glances around. The bulky dumpster... her parked car... sodium vapor lights BUZZING overhead.

Not a soul in sight... and yet... there is a presence. Like someone out there is watching.

Isabelle BANGS on the door again. More urgent. Doesn't want to be out here a second longer.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)  
Dad! C'mon, open up!



There's a faint fluttering sound. Behind her.

Isabelle glances back. Sees A FLYER on her car windshield. Fluttering in the night breeze.

She goes to her car, passing through a pool of overhead light. Takes the flyer off her windshield. Furniture Sale Saturday! She wads it up, and now notices something else...

The word 'FRIEND' written in the condensation on the driver's side window. The letters drip. Like someone was just here... having written the word with their finger.

It seems innocent. Isabelle wipes it away with her hand. Stands there in the dark...

As her car ALARM suddenly goes off! Scaring the hell out of her. It shrills through the night air. Isabelle takes a step back... something doesn't feel right. The alarm keeps BLARING as --

KA-THUNK! The back door finally opens. Light from the restaurant spilling out. We hear her DAD from inside --

DAD (O.S.)  
What's going on -- you okay?

DAD has Isabelle's car keys. He shuts off the alarm. Silence again. Isabelle takes a final look at her car.

ISABELLE  
Yeah. I'm good.

She steps inside and pulls the door closed.

EXT. LAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Through a window, glimpse SARAH in the living room. Her face bathed in the glow of her laptop screen. A GUY'S VOICE --

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Imagine what could happen if one million minds came together with the same mission.

INT. LAINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is on her laptop, watching a video on a website. A HIP PODCAST GUY talks about the Ouija, as a ticker runs along the top of the screen... 16,209 and counting.

HIP PODCAST GUY  
That's right, we're gonna be talking with the spirits. Hit the join button. All you need is your mouse...

NOW A "VIRTUAL OUIJA" on the computer screen. A demo shows someone with their hand on a mouse, slightly moving... as the planchette on the virtual game board also moves.

HIP PODCAST GUY (V.O.)  
 ...and you can take part in the  
 world's biggest Ouija game ever...

Sarah slaps her laptop closed.

SARAH  
 So lame.

CUT TO:

THE OUIJA BOARD. Fingertips on the planchette as it moves around to different letters. It's the VIDEO FOOTAGE from the other night.

INT. LAINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Laine's up late. Holding Debbie's penguin keychain like a worry stone -- watching the Ouija game video on her computer. Playing back the part where the camera got knocked over. ON SCREEN --

TREVOR  
*If Debbie's really here she can  
 show us --*

ISABELLE  
*-- let's just say 'goodbye' and end  
 the game.*

*There's a sound out in the house. A low CREAKING. Then --*

*BAM! OUR POV suddenly shakes. Like the camera's been hit hard. THE POV TIPS BACK ON THE TRIPOD -- FALLS! CRASHING TO THE FLOOR. We're staring up at the ceiling.*

LAINE (O.S.)  
*Who knocked the camera over?!*

Laine stops the tape. Silencing the chaotic volume of the game. REWIND. Everything moving in reverse. She hits PLAY again, watching an earlier moment. The argument --

ISABELLE  
*Laine said no physical sign.*

SARAH  
*So what? I don't see anyone taking  
 their hand away.*

Laine FREEZES the tape. REWINDS further and REPLAYS. Watching the game as the planchette moves about the board.

Specifically, she's watching Pete. Closely. Trying to get a read on his facial expressions.

Now studying his hand as the planchette spells out a message -- starting to wonder if he is making it move.

She hits pause. The image freezes between frames. It creates a weird effect... and it makes Pete look strange. His features suddenly menacing.

Out in the hall... a floorboard CREAKS. Similar to the sound Laine just heard on the video playback.

LAINE

Sarah?

INT. LAINE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Laine comes down the hall. So irritated. She opens Sarah's bedroom door.

LAINE

Worm, if you're sneaking out --

But Sarah's not in her room. Beat... Laine continues down the hall, to THE STAIRS -- and finds Sarah standing a few steps below... quietly staring ahead.

From the top of the stairs, Laine can see that the front door is wide open, lightly THUMPING against the wall... leaves blowing in across the foyer from the outside.

Sarah slowly turns back... looking up at Laine. Quiet --

SARAH

Someone's in the house.

They hold a rising, terrified look as the sound of something heavy suddenly SCRAPES on the floor downstairs. Like someone accidentally bumped into a piece furniture in the dark.

Sarah bolts back up the stairs to Laine -- and together they hurry into --

INT. LAINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Laine silently pulls at Sarah, over to the closet. A hiding spot. The two girls moving quickly -- quietly slipping into the closet. Closing the door.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Very dark in here. Laine and Sarah huddle close in the small closet. Voices so quiet and scared ---

SARAH

Ohmygodohmygod...

LAINE  
Shh-shh. Do you have your phone?  
Good. Call for help.

SARAH  
Who the hell's in our house?!

LAINE  
Just call --

Their faces visible in the faint glow of Sarah's cell phone.  
THUD! A sound out in the house.

LAINE (CONT'D)  
Sarah -- hurry.

SARAH  
I'm trying.

Sarah can't even dial her phone. Hands shaking so bad.

And now something SLAMS against the closet door! Hands over their mouths, the girls want to cry out -- but can't. Takes everything they have to hold it in.

Another SLAM against the closet door. Sarah drops her phone.

Laine grabs the closet door handle. Holds it tight. Trying to keep anyone from getting it open.

It's an excruciating moment. Waiting for what's next.  
Breathing hard. Scared to death.

And then ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE on the other side of the door. It sounds like someone's banging on the door with their fists. BAM! BAM! BAM! Over and over and over. Relentless.

The CLOSET DOOR RATTLES HARD -- someone's trying to get in!

Sarah can't even hold back anymore. She SCREAMS. Falling back into the corner of the closet.

Laine holds tight -- with everything she's got. BAM! BAM! BAM! Louder... LOUDER... SO GODDAMN LOUD! And then --

-- it stops. Completely. All the noise. Silent.

The longest beat... the girls hold absolutely still. And then Laine gently turns the door handle.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Don't.

Laine does it anyway. Opens the door...

INT. LAINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The girls emerge from the closet. And even in the dark, right away -- they can tell that something's different.

SARAH  
Where's your bed?

LAINE  
Moved. Over there.

SARAH  
Everything's moved.

The whole room has been rearranged. But there's a familiarity about the lay-out of all the furniture. Car lights pass by outside, just for a moment -- casting a long tree branch shadow across the wall.

Laine feels for a light -- CLICK.

It's now set up just like Debbie's room. Bed. Desk. Side table. Even the OUIJA BOARD is at the center of the floor... just like when they play it at Debbie's house.

Sarah takes it all in... reeling.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
This is so messed up... who would do this?

Laine kneels down next to the Ouija board on the floor and sees that the planchette is once again on the letter 'D.'

LAINE  
It's Debbie. She wants us to play again.

INT. DINER - DAY

Corner booth. Away from the other customers. Everyone who played the Ouija is gathered. Except for Pete. Voices hushed. Urgent. Talking over each other --

LAINE  
-- and all the furniture had been moved. Arranged just like Debbie's room. The game sitting right there. It was her way of saying we need to come back to the board --

TREVOR  
-- Laine. Stop it. This is a living breathing person who's trying to freak us out. The game is not real.

ISABELLE

Then how do you explain someone watching me last night, writing messages on my car --

TREVOR

-- it's Pete. You ever wonder if the guy might be a complete psycho... making us think that it's Debbie doing all this? I mean, what do you want me to say here?

LAINE

I want you to say you believe in this.

But Trevor won't give her that.

Sarah has remained silent this whole time. Still shaken by the night before. She finally speaks, her voice quiet...

SARAH

In our house last night, couldn't have been a person that did all that. It was her. I'm with Laine. We've got to keep going.

Isabelle looks at Laine. Puts it out there --

ISABELLE

You think she's trying to tell us the truth about how she died.

Laine holds her look. It's dead quiet.

LAINE

Someone killed Debbie.

ISABELLE

Why did we do this? Never should have touched that thing...

LAINE

We have to talk to her. We get a name... and then we're done.

No one says anything. Just an incredible sense of dread in the air. And then jolting us like a clap of thunder --

THE OUIJA BOARD. Larger than life. FOUR HANDS reach in... fingertips touching the planchette.

INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Laine, Trevor, Sarah, and Isabelle sit on the floor in Debbie's room. A couple of battery lanterns placed about the dark room. Everyone has a hand on the planchette.

LAINÉ  
 Four circles this time. One for  
 each of us.

They CIRCLE THE BOARD clockwise. One. Two. Three. Four.  
 The game has begun.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
 As friends we've gathered, hearts  
 are true. Spirits near, we call to  
 you. If there's a presence here,  
 make yourself known.

Long beat on the board... the planchette totally still.

SARAH  
 It's not working.

ISABELLE  
 Let me try. Debbie, it's Iz. Will  
 you come and talk to us?

Everybody remains intensely focused. Barely breathing. EASE  
 IN on the planchette. Closer and closer... a feeling of  
 passing time...

...and nothing happens. It sits there. Lifeless.

SARAH  
 I don't understand.

ISABELLE  
 We're doing everything exactly the  
 same.

LAINÉ  
 Not everything.  
 (beat)  
 Pete's not here. Maybe because  
 there were five of us who made  
 initial contact... something about  
 our collective energy.

Beat... as Trevor gives Laine a look.

TREVOR  
 Collective energy. Sure. That's  
 it. You know what? There's one  
 way to find out.

ISABELLE  
 Bring Pete here -- what if it's him  
 doing all this?

TREVOR  
 It's okay, Iz. Laine, go ahead.  
 Invite him over.

TIME DISSOLVE. FROM THE SHINING LIGHT OF THE CAMPING LANTERN, we drift up to see that PETE is now sitting with the others in the circle around the board. He feels the tension. No one's talking to him.

PETE  
So what's going on with this little gathering? Seems like the party got started without me. You guys tried to play already, didn't you?

TREVOR  
We're going to do something different this time, Pete.

Trevor has a bandana in his hand. Pete eyes it.

PETE  
Blackout. Okay, so we're all taking turns... or it's just for me?

LAINÉ  
For you.

TREVOR  
Unless you don't want to stay.

Pete thinks about it --

PETE  
Fine. Go ahead.

Trevor comes behind Pete. Ties the blindfold over his eyes. Cinches it tight. Pete's eyes are completely covered. No way he can see the board.

Before they start, Trevor quietly TURNS THE BOARD 180 DEGREES. It's now upside down for Pete, and he's unaware.

TREVOR  
Okay, Pete. We're starting.

The four friends reach in and put their hand on the planchette. Pete blindly feels out and touches the planchette with his bandaged hand. He's the last one in.

Quiet beat on the Ouija...

Then, a TWITCH of the planchette. IT MOVES. Like before, slides across the board to the letter "D."

Laine and the others silently take note... then a suspicious glance at Pete with his blindfold. Laine turns her eyes back to the board.



LAINÉ  
Debbie, we want to help you. Who  
were you playing with? Who was  
with you the night you died?

The planchette slightly vibrates under their fingers... THEN  
QUICKLY SLIDES ALL THE WAY OFF THE BOARD.

SARAH  
Whoa. What does that mean?

TREVOR  
Because he can't see. So he's just  
sliding it off the board --

PETE  
-- I didn't do that --

LAINÉ  
-- Trevor. Stop.

Laine moves the planchette back onto the board.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
Give us a name. Who were you with?

The planchette just sits there. Everyone staring. Laine  
takes a breath, tries a new approach.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
If you don't want to say right now,  
I understand. How about something  
else? Just so we know it's you.

The planchette remains still.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
The other night, you moved  
everything around in my room.

A beat... and then the planchette slides to YES.

Laine exchanges a look with her little sister. Sees the fear  
on her face.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
You really scared Sarah. Let's not  
do that anymore.

The planchette starts to move. H - A - H - A.

SARAH  
'Ha ha...'

Laine suddenly doesn't feel right about this game. Something  
is off.

LAINÉ  
Debbie. The clock downstairs...  
remember how it got broken?

The planchette just sits there.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
...when we were kids.

TREVOR  
(under his breath)  
What're you doing?

Laine doesn't answer. Focused on the board.

LAINÉ  
Who broke the clock?

The planchette hesitates. Then spells: M - E

Laine looks up at the others --

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
I was the one who broke the clock.  
It's not her...  
(beat)  
This isn't Debbie.

SUDDENLY, WE'RE ACROSS THE ROOM. Watching the players from a lurking perspective. Behind Debbie's bedside table. The lantern right in front of us moves. Just an inch. The players don't notice... focused on the game. The lantern moves again. Slowly sliding. It inches across the table and --

-- CRASH! Everyone spins at the sudden sound and sees the fallen lamp on the floor.

PETE  
What the hell was that?

Trevor in particular seems alarmed by the incident. He turns back to look at the blindfolded Pete... suddenly not so sure of his beliefs anymore.

Laine turns back to the planchette. The air feels thick. She asks in a cautious tone --

LAINÉ  
Who is this?

Like before, the planchette slides to 'D'... stops for a moment, and then keeps going. Over to 'Z.'

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
'DZ.' We don't know you. We want  
to talk to Debbie.

QUICK MOVEMENTS ACROSS THE BOARD. Letters appear in the  
planchette window: 2 B A D

ISABELLE  
'Too bad.'

LAINÉ  
Did Debbie make contact with you?

The board spells out -- M-Y-F-R-E-N-D.

TREVOR  
'My friend.'

A sick realization sets into Trevor's expression.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Wait. Is this who Debbie was  
talking about? This is the friend.

EASE IN ON LAINÉ... a rising sense of urgency in her question  
amidst the revelations --

LAINÉ  
When the five of us played  
before... that was you?

Planchette slides to YES.

MOVE AROUND THE CIRCLE OF PLAYERS. A beat on each of their  
faces... now connected to this game more than ever.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
And the night Debbie died... she  
was playing the game. She was  
talking to you.

CLOSE ON THE PLANCHETTE. Totally still... and then it starts  
to VIBRATE HARD. Literally RATTLING against the board.

Everyone stares, keeping their fingers in place. This is  
something new. Pete sits there with his blindfold in place.  
Getting tense at only being able to hear.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
Did you kill her?

The lights from the surrounding lanterns begin to BRIGHTEN.  
A LOW GROANING SOUND coming from somewhere deep in the house.

Pete rips the blindfold off. Can't take it anymore.  
Desperate to see what's going on.

Isabelle closes her eyes, saying a prayer to herself.

ISABELLE  
Please forgive us for what we have  
done...

But Laine keeps pressing. Has to know the truth.

LAINÉ  
Did you kill Debbie?

The planchette shoots over to YES.

The LIGHTS BRIGHTEN EVEN MORE on everyone's stunned faces.  
That INHUMAN GROANING SOUND IN THE HOUSE coming from all  
directions!

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
What do you want? Tell us!

The planchette zig-zags from letter to letter around the  
board. A new message -- **FNSHGME**

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
Debbie had the same message in her  
journal. I don't know what it  
means --

Pete looks sick because he figures it out --

PETE  
'Finish game.'

Those two simple words said out loud -- and the game feels  
more ominous than ever. The players squint against the  
impossible bright light. The planchette RATTLING LIKE HELL  
UNDER THEIR FINGERS!

Isabelle is the first to bail. She yanks her hand away and  
scrambles back from the board.

All of them now pull their hands away... backing away as  
blinding light fills the room. Laine's the last one at the  
board. She pulls her hand away --

-- AND THE PLANCHETTE IS STILL MOVING. BY ITSELF! It's like  
a living thing twitching on the floor.

SARAH  
Laine -- get away from it!

But she can't pull herself away, shouting at the Ouija board --

LAINÉ  
We're done! Do you hear me? We're  
not playing the game anymore!

She watches as the planchette skitters to the bottom of the board, and then SLOWLY GRINDS across the words that are printed there. WE HOLD VERY CLOSE AS IT MOVES LETTER TO LETTER:

**G O O D B Y E**

Laine stares as the overhead light suddenly comes on. Growing brighter along with the other lights. BLINDING. It pops! Glass showering down.

Pete pulls Laine away from the falling glass. Both of them now safely against the wall.

Lantern bulbs suddenly POP AND BREAK -- the entire BEDROOM falling into PITCH DARKNESS. We hear the commotion of everyone screaming in panic. HARD CUT TO --

EXT. EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

At the edge of the neighborhood... a dark vacant lot. In the distance, THE GROUP stands around a small fire.

CLOSER WITH THEM. Some newspaper and a few dry branches burn. Orange light flickers on everyone's haunted faces.

ISABELLE

What was that --

The fire crackles. No one else says anything. Too rattled. Trevor has a little flask out. Coiled tight as he takes a sip. But Isabelle has to talk this out loud, processing --

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

I mean... Debbie made contact with something evil. You could feel it, right? Like it was all over your skin...

LAINE

Iz, it's okay --

ISABELLE

-- it's not okay! Because when she played she opened the wrong door or something. The game was just sitting there -- waiting for us.

SARAH

Please. Stop. Talking.

But Isabelle is lost in her own thoughts. In tears now. Words tumbling out --

ISABELLE

-- and then we touched it! We're all connected now to whatever the hell it is! It got Debbie and now it's going to get us! --

SARAH

-- shut up! Just shut up!

PETE

No. It's over.

Everyone looks over at Pete -- as he tosses the OUIJA BOARD on top of the fire. The board starts to catch, curling at the edges.

PETE (CONT'D)

The board's gone.

The OUIJA BOARD is now fully consumed by the fire. The words GOOD BYE blister and bubble in the heat.

Isabelle wipes her eyes... trying to come down.

Sarah stands next to her big sister, as Laine pokes at the burning OUIJA BOARD with a stick.

Silent, Trevor takes another sip from his flask, gazing into the flames.

The fire pops. Pete stares up... watching the orange sparks as they float into the night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Beginning of the day. Cars pulling in the school lot.

Sarah, Laine and Isabelle walk toward the school. Silent. No one's in the mood to talk.

Trevor locks his bike to the rack. Sees Laine approaching, but he heads off. Won't even look at her. Something's forever changed between them.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Laine eats by herself. She looks off, her eyes catch --

PETE. Sitting a few tables away with a couple others of his "type." He happens to glance over -- sees Laine.

He gives her a slight wave. But it's tinged with some sadness. Everyone back to their usual high school roles.

Laine returns the wave. But she feels the distance too.

Pete watches for a moment... students passing in front of his view... as he goes back to his lunch.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

The sun starts to fade on Laine and Sarah's house.

INT. LAINE AND SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Laine comes down the stairs, rounds the corner... and stops. Visibly surprised by something.

REVEAL -- Sarah in the kitchen cooking dinner. She's even set the table. A lit candle flickers. It looks nice.

Off Laine's reaction --

SARAH  
No big deal. I've made dinner before.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Laine and Sarah eat. Laine tries to hide how bad it tastes.

LAINÉ  
This fish is good.

SARAH  
It's chicken.

Sarah glances at Laine and they laugh. A beat...

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I broke up with that guy.

Laine nods. Knows not to lecture.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get my shit together. Stop skipping. Nose to the grindstone and all that. A second chance, you know.

These words are a such a relief to Laine.

LAINÉ  
I'm really proud of you, Worm.

SARAH  
C'mon. Don't get all corny on me.

A smile as the two sisters keep eating. No more words need to be said.

INT. LAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laine's at her desk. Linger on the black and white photo of her Debbie. She glances over... notices the little keychain figure. Sees that the penguin's head is coming loose from the body.

Laine pulls on the head. It comes off to reveal... the keychain toy is actually a FLASH DRIVE.

Laine now has Debbie's FLASH DRIVE plugged into her computer. She clicks through folders. Searching. Opens up a folder called LET'S PLAY that contains various VIDEO FILES.

Beat. Laine clicks and opens up the first file. Before we see the image, we hear familiar words --

LAINA AND DEBBIE (O.S.)  
As friends we've gathered, hearts  
are true. Spirits near, we call to  
you.

ON SCREEN. LAPTOP CAM POV. We recognize the tree mural of Debbie's room.

Laine sits with Debbie on the bed. Hanging out. They have the Ouija board between them. The footage feels very recent.

DEBBIE  
Is Blake ever going to actually ask  
me out -- or will he just keep  
sending me naughty texts?

Both girls have their hands on the planchette. It starts to move -- jerky.

LAINA  
Okay. You're being a spaz.

DEBBIE  
That's not me --

LAINA  
-- yeah, right.

The planchette slides to NO. Debbie cuts a look at Laine.

DEBBIE  
Hey -- you're supposed to give me  
the answers I want to hear --

LAINA  
-- I didn't do that.

DEBBIE  
I guess you don't think he's right  
for me --



LAINÉ

-- moving on. My turn.

Lainé turns her attention to the board.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)

Ouija. I heard a rumor that Debbie isn't coming with me to college next year. Is that true?

Debbie hesitates. Then visibly pushes the planchette to YES. Lainé takes her hands off the planchette.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)

When were you going to tell me?

DEBBIE

I was trying to find the right time. Listen -- I'm glad you know now because I've been dying to share this with you. I got this amazing opportunity for a photography internship in Spain --

LAINÉ

-- but we were going to room together and everything. We had a whole plan.

DEBBIE

It's just for a year --

LAINÉ

-- I can't believe you're doing the to me.

Debbie seems crushed by Lainé's reaction.

DEBBIE

I was hoping you'd be excited. That I landed this, you know. I've always been there for you.

ON LAINÉ AS SHE WATCHES. Reliving this moment. The regret playing across her face as we hear the argument on the video escalating. Their voices getting louder.

BACK ON THE VIDEO -- Lainé gets up. Feeling totally abandoned by Debbie.

LAINÉ

But you're leaving me behind --

DEBBIE

-- you're my best friend. This doesn't change anything between us--

LAINÉ

*It changes everything!*

*Laine storms out of frame. Debbie is stunned.*

DEBBIE

*Laine -- please. Let's talk about this!*

*Debbie follows. Voices continuing off.*

*Long beat. The Ouija sits there. Debbie returns. Climbs back onto her bed. Upset.*

*She regards the board... positions it in front of her. Puts her fingertips on the planchette. Talking to herself, fighting tears about the argument --*

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

*Question: Is Laine going to keep acting like such a little bitch?*

*Beat... the planchette TWITCHES. Familiar. Slides to an answer. Not in a way that looks like Debbie moving it, but that it's really working. It's obvious by Debbie's expression that she's startled by the moment.*

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

*Okay. That didn't just happen.*

*Debbie reaches toward the laptop camera POV -- CLICK. Switching the image off.*

*ON LAINÉ -- she opens the next file in Debbie's folder.*

*ON SCREEN. COMPUTER CAM POV. Back in Debbie's room. The OUIJA BOARD is set up on the floor.*

*Camera adjusts down a bit as DEBBIE leans into the frame.*

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

*Something very weird happened yesterday. So I'm doing a little test...*

*Debbie sits down at the Ouija Board. Alone.*

*Debbie looks right at us... as if talking directly to Laine.*

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

*I know. I know. Never play alone. But I need to make sure I'm not losing it.*

*Debbie puts her fingertips on the planchette and circles the board. Once.*

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
 Wanted to see if you were out  
 there... whoever was here last  
 night.

ON LAINE -- watching the footage intently. She turns the volume up.

DEBBIE has her eyes closed... fingers on the planchette. Everything totally still. Nothing happening.

FOOTAGE FAST FORWARDS to further in the game. Debbie still sitting there with her eyes closed. And then the planchette starts to move. THE VIDEO STOPS, rewinds a few seconds then resumes play.

The planchette now moves around the board. Spelling --

H I F R E N D

Debbie stares -- amazed. She's made contact.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
 Whoa. Hi friend.

LAINE is visibly unnerved. Seeing this evidence. Knowing the fateful path her friend is heading down by playing the game alone.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as Laine goes through Debbie's files. MORE CLIPS as the VARIOUS GAMES progress --

Debbie. Another day.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
 Tell me your name.

The planchette slides to "D."

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
 'D.' Okay. 'D' what?

The planchette moves fast to another letter -- "Z."

DEBBIE  
 'DZ.' Hey DeeZee. Cool name.

LAINE -- her mind churning. Whispering --

LAINE  
 D.Z. -- who is that?

Glimpses of other footage. ANOTHER GAME. Debbie has developed a bond with this "DZ spirit." She is so at ease. Talking to the board like she's in a confessional --

DEBBIE

*...it's my birthday today and you know what? She didn't even call. So the big plans are dinner with my parents... I'm such a loser.*

*DIFFERENT CLIP. Another bit of dialogue...*

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

*...the locker next to mine... see I'm 306... and he's 305 but he's got a girlfriend...*

ON LAINE watching the tape. Realizing --

LAINE

*My God... she told it everything.*

ON DEBBIE. *She's tentative. Putting herself out there...*

DEBBIE

*You're my friend. Right... DZ?*

*The planchette slides quickly to: B - E - S - T*

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

*Best friends. Cool. Since I'm being completely blown off. Now she won't even answer my texts. I mean... we've been friends our whole lives. Guess I don't exist anymore.*

ON LAINE as the color drains from her face. She watches as the planchette spells out: N-A-M-E

DEBBIE

*Her name? Laine.*

*(beat)*

*Hey. You know the future, D.Z. Right? Will we be friends again... me and Laine?*

*The planchette falls totally still.*

ON LAINE as she watches. Not taking a breath.

*And then the planchette slowly starts to drag across the board with an eerie scraping sound. The planchette moving until it lands on -- YES.*

DEBBIE

*I knew it.*

Laine swallows at the mention of her own name. Clicks the next file --

Now -- A DIFFERENT CLIP. Debbie's dark room. We hear her BREATHING, having just quickly grabbed and turned on her camera. Frame adjusting. The sound of something moving in her room.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Something's moving... what is that --

A LOUD SCRAPE. Heavy across the floor. Debbie turns on her lamp, catching the last bit of movement as a chair in her room slides by itself against the door. Hold. All we hear is Debbie's BREATHING.

ANOTHER CLIP. Debbie stands in her BATHROOM MIRROR, holding the camera in one hand, pulling her shirt off her shoulder with the other. There's some kind of DARK MARK coming up over the top of her shoulder.

She keeps the camera aimed at the mirror, turns around so she can see her back... and there's a much LARGER MARK across her shoulder blade. Like something smeared on her skin.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
...the hell's happening to me...?

Debbie wipes at it with her hand. It comes off on her fingers, a dark ash-like substance.

ANOTHER CLIP. DEBBIE IS BACK AT THE OUIJA BOARD.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Let's start a new game. How does that sound? Okay. Good. Here we go. As friends we've gathered...

(If it sounds familiar, it's because we're now seeing the computer cam POV of what we heard in the opening scene...)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
It was fun for a while, when we first started playing. But... I feel like you've changed.  
(beat)  
I mean, you're still my friend, right?

The planchette skids down the board to the words GOOD BYE and slowly SCRAPES across the letters (just like it did in Laine's last game).

DEBBIE'S LOOKS RIGHT INTO THE CAMERA, VOICE TREMBLING --

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
This is our last game. I'm not playing ever again! Get out of my room!

LAINÉ KEEPS WATCHING... horrified by Debbie's rising fear.

*Debbie gets up from the Ouija board and walks out of frame. HOLD HERE. The sound of Debbie opening her bedroom door. Footsteps heading down the hall. Everything very still --*

*-- but in the background... a glass of water begins to eerily slide across Debbie's desk. Image GLITCHES then shuts off.*

Laine sits there staring at the blank screen. A SOUND. She slowly glances over... a GLASS OF WATER on her own desk.

Beat. And then it slides. Just like on the video. Coming toward her. Smooth and steady. Stops right in front of her.

Then nothing. Silence. And then --

-- HER WHOLE ROOM ERUPTS! THINGS HURLING OFF THE SHELVES. So sudden and intense. Her laptop goes sliding across the desk and FLIES INTO THE WALL.

Laine SCREAMS! Jumps to her feet as Sarah rushes into the room. Breathless.

Sarah takes in the destruction with terror in her eyes. She and Laine trade a sick look.

SARAH  
The game...

LAINÉ  
...it's not over.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The restaurant sits like an island amidst the surrounding empty parking lot. We see Isabelle through the windows... closing up, putting chairs up on the tables as the last two customers leave.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Isabelle has the restaurant phone against her ear as she closes out the register.

ISABELLE  
...yeah. Dad, I got it. I know to lock your office before I leave. Okay. I'll be home in a bit.

She hangs up. Goes over to the wall and turns out a bank of lights. The restaurant FALLING DARK.

Isabelle gathers her purse from the counter, pulling keys out when she suddenly STARTLES -- because SOMEONE has been sitting in the far corner booth this whole time. Back turned. In the shadows.

Isabelle calls out --

ISABELLE (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, but we're closing up.

THE FIGURE doesn't move. Doesn't speak. From the shadows, all we can see are two little glints where the eyes would be. Isabelle is suddenly weak with fear.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)  
Did you hear me? We're closed.

But THE FIGURE -- just. sits. there.

Isabelle moves cautiously -- grabs a knife from the counter and hits the lights. BAM!

No one is there. Booth empty.

Isabelle scans the restaurant -- but she's alone. She sets the knife down. Keys jingle in her hand. Ready to get out of here. She moves for the door... and stops.

She stands at the daily special board. Frozen. The letters have been rearranged, spelling out:

#### **FNISH GAME**

Hands trembling, Isabelle pulls her phone from her purse... takes a photo of the FNISH GAME message... as if to prove to herself that this is really happening.

INT. ISABELLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Isabelle pulls her door closed. Freaked out. She glances in the rear-view and notices something on her neck. Tilts the mirror down for a better look --

-- to see a DARK MARK across her neck... similar to what we saw on the video of Debbie standing at her bathroom mirror. Five long streaks down her skin, a larger smudge at the bottom. It looks like a strange HANDPRINT.

Isabelle stares. Touches it. Black residue comes off on her fingers. Panic surging.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Isabelle's car speeds down the deserted late night streets.

INT. ISABELLE'S CAR - NIGHT

A heavy condensation has built up on the windshield. Isabelle hits the defrost just as her cell phone on the passenger seat starts RINGING.

Isabelle glances over at the caller ID screen -- it's Laine.

She reaches for the phone just as the light turns red. She hits the brakes and the cell phone sliiides off the seat -- slipping into the darkness underneath the passenger seat.

ISABELLE

Shit.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Isabelle is the only car at the intersection. Engine idles... red traffic light bleeding through the night haze.

INT. ISABELLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Isabelle puts the car in PARK. The phone keeps RINGING as she leans over... feeling around under the seat for it.

And while she's down... we notice a light pole outside the car slowing starts MOVING. As if somehow -- impossibly -- the rest of the world is sliding past the stationary car.

The pole keeps moving... out of view.

Isabelle finally finds her phone, sits up -- and something doesn't feel right. She looks out her window to see --

-- THAT HER CAR NOW SITS SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE INTERSECTION. Moved here without her even feeling it.

ISABELLE

What... the...

And as she turns back to the front, Isabelle sees something written in the condensation on the windshield --

**H I F R E N D**

Totally frantic, Isabelle turns. Looking out every window into the empty intersection. Who the hell did that?!

She hits the windshield wipers, desperate to get rid of that finger written message. The wipers squeek back and forth against the glass -- but the letters remain.

Isabelle reaches out and runs her hand across the words and to her horror... it wipes away.

It was written on the inside of the car!

Her eyes shoot to the rear-view mirror. Checking the back. Nobody there. Just her coat laid across the back seat...

...but something starts to move under her coat.

Isabelle keeps her eyes glued to the mirror. Doesn't dare turn around. She keeps watching in disbelief and horror as a FIGURE takes form under her coat.



Isabelle FUMBLES with the door but she can't get out. Stuck in the car. She shoots another glance to the rear-view --

-- as a HEAD emerges from under the coat. Can't see a face. Just a dark awful shape.

Isabelle struggles with her door. SCREAMING. Unaware that lights are rising on her from the opposite direction. A fast approaching BLARE OF A HORN.

Isabelle turns -- squints into the BLINDING LIGHT --

-- SMASH! Her car is literally SWEEPED OUT OF FRAME! We hold forever on the sudden empty space of the intersection... as the night falls quiet again.

INT. LAINE'S CAR - NIGHT

Laine and Sarah drive. Urgent. Sarah's on the cell phone.

SARAH  
Trevor's not answering.

LAINE  
Isabelle's probably still closing up -- I already texted her. When we get there we'll try everyone again.

FLASHING LIGHTS slowly rise across their faces. Laine brings the car to a stop. Both sisters looking out the windshield.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Laine's out of the car. Sarah close behind. Laine starts to hurry toward the red spinning lights. Remnants of the accident coming into view. Broken glass on the road. EMERGENCY VEHICLES. Isabelle's SMASHED CAR. Laine moves faster, and now sees --

-- a SHEET COVERED BODY on a stretcher... loaded into the back of an ambulance.

Laine stops in her tracks. Shattered.

LAINE  
No... no... this isn't happening.

Laine staggers back from the scene. Sarah stands on the road, crying. Beside herself.

Laine can barely breathe. Slowly spinning. Wishing something could make sense to her right now.

There's a BUZZING sound in the tall grass on the side of the road. Something glowing.

Numb... Laine walks toward it. Reaches down into the grass... and finds Isabelle'S CELL PHONE. Flung from the vehicle during the accident.

A smear of blood across the screen: 1 MISSED TEXT - LAINE

Laine starts going through the phone. Anything that can help her find out what happened. She looks at the recent PHOTOS. Scrolls through them. Fun shots. Lots of pics of Isabelle and Laine being silly. Then Laine stops.

It's the photo of the MENU BOARD at the restaurant, the message from earlier that night --

LAINE (CONT'D)  
Finish game....

PULL UP FROM LAINE AND SARAH ON THE ROAD... the red lights sweeping across them with a creeping menace and we go --

BLURRY PIXELS OF LIGHT. VOICES. PULLING BACK -- we see that it's the VIDEO of Laine and Debbie playing the Ouija in Debbie's room.

INT. LAINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Very late. Laine sits at her computer. Watching the footage. Still numb from Isabelle's death.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN --

DEBBIE  
*Is Blake ever going to actually ask  
me out -- or will he just keep  
sending me naughty texts?*

*Both girls have their hands on the planchette. It starts to move -- jerky.*

LAINE  
*Okay. You're being a spaz.*

DEBBIE  
*That's not me --*

LAINE  
*-- Yeah, right.*

Laine stops. Rewinds. Watches that moment again. The JERKY FAMILIAR MOVEMENT OF THE PLANCHETTE. She rewinds again. Playing those few seconds over. Watching closely. It's clear now that Debbie's not moving the planchette.

There's a STRANGE BLUR on the screen. Laine enlarges the video image on her computer. CLOSER. There's Laine's hand, Debbie's hand -- and a THIRD GHOSTLY HAND also visible. Touching the planchette.

Laine freezes the image, thunderstruck by this new understanding.

This was the actual first moment of contact with the spirit... and she was part of it.

CLOSE ON A DOOR. We don't know where we are. Someone knocks. Beat. Footsteps on the other side. Click. The door unlocks and opens a bit. It's Laine's grandmother NONA. Looking now with concern at --

-- LAINE IN THE HALLWAY. Her eyes pleading for help.

INT. NONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Early morning. Laine and Nona sit across from each other.

NONA

*This is about the talking board...  
the one that was in your room.*

LAINE

*Yes.*

NONA

*What have you done?*

LAINE

*Something very bad. I didn't  
listen to you.*

NONA

*And Sarah... she's part of this as  
well?*

Laine nods -- 'yes, both of us.'

Nona takes a heavy breath. Her words come carefully --

NONA (CONT'D)

*Most of us -- our spirits -- move  
on when we die. But for some, they  
remain very close to this world.  
If one of the living decides in  
their heart to reach out and find  
someone on the other side, a  
connection can be made to that  
place. But to use such means can  
be a danger. You may knock, but it  
is uncertain who will answer.  
There are some spirits trapped in a  
place of darkness and anger...  
forever seeking a way back into our  
world. It is possible that this  
entity you have been speaking with  
is someone who was evil in life...  
and now evil in the afterlife.*

It's almost too much for Laine to take in.

LAINÉ  
*What can I do?*

Beat... Nona reaches out and takes Laine's hands.

NONA  
*Walk backwards in your footsteps --  
 to the beginning. There you can  
 return things to where they were.*  
 (beat)  
*You have opened a door to this  
 other side, now you must close it.*

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Front of the school. The flag sits at half-mast against a gray morning sky.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

At Isabelle's locker. A BUNCH OF STUDENTS have gathered. Many flowers placed in the hallway. Notes taped to the locker. The air heavy with the grief and shock of the death of another student.

Laine and Sarah approach. Trevor's already there. He seems lost in his shock, unraveling. Laine steps close to Trevor. Just for him to hear --

LAINÉ  
 -- I was going back through a video of me and Debbie with the Ouija. I had no idea... that all of this started when Debbie and I played together that last time.  
 (beat)  
 I'm going to fix this, Trevor.

Trevor stares at her for a long moment. His eyes unreadable. Laine pulls out Isabelle's PHONE, shows Trevor the 'FNISH GAME' photo.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
 That message. 'Finish game.'  
 Debbie got it too. She never figured out how to end it. But we can. And then this is over.

TREVOR  
You made us play.

Trevor's tone is so cold.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
This D.Z. kills Debbie -- kills  
Isabelle. It's coming for all of  
us --

LAINÉ  
-- we can stop it.

Trevor suddenly explodes.

TREVOR  
You think you can do something?  
There's nothing. Nothing we can do  
to stop it!

STUDENTS turn. Now watching Laine and Trevor. Not understanding. Pete approaches, trying to ease the situation.

PETE  
Whoa -- Trevor. Calm down.

Suddenly Trevor PUNCHES Pete and slams him against the lockers. Laine and Sarah SCREAM OUT in shock.

TREVOR  
So who's next?! You! Me?!

The teacher MR. SATLOF hurries over to break up the fight.

MR. SATLOF  
Guys -- hey, knock it off!

Laine is too paralyzed to even cry. Her world falling apart.

Trevor lets go of Pete, pushes through the crowd of students and takes off down the hall.

Pete wipes his face with his hand. Bleeding from the nose. Laine reaches out to help him but he waves her off with an embarrassed look -- "I'm fine." And then he heads off as well from the scene.

MOMENTS LATER. The hallway has cleared. Mr. Satlof stands with Laine. She looks stunned. Totally lost. She can't even make eye contact.

MR. SATLOF (CONT'D)  
Losing two friends in such a short  
time -- emotions are all over the  
place right now.

As we slowly ease in on Laine's face...

MR. SATLOF (CONT'D)

You need to talk to a counselor.  
It's going to take a while to feel  
normal again, but you will overcome  
this, Laine. There's so much life  
ahead for you.

Laine glances up at Mr. Satlof for the first time. Vibrating  
with urgency.

LAINE

You're wrong. There's no time  
left.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Empty auditorium. Mostly dark. A couple of work lights on  
stage reveal painted scenery flats for a school production.

Laine wanders out onto the stage, looking around for Pete. A  
VOICE comes through the sound system.

PETE (O.S.)

If you're looking for me, I'm up  
here.

Laine squints against the light and sees Pete in an enclosed  
sound booth in the back of the auditorium.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SOUND BOOTH - DAY

Laine enters the small blacked-out space of the sound booth.  
The inner domain of the theater 'tech crew' guys. Mixing  
console. Cable bundles. Laine finally breaks the silence --

LAINE

Earlier, with Trevor --

PETE

-- he's scared. We all are.

Laine's mind is running on fumes at this point.

LAINE

The last page in Debbie's journal.  
She knew she was in danger. What  
was she trying to do in that final  
game?

Off their look --

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN. Internet searches about The  
Ouija. Clicking through pages. "Real Encounters of the  
Supernatural." "Ouija: Myth or Magic?"

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SOUND BOOTH - DAY

Laine and Pete are on the computer. Looking for anything that might help them. It's all basic info.

LAINÉ  
Nothing. Same stuff on all the sites.

Laine gets up. She goes to the window that looks out into the auditorium. Everything feels like a dead end.

Pete stays at the computer. He types. Clicks. Types again. Clicks. Starts reading something on the screen --

PETE  
Hey. Come look at this.

There's now a PARANORMAL WEBSITE pulled up on the computer.

PETE (CONT'D)  
I entered 'Ouija' and the initials 'D.Z.' into a search and this is what came up. I guess this happened a while back.

Laine clicks into an article. The HEADLINE: "Friends Die in Tragic House Fire." She starts to read --

LAINÉ  
'Investigators never found a cause for a fire that took the lives of three high school students while they slept.'

As Laine reads, we glimpse accompanying PHOTOS (circa early 80's) that are on the webpage. Three TEENAGE GIRLS hanging out in a bedroom. Making faces. And playing a OUIJA.

LAINÉ (CONT'D)  
'But there were rumors that the girls had been playing with a Ouija board.'

PETE  
'Other friends from school confirmed the reports. And that the name of the spirit during contact went by the initials D.Z.'

Hearing those same initials, it's like Laine has the wind knocked out of her.

LAINÉ  
This has happened before...

Pete keeps reading --

PETE

'In our research, these initials have appeared in other instances in which players suffered various outcomes... sudden death due to unexplained accidents... cases where people simply vanished... never seen again --'

Laine clicks on another PHOTO on the website. FIRE INVESTIGATORS sifting through the remains of the burned down house. Laine clicks another photo of the destruction -- and notices something.

She enlarges the image. There -- amidst the charred remains of the house -- a OUIJA BOARD. Uncannily undamaged by the fire. And then another photo of the back of the board.

ANOTHER PHOTO. A BLACK SMUDGE on the back of the board. The shape... it looks like a HANDPRINT.

Laine turns to Pete, her nerves shredded. He's on the same wavelength. The world feels like it's closing in on them.

LAINE

My god. 'Finish game.' I thought it was a message -- something we had to do to end this. But it's his pattern. D.Z. kills all the players. And then he's finished. Moves on to the next game...

PETE

...and it starts all over again.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Lights are off. A TEACHER lectures at the front of the room, projecting science charts on a screen.

DRIFT DOWN A ROW OF DESKS to Sarah sitting in the far back. An empty desk behind her.

Sarah's finding it hard to pay attention to the lecture. Her thoughts stray.

She sets her pen down. Closes her eyes. Takes a breath. Trying to tune things out, but something doesn't feel right.

Sarah opens her eyes. The dim light in the classroom shifts as the teacher advances to another chart.

Sarah glances down at her desk. Her pen sitting there. Beat... and then it twitches.



She keeps staring. Maybe that didn't just happen. Everything is very still... the droning voice of the teacher at the front of the class... and the pen twitches again.

Very slowly, as if being moved by some unseen force, it starts to slide across her desk.

Sarah watches in disbelief. Can't pull her eyes away. This seems impossible and yet it's happening. Right here in class! The pen continues its eerie drift from one side of her desk to the other.

She looks over at the student across the aisle from her... wondering if anyone else is seeing this. But the guy has his eyes up front. Taking notes.

BACK ON SARAH... staring... the pen still moving like some kind of dreamy time-lapse.

CLICK. Another projection chart. And in the momentary shift of the light... we see that SOMEONE -- an out-of-focus figure -- is now sitting in that last desk behind Sarah that was empty just moments ago.

Sarah doesn't notice, entranced by the pen as it edges closer and closer toward her hand.

BEHIND HER. The DARK FIGURE slightly tilts his head. Cold glints where the eyes should be... just like the glimpse of what we saw in the back seat of Isabelle's car.

ON SARAH'S DESK... as the pen finishes its way across the desk... and then quickly slips right into Sarah's hand.

THE DARK FIGURE BEHIND HER -- leans in closer, suddenly --

Sarah's hand JERKS across the desk as she starts SCRAWLING JAGGED LETTERS OUT ON THE COVER OF HER NOTEBOOK. Pen snapping. Ink smearing.

And Sarah can't control it. She can barely speak --

SARAH  
Help... somebody help me.

Sarah frantically looks around the classroom. It's all shadows. No one notices her. The TEACHER lecturing. The HUM of the projector. Everything so far away. Like Sarah's desk is in a separate dimension.

The pen SCRATCHES into the notebook. MORE LETTERS being scrawled out in messy smears of ink. Can't see what it says in the dark.

Sarah's literally crying. So helpless. Fighting to resist -- but there's nothing she can do. Finally, her hand comes to a stop. Her pen drops and clatters to the floor.

Frozen beat. And now Sarah feels it. SOMEONE sitting behind her. She slowly turns around in her seat... daring a glance back... seeing something we don't see. Her eyes going wide --

-- and then WHOOSH!! Her whole desk SLIDES across the floor of the classroom! SMASHING HARD INTO A WALL.

INSTANT COMMOTION in the class. The lights are still off. Dim light from the projector. STUDENTS trying to see what happened.

Sarah's tumped over on the floor. Her wild eyes shooting to the desk that was behind her -- and it's empty. No one sitting there. TEACHER'S VOICE calls out --

TEACHER

Sarah, what the hell's going on back there?! Everyone settle down.

Sarah grabs her NOTEBOOK and scrambles up. Moves through the dark toward the door. Has to get out of here now.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah bursts from the classroom -- RIGHT INTO LAINE AND PETE IN THE HALLWAY.

Laine sees how panicked her sister is. The tears on her face. And Sarah keeps looking back at the classroom door.

LAINE

Sarah, what is it --

SARAH

-- he's here.

PETE

Wait. What happened?

Sarah's looking everywhere. Paranoid. Doesn't even feel safe standing in the hallway.

SARAH

He's here. Following us wherever we go.

Laine glimpses Sarah's NOTEBOOK clutched in her arms -- the jagged carved letters. She gently takes the notebook from Sarah. It doesn't look like anything, until she turns it upside down. A MESSAGE --

**FINSH GAME**

And now in the light, Sarah finally sees the message as well. She stares with a sick look.

EXT. VACANT LOT - DUSK

The empty neighborhood lot. Trevor sits at the curb next to his bike. He checks his cell phone, looks up as Pete's car pulls up across the street.

Laine gets out of the car and approaches. Pete and Sarah hang back, giving them some space.

TREVOR  
Got your text.  
(beat)  
Hey, those things I said...

LAINE  
You're here now. That's all that matters.

TREVOR  
So... why are we here?

EXT. VACANT LOT - DUSK

LONG SHOT. In the fading light of day, Laine, Trevor, Pete and Sarah walk through the tall dead grass... heading toward the spot where they burned the Ouija board.

Sarah stops. Doesn't want to go any further.

Laine continues on... walks up to a spot in the dirt. Black charred bits of wood and grey ash. Remnants from the fire.

Laine leans down, brushes away the ash.

Pete and Trevor stand over her shoulder... watching.

Laine keeps sweeping the ash away with her hand... a familiar antique font alphabet appearing underneath.

It's the OUIJA BOARD. Totally intact. As if the fire never touched it. The PLANCHETTE too. Not burned. It's perfect.

Everyone stares. It's a nightmare they can't escape.

Laine stands with the board in her hands. Beat. She turns it over. And there's a BLACK SMUDGE on the back. That same CREEPY HANDPRINT we glimpsed in the Ouija internet article.

LAINE  
I saw this before. On Debbie's video... she was standing in the mirror. Something was on her skin. It was this. A handprint. His handprint.  
(beat)  
Is that what he's doing? Marking us. Telling us who's next.

Pete, Trevor and Laine check themselves. Nothing. And then Laine looks over at Sarah... standing there with her sleeves pulled to her wrist. Laine doesn't even need to say anything.

SARAH  
Don't make me look. I don't want  
to know...

Laine comes over... gently pulls one of Sarah's sleeves up. Nothing there. Pulls the other one up... and there's the DARK HANDPRINT on her forearm.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I'm next. I'm going to die...

Sarah frantically tries to wipe away the black handprint. She's totally losing it. Laine takes her sister's face... trying to calm her.

LAINE  
No. I won't let that happen. We  
have to play one last time and then  
it's over. Do you trust me?

Sarah holds the look with Laine -- nods.

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Sun setting. Trees casting long shadows. EASE IN on the dark windows...

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The downstairs is totally still for a long beat... then a FIGURE moves through the shadowed house. Stepping through the broken mirror shards on the floorboards.

It's DEBBIE'S MOTHER. She walks slowly. Eyes searching. Expectant. She freezes at hearing a dull SLIDING sound coming from upstairs.

MRS. GALARDI  
Debbie?

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Debbie's mother stands at the bottom of the stairs looking up. She reaches for the handrail and begins to head up... passing photos of her daughter along the wall. Debbie's face distorted by the shadows on the glass as she passes.

MRS. GALARDI  
Are you here, baby? Let me see you  
-- I need to see you.

From upstairs... that dull SLIDING sound again.

Mrs. Galardi keeps moving up the stairway. Suddenly, she stops. Gasping at the sight of --

-- a DARK FIGURE standing at the very top of the stairs by the wall. The face is concealed with one of Debbie's painted theatre MASKS.

Mrs. Galardi smiles in astonishment. Her eyes alive.

MRS. GALARDI (CONT'D)  
I knew it. I knew you were here.

THE FIGURE just stands there. Not moving.

Mrs. Galardi continues up the stairs, almost to the top... now just inches away from the FIGURE.

MRS. GALARDI (CONT'D)  
I want to see that beautiful face  
...just once more.

Mrs. Galardi reaches out with trembling hands and slowly begins to lift the mask. We don't see what she sees --

-- as the smile fades from her face. Mrs. Galardi stares with the most devastating expression of dawning horror. And then it's as if she simply can't take what she's looking at and she SCREAMS. Loses her footing on the stairs. Suddenly STUMBLES BACKWARDS --

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pete's car pulls up. Everyone gets out, but Laine instantly sees something that makes her face fall --

MRS. GALARDI'S EMPTY CAR. Parked out in front of Debbie's house like before. Driver's side door wide open.

Laine turns -- sees that the front door is cracked open. She hurries toward the house.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Laine moves past the same bits of broken mirror on the floor. Scanning the dark. The house absolutely silent.

Laine keeps going. She rounds the corner to the stairs... glances up to see that they are empty. Beat... about to move on... looking down -- and there's that MASK at the bottom of the steps.

Icy beat. Laine stares. Reaches down to pick it up --

-- WHEN SOMEONE SUDDENLY GRABS HER ARMS! Laine staggers in shock. It's MRS. GALARDI. Crawling out from the shadows. Dazed and hurt from a bad fall down the stairs. Grabbing onto Laine in a blind panic.

Laine kneels down with Mrs. Galardi.

LAINÉ  
It's alright. I'm here. I'm right here.

But Mrs. Galardi keeps staring up at the top of the stairs.

MRS. GALARDI  
-- not alone -- she wasn't alone --

LAINÉ  
Hang on, hang on -- I'm going to call for help.

And now Debbie's mother raises an arm and points up. Laine turns in that direction... looking toward the top of the stairs. But it's just emptiness up there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SILENT AND DREAM-LIKE. Laine in the street, talking with a POLICE OFFICER. Answering questions. MRS. GALARDI is loaded into an ambulance. Doors shut.

THROUGH THE AMBULANCE DOORS as it pulls away. Looking out at Laine through the back window... getting smaller as she stands there in the street.

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Laine enters the backyard. The others are already here. Waiting. The mood is so grim.

LAINÉ  
She hit her head pretty hard. They think she fell down the stairs. But she'll be okay.

PETE  
D.Z. did that to her. Because it doesn't want anyone else in the house.

SARAH  
Only us...

LAINÉ  
*Caminar hacia atrás en las huellas,  
al principio.*

TREVOR  
What does that mean?

Sarah trades a look with Laine.

SARAH  
'Walk backwards in our footsteps.'

LAINE  
It's how we stop him.

They turn and look up at the dark house, knowing they have to go inside. A NIGHT WIND starts to rise as we go --

*POV OF TREVOR'S VIDEO CAMERA. Set up like before. Same angle on the Ouija board.*

INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Just like the previous games, everyone is in place around the Ouija board. But now -- only FOUR PLAYERS instead of five.

One by one, each player puts their fingertips on the planchette. Laine offers a final caution --

LAINE  
What we all did to make contact, we now have to do in reverse. That's how we close the door.  
(beat)  
No matter what happens, don't take your hand away.

The air is absolutely electric. Laine begins, saying the words we've heard before, but backwards --

LAINE (CONT'D)  
You to call... we near spirits...  
...true are hearts... gathered...  
we have friends... as...

Everything's quiet. Laine glances at the others.

LAINE (CONT'D)  
Now four times around the board.  
One for each of us. Backwards.

Together they circle the board -- counter-clockwise -- with the planchette. Very cautiously. Completing a full cycle.

SARAH  
Okay. One down...

LAINE  
Keep going...

Hope rising. They start the second circle, and THE PLANCHETTE STARTS TO VIBRATE AND RATTLE against the surface of the board.

PETE  
It's D.Z.

They keep pushing at the planchette, but it's as if the piece is suddenly heavy. Hard to move.

PETE (CONT'D)  
He's pushing back.

There's a DEEP, LOW GROAN somewhere in the house.

VIDEO CAMERA ANGLE -- Eyes dart. Everyone heard that.

TREVOR  
He knows what we're doing.

LAINE  
Do not stop.

THE IMAGE GLITCHES -- like we saw before when Laine was watching the footage of Debbie's games.

And in the momentary distortion, beyond the four players sitting around the board... there is ANOTHER PRESENCE in the shadows.

BACK WITH THE GROUP -- FINGERTIPS PUSHING. Veins in hands straining. The planchette finally finishing the second circle.

That OTHERWORLDLY GROAN IN THE HOUSE -- LOUDER! Sounds as if it's moving behind the walls. Across the ceiling.

SARAH  
Two more. C'mon c'mon c'mon --

They start to move the planchette -- and somewhere in the darkness a DOOR SLAMS! The sound THUNDERS THROUGH THE HOUSE.

TREVOR  
It's not working... it's not working...

LAINE  
Goddammit. Focus.  
(calling out into the room)  
D.Z. -- we know you're here. We're ending the game!

And everyone keeps PUSHING THE PLANCHETTE as it seems to literally fight against their efforts.

The third circle complete. On to the last...

LAINE (CONT'D)  
We can do this.



The planchette inches... slowly moving... THE UNGODLY NOISE in the house rises -- LOUDER -- the planchette finishes the fourth and final circle around the board.

LAINE (CONT'D)  
Hurry. Move it to 'Good Bye' and we're done.

Together, they move the planchette toward the words at the bottom of the board -- but it stops. RATTLING in place. Won't go any further. An incredible force pushing back against them.

The lanterns FLICKER AND DIM. THE GROANING SOUND falls away as everything becomes eerily quiet.

LAINE (CONT'D)  
 C'mon... almost there.

A breathless beat --

-- as the lantern softly FLICKERS. Faster. Now strobe-like. BLASTS OF LIGHT and then total darkness. Over and over.

And in those FLASHES -- glimpses of a FIFTH PERSON NOW SITTING WITH THE OTHERS AT THE BOARD. An 18-year-old YOUNG MAN. Ghostly. Eyes filled with menace. It's D.Z.

Everyone sees him. Holy shit!

Another FLASH of light -- and now he's gone.

Back into darkness. Sarah's SCREAM suddenly fills the room --

Laine looks over. Face going slack --

-- BECAUSE SARAH'S BEING LIFTED KICKING AND SCREAMING OFF THE FLOOR! Something shadowy and mostly unseen is behind her -- holding her -- making it look like Sarah's levitating in the rapid-fire strobes of light.

And then -- WHOOSH! Sarah goes flying across the room. OUT INTO THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. THE BEDROOM DOOR SLAMMING SHUT!

Pandemonium. Everyone scrambles up from the floor and runs to the door. Trying to get it open. Sarah SCREAMS from the other side --

SARAH (O.S.)  
 Laine! Help me!

LAINE  
 Hang on!

From the space at the bottom of the door, Sarah's fingers desperately reach out. Feeling out onto the floor.

Laine crouches down -- holds her sister's hands while Trevor and Pete struggle with the door.

LAINA (CONT'D)  
I got you!

SARAH (O.S.)  
He's here, Laine!

Laine holds tight, but now Sarah is totally frantic in the hallway. Like she's not out there alone.

Her fingers slip away... right out of Laine's grasp.

As Trevor and Pete finally get the door open --

-- INTO THE HALLWAY. And Sarah's not there. Laine takes in the empty hallway.

TREVOR  
Where the hell is she??!!

LAINA  
SARAH!

No answer. Laine grabs a flashlight. CLICK.

The three of them move down the upstairs hallway. All we can see are their faces in the light.

UP AHEAD -- the various bedroom doors. More darkness within each room. It feels like anything could be waiting around the next corner...

THE THREE SPLIT UP -- their lights moving away from each other. Into rooms... down the stairs...

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - PARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

Pete checks the parents' bedroom. Searching the dark. Moving fast. Everything looks so normal. The neatly made bed. Vanity table. Woman's dress hanging on an armoire.

FROM BEHIND A CURTAIN. Hiding from this vantage point. Watching Pete search the dark room.

BACK WITH PETE. He turns and notices the curtains. The last place he hasn't checked. He moves toward them. Reaches out and whips the curtain aside...

...but no one's there.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

LIGHT SWEEPS ACROSS OUR VISION -- it's LAINA.

Laine moves toward a CLOSED DOOR with her light. A LOW, AWFUL SOUND rises...

Laine stops. Breathing hard. Listening. As the sound MOVES FROM BEHIND THE WALL -- SCRAPING OVERHEAD -- ACROSS THE CEILING -- and then off into the house. Like a presence passing. Quiet again...

Laine summons her resolve... arrives at the CLOSED DOOR. Beat. She quickly twists the door knob and pushes into --

THE GARAGE. Laine shines her light into the dark corners, but Sarah's not here.

Laine's desperation grows. She calls out --

LAINÉ  
Sarah?! Can you hear me?

Behind her in the hallway -- SOMEONE'S NOW STANDING THERE in the shadows. The faintest whispery voice --

VOICE  
Laaainne...

THE FIGURE moves. Not walking. They eerily slide out of view... off into the house.

Laine turns -- not seeing anyone.

ELSEWHERE. WITH TREVOR -- heading toward the back of the house. Lantern sweeping the shadows. No sign of Sarah.

Trevor swings the light over toward the sliding glass door leading to the back. It's OPEN. He steps closer -- 'Is Sarah out there?'

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Trevor is now out back. Night wind blowing. Leaves SKITTERING across the pool cover...

Trevor scans the area. His light sweeps across patio furniture... but no sign of Sarah.

A SOUND. BEHIND HIM. Trevor turns. Holding his light out. Everything still. A WATERY SOUND...

...as A SHAPE MOVES BENEATH THE POOL COVER.

Something's in the water.

At first he can't believe it. A trick of the eyes. Trevor steps toward the edge of the pool... A SICK GURGLING SOUND... as the SHAPE moves again under the pool cover.

TREVOR

Sarah!

Trevor moves fast. He reaches down... peels the pool cover back... brackish water underneath. Impossible to see anything as --

-- AN EXPLOSIVE SPLASH! LANTERN DROPS TO THE CONCRETE.

-- and Trevor is VIOLENTLY PULLED INTO THE POOL! Disappearing under the surface of the water.

The pool settles. Quiet. Stay here for as long as we can get away with. We're now literally holding our breath. Waiting for Trevor to come up...

...but he never does.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

WITH PETE. At the back sliding glass door. He hears the soft lapping of the pool, looks out -- sees the fallen lantern lying on the concrete... but no Trevor.

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

PETE RUNS FOR THE POOL. Arrives at the edge. Shines his light down into the dark water. Can't see Trevor.

Pete reaches in... his hands searching... water splashing everywhere... desperate --

-- AND THEN HE GRABS HOLD OF SOMETHING. Pulls.

It's TREVOR. Coming up out of the water. Head sagging. Drenched. Lifeless.

PETE

No no no... Trevor, c'mon.

Pete strains with everything he's got and manages to hoist Trevor out of the pool. Lays him on the concrete. Trevor doesn't move at all.

Pete puts his ear to Trevor's chest... listens for a heartbeat. His expression says it all -- this isn't good.

Pete shakes Trevor.

PETE (CONT'D)

Trevor --

Nothing. Trevor's not moving. Not breathing.

Pete puts his hands into CPR position. He pumps on Trevor's chest. Again. Again. --

-- Trevor's whole body JOLTS as he coughs up water. Gasps for breath. Eyes blinking. Taking in air. He finally focuses on Pete. Realizes he just saved his life.

Pete holds a look with him -- relieved.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laine enters a bathroom. Clutching her light in the darkness. She scans the small space. No sign of Sarah... about to leave when --

-- there's a sound. Coming from behind the glass shower door. A dull THUMP... THUMP.

Laine turns. Stares at the shower. She waits for the sound to come again, but it's just silence.

She takes a step closer. Flashlight trembling in her grip. Trying to see through the opaque shower door glass.

Another step -- and THUMP! Something SLAMS against the other side of the glass. A DISTORTED FIGURE. One HAND -- then another SLAMS against the glass!

Laine FREAKS! Swings her light wildly as --

-- the shower door CREAKS open and THE FIGURE stumbles out, COLLIDING RIGHT INTO LAINE!

Laine's light finally settles to see that it's Sarah. Her eyes are dazed. She looks totally disoriented. Traumatized.

Laine holds her sister. Brushing the hair out of her face. Sarah's so scared, trying to get the words out --

SARAH

He told me...

Her voice fades. Eyes unable to focus.

LAINE

Hey. It's me. Sarah? It's Laine.  
Are you hurt? Talk to me.

Sarah is falling apart. Shaking all over like she has hypothermia.

SARAH

He's playing with us.

LAINE

Just breathe.

SARAH

This is the only thing he wants...  
that taste of life again.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 He finishes with us and then it's  
 another game. It keeps going and  
 going...

EASE IN ON LAINE -- as she's suddenly hit with a MEMORY.

DEBBIE. *ON THE VIDEO. Playing the Ouija alone in her room.*

DEBBIE  
*Let's start a new game. How does  
 that sound? Okay. Good. Here we  
 go.*

SNAP BACK TO LAINE -- a revelation now clear to her.

LAINE  
 Another game... that's what she was  
 doing. Trying to protect me...

Beat. Laine puts her flashlight into Sarah's hands.

LAINE (CONT'D)  
 Sarah -- I want you to stay right  
 here. You'll be safe.

SARAH  
 Don't leave me.

LAINE  
 I love you.

SARAH  
 Wait, why are you saying that --

LAINE  
 -- no matter what happens, you  
 remember that. Okay, Worm?

Laine's pulls away...

SARAH  
 Laine!

But she's gone. Hurrying off into the dark house.

INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

THE OUIJA sits on the floor. Right where the group left it.  
 Lantern to the side. The board seems larger than life.

Laine steps into the doorway in the background. Regards the  
 board. Heavy. She comes into the room and closes the door.  
Locks it.

Laine kneels down at the Ouija. She hesitates -- then places  
 her fingertips on the planchette.

She slowly starts to circle the board. Clockwise. One time.

LAINE

As friends we've gathered, hearts  
are true. Spirits near, we call to  
you.

(beat)

D.Z. -- if you're here, make your  
presence known.

It's now clear what Laine's doing -- she's here to play the  
game alone.

SUDDENLY -- A STRANGE POV. Looking up at Laine through the  
Ouija board. Like it's a window into the room. The letters  
and words on the board are all backwards. And the sound in  
this place -- an evil LOW GROANING like a rising storm.

BACK WITH LAINE in the shadowy room.

LAINE (CONT'D)

Just tell me that you're here.  
Talk to me.

EASE IN ON THE PLANCHETTE. Totally still. A twitch under  
Laine's fingertips. The planchette moves. Spells out the  
familiar greeting -- **HI FREN**D

LAINE (CONT'D)

Hi friend. Then our game has  
started.

(beat)

I know something about you... all  
the games you've played before.  
The terrible things you have done.

The entire room seems to react with menace. A dull wind in  
the dark blowing against Laine.

LAINE (CONT'D)

You move game to game. One to the  
next. And now you're playing with  
me. Just the two of us. That  
means the last game is over. You  
can't hurt my friends... can't hurt  
my sister. Not anymore.

The planchette RATTLES on the board. There's an angry energy  
in the room.

LAINE (CONT'D)

But I'm here. I'm ready.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Pete and the still soaking wet Trevor hurry through the house. Their light catching sight of Sarah. But Trevor immediately notices that Laine's absent.

TREVOR  
Where's Laine?

SARAH  
She went upstairs.

With a sick realization --

PETE  
She's with the Ouija. Alone.

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laine is still at the board. Fingers still in place.

The LANTERN flickers as Laine's hit by an angry uncanny blast of wind. An angry energy filling the room.

The closet door swings open. The mirror mounted to the inside, reveals Laine's reflection. She gasps at the sight of a prominent large black HANDPRINT now on her arm. She has been marked!

And then she sees in the reflection -- BEHIND HER -- someone standing there. It's D.Z. He reaches out toward her with a strange stuttering arm.

Suddenly -- THE MIRROR CRACKS. Spiderwebs.

A loose shard rattles in the mirror -- then sucked away by the wind. Flies across the room. The sharp piece SLICES Laine's cheek. Draws blood.

There's POUNDING on the other side of the door. Trevor's voice faintly yelling under the rising chaos in Debbie's room.

WHOOSH! Debbie's shelves slide in front of the door. No one's getting in.

Laine shoots a look to the door. Knows she's trapped. Bathed in a little island of lantern light in the inky black that surrounds her. This is where she's going to die.

She takes a brave breath. Closes her eyes. Ready.

SLOWLY MOVE DOWN LAINE TO THE PLANCHETTE, rattling on the board -- as OTHER HANDS reach in. Fingertips touching.



Laine senses something. Opens her eyes. Astonished to see that SOMEONE is sitting across from her. Playing the game. It's a TEENAGE GIRL. The girl looks up with sad eyes...

It's DEBBIE.

Laine whispers in amazement. Totally overcome with emotion to see her old friend sitting across from her.

L A I N E  
Debbie...

D E B B I E  
Never play alone, Laine.

The way Debbie says these words... so full of regret. Laine starts to cry. And Debbie does too.

Debbie looks around her room. At all of her things. And then sees her bracelet on Laine's wrist. She reaches out and touches it. A piece of her living on through Laine.

L A I N E  
I should've been there for you.  
I'm so sorry. If I could do it all  
over again...

Debbie smiles through her tears. All is forgiven between them. But Debbie's smile slowly fades, sensing something --  
-- and she suddenly spins and looks behind her. Terrified.

D E B B I E  
Laine -- he's coming.

The LANTERN flickers. In the flash of light, DEBBIE NOW LOOKS HORRENDOUS! Plastic dry cleaning bag wrapped tight around her screaming twitching head.

Another LAMP flicker -- back to normal. A part of her stuck here. Can't move on.

D E B B I E (C O N T ' D )  
Take your hands away.

Laine shakes her head.

L A I N E  
No! I'm not leaving you again.

The vibe in the room grows more intense. All around them, A FIGURE drifts in and out of the shadows. There! Then over there! It feels like being in the very heart of evil.

The PLANCHETTE twitches across the board.

DEBBIE  
 You have to, Laine... you have to  
 say goodbye.

Laine is crying harder. Shaking her head. Terrified but  
 willing to die right here.

LAINE  
 I can't.

DEBBIE  
 You need to go, Laine. Live a good  
 life. Do great things...

The two girls lock eyes with each other.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
 ...for me.

Laine is overcome. Can barely get the words out.

LAINE  
 Good bye...

Laine pulls her hands away from the board.

Alone, Debbie does a reverse circle around the board.  
 Finally moves the planchette to GOOD BYE, but she's looking  
 at Laine when she says...

DEBBIE  
 Goodbye.

THE ROOM IS RATTLING LIKE HELL. Everything reaching a final  
 pitch fury --

Debbie is now looking over Laine's shoulder.

Laine slowly turns-- glances behind her -- A DARK FIGURE  
 STANDS THERE. Hovering above them. The uncanny wind howling  
 and storming around Laine.

Suddenly -- DEBBIE ERUPTS in her own fury. For a split  
 second, that disturbing death appearance of the plastic bag  
 around her twitching head. FLASH. Then normal again.

She bolts off the floor. Takes four running steps at THE  
 FIGURE. Both of them falling back into the shadows.

The WIND ON LAINE IS FEROCIOUS. She SCREAMS! Can barely  
 hear her. The LANTERN FLICKERS HARD then total darkness.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Trevor SHOVES at the door. Finally gets it open --

INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- he bursts into the room --

-- to find that everything is totally still. He shines his light around the room. The calm after the storm.

Laine's not here.

It's just the board sitting on the middle of the floor. A smear of blood on it. Next to the board, the planchette. It's literally cracked in half.

Sarah moves in behind Trevor. Taking in the room. Doesn't see her sister anywhere.

SARAH

Laine?

And Sarah starts sobbing. Fearing the worst. Trevor holds her. Both of them speechless.

Pete crouches down. Nudges the broken planchette with his flashlight. Taking in the stillness of the room.

A faint sound. He shines his light over by the bed. Can't see anything. Pete moves forward... closer... around the side of the bed.

And there's LAINE. Huddled in a corner. Her head buried in her arm.

Pete gently reaches out... touches her.

Laine glances up. Surprised to see him. Surprised that she's even here. Laine looks at her arm -- the handprint mark that was there is gone.

Sarah turns. Sees her sister. Races over to her. Crying even harder now. They hold each other. Not letting go.

EXT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PULL AWAY from the house. The horror truly feels over. The spirit moving on to the next game. Somewhere out there...

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE. A PIECE OF PARCHMENT. Letters appearing one by one, spelling out the name DEBORAH.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Trees. Grass. WE FIND LAINE... at Debbie's grave. Making a rubbing of her headstone. Finished, she pulls the parchment away, revealing the full inscription:

## Deborah Galardi - A Friend Forever

SARAH, TREVOR AND PETE are standing here too. They all place a flower at the grave and then step away. Allowing Laine to have a final moment.

Laine places her single white flower among the others. She kisses her fingers, touches the headstone.

Laine rises. A last look... and she steps away.

*ROLL CREDITS over a haunting, female vocal cover version of Morrissey's "Ouija Board, Ouija Board."*

*Ouija board  
Would you work for me?  
I have got to say hello  
To an old friend*

*And for those who stay all the way until the very end of the credits, they are rewarded with a final tag:*

BLACK. We hear a GUY'S VOICE --

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Here it is. The moment we've all  
been waiting for.

IMAGE COMES UP. A guy on screen, speaking directly to the camera. We recognize him as HIP PODCAST GUY from earlier when Sarah was on her computer.

HIP PODCAST GUY  
One million people online, right  
now -- ready to play the world's  
biggest game of Ouija. What are we  
waiting for? Let's do this. Hand  
on your mouse.

The image of a virtual OUIJA BOARD comes up and fills the screen. The layout and lettering identical to the actual game. The planchette circles the board in a clockwise motion.

HIP PODCAST GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Is there a spirit with us now?  
Please let us know that you are  
here.

Beat... then the planchette on screen moves up to the YES.

PULL AWAY FROM THE SCREEN... into a bedroom... we see a hand resting on the computer mouse. KEEP PANNING UP to reveal that it's SARAH. Sitting at her laptop in her room.

HIP PODCAST GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Okay, this is seriously cool.  
Spirit, can you tell us your name?

ON THE SCREEN -- the planchette sits there. Then slowly starts to move. Across the letters... keeps moving...

SARAH watches... waiting...

As the planchette finally lands on the letter "D."

Whoa. Sarah clicks out of the screen. The online Ouija game is gone. She sits there. Lets out a breath. Never again.

Sarah clicks the mouse, and now something else comes up on screen. Solitaire. Nice safe Solitaire. PULL BACK FROM SARAH as she begins to play...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

VARIOUS SHOTS. Different houses. The distinctive blue glow of computer screens from bedroom windows.

We catch glimpses through curtains and blinds. Other people with the OUIJA board on their computer. Playing.

WIDE SHOT. The vast sprawl of the suburbs before us. All those houses. All those people. Glimmers of lights in the windows.

The world's biggest Ouija game is underway...

FADE OUT.